

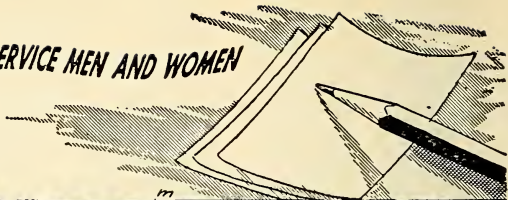
The LINK



April, 1948
15 cents

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

BY MAYO CORNELL



THERE is no time limit on personal redemption!

A man's soul can find resurrection and rise Phoenix-wise from the ashes of sin and moral failure. All thoughtful crusaders know this, but with Mrs. M. Waters of San Antonio, Texas, the thing has been a workable, successful theorem for many years.

Persuaded by a friend to attend a meeting at which Mrs. Waters was going to speak on the disgraceful prison conditions in her state, the writer half expected to see a fanatic, hipped on her subject, sadistic in her exposures of brutalities, secretly yearning for applause.

On the contrary, my apprehensions vanished the moment Mrs. Waters was on her feet. A strong face, I decided—a strong and compassionate face, a quiet mind. Calmly she spoke to us of conditions that should be immediately corrected; of how we, the laymen, could help.

Mrs. Waters averages over 2,500 miles monthly in her worn little Chevvy, carrying fortitude and faith to over 6,500 human souls who, in one way or another, have broken the laws of Texas. Her belief in the premise that there is no limit, no deadline, for personal redemption is absolute! Her concern for first offenders is acute; yet we gathered that because they are thrice scorned, thrice reviled and abandoned, it is the so-called incorrigibles, the repeaters, who lay chief claim upon her heart. With unfaltering conviction Mrs. Waters points out that even in the eleventh hour, the thief hanging upon the cross beside Jesus lifted his eyes and his faith to God, and was saved.

There were numberless small and moving incidents of which she spoke, and because of her quietness, her simple reposeful delivery, the words sank deep.

Recently a flag was presented to the men in the incorrigible unit.

"They're putting it up wrong!" cried a young soldier who had lost an eye in the service. "Oh, they're putting it up *wrong!*" His voice was anguished with emotion.

Mrs. Waters tried to quiet the man, but failing, intervened with a guard to let him right it. There was no ladder about, but the fellow used six of his fellow convicts who, kneeling on the ground and rising carefully to adjust the weight, stood atop each other to right the flag. Then one of the watchers, a lifer, started to hum "America the Beautiful," and one by one the men joined in. They sang softly, as though by reverent accord; the sound was like a great organ. . . .

No! This woman recognizes no time clock on her personal efforts, no time or age limit on personal redemption! Her heart, like the hearts of all the great, is as big as the world, yet there is not within it a single inch of space for doubt or for defeat.

THE LINK



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Vernon Howard (*A Merry Mix-Up*, page 3) dropped his first successful manuscript into the mail box on the very day that a certain Austrian corporal ordered his goose-steppers into Poland. Since then he has sold numerous short stories and articles to various Christian and secular magazines.

After serving with the U. S. Infantry in the Pacific theatre, he has turned to his typewriter and is expecting great things of it. We hope that, with his help, it will live up to his expectations.



George Hall (*Springfield, U.S.A.*, page 14) pursues writing as a hobby during the spare time he has from his position at The Library of Congress. He enjoys reading and the out-of-doors, is a Pennsylvanian by birth, a graduate of Bucknell University, is happily married and the proud father of a young son.



Jerry Cowle (*Reunion*, page 22) worked for the United States Forest Service previous to the war, but after serving as a Lieutenant in the U. S. Coast Guard in the North African and European theatres, the Salerno and Normandy invasions, he found, like many others, his ideas of a career had changed. So now he is in an advertising agency in New York City and quite pleased with his work.

The incident told in his story published here is based on actual fact, for Mr. Cowle did meet a man he disliked during service life. When they met again after both became civilians he

found himself glad to see him and became aware of the bond forged in those days of danger was stronger than had been realized.



Max Robin (*Unknown Soldier*, page 24) believes that a story should comprise the major interest to our readers and the contributor be reduced to an anonymous, humble medium.

This modest writer makes his home in New York—"this miniature world which he so truly loves," and keeps tuned to the world about him for whatever might come his way to report and interpret.



James A. Huston (*Prayers on the Elbe*, page 29) is an instructor in history and international relations at Purdue University. After receiving his A.B. and A.M. degrees at Indiana University, he took further graduate work at New York University during which time (before the war) he was assistant to the minister at Park Avenue Christian Church.

During the war he served with the 134th Infantry during most of the combat in Europe. After discharge from the Army, he returned to New York University and received the Ph.D. degree last spring.



Mark S. Reardon (*My Orders Arc . . .*, page 32) has had four one-act plays produced on Broadway and has produced over thirty-five silent moving pictures. Mr. Reardon was unable to take an active part in the recent skirmish with the Axis because of his health, but during World War I he served as adjutant and interpreter in Paris and St. Nazaire.

We are indeed happy to bring to LINK readers a story from the pen of this fine writer.

LINDA stepped back from the shelves and quietly walked the distance to the desk. The librarian looked up and gave her a smile of inquiry.

Linda said, "The book *South American Missions*, is listed in the catalogue, but I can't find it on the shelf. Can you tell me whether it has been checked out?"

The librarian nodded toward the tables where a number of patrons were reading. "That young man with the curly hair has it, I believe. Perhaps he will be through before long."

Linda thanked her and strolled in the general direction of the "young man with the curly hair." He was earnestly studying and copying notes from the propped-up book. Linda selected a book at random and sat at a table from which she could watch him. She tried to interest herself in her book but found it almost impossible. She had to have that book at least by Monday so she could complete her term paper. The paper had to be turned in to the Bible Institute by Wednesday. Here it was Saturday morning and the only book that could give her the details on the life of Captain Allan Gardiner was in this library. It was far too late to change the paper and it was woefully incomplete as it was.

by vernon howard

Chapman



Her impatience grew as the minutes dragged on and the young man gave no sign of surrendering the precious volume. She glanced at her watch and gave an inward gasp. It was twelve forty-five and the library closed at one. It would not reopen until Monday afternoon.

With a sudden determination she got to her feet and—this time she gasped audibly. He was gone! She spun about just as he went through the door. And he had her book under his arm! She pressed her lips tightly together and rapidly strode outside, just in time to see his heels disappear inside a malt shop across the street. She hesitated for just a moment, then crossed over and took a stool at his side. Holding her breath, she turned to him suddenly. She knew if she hesitated at all she would never gain the courage to speak.

"Pardon me. I saw you in the library. That book—," she nodded at the volume which was sitting on the counter. "I don't mean to be bold," she apologized, "but I desperately need that book. You see—"

He smiled pleasantly. "I'm really very sorry but it's important that I keep it until Monday. I'm really awfully ignorant on Protestant missionary work in South America. Never ever been there and I'm scheduled to give a talk on it tomorrow. Perhaps Monday afternoon—?"

Linda frankly thought he was being very ungallant. He could probably use any old book for his talk but he just wanted to be stubborn. All right, let him be. She slipped from the stool.

"I don't think you're very, very—" she searched hard for a reasonably indignant word. "Cooperative!" With this she turned away, but suddenly halted with newborn hope as he called to her.

"Uh, just a minute. I was thinking maybe you would like a—"

"Yes?" she beamed.

"A Merry Mix-up. It's a new kind of malt they're putting out. It's got straw—"

"No thank you!" she gasped, half with dismay, half with wounded pride. Why hadn't he given her the book, she asked herself. After all, she was a *very* pretty girl!!!

The next afternoon the young folks of the church met for their monthly missionary meeting. Linda found a seat near the front and waited for the president to introduce the guest speaker. All she could see of him was an arm. The rest was obscured by the pulpit.

So when the president introduced "Mr. Carlson, who has spent most of his life in South America," she looked up with interest—and then froze solid! It was he. The man with the book!

Her first reactions were as mixed as opinions at a political free-for-all. There were surprise, shock, curiosity, and several unclassified emotions. She was able to catch only disjointed phrases of his address. She did catch him saying that there had been great progress in the gospel in the Patagonia region of the South American continent. A harsh word began to cling to her mind as he continued. *Fraud*. That's what this young man was guilty of. He had been introduced as having "spent most of his life in South America," but at the library he had admitted that he had never been there. What was the big idea? She was determined to find out. After all, the society usually gave an offering to guest speakers. This young man had to be exposed. And she was just the one to do it.

As soon as the meeting was over she waited by the door for him to come out. With added interest she noticed that he

had *the* book under his arm. He approached and she gave him a reserved smile. His face lit up with recognition. In fact, it beamed, which made Linda a little uncomfortable. He had such a smooth way about him.

"Well, well, we meet again." He overflowed with pleasantness.

"I'll come to the point, Mr. Carlson," she said at once. "Perhaps I can save you embarrassment. If you give me that book and leave the church immediately I'll see that nothing is said."

His smile faded and he regarded her with perplexity. She gave him no chance to deny anything.

"The book, please," she stated.

He shrugged and handed it to her.

"You want it quite badly, don't you?"

he said and slipped past her and disappeared outside.

Linda felt triumphant. With one bold stroke she had exposed a fraud and gained the book. She eagerly thumbed through it and as she did so, a letter fell from the pages to the floor. Picking it up, she noticed that it was addressed to "Roy Carlson, South American Missionary Society, Falkland Islands."

She stood there, uncertainly trying to digest its meaning, when it suddenly struck her like a slap on the cheek. He *was* a missionary. He was associated with the South American Missionary Society, which had a station on the Falkland Islands off the coast of Argentina. The president must have assumed that the speaker was stationed on the mainland because of his connection with the Society. Therefore, Mr. Carlson had told the truth all along!

Her thoughts leaped to herself. What a horrible mistake! She felt like dropping through the floor. But she must not. She had amends to make. She dashed outside and looked among the chatting young folks, but he was not

with them. Several of the fellows were going across the street to the malt shop. Malt shop! Was it possible—? Still clutching the book, she made her way across the street and entered the shop. She sighed with relief as she sighted him at the very last stool of the line. And the one next to him was empty.

It took far more courage this time to approach and take the seat at his side. With a determined gulp, she settled herself and gently slid the book in front of him.

"I'm sorry," she humbly told him, "but when I met you at the library and you told me—and then when I heard you speak—I finally saw that letter—"

He smiled the familiar smile. "I understand. Forget it."

"But why did you give the book up to me? I thought it was because you were—guilty or something."

He shrugged and laughed. "Because I knew you really wanted it for something important. It was probably my selfishness that started the whole thing."

She started to protest, but he stopped her with, "By the way, my name is Paul Carlson and I was thinking maybe—"

"Paul Carlson?" she exclaimed. "But the name on the letter was Roy Carlson. How—?"

"Hold it!" he laughed again, "I'm Roy's little brother. Both of us are with the mission."

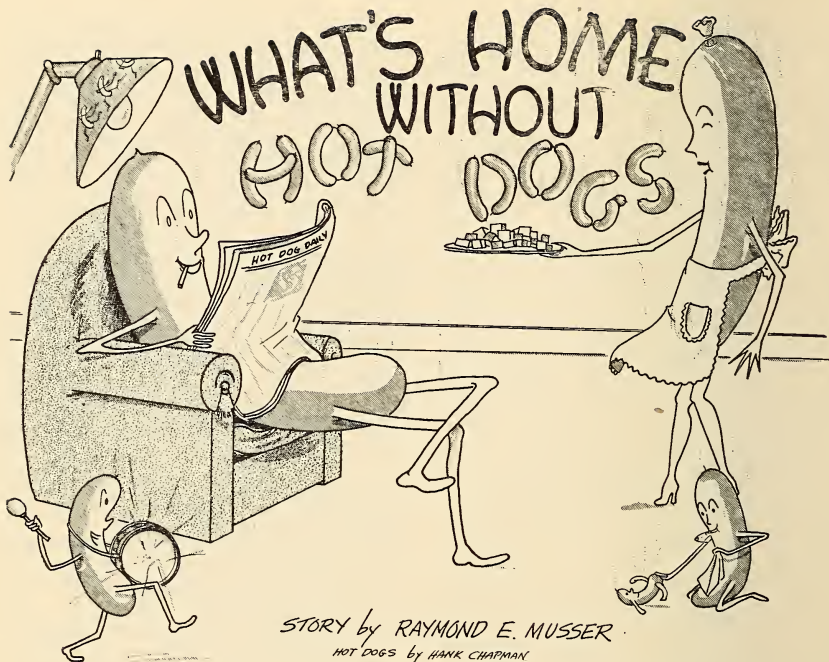
"Oh—" she drew the word out and placed a hand over her heart. "Any more of this and I'll collapse."

"As I started to say," Paul continued, "I was thinking maybe you would like a—"

"Yes?" Linda suspiciously asked.

"A Merry Mix-up. It's a new kind of malt that—"

"Sold!" she announced, and they both smiled down at the counter.



WHEN one fine day you find yourself home on furlough, there is an old native custom you are sure to be invited to, called a "wiener roast." It is not that you haven't witnessed any number of strange customs from Frankfurt to Fujiyama—but you haven't seen them all until you have been on one of these picnics indulged in exclusively by natives of the continental United States. Then you can truthfully say, "Now I've seen everything!"

