

IN MEMORY OF
RICHARD RANDALL POTTER
DECEMBER 16, 1912 - DECEMBER 6, 1962





the **LINK**

January 1961

Begin Again

Toward True Tolerance

Let's Fight Pornography!

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



JESUS—THE CHRIST

I see his blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes;
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs an everlasting sea
His crown of thorns is twined with every
thorn,
His cross is every tree.

—J. M. Plunkett





THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 19 • JANUARY 1961 • NO. 1

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COVERS

Front: "Happy New Year!" says our cover girl to all of you. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: The dog sled is still the way to travel in some parts of the world. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: Statue of Christ the Redeemer, Corcovado Mountain, Rio de Janeiro in background of U.S. Marine plane. Photo by Marine Corps. Poem used by permission of the Talbot Press.

Inside Back: Congregational Church, North Thetford, Vt. Photo by Foto/Find Picture Agency: C. M. Abbott.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by John Crandall, James Talone, and Edward John Smith

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Sound Off!

More Monumental Animals

Reference is made to your article in September LINK about monumental animals. Not to be overlooked is the statue of Hachiko (a dog) which stands at the train station in Shibuya, Japan. A good many years ago, Hachiko accompanied his master each morning to the station, and was there each night to accompany him home from work. After his master passed away, Hachiko still made the trek to the train station each afternoon. This daily rendezvous was kept, some folks say, for eleven years. . . . Hachiko kept coming until he was weak with age. So he was placed in an enclosed pen. But at 4:30 the next day he managed to ease under the fence and head toward Shibuya station. He was only one hundred yards away when he died.

—M/Sgt W. R. Umberger, Box 150, Hq. 6000th Support Wing, APO 925, San Francisco, Calif.

(Thank you, Sergeant, for this additional story to add to "Monumental Animals." It is a thrilling story of a faithful dog.)

May I Subscribe?

Is it possible for me to subscribe for THE LINK? I have heard about it through a friend and recently read an article about "Creative Listening." . . . I am a member of the University Methodist Church and active in Sunday school and World Student Christian Service.

—Mrs. C. R. Barnett, 1306 E. Third St., Tulsa 20, Okla.

(Continued on page 65)

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Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.50 a year; \$2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

Begin Again

NEW Year's resolutions come in for considerable ridicule at the hands of columnists, wits, and wise-crackers. Of late many psychologists have turned thumbs down on them. But most of us have discovered that we profit a great deal when we make high resolves and keep them.

During this year past, we made many mistakes and often we failed. Now we promise ourselves and our friends that next year we'll write a different story.

All right, it is wonderful to utter such purposeful words; but let us remember that the future is now! It is the New Year. No longer can we put off the day of good deeds and purposeful activity. We must begin today to achieve greater and greater living.

Paul's counsel to the Romans in his famous letters is "Even so we also should walk in newness of life." By newness Paul meant a drastic change similar to that of rising from the dead. To begin again in the certainty of Christ's presence involves several decisive changes in a person's whole being.

New Realm of Interests

So one way to begin again is *to move into a new realm of interests*. Let us resolve to move from the things of the flesh to the things of the spirit, to give the "unseen and eternal" things a greater place in our lives than the "seen and temporal." This does not mean that we have no vital enjoyment or interest in the things of this world. But it does mean that we will not be conformed to this world; we will not be in bondage to its customs and satisfactions. We need to develop a kind of indifference to material things which comes from knowing that our lives do not depend on them.

This probably means that we will live differently during 1961 than we did in 1960. Even though some small success came our way last year, still we know there is room for improvement. We have failed to live up to the highest and the best we know. To change human nature is a costly job, but it can be done. Imbedded habits are difficult to eradicate but we can conquer them if we substitute Christlike behavior.

Dr. Veh is editor of Builders, Evangelical United Brethren magazine for young people.

Some say it is wrong to make resolutions for the "road to hell is paved with good intentions." By the same token we can answer, "The road to heaven is paved with good resolutions." Yet good intentions often fail because folk rely on themselves to carry them out. The dedicated person, on the other hand, turns to a power other than himself, a power that comes from above and is available to all. Christ alone can transform character and make resolutions effective.

There is an old fable of the Bellows and the Hearth. The bellows gave a great sigh, and the hearth asked what was the matter. "I can't succeed in kindling the fire," the bellows answered. "I blow and blow, but there is no flame. Indeed, the more I blow, the darker it seems." "Perhaps," said the hearth, "it needs more than your blowing to kindle a flame. If some one wants to bring fire here and set the wood to burning, then your blowing would help it on; but without the fire you can do nothing." Our best resolutions will go for naught unless the fire of God's holy spirit is in our heart.

New Ruling Purpose and Loyalty

If we begin again we must resolve to get a *new ruling purpose and loyalty*. It is an axiom of government that there must be a seat of sovereignty in every functioning body. In a nation there may be co-ordinate branches of government, but there must be some place where final authority rests. Otherwise there will be confusion and weakness. In

the effort to effect a world organization of nations, the crux comes at this point of sovereignty. As long as each government reserves to itself the sole right to be the sovereign judge of its own acts, there can be no peace or stability.

This is equally true in the life of an individual. Each of us has many secondary purposes. But there must be one sovereign purpose which integrates all the others. Each of us has many loyalties, loyalties to family, to community, to nation; but there must be one ruling loyalty to which all others are subordinate. Paul found his ruling purpose and loyalty in Christ. And it gave him a newness of life in several ways.

For him and for us the sovereignty of Christ simplifies life into its essentials. Each of us is a bundle of desires, and we live in a cluttered and competitive world. We want what we want when we want it. The result is that we are distracted by the multitudes of our desires. We run after the luxuries of living while we neglect the necessities of life. We value things because they are rare rather than because they are useful.

How much we need to simplify our claimant desires by seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then these other things will be added in the measure that we sincerely have need of them.

Invest Your Time

Begin again *by resolving to invest your time intelligently*.

You don't have to be a "dope" because you try to make intelligent

use of your time. In fact, you are a "dope" unless you use your time to the best advantage. "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." This is true even of the years we invest for Uncle Sam.

Arnold Bennett wrote a famous book entitled *Living on Twenty-four Hours a Day*. Take time out some day to read it. He suggests how to make best use of the time at our disposal. He stresses the point that everyone has the same amount of time. It becomes, however, a matter of budgeting your time.

Kirby Page has an interesting chapter on "The Use of Time" in his book, *Living Creatively*. In it he suggests that you make an inventory of your use of time for any typical week. Then budget your time so as to get the best returns for your investment. Try it! You'll be surprised very probably at the amount of time you have wasted.

It is important that one cultivate interests and habits that will enrich personality and deepen one's spiritual roots. Service, devotions, meditation, and recreation are all involved. Be a good steward of time by seeing that all of these get proper attention.

It is important to know the truth of what John Ruskin said: "If you want pleasure, you must toil for it." Real enjoyment is earned. Whether it be sports, music, drama, or what-not, the greatest fun in the activity comes as the result of hours, days,

months, and years of practice. Skills in the art of leisure do not come without effort. The wider your range of interests and the greater your skill in them the richer your life will be. That does not mean you should try to do everything. If you dabble in too many things and master none your interests will be shallow and unsatisfactory. Hugh Walpole said: "The whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly and in a thousand things well."

There is a scene in *The Pilgrim's Progress* that shows a man with a muckrake, his eyes fastened upon the floor as he busily rakes toward himself straws, sticks, and litter. Above him stands a man holding a crown of life, which he constantly offers to the muckraker. However, his offer is silently refused, because the man with the rake will not lift his eyes from the commonplace to the holy. We too miss much of the beauty and inspiration of life when we fail to raise our eyes from the humdrum, everyday routine of our lives.

Begin again! Today is the day to face the facts concerning yourself, to make the resolution which has gone half-made for months, to right the wrong which has been hounding you for years, to start the good habit you are going to need in your day of testing, to offer the penitence which will insure you the favor of God and his forgiveness. ■ ■

Keep busy at something—almost anything—is a simple and effective antidote for impatience. It not only neutralizes the poison of the irritation, but we use our time productively while waiting—*Robt. Updegraff*.

MARCH 4, 1861 was a bright spring day in Washington, D. C. Crowds gathered early in front of the Capitol awaiting the inaugural ceremony. Finally a tall, gaunt man, resplendent in formal clothes, silk top hat and gold-headed cane, appeared on the platform. It was Abraham Lincoln.

Having rested his cane against the rostrum as the expectant crowd waited for him to speak, he looked in vain for a place to deposit his hat. As fate would have it, his campaign opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, who was seated just behind him, noticed Lincoln's discomfiture. Douglas came forward, took the offending hat out of his hands and graciously held it throughout the inaugural address.

Almost every President has had a part in some little incident that lent humor, excitement or even pathos to his inaugural. Custom, of course, dictates the place our presidents-elect must take in the pomp and ceremony of the day. But we remember with delight the unplanned happenings that prick the bubble of somber pretentiousness which might surround it.

Many of our presidents like Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln had little taste for the fuss and feathers of the ceremonies. Others, Andrew Jackson, for example, seemed to enjoy the spotlight of the inaugural. In fact, no one had ever seen anything like the milling multitude that pressed through the streets at Jackson's inauguration, the bareheaded president-elect in their midst. Some historians compare this

“To Preserve,

Protect

and Defend . . .”

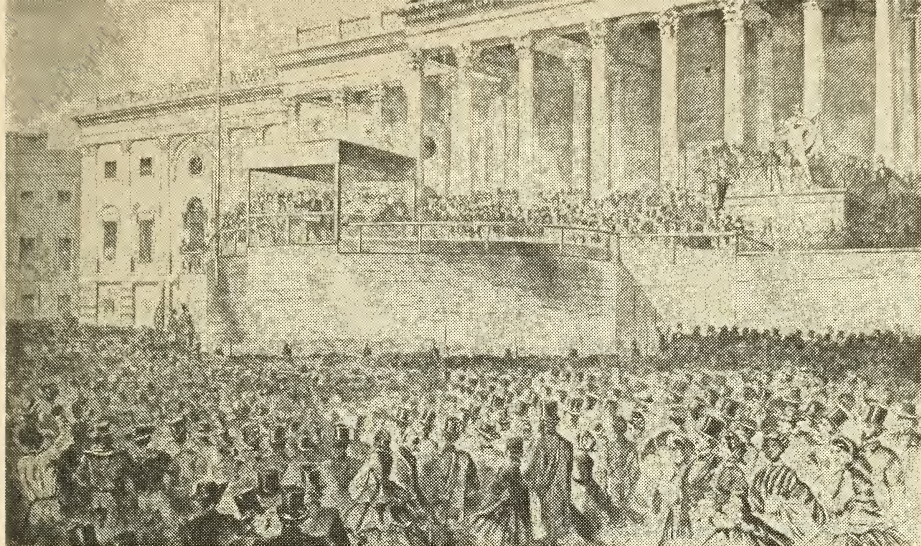
By Florence K. Frame

Our quadrennial presidential inaugurations are wonderful occasions, full of dignity, but also of exuberance, humor and pathos

“invasion” with the descent of the barbarians upon Rome.

Actually, the exuberance of that day was only natural. Wasn't Jackson the first president to be elected by popular vote? And didn't this event make his inaugural the “people's” day? It did indeed, they believed, and took over the Capital to prove it.

General Jackson did nothing to diminish the enthusiasm. He walked to the Capitol for the ceremony unaccompanied by his predecessor, John Quincy Adams, who refused to have a part in the affair. When he arrived, according to an eyewitness, “Jackson marched down the aisle of the Senate with a quick large step as though he proposed to storm the place.”



The Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, Washington, D.C., March 4, 1861. From a drawing made on the spot.

He must have been a startling sight, for it was his custom to wear a double pair of spectacles, one for reading and the other for seeing at a distance. The pair not in use was on this occasion shoved across the top of his head. Sometimes as the light struck the lenses, it reflected like two brilliant headlights.

After the ceremony he rode to the White House on his horse with the dignity that befitted a chief of state. Once there, however, he was literally crushed in the crowd. The multitude strained as best they could to catch a glimpse of their beloved general. People fainted and furniture was ripped or broken.

Such unbridled enthusiasm was never repeated, for the spectacle had shocked the more composed citizenry. Jackson's second inaugural

was comparatively modest and conducted with decorum.

PRIOR to James Polk's inaugural in 1845, all goings-on were reported either by newspaper or word of mouth and often elaborately embroidered. But now something new was added. Professor Samuel F. B. Morse brought his magnetic telegraph to the portico platform where he could hear and see exactly what happened. From this vantage point he transmitted events to Baltimore as fast as they happened, the first inauguration to be reported by wire.

Something new or unusual was always happening at inaugurals. If the people did not supply it, the president-elect did. For example, Franklin Pierce amazed the spectators by delivering his address with-

out so much as a note. His fine oratorical powers and dignified bearing impressed everyone. Yet an inaugural impression is not what affords a President his place in history, for Pierce is all but forgotten.

Sparks of human interests were lit by inaugural processions, too. Take Lincoln's. In spite of the gravity of the times, it was impressively gay. Notable was a large car-float allegorizing the Constitution and the Union. Each of the states was represented by a little girl in white. Lincoln was so moved by this display of state-unity, he planted a kiss on the cheek of each of the thirty-four girls. Spectators who saw their six-foot-three-inch President bending down almost to the ground time after time never forgot it.