Planning the Party

Let's presume that it is your church youth fellowship that is sponsoring the party. The treasurer goes by the meat packer's and asks for several eight-pound packages of "frankfurters"—that's their official name. He continues on down to the baker's and buys split

rolls and doughnuts by the dozens; at the delicatessen he asks for a box of assorted delicacies that we will describe for you later; and he winds up driving by a soft drink factory for several cases of flavored fizz water that most Americans call "pop."

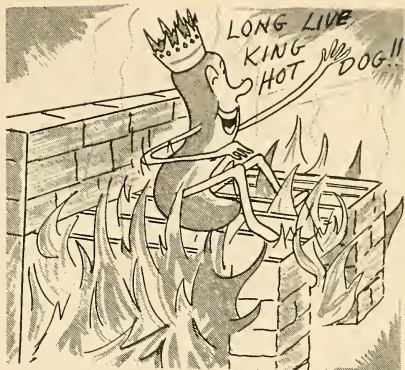
Nomenclature

Take a moment, Joe, and get your nomenclature straight before the picnic.

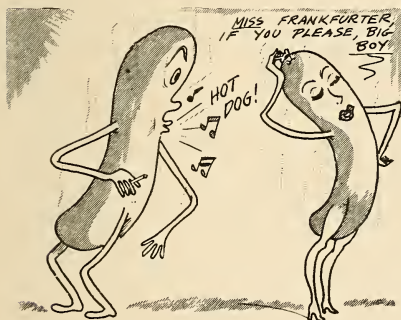
The meat. The sausage link may be officially a frankfurter, but don't you dare call it that—it would make you a high-brow. Be casual, and ask for a "dog." Now you are a man of the world!

The bun. The bread takes on the shape of a French loaf in miniature, with ends like the nose of a block-buster bomb. It is already split for lateral insertion of a roasted "dog."

The trimmings. Since no one could be expected to choke down a dry roll and a raw wiener, you will notice a long line of bottles and bowls along the edge of the table. These are the accessories. The white, smelly chips are *onions*; the green concoction is a mixture of chopped pickles and what-have-you known as *relish*; the tall, red bottles contain tomato *ketchup*; and the yellow jar with the wooden paddle is a peppery substance called *mustard*. If perchance your girl friend asks you naively if you want to "go all the way," she means do you want your "dog" trimmed with all four of these items. You do, Jackson.



Then, trim it. Take a bun on a paper napkin in your left hand, place the red-hot dog still on the stick into the slit, squeeze with the left hand, withdraw the stick with the right. Give the stick to a stickless companion, then go to the head of the table. Smear mustard, shake ketchup, apply relish, and spread on a spoonful of chopped onions. Now hold in the left hand, with one end toward the mouth, take a bottle of opened pop in your right. Lean way over, open wide like you do for a dentist, and bite. We know of no training manual that has a chapter on the subject of how to devour a trimmed hot dog, so just do the best you can under the circumstances. If you get a drool of ketchup and mustard down your front, don't say we didn't warn you.



Procedure

However, this, like every type of training, must be done by the numbers.

First, roast the wiener. Somewhere near you will find a green stick, sharpened at the point. Bayonet the dog. There is a choice between the lateral and the longitudinal attack. Whichever you try, your neighbor next to you at the fire will open an argument with you that your manner is the poorer one; in the heat of his tirade his frank falls into the fire and he stops the chatter to go back to the table for another. Nine times out of ten the flame will be too hot to approach with a ten-foot pole, and your face will blister along with the wiener.



Repeat this procedure until you are sure you can't finish one more, then pack down the three or four you have eaten with doughnuts, known in American circles as "sinkers." About midnight you'll know why they are nicknamed "sinkers."

When everyone is full to the point of complaint, they all circle the fire and sing sentimental songs.

Fellowship

The "wiener roast" is a popular American custom because of the great love of the outdoors innate within us all and because of the fine fellowship enjoyed when we get together informally

for food. The lowly frankfurter never graces the formal dinner where people sit about a fancy table in starched shirts and jackets; he is the king of the open-air barbecue. Eating about the campfire at dusk with the moon over a mountain or reflected in a lake, each individual is a free unit, milling about talking with whomever he wishes, finessing so that no one can count the number of fully-trimmed dogs he devours, warming his back by the bright blaze in the crisp night air, warming his heart with fun and friendship with his fellows.

It's a good old American custom in God's great out-of-doors, Mate. Let's keep it!

This Month's Cover

PLAY BALL! that's the cry heard on every side this month as the major leagues begin their competitive season, the minor leagues theirs; as the sand-lot teams start their spring workouts; as boys, large and small, old and young, swing their bats at that ever-elusive ball.

The dream of every kid who plays ball is that some day he will make the "big leagues." "Big John" Mize was one of those whose dream came true.

Upon graduation from the Demorest, Ga., High School in 1930, Johnny was signed originally to a St. Louis Cardinal farm-team contract and pursued the minor league trails for several years. However, his authentic hitting demanded recognition, and upon his eventual promotion to Sportsmen's Park in 1936 he became established immediately as one of the game's great sluggers.

The Giants purchased his contract from the Cardinals in the winter of 1941 for \$50,000 and players Ken O'Dea, Bill Lohrman and Johnny McCarthy. After knocking 110 runs for the Giants, Mize enlisted in the Navy in 1942.

Yes, Johnny Mize swings the heaviest bat in the National League, and the one that explodes the most powerful dynamite charge. With a lifetime batting average of .331 he has been one of the most prolific hitters of the past decade, but beyond that he has been the league's most persistent producer of long range hits, with home runs his special forte. During the past season he hit 51 home runs which tied him with Ralph Kiner of the Pittsburgh Pirates for the National League championship in this department.

Voted "the most valuable player of 1947," Johnny Mize begins the 1948 season with all eyes focused on him. Good hitting, Johnny, may you top last year's record!

(Cover photo courtesy the New York Giants)

DISABLED VETS PUT THEIR CAPABILITIES TO WORK

By Ralph B. Bryan

I ATTENDED the graduation of a class of veterans from a watch repair school in Chicago recently and was impressed by the proud confidence of a Nisei lad who marched briskly to receive his diploma, and acknowledged the presentation with a grave smile that somehow implied remembrance of too many experiences jammed into too few years of living.

After the brief ceremony, I met this young veteran and we chatted about inconsequential things like the weather and the world's series outlook, and he revealed his plans to continue working in the shop where he had been receiving practical work training while attending the school. Not until some time later did I learn to my amazement that my new friend was a double amputee who had been through the hell of physical suffering and shock and its attendant mental agonies, and was discharged from Percy Jones Hospital with a pair of "store legs" which he was learning clumsily to use. The first thing he wanted when he hit Chicago was a job that would give him self-respecting employment at self-respecting wages. But who would employ an unskilled workman, shuffling about on unfamiliar metal limbs, groping physically and mentally into a new world? This lad didn't know, but he went to the Illinois State Employment Service office and registered for a job,

disdaining his claim to unemployment compensation or any other benefits of like nature to which he was entitled.

For five weeks, ISES tried to place this applicant, but interview after interview ended with an indefinite promise to "let him know."

Finally ISES sent the veteran to a busy brick factory on Chicago's north side where the Idento Department of the Disabled American Veterans is operated. Here he was interviewed by Ray Harrington, manager of the plant and a World War I veteran. To the youth's surprise, Harrington treated his incapacities lightly.

"What difference does it make on a bench job whether your legs are flesh and bone or metal and fabric?" Harrington bluntly asked. "We have a bench job in our factory for you and we expect good work from you for which we will pay you good wages," Harrington continued. "You'll be working with friendly fellow veterans but you won't get any coddling here. Your fellow workers are also overcoming physical handicaps and developing their capabilities, so you'll find nothing much here except a job where your capabilities are used and where no one is concerned about whether or not you are minus a pair of legs that you don't need here anyway."

That sounded good to the veteran,

for a job—nothing else—was what he wanted most, and sympathy and cordling was the one thing he could not take.

The usual Idento procedure was followed in this case. A graph was kept of the veteran's production and his reactions to factory routine and relationships. At the end of three months, this vet had "leveled off" in his graph until it appeared he had reached his peak efficiency at Idento. He was then advised by Harrington to arrange for specialized training, and the Chicago office of the National Service Department of the DAV helped him select a school suitable to his ability and personality. While attending classes at this school in the afternoons, the youth also worked at the Idento plant from 8 a.m. to noon.

By this time the vet was becoming better acquainted with his new legs and was getting about with more freedom and confidence. Therefore, DAV advisers and the school board recommended he leave the Idento plant and take employment in a shop doing work in line with his school work. He took the new job with complete confidence, graduated eventually from school with top honors, and has a good job in his chosen field. Now only his intimate friends know of his "incapacity." To the world at large, he is just a highly skilled, highly capable workman and a darned good fellow to know.

The Idento Department of the Disabled American Veterans has been operated by the organization since the close of the war for the sole purpose of developing the capabilities of handicapped veterans through giving them regular employment at standard factory wages and under standard factory conditions (adjusted occasionally to meet

physicians' instructions concerning individual workers).

The Idento plant is significant as a business venture, and not as a charity. Already several hundred veterans have found regular employment and the opportunity to develop their capabilities in the plant.

This factory manufactures the familiar key ring tags with miniature replicas of automobile license plates attached. Wherever you live, you have undoubtedly owned one of those tags matching in miniature your own automobile tag.

Making these tags requires a great amount of detail work, with both swift and skillful hand assembly of small parts. Since the work was taken over by the disabled veterans, production schedules have been smoothly and profitably maintained, and the workers have been trained to develop their skills in spite of their disabilities.

The factory is the only plant of its kind in the country, and the success with which it is operated is being carefully watched by organizations and individuals who are interested in the possibility of establishing similar projects to provide profitable employment for disabled civilians. It is also being studied by employers who wish to make the most efficient use of disabled workers in their own organizations.

Although the spotlight of public attention is on the disabled veteran at this time, the veteran represents only about 10 per cent of the disabled workers in this country, and the number of disabled civilian workers is rapidly increasing with the mounting toll of automobile accidents.

Disabled workers, veterans and civilians alike, have been partially incapacitated under conditions that add shock and long suffering to their injuries. As a result, the disabled worker must be

given an opportunity to use his capabilities and overcome his new incapacities. If he is given that opportunity in regular production work at standard factory wages, without coddling, he soon loses consciousness of his disabilities and develops his capabilities to a high degree.

At the Idento plant, the veterans work a straight 40-hour week, with few exceptions. The starting pay is 75 cents an hour, and earnings run to about \$1.15 an hour as the worker's output increases. These wages compare favorably with those paid for similar work in any factory.

Plant officials are enthusiastic about the record that has been established by the disabled workers—a record that can be envied by almost any employment manager. Absenteeism is practically nil, production compares favorably with that of any similar factory, and only one out of 38 new employes fails to meet the requirements of his job (an exceptional record for green workers).

Turnover is somewhat high at Idento for the simple reason that the best employees are encouraged to leave their jobs! Many leave the shop in a few months because they have adapted themselves so well to factory production and routine that they are able to take jobs requiring higher skills and paying higher wages or offering better long-range possibilities.

Among the veterans who are working regularly at Idento are amputees (both single and double), blind veterans and others whose eyesight is impaired, men with impaired hearing, men who suffer from tuberculosis, and scores of similarly handicapped veterans who wanted just a job, found it, and are making good at it.

Vivian D. Corbly, national adjutant of the Disabled American Veterans, as-

serts that the program being carried out at the Idento plant can be successfully set up elsewhere for both veterans and civilians. Such projects, he declared, will be profitable to any community.

"No work requires all of a man's capabilities," Corbly explained. "We just adapt the capabilities of a man to the work requiring those capabilities, and we get results."

Simple enough. That's the basic rule of employee selection and training in any field. "Adapt the capabilities of a worker to the task requiring those capabilities." But whereas most employers require a whole man to report for work every day, even though only a few of his capabilities and faculties will actually be employed, Idento is not interested in the presence of those superfluous capabilities which will not be employed in productive work.

The Nisei veteran with artificial limbs whom I met at the graduation exercise was not an exceptional example of Idento's usefulness to disabled veterans. He was a typical Idento worker.

Another youngster who emerged sightless from World War II and returned to his wife and child with anxious thoughts for their future found a job at Idento, where his skillful hands earned a living for his family. Understanding supervisors guided him through a period of neurosis that wasn't helped much by the need of a sudden appendicitis operation just after he was settled in the shop routine. But working regularly with other fellows who were just as bad off as he, this youngster soon reached the point where his output at the shop steadily increased and his outlook on life brightened. Eight months later he left Idento to take a job where his skill commanded premium wages.

Another young vet, with arthritis in the legs causing him nerve-straining

pain and with the usual neurosis that is developed by uncertainty, got a job at Idento and was promptly silenced when he explained that he was worried for fear the condition of his legs would impair his value as a worker. "We're not going to use your legs," he was told. "We want your hands and what you have between the ears!" Ten months later the arthritic condition had been cleared up, the neurosis forgotten, and the confident veteran took a job as sales manager for a large jewelry firm in Chicago, at which he is more than making good.

Sure, the young vets were a cocky bunch of youngsters when they went out to fight for freedom, and their faith in the future was strong even after years of stern testing. But how about the oldsters, who earned their laurels in World War I, only to face years of disillusionment and disappointment mixed in with the years of enjoying their growing maturity?

Let's consider one of these World War I "oldsters." He's about 52 years old and for 22 years after the war he was employed by a large public utility firm. Then he had a nervous breakdown, entered Hines Hospital in Chicago, then was transferred to the Veterans Administration Hospital for mental cases at Danville, Ill. Shock treatments there resulted in indications of possible recovery, and the vet returned to his wife. He was unable to find employment in private industry but was referred to Idento, and in spite of the severity of his handicaps, he was given a chance to work his way out of his problems. That was about a year ago. Idento officials say he is a good workman. Doctors say he is about 95 per cent recovered from his illness.

The only veterans accepted for employment at the Idento plant are those

who cannot be placed by the Illinois State Employment service in private industry. Yet out of 175 veterans given jobs by Idento in the first half of 1947, only five had to be reclassified on their jobs, and only ONE failed to make good!

All of the money earned by the Idento plant is used in the service and rehabilitation work of the Disabled American Veterans. That organization last year spent more than fourteen million dollars aiding disabled veterans, their dependents, widows, and orphans.

The plant has just produced its 100 millionth tag, and these tags are now mailed to more than 20 million motorists each year. The tag has a key loss insurance feature, and if lost keys bearing Idento tags are dropped in any mail box they will be returned to the Idento plant and thence to their owner, who is registered at the factory. The plant returns more than five thousand tags a month to owners.

In addition to providing productive work for the disabled veterans, the DAV constantly strives to "sell" private employers on the qualifications of men with proven capabilities, even though they may have obvious incapacities which do not interfere with the work for which they are hired. In this effort, the organization is paving the way for greater recognition of the high qualifications of both veterans and civilian workers with disabilities.

Among the private employers who have given much attention to the use of disabled workers are International Business Machines Corporation, Ford Motor Company, and International Harvester Company, all of whom attribute the successful use of disabled workers in their plants to proper placement.

Michael Supa, supervisor of the physically handicapped personnel of I.B.M., reports: "In the great majority of cases,

adapting the job to the physical limitations of the handicapped person is, with rare exceptions, both unnecessary and undesirable. Job adaptation is unnecessary for the simple reason that proper placement of the person with a physical handicap is made so that his remaining abilities are compatible with the job demands. In the light of our experience, proper placement of the physically handicapped person has the same results as the proper placement of a non-handicapped individual. If properly placed, the physically handicapped person is not a handicapped worker."

"No man at the Ford Motor Company is disabled," Henry Ford II declares. "There are 6,286 men and women who are physically limited. We have 52 one-armed workers. There are 130 deaf mutes, 24 totally blind, 386 with defective vision. Two workers have lost both legs, one has had both arms amputated, and one has had both hands amputated. Hundreds of others suffer from diabetes, epilepsy, nervousness, heart ailments, and other illnesses.

"No jobs were 'created' for them. They were 'fitted' to the job the same as any other worker. Every one of these employees does a full day's work. Every one receives a full day's pay. So smooth has the machinery for supervising the handicapped become that World War II disabled veterans have presented no problem. In fact, 462 of them already have entered our Detroit area plants under the supervision of the medical transfer department."

Opportunity for the physically handicapped veteran and civilian is far different from the day when they were forced to eke out a meagre existence from carelessly thrown alms. Today there is being made an increasingly wider field where-in they may employ their capabilities productively and profitably.



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

THEME: "The Christians Carry On"

1. Acts 4 Teachers Arrested
2. Acts 5 Obey God Openly
3. Acts 6 To Each His Own
4. Acts 7:1-36 A Great Sermon
5. Acts 7:37-60 The Preacher Stoned
6. Acts 8 Back in Samaria
7. Acts 9 Saul's Conversion
8. Acts 10 Peter's Vision
9. Acts 11 Christianity Unlimited
10. Acts 12 In Jail Again
11. Acts 13:1-43 Paul Speaks Out
12. Acts 13:44-14:28 Men, Not Gods
13. Acts 15 Arguments at Jerusalem
14. Acts 16 People of Philippi
15. Acts 17 Paul at Athens
16. Acts 18 Strife at Corinth
17. Acts 19 Magicians and Riots
18. Acts 20 Sailing East
19. Acts 21 Mobbed in Jerusalem
20. Acts 22:1-23:24 An Effective Defense
21. Acts 23:25-24:27 Curious Rulers
22. Acts 25 Judicial Appeal
23. Acts 26 Mad or Not
24. Acts 27 Another Sea Voyage
25. Acts 28 On to Rome
26. Philippians 1 To Live Is Christ
27. Philippians 2 The Mind of Christ
28. Philippians 3 Loss for Christ
29. Philippians 4 Peace in Christ
30. Ezra 1 The Old Temple



Springsfield, U.S.A.

by
GEORGE M. HALL

"WASHINGTON is beautiful in April," Mildred spoke softly in the late, warm afternoon. She and Dick had just finished their days' work at their respective jobs for Uncle Sam. They had had a good meal tastily served in a little, out-of-the-way restaurant they both liked. They were walking slowly along the Reflecting Pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial.

"Yes," Dick responded longingly, squeezing Mildred's hand, "it seems a

lot like home." They had gone on a little farther when Dick suggested, "Let's sit here awhile, shall we?" Spreading the *Evening Star* out, they both made themselves comfortable very close to each other.

The girl and the boy and the spring were all very quiet for a time. Then the girl said, "It seems we have known each other a long time, but it's only since January, hardly four months."

"It sure was lucky for me I went to

the Ohio State Society dance that night at the Shoreham."

"You mean Ruth was so lovely," teased Mildred.

"No, because I met you!" Dick answered with mock severity.

"I'm glad for that night, too." Mildred wasn't teasing now. "Do you think it's because we're both from the same town that we get along so well?"

"Probably that has something to do with it." Dick pulled an extra long blade of grass and tickled Mildred's ear. She tried to grab it out of his hand. In the tussle Dick leaned back and Mildred reached over him. Suddenly somehow they were kissing each other. They would have remained in each other's arms even longer but another couple came along just then and they broke away without knowing just why.

Although it was doubtful that it was the most important thing on her mind, Mildred remarked, "I'm glad they've finally taken those bridges down that used to go across the pool here."

"I am, too," Dick agreed. "It surprises me they did it, for there are temporary buildings from the time of the first World War still in use."

"This is a beautiful spot. It's especially lovely now with the unbroken view."

"Look, Mildred, there's a squirrel. Do I have those peanuts or are they in your pocketbook?" In a second what was left of a bag of peanuts was extracted from Mildred's purse. The passing squirrel paused long enough to have a very satisfactory meal. After it was gone, Dick asked, "Did you get your letter from home today?"

"Yes, I did. Do you want to know whom it was about mostly?"

"That's easy. You. Your parents have a very lovable daughter."

"You're wrong. Most of it was about you."

"About me? How's that?"

"Don't you think I've told them about you?"

"I don't know; have you?"

"Of course."

Dick hesitated slightly, "You've told them I'm from Springfield?"

Mildred seemed to pause, too, in responding, "Well, yes. They don't know your folks, though. They say all Okioans are very nice people."

"I certainly second that. All I know are, especially one."

"You aren't being a little conceited, are you?"

"Sometimes I think you're a devil, but I love you anyway."

"You're proud of Ohio and Springfield, aren't you, Dick?"

"Oh, well, yes. Aren't you?"

Mildred didn't answer right away. When she did she said with a questioning inflection in her voice, "I think you know."

"Know what, Pretty?"

"That night at the Ohio dance when you asked where I was from and when I told you Springfield you said, 'Me, too,' well, it was just too perfect to spoil. I've been going to tell you ever since, but it seemed like breaking a charm that brought us together and was helping to keep us together. Now we'll have to get along without it."

"Darling," Dick interrupted, "you have all the charms we can use."

"No, let me finish. It's not really so important, it's just that you don't know. I'm from Springfield all right, but Springfield, Illinois."

"You're kidding me!" exclaimed Dick. "Oh, it can't be true."

"But it is—do you care?"

"No, no, of course, I don't care, but this is one for Ripley. Here all this time

I've felt the same as you have. My home town is Springfield, but it's in Massachusetts."

"Dick! Massachusetts; you're a foreigner. It seems impossible."

Dick agreed. "It wouldn't happen once in a million."

"Oh, Dick, we must have been meant for each other. Isn't it wonderful? It's funny, too."

Laughing together, they got up. He kissed her quickly, gathered up the paper, and said enthusiastically, "Come on, this calls for a celebration."



A Joke That Backfired

MY platoon runner, Pfc. Leon Langley, a Cherokee Indian from Salisaw, Oklahoma, was an easygoing sort of lad. All the men in the platoon seemed to get a bang out of playing jokes on him, but he took it all with a shrug and a grin. They played their last joke on him the day our outfit, the 25th Division, invaded Luzon.

We hit the beach at Lingayen Gulf and met with little opposition except sniper fire so we pushed in ten miles the first day. When we dug in that afternoon hundreds of joyous Filipinos rushed out to meet us, waving American flags that they had kept hidden from the Japs and singing, "God Bless America."

"Vive Americans," they yelled, "we have been waiting for you for three years."

Several Filipinos spied Langley quietly digging his foxhole. One of them pointed at him and asked, "Is him Filipino?"

One of the practical jokers winked at several of his comrades and answered, "Him? Yeah, he's a Filipino. He was born in Manila but his parents moved to America when he was five years old. He's a Filipino but he can't speak any language but English."

The Filipino raced away calling to his companions in his native tongue. In a short time, much to the amusement of all the fellows in the platoon, a crowd of fifty curious Filipinos were crowded around the embarrassed and bewildered Langley. Soon the mayor of the nearby town arrived and made a speech in broken English proclaiming Langley a hero and giving him a wooden key to their city. This made Langley's buddies howl with glee.

The Filipinos rushed around like mad; they couldn't do enough for their hero. Two brawny men dug Langley's foxhole while several more ran for soft straw to make him a bed.

After we had all dug in we sat down to a tasteless meal of C rations, but not Langley. The Filipinos brought a roasted chicken, a jar of sweet milk, fresh roasted corn and fruit and set it before him.

As Langley feasted one of the practical jokers threw an empty C ration can down and exclaimed, "Say, Indian, who do you think you are feasting like a king while we eat this garbage?"

Langley took a big bite of chicken, washed it down with a big swig of milk and answered with a sly grin, "Me Filipino hero."—JOSH M. DRAKE, JR.

After Two Years in Japan



By Chaplain Claude E. Strait

Part II—OUR SUPREME COMMANDER

THE name, General Douglas MacArthur, to the average Japanese, is thought of almost in terms of a deity. Those of us who have been stationed in Japan, others who have visited Japan, deeply respect and admire him as a great man. Not only will his name go down in world history as a military leader but for Japan, as a benefactor.

In the recent Gallup poll, conducted in America, it was no surprise when General MacArthur topped the list as first of ten favorite people. We believe that he has become a great man because of his sincere beliefs and his practical common-sense attitude based on sound Christian principles. We know that not a day passes but he finds inspiration in the Holy Bible. He believes that true democracy comes from a faith in God. The freedoms, human dignity, human relationships, the outlook for peace of mind are basically founded upon how this faith is carried out. Not

only is Japan grateful for his leadership; we Christians thank God for his guidance.

General MacArthur issues directives when the occasion demands. His policy is to let the Japanese people work out their own salvation—to let them carry out SCAP directives as far as possible without outside help and influence. When progress is delayed he intervenes. He can be firm or lenient as required. His decisions are respected; not questioned. When the announcement flashed over the radio and appeared in the newspapers, indicating an early American withdrawal from Japan, it was almost incredible. It had been proposed that we remain here for 100, 50 or at least 25 years. Debates over this decision have not filled the newspapers and magazines. There has been little publicity. Why? Because the Supreme Commander never issues a statement until he is fairly certain of the conditions and results.

Someone has said that to the Japanese, "General MacArthur is the embodiment of America." His enemies have come to love and respect him; to respect America. He proved that "love your enemy, bless them that persecute you," a truth which came from Jesus, is worth while. The people of Japan are becoming interested in the phrases, *Brotherhood of Man* and *Fatherhood of God*.

The practice of tolerance is one of his chief characteristics. If he feels that a Catholic priest by the name of Flanagan can better the lot of Japanese youth, he is invited to study the conditions and to suggest remedies. If it be a Protestant missionary by the name of Brumbaugh to head a committee for a Christian University in Tokyo, it is all the same.

When the food shortage became so critical and SCAP released white flour the Japanese called it "MacArthur Bread," and when canned goods were released the Japanese called their meal, "MacArthur Dinner." Once something went wrong on a streetcar and an occupant exclaimed, "I'm going to write MacArthur about this." The General insists on opening all his personal mail. Many Japanese, as well as Americans, know this.

The American people realize the seriousness of the food situation in Japan. Because MacArthur issued the statement that "Japan needs food" the people of America are convinced that they are obligated to provide food in order to sustain life and rehabilitate a war-torn nation. This is one action that caused the Japanese to respect a nation they once hated. When starvation stared them in the face, the people were fed by the people they called *enemy*.

Whenever the General is entering or leaving his office at the Dai Ichi Building there is always a large number of

people waiting to catch a glimpse of—or to snap a picture of their Supreme Commander.

Without a doubt, destiny chose him as the leader for the task he has accomplished.