When Theodore Roosevelt assumed office, he was escorted to the Capitol by no less than a thousand veterans of two wars. And following the ceremony he led a parade of thirty thousand soldiers and civilians including some cowboys and Indians from the West.

But exuberance knows no age. Although the spirit of the inaugural just naturally makes the occasion a gay one, sometimes the gaiety is more spontaneous than others. Such was the case when Grover Cleveland was inaugurated in 1885, the first Democrat to be elected in thirty years.

One reporter wrote of this "perfect" day, "Everyone in the streets is happy. The air is filled with the pleasant hum of voices old and young. There is hope in the expectant breast. Sometimes the city puts

on its best and most entrancing weather with golden sunshine flooding the streets. It did so today."

Naturally Presidents have joined the festivities of the day according to their personalities and their feel for what is wanted. Although one or two sought to avoid the crowds, most felt that the people who elected them had a right to their presence, no matter what the weather.

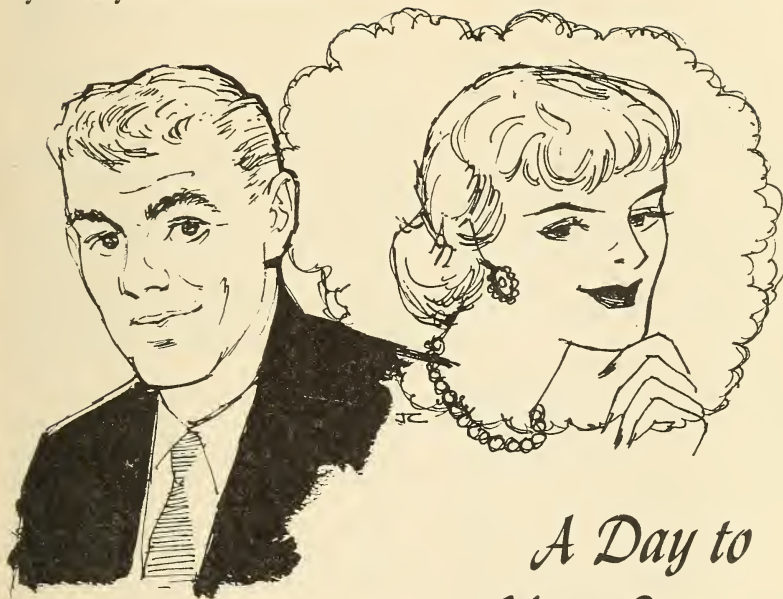
Witness that rainy January day in 1937 when President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt broke all precedent by riding back to the White House after the inauguration in an open car.

"If they can take it," said the President eyeing the crowd cautiously as he left the Capitol, "I can."

Strangely enough, nothing at all appears in the Constitution about an inauguration celebration or even an inaugural address. It states merely that the president-elect shall take an oath that he will "faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States" and will to the best of his ability "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

How he does so is a matter for the people to decide. And the people are determined to make this day a national festival. Why not? When one chief of a great nation lays down his office modestly and without a murmur and a new chief takes this responsibility on according to the will of the people, they are playing significant roles in the most democratic drama of our age. Isn't that the best reason in the world to celebrate? ■ ■

By Ethelyn M. Parkinson



A Day to Meet Someone

IT was a beautiful day, a wonderful day, a day to walk to work, Phil Gordon thought. And it was one of those days when you meet everyone—not that any meeting would be important until eleven o'clock, when he would meet Celesta.

First, he ran into Herb Spellman, having coffee at Ford's Grill. Herb eyed their reflections in the mirror behind the coffee tank, and smiled grimly. "Some contrast! The tall, dark, handsome young businessman—and the truck driver!"

"You look fine, Herb," Phil assured him.

"I was on the road all night," Herb said. Then, "I hear you got a job at Westland Manufacturing. You're lucky."

"I know I am," Phil said. "It's a pretty good job, and I stepped right into it when I got home from Japan."

"You've got something to live for, boy!" Herb told him.

"I know it," Phil repeated. The job, and Celesta. He said, "You're doing all right, aren't you, Herb, driving for Wishart?"

"It's O.K." Herb's fingers spat the pink formica. He said, "I wish

I hadn't given up my filling station, Phil. I lost on the deal."

Herb's greatest loss had been Phil's gain—Celesta. Celesta Moore. It had taken time, but Celesta was a luxury worth waiting for.

"Tough luck, Herb," he said.

And Herb's own fault, Phil reflected, as he left the Grill. The news had reached him two years ago at the base in Maryland. Herb Spellman had quit his job suddenly, without notice, "to look for something better."

Phil had told the fellows about it. "So while Herb was looking, Celesta gave him the brush-off. As long as the guy had to do something stupid, I wish he'd done it a few months ago, before I came away. He should have known a girl like Celesta wouldn't have time for a quitter."

"A girl like Celesta," one of the fellows had repeated. "That means a beautiful blonde. Right, Phil?"

"I've got her picture." He showed them. It was only one of the high school "wallets," but he'd carried it always.

The fellows whistled. "Classy! Bet she's got a lot of scalps on her belt."

"Well—" Phil smiled. "Everyone envies any fellow she goes with."

Two sailors had been inspecting the other pictures. "Who's this?" one asked.

"Julie Lockwood. Receptionist at Westland Manufacturing, back home." He'd smiled at the picture. Julie had dusky hair, clear gray eyes, a soft voice.

"That's how she looks," the sailor grinned. "Think you can get an 'in' with the blonde?"

"I'm sure going to try!"

But the leave was six weeks away, and when it came, Phil's sister Eleanor greeted him with bad news. "Guess who's going with Celesta! Ralph Bauer!"

Phil still remembered the sinking feeling, the attempt to smile. "I didn't know Ralph was home."

"He is—and he's working in his uncle's office supply store. Ralph's a glorified office boy, without much glory, but his uncle has promised him something good—if he stays with it."

Ralph hadn't stayed. It was a morning when you meet everyone, and right now Ralph was coming down the street with a kit in his hand.

"How's the job?" he greeted Phil.

"O.K., Ralph. I like it fine."

"You're double lucky."

Phil knew he meant Celesta. "How're you doing, Ralph?" he asked.

"I made a mistake, Phil, leaving my uncle. Maybe he'd give me a second chance, but—" He shrugged. "I hate to ask him."

He went along, carrying the kit as if he hated it.

He *asked* for it, Phil thought.

The news had reached him in San Diego, just before he left for Japan. Eleanor had written, "Ralph Bauer walked out on his uncle, and Celesta walked out on Ralph. She says she's disappointed. Ralph doesn't seem to get anywhere. He's selling kitchen gadgets, now. They say he's all cut up about Celesta, but what did he expect?"

"I know what I expect," Phil had

told the fellows. "A date with Celesta, the first night of my leave!"

"Let's see her picture, again!" someone coaxed.

Phil produced his wallet.

Bill Jenkins said, "While you've got that out, I want to see that little doll, Julie. If I ever stop to see you, you can introduce me to her, you old dog in the manger! What does she do?"

"She's a secretary at Westland Manufacturing," Phil had said. "I dated her, last leave. A nice girl, Julie."

She was, and a letter from her brought good news to Phil, that week. "Mr. Westland says there will be an opening, about the time you get out. He wants to talk it over, during your leave."

A promise of a job—and a chance with Celesta. It was worth coming home for!

THE job was for real. Julie had phoned him, on his first night at home. "Come in, tomorrow. Mr. Westland means it."

"I'll be there," he'd said. "See you in the morning!"

"Why not see her tonight?" Eleanor had demanded. "She's a nice girl, Phil."

"A wonderful girl, but I'm calling Celesta."

"Hal" Eleanor said. "Celesta's adding another scalp to her belt."

His very heart had turned cold. He still remembered. "Would you mind saying what you mean?"

"I mean that Alex Wickford's working at the bank, and Celesta has him eating out of her hand.

Until his luck fails him, that is."

Phil was shocked. "Celesta's the prettiest girl in town, and the most popular. There's no reason why she'd go with fellows who walk out on good jobs, and fool away their lives."

"Well, Alex is sitting pretty right now," Eleanor had said.

Celesta and Alex. Phil saw them everywhere. He took Julie around. She was a nice date. She didn't mind, when his eyes strayed to Celesta.

"She's beautiful, isn't she, Phil?"

"She sure is!"

"Alex is smitten! Do you think they'll marry?"

Phil had squirmed. "I don't know. Alex seems pretty cocky. And he has a good job."

"I know. But Celesta—well, I wonder if she's in love."

On his last morning at home, Phil had met Alex at Ford's Grill. "Very nice," he'd said. "Coffee—with a banker."

Alex spoke in a hard, dry voice. "That's over, Phil."

Phil had stared, wordless.

"They don't know it, Phil, but I'm quitting. Today."

"You won't get another job like that one!" Phil had blurted.

"I don't care." Alex shook out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I—can't take it, Phil. I'd rather farm."

This was a morning when you meet everyone. Phil was meeting Alex right now, in front of the bank. Alex, tanned and in dungarees, greeted him, grinning. "I've brought in my eggs, for shipping. You'll have

to see my farm, Phil! It's a going concern!"

"No regrets?" Phil couldn't help asking.

Alex glanced at the bank. "No regrets, Phil." Then he added, "I know you're going with Celesta. There's no reason why we shouldn't mention it. I hope you're happy."

"Thanks, Alex," Phil said. "I am."

ALONE, as he walked, he thought of the day the news had reached him, in Japan. Eleanor had written: "Well, Alex quit the bank! His accounts were in perfect order. He's started—of all things!—a chicken ranch. Of course it cost him Celesta."

And who could blame her, Phil had thought.

She had seen Julie, Eleanor wrote. "She's Mr. Westland's private secretary, now. And she's waiting for you to come home. Phil, did it ever occur to you that Julie keeps a torch burning?"

He had wondered, sometimes. Julie kept writing. She'd made it clear that she enjoyed the dates. But always when he'd dated her, it was only because someone else was dating Celesta.

So he had folded Eleanor's letter, murmuring aloud, "Sorry, Eleanor . . . sorry, Julie."

His chance with Celesta had come.

Celesta was all he had dreamed she would be. For three months, now, he had seen her every night. The dates were special, elegant. Celesta knew where to go.

"The crowd thinks the Strato-

sphere is smartest, Phil." Or, "Let's go to the Caribbean Club—for atmosphere!"

Wherever they went, Celesta was the most beautiful girl, the gayest. She flirted with Phil, openly. Other men envied him.

He wished he had more money. He was dipping into his savings. Last Tuesday he'd said, "It's a beautiful night, Celesta. Let's get out and see the moon."

"But I've dressed up, Phil! Of course, if you can't afford it—"

"Oh, it isn't that—"

"Come on to the Caribbean, then. I love to show you off! And when are you going to ask for a raise?"

He had been surprised. "I haven't worked three months!"



She fluttered her long lashes, teasingly. "Tell them you want more money, or you'll quit. I'll give you a week."

He had laughed. She was so pretty. So enchanting, when she teased him. He was so lucky.

Six times since then he had dipped into the savings. So he would talk to her again, more seriously, and in daylight. Today.

"Meet me at eleven, in front of the theater," she'd told him. "We'll get tickets for the musical, before my beauty shop appointment."

He had two hours to wait.

HE had reached his office, now. Julie's little blue car was parked at the side.

Julie was at her desk. A salesman was talking to her. Two others waited. She looked pretty, in a blue suit, a white blouse. And she looked, somehow, young. Some of his high school classmates were beginning to look older. Suddenly Phil thought of Jenkins, in San Diego. "You can introduce me to this one. . . ."

He went on to his desk.

Julie came to him, later. "Mr. Westland wants to see you, Phil. He's waiting."

His eyes questioned her. "Good, or bad?"

She shook her head. "State secret." But her gray eyes were smiling.

"It can't be a raise. But the day I get one, we have a luncheon date, Julie."

"I'll be waiting," she said.

Mr. Westland was beaming. He came straight to the point. "Phil,

how would you like a promotion? Assistant to Gleason. He wants you." Gleason was traffic manager.

"I'd like it, Mr. Westland."

"Without knowing whether there's a raise?"

Phil colored. "I—thought of the work. I like the work, and I like Mr. Gleason."

Westland laughed, and held out a hand. "Stay with us always, Phil! You can go talk to Gleason, now."

Phil had reached the door, when he heard a chuckle. He turned. "You'll get a raise," Westland said.

At her desk, Julie raised her eyes and smiled. Instantly, Phil remembered his promise. "We've got a luncheon date!" he told her triumphantly. "I have an appointment at eleven. Will you meet me at Ford's, at half past?"

"Love to!" Julie said.

Celesta was waiting, in her car, before the theater. In the bright daylight she looked different. Phil couldn't explain. Different from Julie, maybe. He sat beside her in the car.

"Let's get the tickets," she said. "I hope you brought twelve dollars."

He gasped. But he remembered. He could afford it, now. Something prompted him to tease her. "You didn't say twelve terrible dollars?"

"I wouldn't be seen in any other seats—would you?"

He colored, and she pouted. "Phil, you'll have to quit that disgusting job."

I'll tease her a little more, he thought. He said, "It's a good job, Celesta. I'll work into something. It's only been three months."

She smiled. "I don't expect you to go back to work Monday morning, Phil."

"I haven't anything else in mind," he said. "Mr. Westland has been good to me. It wouldn't be right."

"Decide, now."

Maybe teasing wasn't the word for it, he thought. Still, he put off telling her. "My conscience wouldn't let me quit, Celesta."

She spoke softly, tantalizingly. "And what if I tell you we're through?"