The Emperor

During those impressionable years when so much emphasis was placed upon the divinity of the Emperor, according to most Japanese, the term *divinity* was misunderstood. We think of God as a supernatural Being, possessed with the attributes of omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence—the Creator—the Ruler of the universe. A Japanese-American, whom I heard speak, January 1946, expressed it thus: "All human beings, being a part of the natural phenomenon, possess an element of spirituality as well as of the mundane, and in so far as a human being possesses a spiritual nature as well as a physical body he is in that respect divine." Not only the Emperor, but all human beings are therefore, in a sense, gods. "The Emperor as head of the Shinto religion, is by reason of his priestly office endowed with greater sacredness than other people, but his divinity is more a difference in degree than in kind. From such a concept, it is not difficult to stress the humanity of the Emperor, and that is what has been done. It corrects the artificial perversion of the recent past and restores the normal, healthy, intimate relationship between the Emperor and the people on a basis of common humanity."

To go back to 1 January 1946. Much to the surprise of everyone, the Emperor's New Year Rescript seems to have created more surprise in the western world than the East. The general opinion is that there has been represented a return to the true traditions of

Japan after a period of temporary perversion. To the average Japanese this is only a quiet and profound satisfaction. The conception of the exalted throne in the minds of the people was a petty artificial matter concocted within the last eighty years by a certain group of militarists to utilize the throne for their own interests. It seems this is the reason so little excitement resulted. This is the only logical reason felt at the time. The idea seems to be still prevalent.

The Emperor is no longer the center of attraction. Government officials are free to present the problems of the nation to him. The powers-to-be no longer require his picture to be displayed in the schools and homes. His people (no longer addressed as subjects) are at liberty to quote him and to take his picture during public appearances.

Today the Emperor is the symbol of the state. That is all. He no longer has the right to veto or approve any legislative measures of the Diet. The constitution states that the National Diet is the supreme organ of the nation. When the opening ceremony of the new Diet convened, under the new Constitution, the Emperor was present, only as a guest.

The Emperor's birthday has been celebrated twice during my tour of duty. Formerly, it was a gala occasion. When the militarists were in power, government and private offices closed. Thousands of flags representing the land of the rising sun were flown throughout the land. The enormous celebrations, formerly held in the schools, created a high morale. For two years, now, this type of celebration has belonged to the ages.

Reports are circulating that the Emperor may move to the suburbs of the city. Plans are under way for the

construction of a new boulevard which would open a large part of the palace grounds to the public. Special police no longer guard the confines. Members of the metropolitan police have assumed this duty. Formal festivals will no longer be observed in public. They will take place in the confines of the palace.

The popularity of the Emperor has increased tremendously, each month during the past two years. Rumor has it that he reduced the Imperial Household employees from 8,000 to 2,000. Much of the old tradition and ritual which centered around the Imperial Court has been reduced. When his majesty cuts expenses during these rugged days, the impact on the people is quite noticeable.

During these two years he has visited many prefectures. To the people their Emperor has become a human being. The common man has talked to him personally—received answers for his questions. He has mingled with the crowds. On one trip to Nagoya he spoke to a group of repatriates, widows and orphans. His message was to face the future cheerfully.

Interviews with the press and reporters, and the freedom granted to photographers for pictures, has been unusual. Everyone who has been in his presence speaks very highly of his personality.

Many specialists have been invited to the palace to speak on various topics. After a study pertaining to needs in Japan, he is anxious to discover remedies. He is also anxious to learn what the people think of him. In his New Year Rescript he said, "I am not a God. I am together with you, the people." His actions verified the statement.

In spite of the fact that state support has been withdrawn from the shrines, and the Emperor declared to

be only a symbol of the state, the Emperor is still worshipped. To many he is the head of the Shinto religion. Nothing can be done to stop this conception. The interpretation given by those, when questioned, is that it is patriotism and not religion. To tell the people they cannot visit the shrines, worship the Emperor, etc., destroys their privilege of freedom of worship. It is believed this practice will slowly die out.

We can be thankful for the retention of the Emperor in Japan, as this has been a very important decision. Not only has he influenced the occupation, but his decision to bring the war to a close saved perhaps a million lives and prevented thousands from being maimed and crippled for life. The "stiff necked" militarists would never have surrendered. They believed a last ditch stand against the invaders of the Empire would be so costly that a compromise would be reached in the peace treaty. It was the Emperor, against the protest of the militarists, who decreed that the terms drawn up in the Potsdam Agreement would be carried out. Even after the Emperor made his recordings he stood alone against the militarists. On the night of 14 August 1945, the militarists endeavored to break into the palace to seize the recording. The rumor has leaked out that the Emperor stated,

"I am going to stop this, and I don't care what happens to me personally."

The Emperor and the Supreme Commander have had four interviews. It is believed discussions of plans and policies were formulated for the welfare of the occupation. That is only a good guess.

Another rumor is that the Emperor is interested in accepting Christianity. Representatives of the Catholic and Protestant faiths have discussed the subject of Christianity with His Majesty. A specially printed Bible, maroon in color, gilt edge with morocco binding, was presented to the Emperor by Rev. Kiyoshi Hari, General Secretary, Japan Bible Society. In addition to this specially printed Bible, a booklet entitled *The Bible and the Nations* was given the Emperor. It contained excerpts from speeches and addresses of the late President Roosevelt, revealing that our great president often quoted from and referred to the Scriptures.

As yet the Emperor has not made any statement that he will or will not accept Christianity. Without a doubt such a move on the part of His Majesty would stimulate a greater incentive to build a true democracy upon the supreme ideal of our forefathers—THE PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS OF JESUS.

(To be continued next month)

UNITED STATES ADMINISTRATIVE FIRSTS QUIZ

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Who was the first United States:

1. President?
2. Vice-President?
3. Secretary of State?
4. Secretary of the Treasury?
5. Secretary of War?
6. Attorney General?
7. Secretary of the Navy?
8. Secretary of the Interior?
9. Secretary of Agriculture?
10. Secretary of Commerce and Labor?
11. Secretary of Commerce?
12. Secretary of Labor?

For answers to quiz, see page 26.

April Fooling

IN PRINT

By Phil Glanzer

JUST imagine Mark Twain, unknown and unsung; bending over the type case of his brother Orion's weekly newspaper and engrossed in the gentle art of cooking up a fake.

The gawky orange-haired youth, then just ordinary Sam Clemens to everybody that knew him, fooled the good people of Hannibal, Missouri, with a story that he did not write. No, there was not as much as a speck of copy, for the story sprang direct from Sam's agile brain to the fonts of type which he set with his own pudgy fingers.

Sam flowered his story in great shape. Three or four curious boys had gone out to McDougal's cave Sunday afternoon and tried to outdo Columbus himself in the matter of exploring. They found an Indian warrior lying flat on the tablelike stone, and all dressed up in his tribal regalia with nowhere to go. He did not speak or move for the good reason that he was stone dead. He was not only deceased but since the demise his body had turned into hard rock!

The readers of the *Hannibal Union* were startled, and elated, by the archaeological find. A Niagara of words spilled right and left. The discussion fruited with the people electing a committee instructed to import a scientist to verify the find.

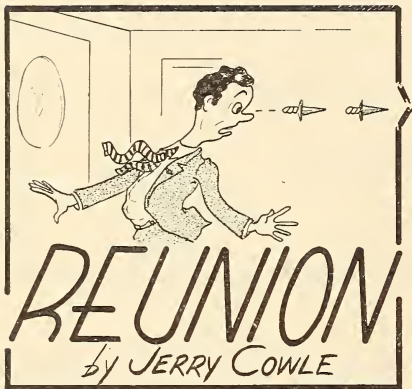
After a decent interval the committee got their man. He came ambling over

from the comparatively hustling city of Quincy in Illinois. His muttonchop whiskers and spectacles made him look sufficiently distinguished for even the most exacting inquirers. The committee gave him a sheaf of foolscap, which happened to be fully appropriate, for writing a detailed report.

Well, his muttonchop majesty was certainly a sorry sight when he returned at nightfall with his Hannibal guide. His coat and trousers were torn barely short of shreds, while he carried on his clothing and face almost enough mud for building an adobe hut. The milling crowd wanted his report with all its details, but he had none. Instead he presented a bill naming \$50.00 for his services and damages sustained in ascertaining "there was no dead Indian."

The future Mark Twain apparently had not expected the perusers of the *Hannibal Union* to take his story too seriously. It may have been fiction to him, but it was something else to them.

When they took the story seriously and the expensive investigation failed and his friends fell away like autumn leaves after a visit from Jack Frost, the inspired redhead decamped for other parts without leaving any forwarding address. Still the fake possessed a joy-bell angle for Mark, as thereafter he knew he could make words do tricks for him.



CARTER never thought it would really happen this way, that he'd some day meet the Old Man on equal terms. Yet here he was, in the doorway of the Commodore, dressed in his brown tweeds that still smelled of moth balls, discharge button gleaming in his lapel, and there was his old skipper, Lieutenant Riggs, standing at the bar!

Aboard ship it had been their favorite topic of conversation—telling each other what they'd do when they met the skipper after the war. He'd run a taut ship, strictly G.I. . . . Carter had claimed he'd snub Riggs if they ever met—he'd turn his back to him, cut him cold. That was the day after he'd been restricted to the ship in Gibraltar.

The gunner's mate had expressed a desire to sound off at the old man, really tell him what he thought of him. The fireman, a rough character, talked of swinging one to his jaw, but it didn't sound too convincing, inasmuch as Lieutenant Riggs, USN, Annapolis '43, was a big fellow, an ex-football star.

So here he was, and there was Riggs, the skipper of the fightingest patrol craft that ever sailed the Mediterranean. If only some of the boys could be here to see this! No longer was he Fred Carter,

Quartermaster 2/c. Now he was writing advertising copy, and he would be paying taxes to support men like Riggs. That alone should entitle him to his say. All right, he'd change his tactics. He wouldn't snub him—he'd speak to him—and *how* he would!

Riggs recognized him, and smiled with surprised pleasure. "Hello, Carter!" he said heartily. "You're looking swell! How's civilian life?"

Carter had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "Hello, Riggs," and the way he would have said it would be like a slap in the face. But force of habit plus natural inhibition made him say, "Hello, Skipper."

Strangely enough, he said it with more warmth than he'd meant to use. But he wasn't going to take any soft soap or "let bygones be bygones" stuff. He'd silently cursed Riggs too many times during the long patrols and convoys between Bizerte and Gibraltar.

Lieutenant Riggs hesitated, then placed his hand on Carter's shoulder. "Say—Fred—that *is* your name, isn't it—will you have a drink with me, just for old times?"

Carter nodded assent. One couldn't bluntly refuse. After all—a man had to have *some* manners.



"Look—now that it's all over—how about calling me Ed?"

Carter felt his way carefully. "Okay—Ed," he said hesitantly, stumbling over the syllable. It sounded almost like sacrilege to be calling him that.

Riggs signalled to the waiter for the drinks. They clinked glasses. "Here's to that old 'baby destroyer'!" Riggs toasted, his voice tinged with pride.

Yep, the good old baby destroyer! That had been their pet name for her. Hadn't she been doing a destroyer's job for two years? Come to think of it, they'd had a good time too, despite the unpleasant aspects of war.

But he mustn't get maudlin. Here was the fellow who'd restricted him to the ship the only night they'd laid over in Gibraltar. He'd really been bitter about missing that liberty, the first for the crew in three long months. They'd all come back happy, while he'd watched them and felt sorry for himself.

Of course, he *had* neglected to wind the chronometer and to take a time tick, thus causing the executive officer to make a navigational error which might

have had dire consequences. Maybe Riggs hadn't been too unfair.

He searched his memory for another example of the skipper's roughshod and unjust authority. But all those grievances of the past seemed to have faded with the passage of time. It seemed as though all he could remember was how good the old man had been on granting leave and liberty for the crew, and how he'd always been ready with a loan or some good advice when one of the boys got fouled up.

He drained his glass and turned to his ex-skipper. Not a bad guy after all. In fact, he had to admit that it was good to meet an old shipmate again. There was something about being part of a bunch of fellows that warmed one deep down inside. He'd missed that spirit since he'd been discharged. Not that he wanted to go back in, he added hastily, but it *had* been fun.

He clapped Riggs on the back, one man to another. "What do you say, Ed—let's drink one to the old crew of the best patrol craft in the Atlantic Fleet!"

Riggs looked at him and grinned and Carter grinned back at his old skipper.

NEW HANDBOOK

The 32,500th copy of the Handbook of The Service Men's Christian League came off the press last month in revised form. Among the items listed in the contents are the following: definition, functions, and values of the SMCL; how to organize a Service Men's Christian League unit; the constitution, sample registration form, and cooperating agencies and churches. Normally the chaplain will take the initiative in forming a League unit, but any Christian man or woman in the service should feel free to approach the chaplain suggesting such an organization.

The latest printing of the Handbook numbered 5,000 copies. Previous to the 1948 edition, printing was as follows: first edition, November 1942—15,000; second edition, March 1944—7,500; revised edition, March 1945—5,000.

Each Protestant chaplain on duty has been sent a copy, together with registration forms and other materials.