He stopped teasing. He told her about the promotion, about the raise. She was smiling when he finished: "So you see why I can't quit, Celesta."

Her hand was soft, on his. "Of course you can't, Phil. Thank goodness, you passed the test. I couldn't like you, if you'd walk out on your job. I was only teasing."

He was careful. He said, "I knew you were just kidding, Celesta. But—you put on a good act."

"Didn't I?" she laughed. "Herb Spellman thought I meant it. Ralph Bauer and poor Alex Wickford, too. They flunked the test."

Phil could see Herb's eyes, as he spoke of the filling station. He could see Ralph, with the kit in his hand. He could see Alex, mopping his brow. He knew why Alex hadn't trusted himself to stay in the bank.

"It was a test," Celesta repeated. "I can't even respect them. How could they dream I'd accept anything so—so weak?"

Phil took a breath, and afterward he knew that he drew in more than air. He drew in manhood.

His hand on the door of her car, he said, "I can't judge the other men, Celesta. I haven't any superior feeling toward them. Perhaps, if I had felt the same temptation—*had been in love with you—who knows?*"

He was on the walk, closing the car's door.

She leaned toward him, shouting, furious. "Phil Gordon, if you think that's funny—"

He said, "I was never more serious." He bowed a little, stiffly. "Good-by, Celesta."

Her car roared and shot away.

Phil stood there, drawing another deep breath of clean air.

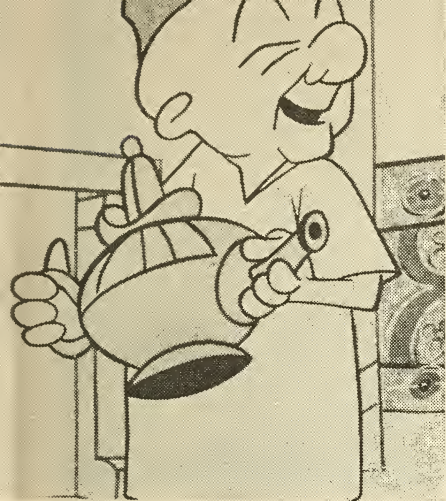
Then he walked hurriedly up the street toward Ford's Grill, to meet someone.

It was a day to meet someone—someone special. ■ ■

AMONG OUR WRITERS

Ethelyn M. Parkinson (author of "A Day to Meet Someone," page 11) has written many stories for *The Link*, and is a prolific writer for church school papers. Her latest book, *Good Old Archibald*, was published by Abingdon Press in August 1960. The story of a family of seven boys and a newcomer to town, Archibald, will delight junior-aged boys and girls. . . . Dana Rodriguez (author of "Tiny Town, U.S.A." page 30) is a feature writer and a past contributor to *The Link*. She thought we would like this story of a Navy officer on a Marine Base helping children to learn the American way of doing things. . . . We did!

Plastic surgeons can do almost anything with a nose except keep it out of other people's business.—*Imp.*



The Magic of Mister Magoo

**This near-sighted gentleman
with contradictory tendencies
blithely bumbles his way
into our hearts. . .**

WHERE did he come from? Well, looking at it one way, the answer is easy. He didn't exist at all until 1948. Then he came out of an inkpot—because a bit character was needed in an animated film cartoon called “Ragtime Bear.”

They needed a straight man to the bear—that's really all he was.

Animated cartoons are full of such characters. They step on-stage for a moment or two of antics, then pass into oblivion.

Most of them have no names. This one didn't either.

The movie industry is still talking about what happened next. They'll never stop talking about it.

This old man without a name stole the show from the bear and from all the other main characters! Letters and telegrams poured in. All told the same story: “Give us more of that little nearsighted old man!”

Astonished, UPA Pictures, creator of “Ragtime Bear,” tried to remember who had dreamed up the old man. No one could recall—his creation had not seemed in any way important.

The studio, needing a name as a “handle” when they were talking about him, dubbed him Mister Magoo. They decided to make another cartoon and star the old gentleman. The rest is history.

Fifty-three movies, four Oscars, a clean sweep of international film festivals at Edinburgh, Cannes, Venice, Uruguay, Eire—and top billing in “1001 Arabian Nights,” a full-length technicolor feature cartoon retelling of Aladdin and his magic lamp.

In this film, as Aladdin's uncle, he promotes matrimony, rubs lamps, flies around on carpets, creates hilarious confusion generally.



Magoo and Bowzir, the household cat which he thinks is a dog, sail on the magic carpet toward the Wicked Wazir's magic palace, in "1001 Arabian Nights."

THERE'S a simple, factual answer to "where did he come from?" But that doesn't explain the really important things about Mister Magoo. Why has he stormed that secret door to millions of people's hearts that so many other "stars"—human and animated—have knocked at in vain?

Such things are, of course, always a little mysterious. Many a character created to capture public esteem has had his brief day and faded into oblivion. Mister Magoo was an accident—and he is safely in the list of film immortals.

Perhaps it's because he represents certain failings we all see inside ourselves—and we laugh to see how his incurable optimism overcomes them all!

Perhaps it's his bounciness—which seems to hurdle all obstacles.

Whatever the explanation, two things are certain. First, Mister Magoo has grown—has become more of a character as he goes along. Second, his creators feel he has literally done most of this growing himself!

He has taken charge—and is running things in his own way!

If you catch a UPA artist in an unguarded moment, he will confess that Mister Magoo was, at first, a puzzler. He seemed to be a contradiction. His conflicting qualities seemingly didn't fit a single character.

They finally decided to go ahead with him—on the simple premise that everybody is contradictory! Maybe that sensitive insight is another key to Mister Magoo's irresistible success.

In "Ragtime Bear," the as yet un-

named Mister Magoo was a pretty testy and salty old codger. This didn't seem the right way to stardom, the artists thought. So in his second film—when he had a name—he was kind, polite, and lovable.

Then his creators took the big chance—they merged the two seemingly contradictory characteristics. The result—a real, “three-dimensional” personality emerged from the two-dimensional screen! He was both gentle—and querulous.

Aren't we all a bit like that?

One movie executive said, “Mister Magoo is the greatest accidental discovery since the apple hit Sir Isaac Newton on the head.”

IN a way Mister Magoo is like gravity—natural and inevitable! Somewhat to the surprise of his creators, he turned out to be a gentleman of the old school. He was urbane, literate, spontaneous with a gift for making mistakes—then overcoming them without realizing the awful fix he was in.

He drives a Stutz bearcat with a blissful air, goes down the line for Teddy and Bull Moose—seemingly not realizing that Teddy is no longer on the scene.

His house is Victorian gingerbread style. He is four-square against modern conveniences, while taking a ready advantage of any that attract his blurred eye!

He's shortsighted—a source of many of his scrapes. Fact is, he's so myopic he calls his cat “Bowzir” because he thinks it's a dog.

In “1001 Arabian Nights” he does his best to get his lazy nephew Aladdin to settle down and marry. “Stop those all-night camel rides!” Mister Magoo stormily lectures him. With equal zeal he sets to work to improve his nephew's life.

Antics like this have carried the lovable sexagenarian around the world—and into some remarkable places. Twice he played command performances before British royalty.

Where did Mister Magoo come from? The real answer lies in our hearts. ■ ■

Sign in a hotel shower: “Keep that song in your heart—these walls are thin.”—Ivern Boyett in *Spotlight*

Sport Quicks



Playing one game of hockey is strenuous . . . but playing 24 complete games in 1922, the same number in 1923 . . . and then 23 games in 1924 . . . well, it's really tough. Sprague Cleghorn of the Montreal Canadiens did it . . . he even played five playoff games in 1924 before he finally asked for a rest!

Dethrone Your Modern Idols

By Fred Cloud

SOMETIME ago I saw a cartoon depicting two seasoned sailors, returning from an extended tour of duty. Apparently they were evaluating their moral conduct, using the Ten Commandments as their yardstick. One remarked to the other: "Well, at least I haven't made any graven images!"

Modern, sophisticated Americans think that the second commandment is a religious curiosity, serving merely as a historical reminder that once persons were naive enough to worship idols. Yet we will do well to take a second look at this strange commandment: "You shall not make yourself a graven image . . . you shall not bow down to them or serve them . . ." (Ex. 20:4-5). Does it have any message for persons in the Atomic Age?

Behind this ancient commandment lay the Hebrew emphasis upon the fact that God is a Spirit. Any material representation of him—such as a statue or painting—necessarily falls far short of the awesome beauty and power of the Almighty. Therefore, they felt, it is better to worship God as physically-formless Spirit than to

depict him in a way that cannot do him justice.

Be Careful What You Worship!

The silent tongues of those ancient Hebrews seem to come alive and shout in chorus, "Be careful what you worship, for in time you will come to be like it." The word "worship" comes from an old English word meaning "worth"; thus, it indicates the "courtesy or reverence paid to worth."

What is it that you value more than anything else in the world? Whatever you value supremely is your god, speaking functionally.

It's easy for persons to slip into idolatry. It happened over and over again in the experience of the Hebrew people. Their craftsmen made idols of wood, silver, and gold. Prophets such as Isaiah and Jeremiah ridiculed the worship of these man-made objects, which could not move, see, hear or feel. (See Isaiah 40: 18-20 and Jeremiah 10:14-16 for their denunciation of idol-worship.) The prophets called the Hebrew people back to the worship of the Creator of the universe.

Mr. Cloud is editor of Older Youth Publications for The Methodist Church.

Modern Idols and Idol-Makers

It's unlikely that anyone in America in 1961 is bowing down in worship before an idol of silver or gold, literally speaking. Our idols usually are not recognized as such. What are our modern idols, and who makes them?

Certainly high on the American hit parade of popular idols is the goddess Success. Millions of men and women devote their working days—and considerable overtime—to win her approval. She's not golden; instead, she is green—the color of greenbacks.

The most popular American folk tales are about persons who have achieved success. So-called religious books have been written by the dozens to indicate how, in the worship of this modern idol, religion can be used to make sure that Success will smile on one.

Movies, TV dramas, and novels form a large part of the religious tradition in the worship of Success. The prime article of faith expressed through these mass media is that no price is too great to be paid for success. Does a friend or business associate (or even a relative) hinder one in the achievement of success? Then get rid of him! (Who said that the day of "human sacrifice" is past?) When Success is valued supremely by anyone, for him it is a modern idol. By this token, many modern Americans are idolaters.

In the pantheon of modern idols along with Success is Fame. The artisans who make this idol are the ballyhoo boys—press agents, public relations men, anyone who can get

the eye and ear of the public. This form of idolatry is most conspicuous in Hollywood. A few years ago, a prominent actor stated: "I don't care *what* people say about me, just so long as they are talking about me!" In his view, to be constantly in the public eye is the supreme good, but to be ignored or forgotten is the most terrible fate that life could deal to him.

We might be tempted to write off movie stars as a breed unto themselves. But let's recognize that the desire for fame—or at least for popularity in a limited circle—is what makes a great many Sammy's run. Some critics of the national scene state seriously that even the presidential elections in recent years have tended to become "popularity contests," rather than a responsible choice by the public of the best-qualified candidates for political office.

What happens to persons who "worship" Fame? Many of them discover that it is a hollow idol. A few months ago, a psychiatrist revealed to newsmen that his clients were, for the most part, movie stars. "When an intensive publicity campaign has exalted an actor to star status in the public's mind very quickly, the actor finds it hard to believe that he deserves all this fame," he said. "My job is to convince them that they really are the great actors that their press agents have told the public they are!"

One wonders if there is also a "treatment" for actors on the way down. If so, Superman apparently didn't get it—for, in a fit of de-

spondency about his career, he committed suicide.

Our American way of life places a high premium on fame. This year, thousands of pretty girls will saunter around in swim suits, hoping to be elected as 1961's Dairy Queen, Catfish Queen, Strawberry Queen, beauty queen of one of the fifty states, or—and this is the dream to end all dreams—Miss America or Miss Universe. On the winners of these contests we shower all the gifts in the horn of plenty—plus enormous publicity and fame.

What price fame? Perhaps you recall that, only a few years back, a contestant in the Miss Universe contest actually won the title of Miss USA—only to have the title stripped from her because she had lied about her marital status. In the months that followed, her fame (or notoriety) netted her a job as a chorus girl—and the breakup of her marriage!

The third of the "big three" modern idols is Pleasure. Many hands are busy at constructing this idol—whose image is to be found everywhere in America today.

The enormous liquor traffic in modern America is due in part to the pursuit of pleasure. Millions of Americans apparently think it's fun to get drunk—or at least, high.

Sex is exploited—in fiction, in movies, on TV programs, and in the flesh—for pleasure. Our national preoccupation with the pleasures of sex is such that the sociologist Pitirim Sorokin solemnly declares that it is contributing to the decline of our culture.

Gambling to the tune of \$20 billion a year is carried on in America—as much for "kicks" as in hope of financial gain, it would seem.

Pleasure is big business in the America of 1961. In fact, for many persons it is the chief goal.

Put God Back on the Throne!

Man is flesh; he is also spirit. For this reason, nothing short of infinite Spirit can satisfy his deepest longings. In time, every idol—however ardently adored—lets its worshippers down. Disillusionment sets in, followed by despair.

How can we dethrone our modern idols? How can we put the one true living God back on the throne?

The first step must be a frank recognition that we have, at least occasionally, put something else ahead of God—Success, Fame, Pleasure, or some other idol.

Second, we must look deeply into our own hearts and discover what it is that we want most urgently, most persistently. Is it a self which we can respect? Is it life that will endure? If it is these, only God—who created us—can enable us to achieve these goals.

Third, we need to grow in our understanding and love of God. We can help this process along by reading the Bible—especially the New Testament—and by reflecting on the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. For in him we see God expressed in human terms. When we recognize Jesus Christ as Lord, we will dethrone our modern idols and accord God his rightful place as King of our lives. ■ ■



A new year's message from
an old church

Magic Walls

By Rip Lynnfield

Landstuhl Chapel as sketched by artist

WHEN I was serving a tour of duty in the U.S. Air Force, there was a little chapel in the town near our air base in Landstuhl, Germany. This is in the heart of the German Rhine Pfalz, roughly sixty miles southwest of Frankfurt and in the area which contributed America's "Pennsylvania Dutch."

The chapel, which was built the same year Columbus discovered America, is unique. Not because of its age (Germany abounds with such ancient structures) but because of its remarkable history. For this is "The Chapel of the Magic Walls."

Constructed over 450 years ago, the little chapel is the direct result of a mother's prayer. In the middle

ages, Landstuhl was ruled under the protection of the local knight, Schwicker von Sickingen. One winter's day, the knight's son, Franz, failed to return home from a hunt to the nearby hills. Outside, a bitter storm raged, covering the castle with sleet and ice. As the parents sat tensely waiting for Franz's return during that long winter night's vigil, the boy's mother prayed earnestly to the Lord that her son would somehow be saved.

In the early hours of dawn, a timid tapping came from the castle entrance. Cautiously, the parents flung open the heavy oaken door. There was Franz, safe and sound. Miraculously, he had been able to

make his way to the shelter of a dry cave during the storm's height.

The von Sickingens were deeply moved by this event. In homage, Franz's mother had the old castle church—then in ruins—completely rebuilt and restored. Special attention was applied to the interior where the walls were painted by a leading craftsman of the time.

Throughout the ensuing years, the church was buffeted several times by the many local wars that ravaged Germany. Much of it was destroyed. At length, one invader decreed that its walls must be covered by plaster in order to hide any association with the past. The beautiful paintings disappeared.

Finally, only the choir section remained of the once magnificent church and in 1829, local villagers remodeled this into a tiny, secluded chapel, offering solace and comfort to all those seeking its hallowed shelter.

A little over one hundred years later, the Nazi movement was in full sway throughout Germany and the Adolf Hitler School occupied the top of nearby Kirchberg Mountain. Directors of the Hitler Youth decided that the village chapel would be restored as an ideal site for a "Weihestunden"—the Nazi substitute for church services.

Once again laborers set about remodeling the chapel. One day, as the painters applied a coat of white paint to the inside walls, a piece of plaster fell from one section. As one of the men started to paint over this section, he was astonished to see what looked like the hem of a

painted figure. Using his brush he gently peeled back the plaster. To his surprise, there was a beautiful painting of Christ staring him right in the eye! It was one of the paintings that had lain beneath the plaster, undetected for over four centuries. The plaster had preserved it during all that time.

The little chapel was spared and art experts were soon swarming in and out of the church. Their joint opinion: the paintings were indeed rare and valuable. Restoration of the walls continued and was completed by 1940.

But during World War II the rare discovery was soon forgotten. The Hitler students became SS Troops; the "invincible fatherland" was subsequently invaded and occupied by allied troops.

Where Adolf Hitler School used to stand, a modern U.S. Army hospital took its place. What a strange twist this was—the evil men who would destroy a church of God were themselves rooted out and replaced—by those that heal and administer to the sick.

And the old chapel, "Alte Kapelle," was once more shimmering in its rare and beautiful colors—the famed Gothic paintings which had saved the church from Nazi hands. The many figures in their richly hued gold, purple, blue and silver colors could once more smile down upon the worshipers, content with their many silent secrets.

Today, as you, too, face a new year rich with promise and new horizons, perhaps you can draw strength and meaning from this true

story of the "Magic Walls." For many of us live lives not unlike that ancient German chapel. Many of us have forsaken an earlier sound religious life only to trade spiritual contentment for baseless pleasures.

Life has a way of hardening an individual. As we grow older, we grow more mature and, oftentimes, hollow inside. We still show our finer side to other people but often this is simply a mask—a plaster façade behind which our real identities hide.

The world is full of hate, suspicion, prejudice, selfishness, degradation. But Christian love is still a commodity which cannot be measured in the coin of the realm. Sooner or later, every individual has to take a stand on whether he is to live the truly dynamic life of a dedicated Christian or take the path to personal destruction.

The choice is yours. Within us all are "Magic Walls" waiting only to be discovered in the chapel of our hearts. ■ ■

KNOW THE BOOK

THE following Bible quotations are completed with the names of birds. (Use the King James Version.)

1. "Ye are of more value than many _____."
2. "They shall mount up with wings as _____."
3. "Consider the _____ for they neither sow nor reap."
4. "I am like a _____ in the wilderness."
5. "Jesus, when He was baptized, went straightway up out of the water, and lo, the heavens opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a _____."
6. "The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the _____ in the wilderness."

(see answers on page 33)

—Lon Woodrum

We all got into the elevator in the Pentagon, and the operator was about to close the doors when a general appeared in the corridors strutting toward us. The operator patiently waited for the general to get in with us, and when the officer stepped into the elevator, he barked out, "Tenth floor!"

"But, Sir," said the operator, "this building has only eight floors."

"Do the best you can!" growled the general, "do the best you can."

—Chas. Ruffing in *True*



Debbie Reynolds

Her Plans Were Changed

By Duane Valentry

SHE was a girl full of plans as she rode to and from high school on her blue bike. Every day after school there was something—either a rehearsal with the Burbank Youth Symphony in which she played the French horn, or the cello, or even a harmonica when occasion demanded, or a Girl Scout meeting or a volley or basketball game.

Debbie Reynolds never had a moment to waste, and she still doesn't. One thing she can't understand is people with time on their hands, people who have to find ways to "kill" time. She does not drink and she has a terrible time making it look as though she enjoys it even when she has to smoke a cigarette

for a movie. In fact, the first time she tried she burned her hair and eyelashes, coughed and felt sick.

"I would never smoke," she says, making a face that on her looks good. "It's very bad for you. . . . I couldn't inhale for the world."

Nor does this energetic young woman need any stimulation from alcohol; she gets entirely too much fun out of life, and finds life a pretty stimulating business without artificial aids. She does, however, admit to one drink habit.

"I drink a half-gallon of milk every day of my life. We get eleven bottles of milk a day at our house!"

Some of this is for Carrie and Todd, both of whom bear some resemblance to their famous mother.

Would she have made a good gym teacher? Debbie wonders

Few people have to go through the trying experience of having the limelight beat down on their personal life as this young star has, yet she isn't in the least bitter toward anyone. But to know Debbie as she really is, friendly to everyone and not in the least puffed up with her own importance as a star or a person, you have to go back—way back.

Back, maybe, to El Paso, Texas, where Debbie was born. Her father, a railroad man, was transferred to Burbank, California, where Debbie and brother Bill went to school. Mom and Pop were both Scout leaders and often took groups on overnight trips and usually had the house full of youngsters.

"But that was only part of it," recalls Debbie, who is close to her parents and proud of them. "They were firm in their discipline. They were *with* Bill and me and they gave us a faith and a sense of security that is the backbone of my life and has seen me through a lot."

That her father was a professional ballplayer and is a man who can "do anything," from wiring, plumbing, and even building a house to keeping a car or a group of high-spirited Boy Scouts running smoothly, are points of pride to Debbie.

She's equally proud of her mother, of whom a reporter said: "She doesn't smoke or drink—neither does her daughter, you may be sure—and yet she manages to



Debbie, the dancer

convey a world of sophistication in her avoidance of the silly vices. She manages to lift a glass of soda pop as if it were vintage champagne!

WITH such parents and a wholesome happy girlhood, being a movie star was just about the farthest thing possible from this girl's mind. She planned, actually, to be a gym teacher, although she loved music, doing the Charleston, strumming a uke, and was a featured majorette with the high school band as well as one of its chief musicians.

Just to prove she could do it, she also learned to play the piano and violin and speak, at least a little, several assorted languages. When she was sixteen somebody remarked she had "more talent than six normal girls!" She had forty-two merit badges from the Girl Scouts, too.

She was sixteen and getting good grades when she and a friend entered the Miss Burbank contest. Did Deb hope to win? No—she's much too modest about her assets for that. Her reason for entering was that all entrants were given the prize of a new scarf and blouse which she decided she could use. So did her friend, Camille Williams, who's still her best friend today.

Debbie, always the life of the party and a good mimic, did an imitation of Betty Hutton that won her the scarf and blouse and a \$65 a week contract with Warner Bros., much to her own and her family's amazement. This was something she hadn't figured on.

"Me, a movie star?" Debbie



Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner teamed together in "Say One for Me."

couldn't quite take it in, she just wasn't the type, she kept telling herself, and what about her plans to be a gym teacher? "But \$65 a week meant tuition for college, it meant wealth. So I signed."

Today she says she wouldn't, not at seventeen, anyway. If she had it to do over she'd rather finish out her schooling.

That contract changed her life. She had to give up her high school—which she loved—and go to school on the set. There were a lot of disappointments, a lot of waiting around for parts that never came through, a lot of terribly hard work learning how to dance and how to act. But there was the fabulous salary. "The most I'd ever earned was fifty cents an hour working at a terrific pace at Penney's store at Christmastime."

Even in the small parts given her, Debbie's talents and fresh appeal began to shine through and her contract was renewed at a higher figure. About this time she and her mother made a trip to New York, the first either had ever taken any distance from home, and took every sight-seeing bus they could.

It wasn't long until Debbie became a star in her own right and began to enjoy acting. A hard worker, she applied herself to learning her roles and dance routines even if it meant working far into the night. Sometimes she'd get so mad, when she couldn't catch on to a tricky routine, that she'd blow her top. She's the first to confess that one of her worst personal problems has been getting over her temper.

"Ooh, I used to have an awful temper—awful! But that was when I was eighteen. It's fine to speak your mind—get it off your chest. But my temper was volcanic—one day on the set I was so exasperated I took off my tap shoes, hurled them against a huge mirror on the stage and shattered it. People, shocked, stared after me as I walked out."

That was the last time she ever permitted herself the expensive luxury of losing her temper. "I was so ashamed I walked and walked around the big stages. There must be some other way to get things done, I thought, without outraging other people, and from that day to this I've never again lost my temper."

AS to her acting, Debbie frankly thinks she's somewhat limited in scope and won't be a great dramatic actress or a romantic leading lady forever. Comedy she loves and hopes to do a lot of.

Young Carrie and Todd are the most exciting thing in Debbie's life and she spends most of her time with them, having strong feelings about a mother separating herself from her children when they need her most.

When she was a young starlet Debbie spent much of her spare time visiting hospitals and army bases singing up a storm for the soldiers taking off for and coming in from Korea. She also founded the Thaliens, with a few other stars, a charity organized to help disturbed children. As president of the Thaliens she has been known to work all night after a hard day at the studio, high up on a rickety ladder putting up decorations for a money-raising ball. As a friend says of her, "Debbie is never tiring; she will do anything and more for any good cause!"

Today her good causes, her two adorable children and her work—she's in demand for all the big movies—keep Debbie Reynolds far from idle. But she can't help wondering sometimes about that job as a gym teacher she never got! ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 9, Library of Congress Photo; pages 17, 18, Columbia Pictures Corp.; pages 26, 27, 28, 20th Century-Fox Corp.; pages 31, 32, 60, U.S. Navy; page 61, U.S. Air Force.

Tiny Town, U.S.A.

By Dana Rodriguez

A wise man noticed that boys and girls worked together building their "shacks." But when they were finished . . . well, he decided to do something

BACK in '59 in the sunny clime of Imperial Valley, California, as in numerous other communities of the U.S.A., juvenile delinquency had become a household word. It was a condition, as one local merchant said, like the weather! Everybody complained about it but nobody did anything about it until Captain Ben Moore, Jr., U.S.N. got busy!

As commander of the then Naval Air Station—it has since been converted to the Auxiliary Landing Field, El Centro—Captain Moore had problems! And he did not consider the welfare of junior citizens under his jurisdiction the least of them.

He had been watching for some time the pre-teen age children on the base build "forts" in his backyard. They used pieces of scrap lumber, crates and the like and some nails that one enterprising boy had contributed. The captain noted that the behavior pattern was always the same. While the children were busy building the fort they got along

fine with only minor arguments. But, as soon as the fort was completed, major warfare broke out as to how it was to be run and who would be the bosses.

One member would suddenly back out of the game and take home with him the broken chair he had contributed. That wasn't so bad but then the boy who had brought the nails got mad and pulled out every one of them causing the whole "fort" to collapse.

This struck Captain Moore as much the same procedure in principle that adults go through—cooperating to build up nations or civilizations and then falling out among themselves and tearing down all they had so painstakingly built.

A man with perception, it was obvious to Moore that all of this tied in with the old bugaboo of juvenile delinquency. It seemed to him that the solution was to back up, to start at an earlier age getting the right ideals into children's minds hoping they would endure as they grew older.



Tiny Town's opening day; note that there were more grownups than kids.

The whole matter suddenly came into focus for him. What the base needed was a form of recreation so that the pre-teen children could have fun, and at the same time that they were playing, learn to distinguish right from wrong and to master the ideals of good citizenship that would help them run the cities of the future.