Unknown

IT reminded him of the first time he had ever been in a large city. The glaring shock of lights, the tooting of horns, the unceasing bustle were no less bewildering now. He walked about and stared—a total stranger to an insistent, clamoring world from which he had been away too long and which reminded him of a crater: a crater of the vast land he had come to know so well, land of impenetrable depth and undisclosed wealth, with which he found himself at present intimately identified through the uniform he wore.

His loneliness dissipated by his impersonal reflection, he gazed less at the signs and show windows and took more curious notice of the crowds as they shuffled past, in massive formation. No denying that he envied the service men and girls on their arms. Some kind of popular, rather than amateur, entertainment ought to be provided for men of the armed forces when they come to town so they wouldn't stand and gape at escorted and unescorted women alike like derelicts from another planet.

Yes, the women. They looked more glamorous than ever he had seen them, especially in mid-April, and with mili-

tary styles springing to the fore to lend zest to fashion. To the man in uniform the illuminated sidewalks presented a parade in contrast, to complement the day-by-day routine in camp.

His hands clasped behind him, he ambled along, never at the end, always in the midst of the current of gay and jostling humanity, which seemed to culminate, at last, in no less than the brotherhood of man; for here everybody seemed to know everybody with a fondness which linked one to another in a single amalgam of identity utterly beyond reconciliation with the picture of America the soldier had originally gleaned from his reading of Cooper and which he now irresistibly recalled from his boyhood days. Such, then, is the process in the growth of a nation, such its progress, with now another war to yield its blood and meaning toward the shaping of the ultimate whole. Of that ultimate whole, wondered the soldier, how much or how little might be known to the masses on parade; how much or how little need be known? And what might the share of the individual consciousness be?

He had ambled along, thoughtfully

Soldier

by *max robin*

thus, and so far nothing had happened to the soldier. True, he hadn't expected to accomplish anything much; still, something might have come his way—perhaps a familiar face, or an incident such as one may unconsciously hope for. Certainly one does not walk up a crowded busy street at night, a famous street at that, far away from home, unless one is looking at more than the faces of things, looking for something one has never been able to find elsewhere, searching for an understanding lurking like a shadow in the night—or only a miracle, a surprise, possibly a strange overtaking which could leave one with a memory so eventful the wear of time shall never erase it.

The blare of popular music suddenly claimed the soldier's fluid attention. He crossed over to the other side of the street to join some previously gathered curiosity seekers who were looking up at an indoor skating rink. "Skate for health." "Slenderize." "Free instruction." But past the signs and slogans were the figures of skaters, a good many of them in uniform, gliding gracefully, racing furiously, with a defying abandon which could not but challenge one in a

stationary position to come in and merge with the flying procession. The soldier hesitated only a moment; and quite avidly, having recognized his one definite purpose of the evening, he crossed back to the attraction of rhythm and life lurking him with an unknown fascination.

He skated alone for a while and did rather badly, when suddenly he was joined by a young woman out of nowhere.

"I think we might do better together," she said.

He was aware only that she was striking and brilliant. A young person, who seemed not to be able to stand still for a moment.

So they skated along. And when they stopped he offered her refreshment, which she took, smiling to him without end.

"But who in the world are you?" he asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" She looked surprised.

"How should I?"

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed!"

"How can I?"

"Well, I am supposed to instruct here!"

No, the soldier was not disappointed. The girl had taken possession of him from the moment she appeared; and he had remained possessed. Nor, for that matter, did she act the part of an instructor. She seemed determined to give to this soldier all the time she could spare for him.

But soon their skating became an impediment to their designs.

"I'll call for you," said the soldier, "whenever you are through." His whole past had been obliterated for him; only the present mattered.

"I am through now," said the girl. "Wait for me downstairs."

The rush of events was beyond their grasp. They sat at a little table and spoke sparingly, seriously. They sought the shelter of the park and they walked speechlessly.

"Come home with me," said the girl. "My mother won't mind."

"No," said the soldier. "This is too good."

"But you'll go away," said the girl. "I'll never see you again."

"Who can tell?" said the soldier.

"You are a strange man," said the

girl, "and I must give to you what I would never give to another."

"You are giving now," said the soldier, "more than I had ever hoped to find. Men don't die when they take with them what you are now giving me."

They walked to the station, and again they sat at a little table.

"I am trying to remember you every minute," said the girl, holding the soldier's hand. "I felt something when I first saw you. I don't know what."

"Well," smiled the man; "maybe I am the unknown soldier."

The girl gazed fixedly at him.

"I mean," the man in uniform amplified, "the soldier who goes away and either comes back or not. But he contributes his share toward the universal whole."

The girl still gazed at the soldier. And she knew then that she would never forget him as she saw him: a man receding from her and merging with many, many more, till she saw but one face—a single identity, beyond which there was no other.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 20

1. George Washington (February 22, 1732—December 14, 1799)
2. John Adams (October 30, 1735—July 4, 1826)
3. Thomas Jefferson (April 13, 1743—July 4, 1826)
4. Alexander Hamilton (January 11, 1757—July 12, 1804)
5. Henry Knox (July 25, 1750—October 25, 1806)
6. Edmund Randolph (August 10, 1753—September 12, 1813)
7. Benjamin Stoddert (1751-1813)
8. Thomas Ewing (1789-1871)
9. Norman Jay Colman (1827-1911)
10. George Bruce Cortelyou (1862-1940)
11. William Cox Redfield (1858-1932)
12. William B. Wilson (1862-1934)

“DON'T EVER START!”

By Kenneth F. Weaver

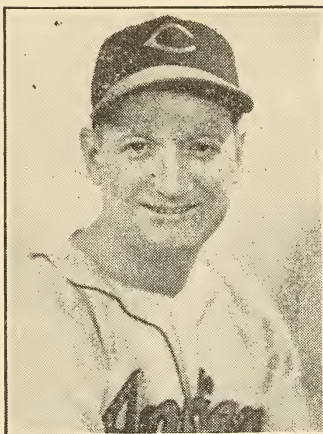
MY advice to young people is: don't ever start.”

That's Don Black talking—Don Black of the Cleveland Indians. His name is known to every sports fan in the country, for he pitched a no-hit game against the Philadelphia Athletics last July. Pitching a no-hitter in Big League baseball is more spec-

tacular than shooting a hole-in-one in golf or bowling a perfect 300. It's something only two other pitchers in the entire Big Leagues accomplished this last season. It's something every pitcher dreams of, but only a few achieve.

“Don't ever start.” Don Black knows what he's talking about when he says that. Don is not only an expert on baseball, he's also an expert on alcohol. He knows what it means to start drinking and he knows how hard it is to stop. He's one of those persons whose drinking became excessive and finally turned into alcoholism.

Today, of course, Don doesn't drink. His pitching record last summer is evidence of that fact. Don is now an active member of Alcoholics Anonymous—that rescue organization which has had such spectacular results in taking alcoholics who are “all washed up” and making them useful citizens again.



Don Black

I saw Don Black at the Statler Hotel in Washington just a few weeks before the end of the 1947 season. The Cleveland Indians were in town for a two night stand against the Washington Senators. With only 10 games until the end of the season, it was an exciting time. Although the Yankees had already sewed up the pennant, the Indians

were only a game behind the Detroit Tigers and a game and a half behind the Boston Red Sox in the race for second place in the American League.

Don is a tall, good-looking chap with brown eyes and brown hair. He carries his 185 pounds well, especially in the sport clothes he was wearing the day I saw him. Like most people in the sports world, he's extremely friendly and easy to talk to.

I wanted to know right off how it felt to pitch a no-hitter. “Can't explain it,” he said. “It feels mighty good.”

I learned later that it wasn't the first time in his baseball career that he'd had the experience. He pitched two other no-hit games before getting into the Big Leagues.

Five Years in the Big Leagues

Don has been interested in baseball ever since high school days. In Salix,

Iowa, where he was born and raised, the high school didn't have a hard ball team so he played soft ball. Later he played three years in state leagues—at Fairbury, Nebraska, in the Nebraska state league, and at Petersburg, Virginia, in the Virginia league. He has been five years in the majors, three with the Philadelphia Athletics and two with Cleveland.

How much longer can he stay in the game? Five years, he hopes. He's 29 now. However, when his active playing days are over he wants to stay in as a coach or manager. If that doesn't work out, he'd like to start a business of his own.

Aside from baseball, Don has two chief interests. One is his family. His two daughters, Margaret, aged six, and Donna, aged five, take up a great deal of his time when he's not on the road. His other interest is hunting—and he does a lot of it. He loves to be out of doors.

I asked Don when he started drinking and why. He said he took his first drinks when he was in the eighth grade and really got under way in high school. "I thought it was smart, then," he said. "Besides, I was getting a big kick out of it—I thought. At first it was Saturday nights, then Saturdays and Sundays, and finally I was drinking whenever I felt like it."

Did it cause him difficulty in his work?

"Well, it almost washed me out of baseball. About a year ago the manager gave me one more chance. I had to

make good or get out. I haven't touched a drop since.

"You can't drink and then go out and give your best as a pitcher. Even moderate drinking makes a big difference in your game. The fellow who lays off liquor thinks more clearly, his reflexes are faster, he gets going sooner, he's better off in every respect. He sleeps better and feels better. Since I quit drinking I hardly feel tired, even after pitching nine innings.

"Clean living can't be beat. Play hard and clean and give it the best you can. As far as drinking is concerned, I'd advise young people not even to start. You never can tell who will be hit by alcoholism; it can happen to anyone."

A Tough Battle

Don told me that the battle against the bottle is not easily won. It's a tough fight that you have to keep up day in and day out. Don goes to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings regularly, and when he's out of town he looks up the local AA chapter to visit. As much as time permits, he visits hospitals and clinics and helps other alcoholics. This, of course, is one of the methods all AA's use. By helping the other fellow, they help themselves.

The week I talked to Don he had just celebrated the first anniversary since he quit drinking. That fact gave special importance to his story. It was with tremendous sincerity that he said:

"My advice to young people is: don't ever start!"

(Reprinted by permission from *The Allied Youth*)

LIFE offers no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labors in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigue supported by hope, and afterward rewarded by joy.

—Dr. S. Johnson in *Sunshine Magazine*



PRAYERS
on the **ELBE**
by James A. Huston

THERE is irony in the controversies and vetoes pervading too many of the sessions of organs of the United Nations. There is a particular irony for the men who two years ago were concluding a war to make practical its creation. The promise of an international organization to make their victory lasting and peace permanent attracted their hopes—and had their prayers.

For veterans of the 3rd Battalion, 134th Infantry (35th Division), news dispatches from Lake Success and Flushing Meadow call up memories of that April morning on the Elbe River when some of their ranks gathered to offer their prayers for the international organization whose charter was about to be drafted.

The battalion's position was in the area northeast of Magdeburg—hardly more than 50 miles from Berlin. It had reached the Elbe River on April 15, and it was holding the river line as it waited for the Russians to close the narrowing gap from the east. There had been activity during most of the time since that date—patrols, enemy patrols, artillery fire, counterattacks from across the river. Company K had received one such nerve-racking predawn counterattack on April 17, and an even more vigorous one on the 23rd—just two days before this special prayer service.

Men of the 3rd Battalion were hoping that the end of their great conflict was near—a conflict the like of which they hoped would be spared their sons. There was an attractive comfort to be found in associating their thoughts and hopes and prayers with those mounting at home. The United Nations Conference on International Organization was opening on that April 25 in San Francisco. Churches throughout America would be joining in a day of prayer for the success of the conference.

Hours before dawn's light came to San Francisco, men of the 3rd Battalion met in a sunrise service of their own. They held their service in a small white church, a church which had stood unused for 15 years, in a small village called Utz, near the Elbe River, in Germany. The attendance among military men seldom was very much greater than it was among the general civilian population—and, in view of the recent early-morning attacks, the companies' defensive strength could not be impaired. Nevertheless the battalion commander and members of his staff were there, and officers and men from each of the companies were there. As the steel-helmeted soldiers, all carrying loaded weapons, filed into the little church, now brilliant as the white morning sunlight poured through its windows, Sergeant

Paul Lundmark sat down at the chaplain's field organ to play a prelude. After the chaplain's call to worship, the group joined in singing "Saviour Like Shepherd." One of the staff officers read from the Bible:

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian. For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this. (Isaiah 9:2-7)

Corporal Gordon Cross, medical technician, sang a solo, "Be Still, My Soul" (*Finlandia*). Then the Chaplain rose to the pulpit for a brief talk. He spoke of the conference which would be opening that day, of how difficult the task would be which the delegates would face, but of how important their success would be. Against a background of organ music, the Chaplain prayed for the early return of peace to the world, and for the success of the United Na-

tions Conference in its efforts to make peace lasting. Another member of the staff read a selection of poetry, and then another passage from Isaiah (55:8-13):

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

And they sang a hymn—"I Would Be True"—and, with the Chaplain's benediction, went out.

They were going out to do their part toward finishing the military task at hand. Their hopes ran high on the possibility that the war might soon be over, and they permitted themselves to hope for an early return home. Actually, that would be only the beginning of perhaps an even more difficult task. If their military victories were to assume the realness which would give fulfillment to the prayers they gave for an international organization which might guaran-

tee a just and durable peace, it would require more faith, and intelligent concern, and moral courage.

In the weeks which followed, the statesmen at San Francisco put into words the objectives for which the battalions had been fighting:

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and

to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of

men and women and the nations large and small and

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and

to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom.