SO, Captain Moore established Tiny Town, U.S.A.

Out of scrap lumber and old packing boxes thirteen little buildings were built. A tiny chapel representing the three major faiths—Jewish, Catholic and Protestant—was the first building completed built entirely by military personnel.

In front of the buildings four old concrete drain pipes were stood on end and painted and beflagged to

serve as "battlements" to the entrance of Tiny Town. Here was one "fort" that was going to stay up, Captain Moore decided.

The civilians of Imperial Valley heard about the Navy's Tiny Town with its miniature church, school, library, fire house, beauty parlor, barber shop, cafe, clothing store, police station, bank, theatre, Post Office, and drugstore. They came out to take a look at the children operating and patronizing the stores and offices of Tiny Town going through most of the routine that adults do in a typical American city.

"They came out to look," said Captain Moore, "but in almost every case they went away not only convinced that we were on the right track to stamp out juvenile delinquency, but wanting to help materially and contribute ideas for the

betterment of Tiny Town. As a result Tiny Town has now twenty-one buildings, including a super-market, hospital, electric and office supplies shop, garage, City Hall, newspaper office, radio and TV station, railroad station complete with train and even a jail!"

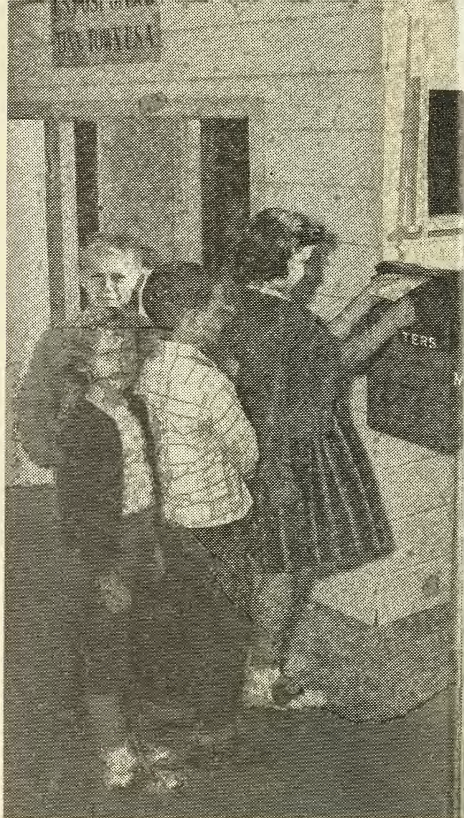
Here is how Tiny Town operates. Children of servicemen and civilian employees of the Naval Station, El Centro, between six and twelve years are picked up twice a week after school by the Tiny Town Train at a starting point and taken to Tiny Town. There they assemble in front of the American flag in the center of the town square and pledge allegiance to the flag. They then proceed to the church and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Then to the library, where they draw individual folders which tell each child what he is to do for the day. The businessmen (operators of the stores) go to the bank and draw funds (play money) and open up their respective stores.

The remainder of the children clean up the town, then go to the City Hall and get paid (play money) for their work. They use this play money to make purchases in the stores.

The program lasts for an hour each day. Fifteen minutes before closing time, the businessmen close their stores and both businessmen and customers deposit their money in the bank.

"We planned everything along the lines to teach the children respect for the rights of others and just why it is necessary to have law and



Boys and girls wait in line to mail letter at Tiny Town's real post office.

order," Captain Moore further explained in his friendly Southern manner. "We try to make the kids understand that the police, firemen, and doctors are their friends and are on the job to help them and their community.

"We also want them to learn early in life that spiritual well-being is a desired part and necessity of our lives every day. We try to show them through the operation of Tiny Town that they are not in for a free ride

through life; in Tiny Town they have to work for any money they receive.

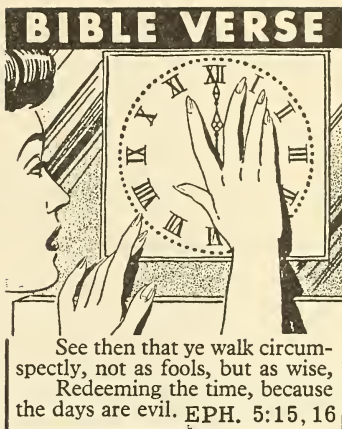
“As for discipline, if a child disobeys or is unruly in Tiny Town he is put on probation and, if his behavior does not improve, he is expelled permanently.”

CAPTAIN Moore was happy to report that before he left El Centro only one child had to be expelled from Tiny Town.

Now stationed in Japan with the Staff, Commander Naval Forces, Captain Moore maintains his interest in Tiny Town and is kept busy answering all the mail he receives concerning the town's construction and operation. Other military installations in isolated areas are considering setting up similar projects.

Perhaps the reason Captain Moore is able to think big is because he comes from the big state of Texas, where Sherman is his home town. He and his wife have three children: Marilyn, age twenty-two, at Texas Tech, Lubbock, Texas; Patricia, age twelve; and Ben III, age eleven, who are with their parents in Japan.

Meanwhile back in El Centro, Lieutenant Commander J. J. Gallivan, U.S.N., Officer-in-Charge and Chaplain E. J. Nerthling are holding down “the fort” and are supervising the running of Tiny Town according to the high standards set by Captain E. E. Moore, Jr., who was able to look a problem squarely in the eye and meet its challenge. ■ ■



We are presenting what we think would make a good New Year's verse for you. "Redeeming the time" means to make wise use of it, to make and take the opportunities, the days, the hours, the moments afford you to do good and to accomplish the work God put you in the world to do. Some people make it a practice to adopt a special verse for the year. How about this one for you? Or choose another one and live by it throughout 1961. Let us ask God to forgive us for our failures this past year—we've marred many of the 366 pages. Now he's giving us 365 new, clean sheets. Let's write well upon them.

ANSWERS

to "Know the Book" Puzzle (page 25)

1. Sparrows (Luke 12:7)
2. Eagles (Isa. 40:31)
3. Ravens (Luke 12:24)
4. Pelican (Psalm 102:6)
5. Dove (Matt. 3:6)
6. Ostrich (Lam. 4:3).

Memory is usually what makes you wonder what you've forgotten to do.

Toward True Tolerance

By Stanley I. Stuber

A REALISTIC LOOK at the Protestant Reformation reveals the fact that there was little tolerance in it. It was a *protest*. It was a rebellion. It was a battle. The conflict produced much bitterness and little Christian love. The reformers believed they were being led by conscience, by truth, by the revelation of God's divine will. Therefore they staked their very lives for the principles and practices which they felt were right.

Martin Luther had his moments for song and laughter, but when it came to the dogmatics of the Protestant faith he was far from being tolerant. He was extremely hard on his fellow reformer Zwingli, he punished the rebellion of the Peasants, and he persecuted the Anabaptists without mercy. And John Calvin was no better. His religious state in Geneva was regulated by fear and punishment. He would not permit opposition. His part in the burning of Servetus will always remain a black spot upon the early history of Protestantism.

Tolerance was therefore not one of the virtues of the Protestant Reformation. This was as true of the English Reformation as was the case on the Continent. In the battle for a New Testament church, and for the souls of men, words got extremely bitter and even the sword was used in the cause of "righteousness." There was little time or room for love, brotherhood and tolerance.

Witness as Well as Protest

At this point it is essential to be aware of the fact that the root meaning of the word "Protestant" is to *testify, to bear witness*. This is the positive, creative side of Protestantism which has been neglected altogether too much. At the beginning in order to establish itself, and to declare its position, Protestantism was forced, by the nature of events, to protest. But protest is not the essential part of the Protestant faith.

Unless Protestantism shifts over from *protest* to *witness* it will be denying a large part of its own heritage. It is the re-creation of the New Testament church which gives Protestantism its great power and drive. What happened to the church two or three centuries later, when it began to mold itself in many ways after the Roman system of government, is foreign to the Protestant cause. Protestantism gets its great strength neither from opposing nor supporting an ecclesiastical hierarchy, but in re-establishing in modern life the spirit and teachings of Christ. And this is positive, not negative; it is a witness rather than a protest.

The Creation of Tolerance

The word "tolerance" has of late lost much of its original meaning and value. Just to *tolerate* somebody or something is not enough. We can tolerate while being narrow, smug, and even bigoted. In our pride we can look down upon that which we tolerate. All too much of our practice of brotherhood is founded upon this negative aspect of being tolerant.

True tolerance is quite another thing. It has a basis of equality, understanding, and love. It does not condemn, but lifts up. It behaves toward others with respect and helpfulness. It never tries to get the better of those who are a little more unfortunate. It is even willing to sacrifice that others may rise to higher levels.

Tolerance, from the Protestant point of view, is a way of behavior which brings understanding and appreciation and cooperation. Relatively few have attained unto true tolerance, but many are striving toward its lofty goal and will finally reach it with a little help.

Why Tolerance Is Necessary

The Puritans, first in England and later in America, longed for religious freedom. In the beginning it was largely freedom for themselves, but later they realized that there could be no real freedom unless all people were free. Baptists, and other "free church" groups, carried this to the point of protecting the freedom of even those who did not agree with them. Thus Providence (now Rhode Island), the first territory with separation of church and state, was established.

The rights of the majority has a solid ring in any true democracy. Yet the majority is not always right, and the minority has its own special privileges. The minority must not be crushed. Out of minority movements often come ways of thinking, certain ideas and ideals,

which are finally accepted by the majority.

In the area of religions this matter of minority rights is exceedingly important. We must be willing to grant to others what we demand for ourselves. Tolerance is a two-way street. We cannot be one thing while we are in the minority, and quite another thing when we obtain the power of the majority. In religion true tolerance should exist from beginning to end; from the time when we insist upon our rights as a minority to the time when we grant, willingly and gladly, equal liberties to those who do not agree, or go along, with us. Christianity has yet to learn the full lessons of mutual tolerance.

Agree to Differ

To be tolerant does not mean that we have no right to disagree with others. Neither does it mean uniformity, either in thinking or in practice.

From the Protestant point of view people, even within the church, can live together in peace and understanding without surrendering their basic convictions. They can agree to differ. They can grant the right to others to hold opposite viewpoints without condemnation. In a very real sense they can welcome different shades of meaning, realizing that all do not interpret the same event in the same way.

Recently there has been among various religious faiths a desire for more conversations and conferences on an unofficial level in order that a greater understanding may be achieved. The "dialogues" serve a good purpose—unless they should restrict the right of true and legitimate criticism. If such "dialogues" will permit those of different faiths to sit down together, and talk out in all fairness their points of difference as well as those areas where they can reach a mutual agreement, then such meeting of minds will be all to the good. But if, in the attempt to reach an understanding, compromise takes over and the participants go "soft" on each other, then the cause of true religion can suffer badly. The time has now come when we should be able to agree to differ; when we should be able to disagree without accusation; when we should be willing to grant to our opponents the right to disagree with us.

Here we must approach these dialogues with great humility. Too often we are for ecumenical relationships but only from our own point of view. Would it not be better to approach every encounter with a prayer, "Oh, God, let me see what is thy truth and thy will and thy way!"

Why Protestantism Is Accused of Intolerance

Protestantism is often accused of being intolerant just because it is opposed to the *status quo* in Christianity, or because it cannot, for reasons of conscience, accept traditional dogmas and practices. This, of course, is a most unfair accusation. Protestantism has a perfect natural and New Testament right to follow the Spirit of Truth wherever it may lead—even outside the organized ecclesiastical institution if necessary. According to New Testament standards the Protestant ideal of the church may well be the correct one. What then?

It will be a wonderful day within the Christian church when all Christian bodies will, as a minimum position, grant that all those who accept and follow Christ—of whatever creed, sect or religious body—are fundamentally Christian.

Protestantism cannot accept doctrines or pronouncements not in keeping with the New Testament. But this does not make them *intolerant*. All down through the centuries there have been those Christians who have turned directly to the New Testament for their guidance both in theology and religious practices. Surely it cannot be said that Protestants are “intolerant” just because they want to be New Testament Christians. Yet they become “intolerant” when they deny to others the same privileges which they claim for themselves.

The Positive Contribution of Protestantism

In an age such as this, when freedom and democracy are fighting for their very lives, Protestantism must not be on the defensive. It must not be fighting little battles when it is needed in the one great war. It must not be wasting its energy in a struggle for supremacy with the church, when the church itself is in serious danger. Somehow all Christian forces must unite in a war against communism (including fascism), materialism, and nationalism. These are the real enemies. Against these we can, and must be, intolerant.

Protestantism has the great redemptive principles which the modern world now needs for its salvation. It has freedom and democracy. And it has a system of belief which is the true hope of a struggling world. It therefore must not be intolerant for freedom, love, truth, righteousness are not on the side of intolerance. Protestants are now called upon to champion positively the great truths of the New Testament. We may be called intolerant by unthinking people but the time has come for Protestantism to demonstrate, on a universal basis, the courage of its convictions.

Limitations Need Not Be Fatal

By Samuel D. Proctor

IT IS very tempting to look around and see some of our friends doing well, making a big success of living, thoroughly adjusted to life, moving with the tide of fortune and feel with a faint touch of envy that we could do just as well if the "breaks" had been with us. We are inclined to blame the "breaks" for everything, and especially do we blame the "breaks" when someone else seems to "have it made." In these low moods of defeat we take an inventory of all of our limitations and the sum of them spells failure and drudgery.

Quite honestly, some of us have had a fair share of disappointment and hardship, and life has demanded more of us than of others. The question is, should these limitations be fatal? What does it take to live affirmatively, to take the fragments of a "bad break" and make something out of them?

Physical Limitations

Obviously, the most difficult limitation to live with is a physical one. Not many of us could cope with total blindness, or the sudden failure of our hearing. As a boy I remember being moved with pity for the large

numbers of school children who had been afflicted, who were destined to drag useless limbs all through life. There were so many more polio victims then. Likewise, on a trip to the Far East shortly after the war, in the early fifties, I saw so many maimed bodies among the refugees in Syria, Lebanon and Bengal that I felt guilty being whole.

Of course, not all physical limitations are associated with visible debilities. Life is burdensome for serious diabetics and for those whose lips and fingernails are purple from chronic oxygen deficiency in the blood, from one of a dozen types of heart disease. One could go on for the parade of persons whose lives have been restricted physically is a long one.

Economic Limitations

Then, there are others who are of sound health but who have been poverty-ridden since birth, born amidst want and crying need. Those of us who grew up during the early thirties saw all too often the expression of resignation and uselessness on the faces of strong men whose children were undernourished. Many of these families have not

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yet emerged from the entanglements of a mortgaged future. Economic deprivations work many ways; no one knows how much brain power has been wasted among talented college boys who have had so much work to do that they cannot follow their intellectual curiosity to the boundaries of new knowledge for all mankind. How many marriages have failed at the point of nagging financial tension? How many people walk a tightrope for years, perpetually threatened with economic embarrassment? These are all limitations that are often fatal.

Educational Limitations

A very realistic and challenging limitation is paucity of education. Many a man has stood on the threshold of opportunity and had the door closed in his face because he did not have the academic background to qualify. Recently I saw a man trying to take a driving test, but the questions were written in words he had never learned to read. This is a punishing limitation.

Spiritual Limitations

This catalogue is incomplete without those limitations which are buried deep in our souls, the personal vindictiveness that often results from a loveless childhood, that haunting guilt that lingers and grows as a terrible sin remains unforgiven, the inferiority that racial segregation breeds and the fears that chronic failure teaches us. There are psychological scars that are never seen but which afflict more people than those we see wearing braces

and using crutches. Add to this those who were never taught to pray, who have never been assured that God is real, who have never seen noble living in a parent, whose hearts are stone cold at the sound of an organ, who feel nothing when a rainbow appears and who have never stopped to look at a flower. This numbness to God as he reveals himself in persons and nature, this dullness of soul is a terrible limitation. In such a state one has no power for moral action, no persistence for survival in a crisis, no source of cheer in sorrow. In these recurring and relentless situations, his tide is simply out and he stands ankle deep in the mire of his own failure.

The fallacy of so much of our contemporary understanding of human personality is that we insist upon trying to make life peaceful, beautiful and happy by human effort.

Overcoming Our Limitations

In order for one to do anything at all about those other limitations, he must do something about these spiritual limitations first. Without this basic orientation to God life is a hodge-podge, and when we manage at all it is because we are leaning on someone else who has lived purposefully or we are thriving in an atmosphere of faith and absorbing it despite our intention.

We "dig in" and find traction to climb out of a rut when this spiritual equipment of ours begins to work properly, when we can make certain basic affirmations about life bravely.

We must be able to affirm the fact that life is a gift from God, and not an accident. This means that a man's parentage, his date of birth, his race, his nation, his whole definition in time and space is like a talent that he must not bury in the sand. Next, we must affirm the fact that we are not accountable for what we do not have, but very much accountable for the health, the brain power and the environment that we do have. We are here to become mature and responsible beings, capable of eternal fellowship with God. With this positive thinking a man is in gear and can move. His limitations are no longer trellises which set his pattern of growth, but ladders for his climb to spiritual refinement.

One of the finest examples of how this should be done, one of the best exhibits of a life with limitations made meaningful in the hands of God is that of Moses. He was left as a baby in the bulrushes, providentially found by Pharaoh's daughter and miraculously placed in his own mother's hands for care. And, when God set before him his challenge for life he was a fugitive from Egypt, wanted by Pharaoh for murder. This is the background from which criminals, psychopaths and social deviates come—an orphan from a broken home and a fugitive. Moreover, when God called him to serve, Moses said honestly that he could not speak, he could not think fast and the people had no confidence in him.

This life has become the central figure in the whole understanding

of God's moral nature in Western civilization and his interpretation of life is embraced throughout the civilized world. This is God's use of a stammering, dull, orphaned fugitive. Any life turned toward him, with all of its fragmentation, is made whole again.

When one's life is turned Godward he salvages what margin of physical competence that he has left and looks for his maximum usefulness without fretting. He looks at his economic status and organizes his life so that he can be happy without the trappings of prominence. He finds time to read to cure his ignorance, he disciplines himself to acquire the skills—even late in life—that are necessary for independence and growth. He repairs the gaps in his learning by using his leisure constructively, pursuing every opportunity for new knowledge and finds a thrill in accomplishments that others would call ordinary.

When life is focused spiritually, the shades and blotches on our consciences and the ugly things we hide in the soul become clear and transparent. Our integrity is restored, our wholeness is achieved and no matter how complicated and involved our situation was, this low-hanging cloud passes on.

Everyone has some data on himself that he would like to see changed. Every life has some limitations, real or imaginary. They can be fatal. All too often they are fatal. But with God all things are possible.



A one-horse town nowadays may not even have a horse.—Jules H. Marr

Hunter's Trail

By Robert A. Elfers

In a fatigue-induced frenzy, Mathewson learns that the hunter may sometimes become the hunted, and. . . . But read the story. . .

MATHEWSON slipped down from the crest of the hill and into a grove of oak trees. The naked trunks towered around him like the pillars of a vast and ruined temple. His skis whispered across the snowy floor, and off in the recesses of shadowed corridors there seemed to be flutterings of ghostly disapproval.

He forced himself to go more slowly as he reached the edge of the grove. Then he stopped behind a tree and, after looking back for an instant, leaned forward until he could see the full length of the narrow valley below him.

It lay lifeless, the black skeletons of underbrush and dwarfed trees patched with the earth's grey shroud of snow. His eyes searched it and saw no movement. The hunter had disappeared.

For a moment, Mathewson thought again of giving up. But, as before, he would not allow reason to interfere with the game he had invented.

Abruptly, he kicked his skis around and cut back through the trees, angling to the right of the trail he had made. The hunter had circled the hill; finding his path through the valley would be easy.

A brief fantasy swirled through Mathewson's mind. Suppose he found the trail, followed it, and discovered that it ended out in the open, just stopped, as if the hunter had vanished from reality as he trudged along on his snowshoes.

Mathewson began to coast as the slope steepened. The oaks thinned and his skis scraped across an icy knoll that had been swept by the wind. He dropped through an apple orchard, a patch of grotesque old trees whose branches tore at him. The ground was uneven, jolting him. When he snow-plowed to a stop on the edge of an ice-fringed stream, his legs were throbbing with fatigue. He knew the cause: he was paying for the night before, for the long and angry hours over

his books and for the churning worry that had not left his mind when he had gone to bed.

That morning, waking from a sleep that had brought him no rest, he had ignored his desk and hurried through breakfast. A fifteen-minute walk had brought him out to the open country and he had set out on his skis, not knowing where he was going, not caring. At first, it had been a release to fight against the wind and the whirling snow. He had exulted at escaping from the artificiality of paper work, the numbing annoyance of clouds of words and figures flying at him from the pages of books, the insatiable demands of his superiors for the right answers—by which they meant their answers—to the problems of a world that was steadily drawing him toward an inscrutable, merciless vortex.

His elation at the victory of his body over snow, wind, and cold had not lasted long. The wind had ceased, the snow had stopped falling, and time and space became a silent, frigid greyness that ignored him.

HE HAD invented the game when he saw the hunter. It was startling to come upon another human being in the bleak countryside. If the hunter had turned at that moment, Mathewson would have waved a greeting. But the distant figure was moving away, a stump of a man bearing a twig of a gun. He had disappeared behind a fold in the land and, almost without thinking, Mathewson had moved to

keep him in sight. It was then that he had thought of hunting the hunter. The irony in the idea delighted him and he chuckled puffs of steam into the cold air.

Forgetting the tiredness that had begun to drag at him, he had glided after the hunter, his mind spinning around the facets of the joke, admiring and polishing. He had angrily driven away the first suggestion of doubt—any question about childishness or foolishness or the possibilities of embarrassment or danger. He was fed up with balancing consequences.

Mathewson had hurried to close the distance to the hunter. After that, he had managed to stay within fifty yards of the man. The game had been intriguing at first, for it was not easy to move across the lifeless countryside without being noticed. Mathewson had spent as much time looking for cover as he had watching the hunter. He would select a tree or a clump of bushes, wait for a moment when the man was not likely to spy him, and then make a swift, stooped run for cover. Once, he was sure that he had been seen, for he had scarcely slid behind a mass of brambles when the hunter's face turned squarely toward him. But he had laid motionless and the hunter had turned away.

The hunter's failure to see him then had disappointed Mathewson a little. And a few minutes later, when the hunter and his snowshoes became entangled in a barbed wire fence, Mathewson found himself annoyed as well as amused.

To keep an edge on the game, he had begun to imagine dangerous qualities about the hunter. The man was short and heavy; these characteristics could indicate that he was powerful. He moved slowly, thus he was crafty, preserving his strength for the sudden demands of a crisis. Perhaps he carried his firearm over his shoulder as if it were a piece of wood, but he could swing it into action with deadly speed and accuracy.

Tiring of tracking the hunter closely, Mathewson had left him when he began to go around the hill. Apart from him, Mathewson had thought, he might find added stimulus for the game: it is easier to fear the unseen than the seen. So for a few minutes he had let the man get away from him while he toiled up the hill, trespassed through the grove of oaks, and then swooped down again toward his quarry.

Mathewson waited until the trembling of his legs ceased. As he expected, the hunter had left a trail at the foot of the hill. On the other side of the stream, the man's snowshoes had dragged a track through the snow. It led down the valley and, as Mathewson paralleled it, it came to a tree fallen across the stream and passed over to his side. Now his skis were cutting through the snowshoe marks. He moved ahead cautiously, his eyes trying to reach over the break where the valley floor dropped to another level.

WHEN HE was able to look down the steeper slope, he saw that the trail angled away from



the stream and led toward a large thicket. For a while he stood still, studying the mass of bushes, vines, and stunted trees. Snow began to fall again, filtering under his collar, and his body shuddered inside its woolen armor.

He pushed with his poles and floated downward. By no movement of his, the skis stopped at the edge of the undergrowth and he stood straight, trying to reach into its secrets with his ears and eyes. There was no sound. Nothing moved.

The game that Mathewson had invented was over. It was no longer a game. Yet he did not turn around; he could not. Some deep compulsion that he did not understand had captured his will. He had to explore the thicket.

He placed a ski over a vine's thorned tendril and pushed ahead.

The growth closed around him. The snow was blemished with leaves that had been imprisoned since autumn. Creepers clutched at his boots. A twisted seedling caught one of his poles and when he tugged, it lashed back so strongly that he almost lost his grip.

It was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. Once his heart jumped when he caught a glimpse of something move. Closer, he made out the feeble fluttering of a maple leaf still clinging to the branch that had borne it.

He stopped to listen. Silence. He crouched in the midst of a great tangle of impossible complexity. Even the low snow clouds were far away, and darker. He shivered. *When is the hunter coming?* The thought terrified him.

He turned his head wildly. He



had to get out. *When is the hunter coming?*

In a frenzy of crashing, tearing, sliding, falling, he burst out of the thicket. At that moment, the explosion of a gunshot erupted near him and there was a quick metallic spattering above his head. Fragments of wood sifted down on him from the branches.

Somehow, he was speeding across a meadow. He lunged forward and poled, lunged forward and poled, hurtling over the snow in frantic, springing strides. A shout leaped up behind him, ran around the rocking horizon, and was lost in the falling sky.

A gap appeared in the trees and he fled through it. With miraculous goodness to him, it sloped downward. He began to pick up speed, wonderful speed, speed that catapulted him through the blinding snowflakes.

His sobbing gave way to a cry of delight. He had escaped. He brushed a hand across his face to wipe away the snow. All he could see before him was snow, snow to hide in, snow to embrace him. . . .

He managed to stop just in time. His body obeyed his mind. They served him well. With a violent swing of his arms he turned, eluding the vast, dim chasm that had opened.

His legs refused to hold him any longer. He toppled into the snow and lay gasping in its softness.

He arose and unbuckled his bindings. Wading carefully, he reached the edge of the cliff and looked down into its snow-filled greyness. The lane down which he had fled

had been cut through the trees for a power line that leaped the deep gully and was lost in the dimness.

Mathewson thought of his life. He remembered how hard he had worked the night before. He recalled how other people had made it possible for him to do the work he wanted to. He appraised the skills that had been given to him.

And when he looked below him, he thought of the fantasies to which he had driven himself, and knew how faithless he had been to his gifts and their givers.

He put his skis on again and started up through the cut in the trees. He had gone only a few yards when, without surprise, he saw the hunter running and stumbling toward him.

The little man halted, stared, and then staggered forward. He gripped Mathewson's jacket.

"You're all right!" he gasped. "You're all right! I shot at that rabbit and then I saw you. I thought maybe I'd hit you. And then I saw you start down here and I knew what would happen. Only it didn't! It didn't!"

He was an old man, and he began to cry, the tears seeping along the wrinkles of his face.

"You shouldn't have run," he said petulantly. "What did you run for?"