(Preamble to United Nations Charter)

In the months which followed, men of the 3rd Battalion might have wondered whether much of the world were not again "waiting at the Elbe" for the Russians to close the gap from the east.

THE ARM

(. . . reconnaissance in Tunisia, 1943)

*I stole one day
To Sbeitla town
Where recent guns
Had leveled down
Hearth and steeple
All around,*

*No man or beast
Remaining there.
The crippled streets
Were still and bare,
And burning powder
Fouled the air.*

*The silent homes
Were wounded ghosts,
Mourning for
Departed hosts
And children's feet
By picket posts.*

*I saw a church
In maple shade
And crept within
The Last Crusade
To see the marks
That war had made.*

*On altar torn,
A statuette
Of Him of Naz'reth
Pleading yet.
And this I can't,
I can't forget:*

*A bullet hole
Was in His cheek,
This Carven Spirit
Of the meek.
He oped His lips
But did not speak.*

*What patience, His!
To bid alarm
And offer men
His peaceful charm.*

*The Hand was blown away—
But He still held forth The
Arm!—FRANK STEBBING*

THE prisoner's beefy face turned redder as two guards led him into the office. He had good reason to be frightened. Commandant of the military district before the fighting had ceased, he had ruled from this room with an iron-clad fist. Captured paratroopers, sometimes on stretchers, brought before him for examination, remembered it as the inquisition chamber. None who had entered left it the same man.

Surprised by the swift encirclement of the town by an American division, he had been unable to escape through the pincers; but he had managed to exchange his colonel's uniform for the farm-hand's drab denims he was now wearing, and slunk to cover in a tree-screened farmhouse. Reports of his infamy, however, had spread quickly; and a special patrol, ordered to capture him, finally flushed him out of his hiding place and marched him, protesting and cringing, to Headquarters.

The American Major, Commandant

now in the district, had not come into the room yet. His return to this town after his discharge from a hospital was ominous. For as a captured paratrooper in the neighboring fields, he had been hustled before this prisoner, then in command, for an immediate interrogation; and after much prompting, he had reluctantly told me of some of the hell he had suffered when he had refused to divulge any military secrets.

Struck by this ironic reversal in their situations, I obtained permission to be present at the Major's examination of the prisoner, wondering to myself if the barbaric law of Moses—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—would prevail and be put into effect. The possibility froze my blood, but curiosity mastered me.

As the guards stepped back a pace from the prisoner, he clicked his heels and saluted me, sitting to one side of the desk with my notebook open on my knee. Recalling the Major's words,



"He's in for a big surprise," I knew he did not know who was Commandant. Yet something in his puffy eyes made me doubt he had mistaken me for him. In any case, as I stared at him stonily, for I could feel only revulsion, he dropped his arm limply and shifted his gaze.

The room had been recently white-washed, but on the right-hand wall about a man's height from the floor, a tell-tale splotch still showed through. Clean whitewash could not blot it out. It gave me the creeps; and no less, a portable steel locker five feet high, standing nearby.

The prisoner was staring at that tell-tale stain; and from the involuntary twitching of his muscles, I knew he was recalling its gruesome making. Furtively, he shifted his gaze to the locker, and his body slumped. The locker contained his instruments of torture.

Seeing them no doubt in his mind's eye, he looked wildly away to the window on the opposite side of the room, only to find there another reminder of his barbarity. The afternoon sun, glowing through its iron bars, was like a grate fire, ready to heat a poker red hot.

In a swish of air, the guards snapped to attention as the door behind the desk opened and the Major, followed by an aide and a sergeant-stenographer, entered. He was a slight man of medium height with wavy brown hair and a determined chin. Dark sun glasses half-covered his cheeks; and I suspected he was wearing them so as not to be recognized at once.

Clicking his heels loudly, the prisoner saluted; but the Major stood rigid, hiding his bandaged left hand below the desk. But the muscles of his jaws were bulging as he pressed his right hand hard against its top. On a staff clamped

to it, an American flag hung limp; and taking hold of one end, he stretched it out, as if in salute to all the good it symbolized. Letting it go, he raised his hand to his face, hesitated a moment, and then deliberately took off his sun spectacles.

The effect was dramatic. The prisoner's lower jaw dropped down like a dying man's; his eyes popped; and he would have fallen if the guards had not caught him.

Sitting down, the Major said, "So we meet again. The fortunes of war."

Neither in his voice nor in his face could I detect any sign of what he was feeling; and I wondered, knowing him but slightly, if he were as callous as he seemed.

Recovering from his shock, the prisoner blurted out in passable English, "I will tell you everything, Major"; and when the Major's mouth twitched, he whimpered, "You can trust me, sir. Everything!"

The Major threw back his head. I thought he was going to laugh; but he said, "Before we begin the examination, I would like you to do me a favor." Then, he held up his bandaged hand, resting his elbow on the desk.

Cringing in terror, the prisoner maundered, "It was orders, sir, orders from—" He clutched his throat, cutting off his excuse.

The Major waved his bandaged hand towards the locker. "Open that locker."

"Not that, sir, not that! It was orders!"

"My orders are for you to open it. Your hands are okay. If you've forgotten the combination, I'll tell you."

"I remember the combination, sir," and full of fear, he slouched to the locker. Slowly, he reached out his hands; and as they caught hold of the steel knob, the setting sun dyed them

blood-red. With a cry, he staggered back, clutching his head.

"Shall I open it for you?" the Major asked.

The prisoner groaned, and racked by a new fear, a severer punishment for disobedience, he took hold of the combination and turned it to the right and to the left until the lock finally clicked. Then he let his arms drop to his sides without opening the door.

"Open the door now," the Major said, "and see if your implements are all there."

All hope abandoned, the prisoner closed his eyes and swung open the door.

"Are they all there?" the Major asked.

Opening his eyes, the prisoner looked into the locker. His eyes widened; his neck stretched out like a turtle's; and with a bound, he began fumbling with shaking hands along the shelves. Then, he let out a blood-curdling yell,

"Empty!" and whirling around towards the Major, his face beet-red, he guffawed and suddenly collapsed to the floor.

Seemingly impassive, the Major addressed the guards, "Take him away. We know everything he could tell us."

When the guards had dragged the unconscious man out of the room, the Major turned to me and said, "I wanted to see his reaction, if he thought me like him." His eyebrows twitched. "Not at all flattering, was it?" He moistened his lips and stared into space. "I don't know whether this was the way to teach him." Frowning, he looked at me directly, "But we've got to teach them."

"Yes, Major," I agreed.

His insistence ebbed, as he went on in a voice choked not with anger or resentment but with pity, "Even that creature, I'm ashamed to call a fellow man."

The Unusual Hobby of Winston Churchill:

WINSTON CHURCHILL is famous for his oratory, his books and his ever-present cigar. But only intimate friends of the statesman know of the wonder and beauty of his unusual hobby.

In his home at Chartwell, Mr. Churchill has a kind of cupboard room recessed into a brick wall with a stout meatsafe door and brightly illuminated by powerful lamps which give forth both light and warmth. Here he secretes his most unique collection of LIVE butterflies. The fortunate visitor can see hundreds of beautiful species, from the familiar peacock variety to the rare, exotic South Sea Island type, fluttering contentedly in the artificially sunlightened room. The butterflies were sent to Mr. Churchill over a period of years by admirers all over the world and include many specimens from far and distant lands.

"A Z You Were!"

SAVING

THE cartoon shows a man with no desire to save. He has never developed the habit of thrift, consequently he will have no reserve for the rainy day. If his mother or another dependent becomes helpless he will be without means to support either and resort will have to be made to charity. And where is the unmarried service man who does not look forward to the time when he will have a home of his own?

The man in the military service should remember that, even though he may retire after thirty years of service on three-fourths pay, when he dies that pay will be discontinued, and unless he has considerable savings in reserve those dependent upon him may be left in want.

The man who saves will pay his debts and will not have to borrow. Wise saving will safeguard one from foolish spending and from friends of the spend-thrift type who are ever seeking a loan.

A dollar wisely invested is good for the community. Keep your dollars working, bearing fruit for yourself and the country.

Wise saving is a sure cure for gambling and other bad habits. The man who saves all he can will not patronize places of evil.

I knew a company in which not a man had been tried by court-martial for two years, and it never had a drunk on payday. Every man in that company had a monthly savings account.



At a certain station we organized a thrift club and many joined. Each member began to save systematically. At Camp Pontenezen in France shortly after the Armistice a soldier, not of my regiment, presented himself and hastened to express deep gratitude for a sermon on thrift that the writer had preached some three years before in the Philippines. Having heard this sermon, straightway he began to practice the saving habit and he was keeping it up. He spoke of the many benefits. Systematic saving had greatly blessed this man. His remarks in that conversation were a one-hundred-per-cent good sales talk for thrift.

In saving let us remember that money is a means and not an end. Should it become the heart's treasure—taking first place in one's life—the sooner it is spent for a worthy cause the better. Practice the habit of saving. It is discipline which will bring returns in terms of character; and he who uses his savings to the glory of God will lay up "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

BY CHAPLAIN ALVA J. BRASTED

STAMP COLLECTING

JOSEPH CHARLES SALAK

Part IV—CONCLUSION

IF you want to transform your album into a carnival of riotous color, then collect pictorials with their exotic hues and build your own philatelic rainbow. As you progress in your hobby you will at first enjoy the filet mignon, but before long you will be yearning after cavaïr, and that will be the first step of your evolution into becoming a confirmed philatelist.

For legend and ancient history consider the Austria Nibelungen issue of 1926. This set of six stamps, which in your stamp catalogue are numbered from 852 to 857 inclusive, will thrill you with the story of Siegfried after slaying the dragon; Gunther's voyage to Iceland in the dragon ship; the quarrel between Kriemhilde and Brunhilde; the Donau nymphs foretelling to Hagen the fate of the Nibelungen; Rudiger von Bechelaren welcoming the Nibelungen on the bridge to his castle; and on the last stamp in this historical set, Dietrich von Bern vanquishing Hagen.

As a sideline to your hobby the collecting of postmarks will reward you with a wealth of historical background. Forty thousand names of hamlets went into discard with the introduction of rural free delivery service. Any old collection of postmarks will confirm that Tokyo was once a popular place name in this country, especially during the Russ-Jap war, when our sympathies were with the Japanese. During that period six Tokyos and one Togo made

their appearance as place names. But by the time Pearl Harbor exploded, the Japanese names had been reduced to four. Germania, Pa., was quickly changed to Wellpinit; and Swastika, Arizona, became Brilliant. Today postmarks bearing these obsolete names are indeed collector's gems.

The first World War brought on many postmark changes. Berlin was discarded; Potsdam, Mo., appeared as Pershing; Kiel, Okla., was changed to Loyal; Valley Home took the place of Thalheim, Calif. Politicians were not ignored either, for Brandenburg, Iowa, was converted into Old Glory.

The modern trend is evidenced among the common postmarks such as Xray, Electron, Radium, Gasoline, and Radio. Any postal guide will show you just where these post offices are located. All you have to do is write to the postmaster, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and request that a clear postmark be affixed to your envelope, which will then be mailed to you ready to assemble in your collection.

Before bringing this series to a close, let us discuss some of our more popular United States stamps.

In 1931 the 150th anniversary of the battle of Yorktown was commemorated with the issuing of a two-cent United States stamp. The battle of Yorktown was fought October 14-18, 1781, between the British and the allied French and American forces, resulting in the cap-



ture of Yorktown and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The Allied Army was commanded by Count de Rochambeau and General George Washington, and the fleet by Admiral de Grasse. Their portraits appear on this commemorative stamp.

In 1939, for the first time, a living President of the United States of America has been pictured on the stamps of a foreign country. This honour was bestowed upon the late President Roosevelt, whose portrait appeared with that of George Washington on an attractive miniature sheet issued by Guatemala. The sheet celebrated the United States Constitution, and Washington's likeness appeared at the top centre left of the sheet with the dates "1787-1789" in large figures running along the side of the sheet; next and beside Washington is the portrait of Roosevelt, with the dates "1937-1939" at the right of the sheet.

The portrayal of a living person on stamps is always interesting, but nothing aroused as much criticism and shock as when the Confederate States of America pictured their President Jefferson Davis on the five-cent green stamp of 1861. The custom of portraying only famous deceased persons on postage stamps has become sacred to the American people; and this custom, with the exception of the provisional President of the Confederacy, has never been broken, either before or since that incident.

In the rotunda of the capitol in Richmond, Virginia, stands the only existing statue of George Washington made from life. Houdon made the life mask before Washington got the false teeth he wore in late life. The bust of this statue has served as model for most of the three- and two-cent stamps of the United States.

In closing, the question may arise of whether it is easier to complete a special collection of one certain country than to have a general collection. Here is my answer: A special collection, that is specializing in one certain country and collecting its stamps only, cannot be made complete of any country issuing stamps quite extensively or a long time ago. Furthermore, what enjoyment or advantage is there, when the collection is completed? It's the collecting itself that gives indefinable fascination to the hobbyist. To sacrifice something to secure each stamp in a certain special condition is what gives joy to the true philatelist. Philately is fascinating and educational as well as profitable. The general collection, that is, an incomplete collection of every country arranged in systematic order, seems to be the most popular. Most collectors gather stamps because of the pleasure derived from so doing; others hoard them for profit; yet all call themselves stamp collectors—which proves that there are two sides to each question. Philately is no exception. Good collecting to you.