Mathewson did not answer immediately. "I don't know," he said finally. He looked beyond the hunter up the hill. The tracks of his skis, reaching back to times and fears unknown to the old man, were already vanishing under the falling snow. ■ ■

Let's Fight Pornography!

By O. K. Armstrong

WHILE AMERICAN young men and young women in our armed services are standing guard for liberty in this country and all over the world, ready to beat off possible attacks of any aggressors, there's an enemy inside this country, eating up our moral strength.

It's as insidious and dangerous as the Communist threat to our security, for it undermines our decency and respect. It's the business of filthy, indecent, pornographic literature and moving pictures.

And that's Big Business today! Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield recently estimated that the business of publishing and distributing indecent magazines alone, by mail and through the newsstands, runs to more than \$500,000,000 a year. In addition, there are the "hard core" comic books and films sold "under the counter" that take in at least \$100,000,000 more.

"This is one of the most vicious rackets in the nation," Mr. Summerfield told a group of churchmen meeting in his office in Washington. "Unless we stop this tide of smut and filth, it will destroy the morals of countless American youth."

Why did he say "youth"? Because that's the target for much of the indecent stuff today. The dealers

in pornographic literature are determined to build up a demand among young people for their output and are making a special drive on two fronts: colleges and armed service personnel.

The Many Girlie Magazines

Let's take a look at some of these publications. About seven years ago an off-color magazine hit the stands, featuring a lot of girlie pictures and suggestive cartoons and jokes. It proved successful from the start. Since then, a veritable flood of these lewd magazines has sprung up. Published for the most part in New York and Hollywood, they are pushed by the big distributors, who often pressure local newsmen to accept them along with reputable publications.

According to the Churchmen's Commission for Decent Publications, an organization founded in 1957 to fight this tide of indecency, there are now about forty magazines sold openly, through mail or from newsstands, that are so indecent as to be in violation of federal and state laws against obscenity, or as close to the line as the editors and publishers think they can go and get away with it.

In addition, there are the "hard-core" pornographic comic books,

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prints and playing cards, depicting adultery and perversion, so vile that they must be sold hand to hand or "under the counter." Best customers for these are boys and girls on high school grounds, who are asked to sell them again to their companions at a profit.

Most of the indecent magazines call themselves "Entertainment for Men," "The Magazine of Leisure," or some such. I have before me one of these publications, typical of all the rest. It shows a number of girls in the nude, in various poses. That is not so bad, for God made the human body, and made it beautiful. But the patter that goes with such pictures, suggestive of the worst in sex, is dirty and offensive to decency.

Here's the kind of stuff printed in this "entertainment" magazine: Some college girls, living in a dormitory, take advantage of the absence of their housemother to invite in some boys. The housemother comes back unexpectedly one night, to find the girls entertaining the boys in their bedrooms. The housemother tells the girls: "Why, you ought to open up the dorm to the fellows every night!" So the dorm becomes a house of prostitution, with the housemother in charge. An insult to every decent college man and woman!

Here's another story, from a magazine sold openly on newsstands in most big cities of the country. A lieutenant gets bored with military life and starts dating a WAC—even though he has a wife back home. She's a nice gal—"until he tells her about the facts of life," and con-

vinces her that sex is natural and she should take the place of his absent wife. That's a dirty insult to the honor of every serviceman and woman who believes in the decency he would expect of his wife, his sweetheart, his mother or his sister.

Case Against Indecent Publications

You can lump all these trashy publications together and while some are worse than others, all consistently and regularly offer articles, pictures, cartoons, jokes and advertising that do the following:

1. Present illicit sexual relations in an attractive manner.
2. Glorify adultery, fornication and prostitution.
3. Present infidelity as the accepted way of life, holding in contempt the true marriage relation.
4. Suggest ways and means of seduction, drunkenness, theft, sadism, and general disrespect for law and order.
5. Create disrespect for religious ideals and for religious leaders by showing them off in an obscene manner.

Not long ago in one of our largest military installations, in a southern state, with personnel from all over the country, I was talking about this problem with a chaplain, a veteran who can sport ribbons—when he dresses up—for serving with combat troops from the beginning of World War II and all through Korea. He told me:

"We know there is a definite relation between these obscene publications, smutty playing cards, pictures and comics, and crime among servicemen. Time and again our chaplains report that where there are

arrests for molestation of girls, rape, and other crimes involving sex, the fellows have a collection of pornography around."

The chaplain's observation is right on the beam with the repeated statements of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, warning that indecent literature is a major factor in the alarming growth of juvenile delinquency. That growth can be seen in the news reports of almost any day, and especially in the increase of crimes connected with sex. During 1959, arrests for delinquency among juveniles—eighteen years and under—increased eight per cent over the year before. At that rate, what will it be a few years from now?

What can we do about this problem? Are we going to let the merchants of smut get away with their business, just because there is money in it and the morals of the public be damned?

What We Can Do

There's a lot we can do. First of all, *we can refuse to read magazines and other literature which we know are smutty and obscene.* For a decent guy or gal, there's no kick in it anyhow. There's only a feeling of disgust that anyone would so dishonor manhood and womanhood by the implication of all these dirty publications, that all men are sex wolves and all women are open to being propositioned.

All around us are good, wholesome publications, with clean fiction

and features, good entertainment without the dirt. We don't have to go to the garbage cans of illicit and perverted sex to find our intellectual chow.

We can help hit the smut sellers by some stiffer laws. They have been yelling "freedom of the press!" whenever they are opposed, and of course every American worth his salt is in favor of freedom of the press. But that does not mean the freedom to defile and degrade, as numerous court decisions have made clear.

The Postmaster General has recommended some legislation to make it harder to circulate obscenity through the mails. Members of Congress, both Democrats and Republicans, have joined to handle the bills. In this last Congress, one attack gained its objective, when a bill was passed and signed by President Eisenhower to make the publisher and distributor of obscenity liable for prosecution *at the places of sale*, rather than only at the places of publication. This has helped, for parents, teachers, church leaders, veterans and many others have joined in the communities to clean up their newsstands.

Any citizen, civilian or in military service, is free to write his senator and congressman, asking that they support the legislation being offered for better control of pornography.

It's a task for every American who believes in decency, and it will pay off in a cleaner and stronger nation. ■ ■

Parents are people who bear infants, bore teenagers and board newlyweds.

Just Shut Your Eyes, and Eat!

By Henry N. Ferguson

RAIN FROM a late afternoon shower dripped through the thick foliage of a New Guinea jungle as a group of American soldiers lined up for chow. Suddenly a GI's face turned sickly-green as he accepted a plate of food from the Mess Sergeant—a plate heaped high with New Guinea “oysters.” The soldier's throat worked convulsively; he broke away from the group and disappeared into the jungle. No one paid any attention. The time was 1942, and the soldier, along with the rest of his platoon, was being trained in the fine points of survival by learning firsthand how to live off the land. The “oysters”

were the larvae of the big *Cossus* wood moth which had been baked in hot ashes.

Some of his tougher-stomached companions, who shut their eyes and took a good swallow of the “oysters,” found them rather good, with a taste not unlike a nutty-flavored oyster.

Probably the surprising thing is that such food should cause a queasy stomach at all. For centuries ago, a highly prized delicacy at Roman banquets was the grub of an allied species of the *Cossus* moth.

During the war U.S. and Australian commando troops, training in New Guinea to live off the land,



were treated to such culinary specialties as python tails, lizards and grasshoppers.

It would be handling the truth a bit loosely to say that all troops acquired a taste for these strange foods. But some did admit a liking, although they were prone to give the impression they thought the foods were really pretty rugged fare.

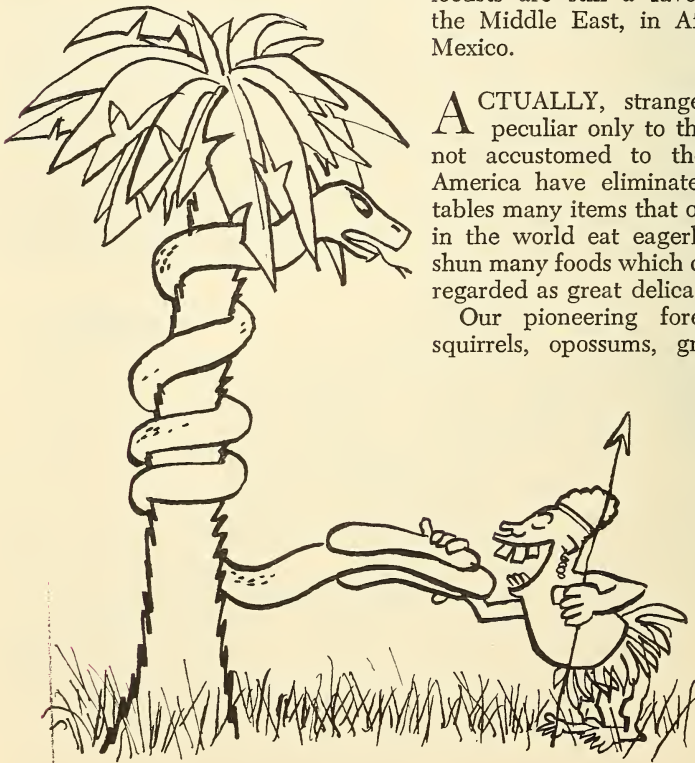
Natives of many countries have been aware for hundreds of years that the flesh of most snakes is tender and delicious. But only in recent years have gourmets in the

United States been smacking their lips and exhausting their vocabularies in praise of rattlesnake fillets.

As for the New Guinea lizards, they are rather tasty if soaked in salt water for a few hours. This removes the oil, and the white flesh has the flavor and texture of tender chicken. The grasshoppers in this area are really large yellow locusts. Soaked in salt water, boiled and shelled out they taste like prawns! But they are an ancient food, also. You will recall that John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey. And locusts are still a favorite dish in the Middle East, in Africa and in Mexico.

ACTUALLY, strange foods are peculiar only to those who are not accustomed to them. We in America have eliminated from our tables many items that other peoples in the world eat eagerly. We even shun many foods which our ancestors regarded as great delicacies.

Our pioneering forefathers ate squirrels, opossums, grizzly bears,



parrots and many other animals and birds and considered them first-class victuals. They thought they were feasting royally when they sat down to a robin pie. Even the skunk was eaten and enjoyed. Beaver trappers fed mainly on buffalo meat but also ate the roots of the white apple and munched on wild cherries and berries. When food was short they ate black crickets and even ants.

Depending upon the local taste, almost every known bird finds a place on somebody's menu. French fishermen like cormorants. African natives eat ostriches, and in Australia the aborigines feast on another large, non-flying bird, the emu.

Most exotic of all the bird foods, however, are the swallows' nests of South China which are a highly-prized and high-priced ingredient of an epicurean soup. The birds build their nests with a "cement" of gelatinous spittle, pieces of small fish and seaweed. It's an iodine and protein-rich mixture that imparts a delicate flavor to soup.

A CHOICE food in many parts of the world is the meat of reptiles. Some Southern Negroes enjoy the tender white flesh of an alligator's tail which is undistinguishable in taste and flavor from pork.

Almost all species of animals are consumed throughout the world. Monkeys are eaten in many tropical countries. The French relish horse-flesh. Cats and rats are eaten by many people and are sometimes passed off as "rabbit" in some parts of Europe. A fattened chow dog is one of the favorite dishes of Chinese



gourmets. The people of Luzon like spiced dogs, and the citizens of Inner Mongolia favor smoked dog hams. Two dishes considered fit for a king are baked elephant's heart in French Equatorial Africa and the tapir's nose in South America.

Insects make up a great part of the staple diet of some people. For instance, the Hottentots and Koreans smack their lips over termites which, if you shut your eyes, taste like sweet almonds.

Yes, certain foods are strange only if we aren't accustomed to them. The truth is that we probably can eat and enjoy almost anything that is edible if we rid ourselves of prejudice. ■ ■

TOO LATE

To his sharp remarks which stung
A quick retort will dawn
Upon my mind and reach my tongue,
After he has gone.

—Addison H. Hallock

Workmen Unashamed

By Edward K. Trefz

Heaven is blessed with the perfect rest;

But the blessing of earth is toil.

THESE WORDS from the pen of Henry van Dyke will sound strange to many in our day who regard work at worst as a curse, and at best as a necessary evil.

There is at least one passage in the Bible that tends to support the notion that work is a kind of penalty. When Adam and Eve disobeyed God and were expelled from the garden of Eden, there were certain punishments that attended their loss of paradise. Henceforth, Eve was to suffer pain in childbirth and be subject unto her husband. Adam was not cursed, but the ground was cursed on his account. Ever after the earth would bring forth thorns and thistles thus making more difficult his task of wresting a living from the soil by the sweat of his brow.

It does seem on the face of it that the need to obtain food by deliberate labor could have been avoided. There are places on earth where conditions prevail similar to those that must have existed in

Eden. Fruit and food are available for the taking, and the climate is such that clothing and shelter can be provided simply and easily. Who has not dreamed of a South Sea island paradise where life could be lived in carefree leisure?

On second thought, however, such an idyllic picture is really naive and childlike. Does any thinking man really believe that in the long run life would be richer, fuller, and more rewarding if men had no work to do?

The Bible generally does not support the idea that work is a penalty or a curse. The God of whom the Bible speaks is a creative God, actively at work in his world doing things for men. Jesus said, "My father is working still and I am working" (John 5:17). Many passages in both the Old and New Testaments speak of work as wholesome and meaningful and men are everywhere enjoined to enter their labors with diligence and joy.