LINK LINES

By The Editor

SITTING beside Branch Rickey, owner of the Brooklyn (*dem bums*) Dodgers, someone once asked this question, "Why did that boy miss the double play?" Mr. Rickey is said to have replied that the boy was not a major leaguer. In other words, one should be patient and not look for major league performance when there are no grounds on which to expect it. The boy was probably playing his heart out anyway.

On another occasion a crucial game closing the season for that particular year was going shakily for the Dodgers. In one of the final innings, with the bases loaded, a young pitcher was called to the mound. He accomplished the remaining put-outs, retiring the side without further damage to the *bums*. Following Brooklyn's inning at bat, he did not return to the mound—much to the surprise of the fans. No one could understand why a young pitcher who had done so well should be benched at that point in the game. According to reports, Mr. Rickey later explained that he wanted the young pitcher to have the glorious feeling of mastery and victory all through the winter months rather than the sense of defeat which might have been the case had he returned to the pitcher's box to experience one disastrous inning. In the spring the player would come back to the club happy and full of confidence—a great asset to his team.

In one of Edgar Guest's verses there are some lines which say in effect: It does not matter so much whether we win or lose the game, but rather how

we play it. No game is worth the effort if it does not also build the man.

An outstanding characteristic of Americans is the belief in good sportsmanship and fair play. We don't like to see a big guy push a little guy around. We believe in the *team spirit*. We practiced it well, too, during the war, but we haven't done too well with it since. Neither will things go well until we learn to practice it again.

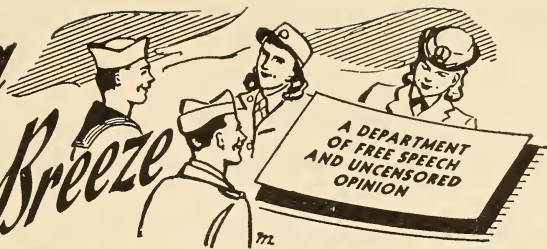
Because "A Game Guy's Prayer" seems right *in the groove* at this time we pass it on to you from *Chaplain's Digest*.

"Dear God: Help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don't ask for any place in the lineup; play me where You need me. I only ask for the stuff to give You a hundred per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives come my way I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't let anything come that You and I together can't handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help make me thankful for them.

"And, God, help me always to play on the square, no matter what the other players do. Help me to come clean. Help me to see that often the best part of the game is helping other guys. Help me to be a 'regular fellow' with the other players.

"Finally, God, if fate seems to up-percut me with both hands and I'm laid up on the shelf in sickness or old age, help me to take that as part of the game also. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frameup or that I had a raw deal. When in the dusk I get the final bell, I ask for no lying, complimentary stones. I'd only like to know that You feel I've been a good guy."

Batting the Breeze



SMCL NEWS

I was glad that you could use my article and our picture in the December number of *THE LINK*.

This League is still very active but I have been transferred 800 miles away to a base near Tokyo and have started another League here. Because we have dependent wives and daughters in this League we are calling it Tachikawa (base name) Christian League. We have over 30 members and have averaged 19 in attendance the first seven evenings we have met. We meet every evening from 1800 to 1900 from Monday through Friday. We have the whole League divided into three committees and each chairman of a committee is a vice-president. Each committee has definite objectives. The committees are Evangelistic, Services, and Social. Every evening a slip is given to each one present and he puts down the things he has done during the day: Read Bible, prayed, how many invited to League, S. S. or Services, How many tracts given out, How many talked to about becoming a Christian. I thought these things might be interesting.

I find the men on this base as on other bases enjoy reading *THE LINK*.

Chaplain Peter E. Cullom, O-130191
13th ASG, APO 704
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

FAN MAIL

I've got your presents, and now I want to thank you so much. The words of our Holy Bible Psalm 50:15 have been kept. Oh yes, I'm very joyful about *THE LINK*.

Unluckily, we have not yet heard anything from Church World Service, but we hope this Service will care for us by your intercession.

I believe I am bold too, because I would be glad if I had got *THE LINK* time by time. It's a real helper in real need, there's no doubt about it. So I have to thank you always.

In faith in Jesus Christ
Werner Uhlig
Zwickau in Saxony
Russian Zone, Germany

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

Dear Royal Hawaiian Christian:

Thank you for your letter received several weeks ago. Since you give no address and no name, it is necessary to answer you in this manner. Along the particular line that you mention, I recommend that you read the book *Invitation to Worship*, by A. C. Reid, published by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tennessee, price \$1.50.

I have a copy which I would lend you for a short time if you wish to give me your name and address.

The Editor, *THE LINK*

Topic TALKS



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

TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How does religious faith aid our courage?* (Psalms 17:14)
2. *Can we become so sure of God's help that we shall not worry about man's unfriendliness?* (Hebrews 13:6b)
3. *Can we learn to face danger as Daniel did?* (Daniel 6:10)
4. *Does the Christian have an obligation to endure hard things and come off victorious?* (II Timothy 2:3)
5. *How does God inspire our hearts with courage when we face defeats?* (Genesis 15:1; Deuteronomy 20:1; Proverbs 29:25; Isaiah 41:10)

- *Resource material:*

It is inspiring to see any man take a great defeat and turn it into a shining victory. Have you ever seen it done? And have you ever done it yourself?

Some years ago a promising rector of an Episcopal church in Massachusetts went to an eye specialist and was told that he would eventually become totally blind. What do you suppose this rector did? He went out and bought a typewriter! Day after day he worked laboriously at the task of learning to type by the touch system. And he succeeded. He was determined that his ministry should be extended to a wider field. Far from being defeated, he made his handicap a challenge to larger usefulness.

Often he worked while propped up in bed. But he wrote a group of novels that brought a message of courage and

faith to others. Not only did he write these, but he determined to write a book that would deal specifically with one of the worst enemies that you and I face—fear. The book he wrote is worth your reading, if you have not yet read it: *The Conquest of Fear*. Yes, his name was Basil King.

With more than thirty books to his credit, besides many articles and stories, he may well serve as a monument and an inspiration to all of us when we think life has grown a bit rough with us. He has shown us that a Christian man can take defeats—even bad ones—and turn them into victories that will encourage others too.

Few things inspire us more than such dogged courage as this. And there are others who have shown us similar determination. There was a boy, for in-

stance, who came to this country seventy-four years ago from far-off Serbia. Sixteen years of age, with a nickel in his pocket, having sold his prized possessions and even some of his clothes in order to book passage, he was held up for questioning by immigration officials because he had no friends in this country. When his fate hung on this very slender thread, one of the officials asked if he knew anyone here. Undaunted, this sixteen-year-old lad replied that he had three friends in America. Guess who they were! *Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Harriet Beecher Stowe!*

Yes, he got in! The authorities went into a huddle and came out with the wise decision that a lad with *those friends* ought to be able somehow to make a go of it! And he did! For this boy was Michael Pupin.

From driving mules in Delaware he went to New York City, where he did odd jobs and enrolled in evening classes in Cooper Union and made use of its library. Then he entered Columbia University and four years later was graduated with distinction. A few years later he became a professor of electrical engineering in Columbia. When he died a dozen years ago he had become a recognized authority in his field of work and was honored internationally. He had made good use of his nickel—and his keen mind—and his courage!

You, too, can turn your defeats into victories. Not long ago I walked into the Veterans Administration offices in a large eastern city. There at the receptionist's place stood a strapping man, handsome and alert—with two artificial arms and with hooks for hands! He took papers and held them and signed them readily and admirably. He had taken himself in hand and had refused to be beaten by a terrible disaster that

makes your troubles and mine look insignificant. He made up his mind that he would accept his handicap—and surmount it. I had a sudden urge to walk up to him and tell him how I admired his courage and his accomplishments, but I somehow felt that this strapping success might not appreciate someone's blundering efforts to compliment him. There was something so strong and self-reliant in his bearing that I could not risk giving offense by any word that might seem to be not complimentary but condescending. One doesn't compliment a mountain; one stands off and admires it—and respects it!

Think of the long, long months of suffering back of that man's achievements. Think of the hours when he must have wondered if life could hold very much for him. Think of the long, laborious efforts, hour on hour, day after day and month after month, before he could stand there with such confidence and do a man's work splendidly. Doesn't it put us to shame when we falter before a lesser obstacle and dally at some lesser undertaking?

Or perhaps some of you who read these words are passing through the very period of agony and testing and training that he experienced. If so, do not be daunted by your pain and your obstacles, but remember that you will find friends and help if you will try hard to succeed. And your success will win more admiration than your friends will feel they dare to express—to you.

We should never forget that true religion gives us the strength and moral courage that we so much need if we are to override our obstacles and turn our defeats into real successes.

The old Psalmist gave us wise words when he said: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

- *Subject for group discussion:*

HARVESTING AS WE SOW

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Can we count on reaping as we sow, both in the physical world and in the moral realm?* (Genesis 8:22; Psalms 126:6; Galatians 6:7)

2. *Does retribution in the moral realm always operate?* (Hosea 8:7a; Matthew 7:16)

3. *How does God honor the bearing of good fruit in the Christian life?* (John 15:2b)

4. *Can we be sure of reaping benefits after good deeds?* (Galatians 6:9)

5. *How does the quality of our character help to determine our happiness and success?* (Matthew 7:17)

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- *Resource material:*

One of the impressive facts of nature and of the moral life is that we reap what we sow. Never, since the world first revolved on its way through the universe, has a man reaped melons from raspberry bushes or prunes from radish seed. It isn't done. Storms and droughts may affect the size of a harvest tremendously, but they never work the magic of producing something that was not sown. The *kind* of harvest depends upon the seed. The quantity of the harvest depends upon how *much* is sown—and upon toil and propitious circumstances.

Some of our most successful men have discovered that it pays to combine hard work and the highest quality of character. Years ago a lad went into a store in Philadelphia to buy a present for his mother. After he had selected one and had paid for it, he saw something else that he liked better at the counter and asked the clerk to allow

him to make the change. The clerk refused to be bothered and the boy was bitterly disappointed. He made up his mind that he would have a store of his own some day and that a customer could change his mind there and be treated with absolute fairness and courtesy.

That boy did realize his dream. When he was twenty-three years of age, he and another lad started a business of their own. They did not have much money and they delivered their goods with a wheelbarrow, but they were courteous and energetic and honest, and their business grew. Today, in the heart of Philadelphia you can read the name of that boy on the buildings that house his business; and in downtown New York City are two other buildings, covering two city blocks, with his name on them. His name, by the way, was John Wanamaker. It is said of him that he would pass through the long aisles and stop to make sure that no customer, large or

small, would have the experience that he had had as a boy. Courtesy and fairness to customers was his rule. And his harvest was great—and deserved.

But there is a terrible reverse side to this matter of sowing and reaping, and we call it retribution. A man who sows unkindness and hatred reaps a terrible harvest of these. A man who spends his time sowing lust and debauchery reaps these in awful measure. Insisting on sowing the wind, he reaps a whirlwind beyond all his expectations. Such a man went to and fro in a midwestern town years ago, never seeming to stand for any of the religious causes or philanthropic enterprises that should have had his support. One awful night he died in agony and shame and vileness. The Christian nurse who watched at his bedside, forced by her duty to witness his sufferings and listen to his curses and blasphemies, said she hoped she would never again witness such a death. Retribution is a terrible thing. There is one way to escape it—by sowing good seed, doing good deeds, living virtuously and righteously. There is no way under heaven by which the tares and the briers and the thorns can be turned into good fruit.

There are some terrible words on this subject in the Scriptures. The writer of the Book of Proverbs says this: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him." (26:27) And, even more specifically, he utters these grave words: "*His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.*" (5:22)

Those are not pretty pictures. They are thumbnail drawings of the awful hell that men build for themselves *now* in this present life.

A similarly graphic saying is this: "Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped *iniquity*; ye have *eaten the fruit of lies . . .*" (Hosea 10:13a)

Said the Psalmist, "Their sword shall enter *their own heart.*" (37:15a)

But in the New Testament is a word that is terrible in its implications and very wide in its scope: "For the wages of sin is death. . . ." (Romans 6:23a)

If you need a life-size figure of retribution in our own generation, do you remember a square-jawed little fellow who went by the name of Mussolini? Do you remember the terrible end to which he came? Can you forget his blighting of the hopes of his people, and his blasting of their faith in him? Do you remember the Old Testament figure of Haman, who was hanged on the gallows that he had schemingly devised for his enemy? Do you remember a fellow named Al Capone?

Can you recall a single man who was caught and crushed by retribution who cannot serve as a warning to us in some way?

Is there any way in which this grim picture of retribution can be softened? There is. It is in the closing part of a New Testament verse that we quoted. Let's look at the full verse: "For the *wages of sin is death*; but the *gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

Wages are one thing; they are due us; we earn them. A gift is something quite different. It is bestowed upon us generously by someone, quite apart from wages.

There is a brighter side to this matter of retribution, and we shall try to look at it next week.

- *Subject for group discussion:*

THE MERCY AND FORGIVENESS OF GOD

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Can we be sure of the mercy of God?* (Psalms 23:6; 89:1; 103:17, 18; 138:8; Isaiah 42:3; Matthew 5:7; Luke 1:50)
2. *How unfailing is God's compassion?* (Psalm 103:14; Micah 7:8, 18, 19)
3. *Can we expect God's forgiveness?* (Psalms 85:2; 86:5; Isaiah 1:18; 44:22; Jeremiah 31:34; Daniel 9:9; Micah 7:18; John 3:16)
4. *Does God expect us to show mercy also?* (Proverbs 3:3; Matthew 5:7)
5. *How does God find it possible to combine retribution and mercy?* (Romans 6:23)

-
- *Resource material:*

Last week we touched on a matter that is sometimes difficult to understand. In a moral universe where sin inevitably brings terrible consequences, we may often wonder if we are expecting the impossible if we ask God to save us from the terrible harvest that follows the sowing of evil seed. We do not touch a match to a fuse and then stand off and ask God to smother the burning fuse and prevent the explosion that would be the entirely normal consequence of the flame we lighted. Do we have any right to spend an hour in debauchery and then timidly pray that God will forgive us and save us from the moral and perhaps physical consequences of our indiscretions? If we steal what belongs to someone else, have we any right to expect that a prayer can make everything all right? Isn't that too easy a way to satisfy our own conscience? Have we any right to assume that the moral nature of God will be so easily satisfied? Did the suffering

of Jesus on the Cross provide for such a claim upon his generosity and forgiving love? Is there a thin line where justice leaves off and mercy begins, and where justice no longer can make any demands?

If this seems very abstract, I can assure you that I am not asking you to turn theologian. But we may profitably remember some very simple things and remind ourselves that there are many things about God's infinite power and wisdom that we cannot understand, no matter how hard we try to ponder them with these finite minds of ours. You cannot tell me why water boils at a certain degree of heat. I cannot tell you why ice forms when water cools to 32 degrees, Fahrenheit. But you skate on the ice, once it has formed, and you ask nobody to deliver a lecture on physics while you thrill to the rush of air as you glide about on your skates.

Similarly, you cannot tell me why a repentant man, once he has asked for

the burden of his sins to be lifted through his faith in Christ his Saviour, can feel a strange power within him that makes him, as Paul put it, a *new* creature. But you have met such a man and have been helped by his goodness. Sometimes you did not realize that this man was a changed man. You had no way of knowing that he had clambered out of the stench of a pigsty to take his way back to the Father's house. Perhaps you could not even read in his serenely peaceful face the full story of his loss of character and his reclamation again through his Christian faith. And perhaps that man himself cannot trace each step of the transformation that God effected in his life. But *it is there*. And *God made it*. And *He can do the same for you*.

How? There must be a divine law for it, as simple and as irrevocable as the freezing of water at 32 degrees, Fahrenheit. For it happens over and over and over, when despairing men, knowing nothing better to lean on than Christ, have been amazed to discover that *He is all they need*. "Other foundations can no man lay than that which *is* laid, which is Jesus Christ." (I Corinthians 3:11)

But perhaps you will say that we do not yet have a clear answer to our question about retribution and God's forgiving love. Perhaps there is no satisfying answer this side of eternity. If, however, we can make a very imperfect comparison in terms of our physical world, we may perhaps throw some light on it. Some years ago I came to know a lad in a hospital who had been horribly burned in an explosion of a bucketful of gasoline with which he was working. At first they covered his bed with a sort of tent and under that they kept electric light bulbs glowing, to add greatly to the warmth of the air out-

side his burning flesh. Gradually that heat was lessened, and all the while the doctors and nurses were battling for a lad to regain health and wholeness. I do not know how many times that young man was wheeled into the operating room for skin grafting. It was a long, long process before the fire entirely left that flesh. And when it did, there were *scars* left that he will *never lose*. But now, in spite of the agony and the scars and the long, bitter anxiety and fears, he *lives* though he had expected to die.

Is this a parable for our purposes as we try to reconcile retribution with divine grace in the forgiving love of God? Suppose this same young man comes to some tragic hour when he feels in his own soul the terrible fires of retribution. The fires were lighted by his own blundering hand, not because he purposed them but only because he purposed some forbidden pleasure or some evil that he never supposed would light so terrible a conflagration. But it did. It was as inexorable as gravity—or as the explosion of a bomb when the flame had run so far along the fuse. There was nothing that he could do to stop the results of his own folly.

But there was something that God could do! In a moment of time the forgiving grace of God, through a man's faith in Christ, could do for his soul what it took long months to do with light bulbs and flashing scalpels and miles of bandages and pounds and pounds of unguents.

But remember this too: Even as the surgeon's skillful fingers could not efface the scars, the soul that has sinned will carry its blemishes. Retribution sees to that. What the grace of God can do—and will—is to take a man who is sick unto death in sin—and make him *alive* again *in Christ!*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

DISCIPLINE—GATEWAY TO SUCCESS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What good results can we receive from the hard, disciplinary events in life?* (Psalms 119:71; Isaiah 48:10)
2. *Why does God allow difficulties and discipline to be mingled with our blessings?* (Isaiah 54:7, 8)
3. *Can you see any good reason why God should chasten and discipline us?* (Isaiah 48:10; Malachi 3:3; Hebrews 12:6-11; I Peter 5:10)
4. *Is discipline as important for men as it is for children?* (Proverbs 22:6)
5. *How does self-discipline fit into the Christian's life?* (I Timothy 4:7, 8)

- *Resource material:*

Do you like discipline? Is it true that we value discipline more highly *after* we have seen how it prepares us to meet the hard things of life? Though we smart under it for a time, is it not true that it is really a kindness to us? Can we not say that discipline is a wide gateway to success?

Many a successful man's life is a testimony to the blessings that follow discipline. A man who becomes great in the face of extremely trying difficulties is a man who deserves our sincere admiration and honor.

Such a man was George Matheson, noted Scottish preacher. Early in his youth he discovered that he had poor eyesight, and physicians were unable to improve his condition. But he resolved to do his best in spite of this great handicap. At eighteen he was almost blind, and yet he stood high in his classes in high school and in college. In debates and in oratory he attained special prominence and he led his classes in

some courses. Then he entered theological college and was ordained to the Christian ministry.

He became noted as one of the great preachers of Scotland. But perhaps you will know him best when I remind you that he wrote the great Christian hymn that we sing so often, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." He who found it so difficult to see at all has helped many of us to see more clearly when life has grown dark about us. We find ourselves wondering if he would have blessed the world quite so much as he did if he had not been forced to face that great discipline.

A very similar story is that of a great American historian, William Hickling Prescott. Early in his student days at Harvard he suffered the loss of one of his eyes in an accident. The other became inflamed and later his general health was impaired. He was confined to his room in darkness and in severe pain for sixteen weeks, but it is said of

him that he did not complain or give way to self-pity. His mother and others read to him, and he soon showed a most remarkable gift for remembering. With a sort of photographic memory, he could recite portions of what had been read to him, and could outline as many as sixty pages that had been read to him at a time.

Then he decided to make literature his career and he set himself to writing history with unusual skill; and we know his writings for his accuracy and his pleasing style. Perhaps you have read his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* or his later *History of the Conquest of Peru*. He is rightly regarded as one of the great historians of the world.

We should not allow ourselves to think of these as rare instances. There is something about discipline that makes us fit for great things. A very wise old Roman philosopher by the name of Seneca left us this important and inspiring statement: "Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor strengthens the body." It is not so great a hardship as we may think if we are subjected to things that test our mettle and draw out of us the hidden strengths that are in us. We should not pity ourselves when life draws out of us the best we have.

Perhaps you know the story of a great scientist and his well-meaning efforts to befriend an emperor moth. Observing that the moth was trying hard to work its way out of the small neck of its cocoon and with pity for its apparent pain, this great scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, used a sharp scalpel to make an incision in the cocoon so that the moth could emerge quickly. But this quick release spared the moth the prolonged beating of its wings that would have sent vital fluids pulsing through its body, and these were the fluids that would have made the moth strong and

given its wings the beautiful colorings that are characteristic of the emperor moth. The moth that might have become a thing of life and beauty was dead in a few minutes. The supposedly kindly efforts to save it pain had given it death. Perhaps you have seen some fellow whom parents or others had pampered until he was robbed of self-reliance and initiative and resourcefulness. Instead of having been given freedom and happiness, he had been given limitations and handicaps that cost him dearly.

One of the world's great mathematicians was Euclid, a famous educator in his time. We are told that King Ptolemy brought his son to Alexandria so that Euclid might be his teacher. The king made the mistake of suggesting that he might make the study of mathematics somewhat easier than usual because his new pupil-to-be was the son of a king. But Euclid promptly informed the king that there was no such thing as "a royal road to learning." That wise word has become a proverb. And it is true.

The road to greatness is not an easy road. Duties and responsibilities become burdens for those who bear them. One who achieves superiority in any line of work is one who has had to learn the meaning of exacting responsibilities and difficult tasks, who has made long, hard efforts to improve himself and increase his efficiency and skills. I think it was told of the virtuoso Paderewski that he said something like this: that if he neglected his practice for one day *he* could tell the difference; if he neglected it for two days, *the critics* would notice it; and if he skimped his practice for a longer period, *his audiences* would notice it!

So exacting is the price for top-flight efficiency! For discipline is a gate—a narrow gateway—to success!



An over-age GI who had been discharged from the Army wrote to his former company commander as follows: "After all the suffering I went through in the past year, it gives me great pleasure to tell you to go to the devil."

To which the CO replied: "Sir, any suggestions or inquiries regarding the movement of troops will be entered on Form WD-62-5, a copy of which is enclosed."

—Exchange



Putting his men through calisthenics, a lieutenant gave the order: "Hips on shoulders, place."

A moment later he reconsidered. "As you were, men. That can't be done. Hips down."

—Exchange



"You are right, Sergeant," said the CO. "He is skinny. Put him to work cleaning rifles."

"O.K., sir," said the Sergeant, "but who are we gonna get to pull him through?"

—Navy News



"What the dickens are you doing in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"If it's any of your business," replied the hen, frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

SHE: "I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer."

HE: "Shake."

—Boston Naval Shipyard News



Two safe-crackers entered a bank, and one proceeded to take off his shoes and socks and turn the dial with his toes. His pal grew impatient. "Let's open the thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer and this way we'll drive dem fingerprint experts nuts."

—Flame-Spearhead



WAITRESS: "I have stewed kidneys, fried liver, boiled tongue, and pigs' feet."

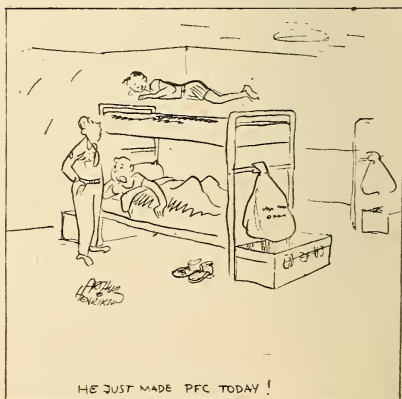
SAILOR: "Don't tell me your troubles, just give me a hamburger."

—The Dope Sheet



Minesweeper: A minesweeper is a guy who walks around a ship and all the officers open their cabin doors and yell, "Hey, you, come here and sweep mine."

—Exchange



Churches and Agencies

Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

AGENCIES:

National Council Young Men's Christian Association
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian Gen. Conference of America	General Baptist
Assemblies of God	Latter Day Saints
Associate Reformed Presbyterian	Methodist
Baptist, National Conv. U. S. A., Inc.	Methodist, African M.E.
Baptist, National Conv. of Amer.	Methodist, African M. E. Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Mennonite
Baptist, Southern	Moravian
Baptist, United Amer. Free Will	North Amer. Baptist Gen. Conf.
Christian Reformed	Pilgrim Holiness
Christian Science	Presbyterian Cumberland
Christian and Missionary Alliance	Presbyterian, United
Church of God	Presbyterian, U.S.
Church of the Nazarene	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Churches of God in N. A.	Primitive Methodist
Congregational Christian	Protestant Episcopal
Disciples of Christ	Reformed in America
Evangelical Free Church of Amer.	Salvation Army
Evangelical and Reformed	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Congregational	Swedish Baptist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
Evangelical United Brethren	United Brethren O.C.
Free Methodist	Universalist
Friends (Quakers)	Wesleyan Methodist

Army Day



1 9 4 8

It is a privilege to greet the readers of THE LINK on the occasion of Army Day, 1948. Army Day, sponsored by The Military Order of The World Wars, is observed on the anniversary of our entry into World War I, April 6th. It was inaugurated in 1928 and officially recognized by Congress on March 17, 1937.

We of the Army think of ourselves as members of a large service family. Along with the other departments of the military services, we exist to protect and serve our country. Our mission is to engage and render ineffective the forces of the enemy in time of peril, and to serve as faithful guardians of our dearly bought liberties in time of peace.

In addition to reminding ourselves of our duty as soldiers of the United States Army, it is fitting to remember the rank upon rank of soldiers who gallantly fought and heroically sacrificed to keep "our land bright with freedom's holy light." Memories of the heroism of our comrades who risked themselves freely on the field of battle remind us of the great tradition in which we serve.

Let Army Day recall to our minds that we are comrades-in-arms, that we are the loyal servants of our government, and that we walk in a tradition made glorious by the valorous men of our nation. God grant that we who wear the uniform of the United States Army may so conduct ourselves as to win individually the great commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—Chaplain Luther D. Miller