Work is a way in which a person can find personal fulfillment and creative self-expression. Work is a means whereby necessary services and needed goods and products can

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be produced to serve human needs. Work is an activity in which persons, to some small degree at least, can labor together with God in furthering some of the purposes he has for this world. Viewed in this way work has its fruitful, creative, and meaningful dimension which takes it out of the category of curse or penalty and makes it one of the blessings God has bestowed on man.

Work "as unto God"

Perhaps some Christian understandings of work can be discovered in Paul's advice to Timothy when he said, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (2 Timothy 2:15 KJV). Paul was an old preacher and Timothy a young one, and the phrase "rightly dividing the word of truth" has to do with a particular vocational responsibility of a minister of the word of God. He is to use his documents and source materials with the kind of competence and care one expects a builder to use with blueprints or a druggist with prescriptions. But other parts of this advice apply to all Christians in whatever work they may perform.

Whatever work a Christian does should be done as "unto God." It is the contention of the Bible and of Protestant thought as well, that there is no distinction between sacred and secular work.

When a man confesses Christ as Lord and Savior he commits his whole life to his Lord. Whether he afterward decides to become a

banker or a musician, a farmer or a mechanic, a soldier or a missionary, is incidental and secondary. The crucial decision is that a man decides to live his life in what Thomas Kelly calls "holy obedience." This obedience is the vocation of every Christian man and woman.

How far we have departed from this concept is seen in the fact that nearly everyone thinks of Christian work as that which is done in or for the institution called the church. One of the greatest helps the church could give the man who would do his work as "unto God" would be to recover the sense of the sacredness of secular labor.

Whatever a man is called upon to do, if it is work that is necessary then it can be done "unto God" and all men should respect those who do it. A man's primary service to God is that through which he makes his living. If he feels he cannot serve God in his work, then his work is a curse and he had better change jobs.

Dorothy Sayers once wrote, "The only Christian work is good work well done." The church should say to the Christian sailor or soldier, perform your duties willingly and diligently as a service unto God. Too often the church says "Keep moral on leave and be sure to attend church on Sunday." These should be done, too, but the service of work is the more basic.

Work as Creative Self-Expression

One who thinks of his work as a way of serving God can find opportunities for creative self-expression

even in tasks that are menial and unexciting. If one does his appointed tasks well, he need not be ashamed. He can take a certain pride in what he has done and will find a measure of blessing in doing what he has to do. There are millions of frustrated and unhappy people in the world, but relatively few are found among those who feel that their work makes a definite contribution to the serving of human need.

Different jobs, however, differ widely in the channels they open for creative expression and for serving human needs. There are many in our day who have to work under conditions not of their own choosing, doing things that may be personally distasteful to them, and they are not free to make a change.

Many jobs are dull, routine, and monotonous. Their link to any necessary or useful service is so remote that little sense of creative satisfaction is possible to the worker. Moreover, many of the goods that are produced and marketed serve no real human need. Advertisers have made a science out of exploiting human weakness to get us to buy things we don't need, with money we don't have, to impress people we don't like.

It is difficult for any thoughtful worker in our day not to be ashamed of some of the things that we are all party to in our industrial economy. What can a Christian do about the erosion of values that causes us to love goods and gadgets and use people? What hope is there

of recovering a sense of craftsmanship and creative participation in work when automation is about to make the worker obsolete? How can a man feel his labor serves human need, when mountains of merchandise are sold by advertising that appeals to snobbery and status, envy and avarice, leisure and luxury? How can work serve a higher end than wages in a society where only money matters?

What We Can Do

Paul told Timothy to study and surely we must study to find the answers to questions of this kind. Here may be a few suggestions of things we can do.

1. We can study the situation and know what we are involved in. All have occasion to be ashamed of some of the things that go on in our American way of life. Let us confess that we are sick in some respects and that our way of doing things is not all that it should be.

2. We can protest against work that is meaningless, that denies a man an opportunity to participate in it creatively.

3. We can stand adamantly against any practice that exploits persons for profit.

4. We can believe and teach others that God is still God, he is still working in his world, and our common work is his invitation to share with him in carrying out his plans and purposes. Work is not a curse to one who feels he works with God. ■ ■

If it's a small world, why does it cost so much to run it?—*Composer*

The Appointed Time

For your devotional life. Take time for meditation and prayer

Vision Plus Vigor

THE WORLD is built upon the realized dreams and visions of young men," someone has said. This I believe. Young men have strength and purpose. They are not easily dissuaded. And if they fail they are more apt to say, "So what? I'll try again but in a different manner."

All youth have dreams and visions and build air castles that never come to full realization, but many do materialize. Those realized are new creations for the benefit of mankind.

Dream your dreams and see your visions! Keep them within the concept of your religious faith. And the world will see you and say of you, "There is one who has found the key to great living!"

READ: Joel 2:26-29.

PRAYER: Help me, O Lord, to dream dreams and see visions of the future and then give me the courage with thy help to make my dreams a reality. *Amen.*

Live by the Moral Law

HERE WITHIN Deuteronomy 5 lie the beginnings of the moral law for mankind. Never scorn the Ten Commandments. Never think them outdated. Look into the governments of the world today and you will find a few, if not all, of the Ten Commandments embodied there in some form or another.

These laws are guideposts on the road of life. They warn us of curves ahead, of sharp bends, or deep, dark valleys, and dangerous crossings. They plead with us to go slow, be thoughtful, and think of others besides ourselves.

Appreciate the Ten Commandments and live by them. They call for discipline. They are road maps outlining the way of

living uprightly among men. And far out beyond *The Ten Commandments* we have Christian principles to live by, too.

READ: Deuteronomy 5:1-21.

PRAYER: We thank thee, O God, for the ten laws of life. I pray for strength to live within their bounds. *Amen.*

Man of Integrity

WHO IN America but does not know the wonderful story of Abraham Lincoln who walked three miles to return three pennies he had overcharged a customer in his store? Here was a man of integrity!

To be honest means more than telling the truth. It involves that, yes, but it takes in actions and meanings, too. The honest person does not say one thing and then do another. Our lives have to be honest through and through.

God expects us to play the game square. He levels with us and we must do the same with him.

READ: Proverbs 10:1-9.

PRAYER: Teach me to walk in truth, dear Lord, all the days of my life. *Amen.*

Prayer for Spiritual Strength

MAHATMA GANDHI was one who believed in passive resistance. He would fast, if necessary, until his senses left him, to gain for his people a politico-religious edge against the British Government. The British in India came to respect this force and yielded to it again and again. Ghandi was living not by bread but by the spirit of his religious convictions and the spirit of what he believed in.

The strength of the spirit should never be underestimated. Actually, physical strength is weak beside mental and spiritual strength.

Witness those who so believe in their cause—even though it may be unworthy—that they go on a suicide raid with the expectation of never coming back.

The true Christian will discover that there will come times when he has to live by the spirit. In times like these, physical bread simply does not satisfy.

READ: Matthew 4:1-11.

PRAYER: Grant, Almighty God, to me both physical and spiritual strength, especially spiritual strength. "I need thee every hour; stay thou nearby." *Amen.*

Prayer for Learning

THE PAGES of history are full of instances where men, who at an early age did not have the benefit of learning, in later years became self-taught, well-educated men. Abraham Lincoln sits at the head of this group. He learned law, the Scriptures, history and other academic subjects by himself. And in the use of the English language he became superb. (Note the Gettysburg address.)

Don't drive down a peg on your intellectual growth. There are schools waiting to sharpen your mind and cultivate your wit. Use them.

God wants us to be people who are wise and wisdom comes from learning. A learned man, knowing God, is a chosen person among men.

READ: Proverbs 8:1-11.

PRAYER: O God, give me the desire to learn. And help me to budget my time so I'll have the opportunity to grow mentally. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

STYLE

Style is all around us,
Urgent, brash and strong,
Selecting roads for us to travel,
Pushing us along.

Things once dear, familiar,
Suddenly grow strange,
For God alone is steadfast, constant,
And will never change.

Fashion is a rascal,
Style, a grinning rogue.
But yesterday, today, tomorrow,
Heaven is in vogue.

—Georgette Weiser

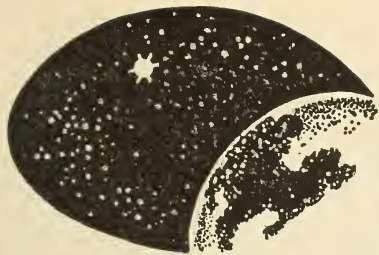
Let Us Pray

Holy Father, we thank thee for every new day and every new year. As we stand at this open door, we enter it with a sense of insecurity—unless thou art with us. But we know that if thou, O God, walk with us through all the days of the coming year, thou wilt guide us in paths of righteousness and thou wilt enable us to walk in the way thou hast planned for us. Help us to be conscious of thy presence. Thou art unseen, but we know thou art. We do not hear thee audibly, but within the recesses of our souls thou dost speak to us. Grant us the spiritual sensitivity to understand thy voice. Grant us then the courage to follow thee wheresoever thou leadest. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

God, we are grateful for work. Hard work, toil with our hands, toil with our minds, a tired feeling at the end of the day. We can mix in the dust and grime of toil and feel a sense of accomplishment. We are able to earn a living and to make the world a better place. Thou hast come in thy Son Jesus into our world to become one with men who work. We are thankful that our Savior was also one who knew what it meant to work in a carpenter's shop and one who spent his energy

on the hillsides of Galilee in preaching and teaching and healing. Forgive us for our love of ease and self-satisfaction, our laziness, our unwillingness at times to shoulder our share of the world's work. Make us eager to become laborers together with thee in thy great work, O Lord, our Lord and our Redeemer. *Amen.*

Almighty God, around us everywhere there are those who walk in immoral slime, whose aims are no higher than Satan's, who indulge in the reading of printed filth, who take the low road of life. Sometimes we, too, are tempted by these evils. Forgive us. Help us in humility to walk in pure and holy ways. As we see so many taking the low path, we pray for them that they will turn their eyes to Jesus and see him in all his purity and decency and that they will seek to become like him. Help us to help them. And forgive us for our failures for we know that there but for thy grace we go, too. Grant that we may dedicate our reading, our thinking, our living to thee; that we will take more of our time to think on thee and on thy Word; that we will let this positive Christian witness expel the evil that is so rampant about us. We pray in the name of thy pure Son, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

General Assembly, NCCCUSA

The tenth anniversary of the founding of the National Council of Churches has just been celebrated in San Francisco with the meeting of the General Assembly, December 4-9, 1960. Speakers included Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg who spoke on "The Christian Teacher's Commitment to His Living Lord," and Dr. J. Carter Swaim who addressed the assembly on the theme, "The Living Word and Our Living Lord." Twenty-three discussion groups for church school workers included such topics as: Reaching the Unreached, Mass Media in Christian Education, Group Techniques, Impact of Our Culture Upon Young People, and Drama in Christian Education.

New Methodist Board

Three nationwide boards—Temperance and General Welfare, Peace and World Order, Human Relations and Economic Affairs—of The Methodist Church became one last September. The new board will have

its headquarters in Washington, D.C., and will be known as General Board of Christian Social Concerns. Its president will be Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa.

Mankind's Greatest Challenge

"The need for more food production and a more efficient and scientific use of existing supplies stands as a never-ending challenge to mankind as a whole. It is a challenge that cannot be met successfully by any one country or small group of countries." So says Public Affairs Pamphlet entitled *That No Man Shall Hunger* (25 cents). (Published by Public Affairs Institute, 22 E. 38th St., New York.)

The pamphlet goes on: "With hundreds of millions still without adequate food and the world's population increasing by some 50 million a year, it has become evident that much more needs to be done, and done quickly, if man's hunger is to be conquered." The pamphlet has been issued to support the Freedom-from-Hunger Campaign.

Money for Theological Education

Grants totaling more than \$1,000,000 for theological education in Africa, Asia and Latin America have been approved by the International Missionary Council's Theological Education Fund. The total includes \$100,000 for the development of a university-level theological school in the Congo. \$100,000 will go to Immanuel College (Anglican and Methodist) in Nigeria and \$86,500 to the Association of East African Theological Colleges.

New Episcopal Headquarters

The National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. has acquired property located at the northeast corner of 43rd St. and Second Avenue in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, as the site for a new headquarters building. The spot is two blocks from the UN, two blocks from Grand Central Terminal, and five blocks from East Side Air Lines Terminal. A twelve to fourteen story building of contemporary design is planned, with the prominent feature a two-story chapel at street level.

Van Cliburn Makes Gift to Russian Baptists

Van Cliburn, American pianist, has made a contribution of 80,000 rubles to the Moscow Baptist Church. The money was a portion of his receipts from a tour of the Soviet Union. The twenty-five-year-old musician from Texas said his gift was in memory of his mother's grandfather who was a minister.

Denver and Family Planning

The Denver Area Council of Churches has urged the churches to back family planning services which are forbidden in Denver. The World Health Organization, the American Medical Association and the Colorado Medical Societies approve family planning but "no family planning services are given in public health facilities under direction of the city's Board of Health or hospitals or anywhere else in the state," the Council of Churches points out.

RADM Ray Needham (left), Commander Task Force 60, Sixth Fleet, and Dr. Marion J. Creeger, executive secretary of the General Commission on Chaplains, during a visit by Dr. Creeger to the USS *Independence* last September.



Protestant Men of the Chapel at Ft. Campbell

Last June, 171 delegates attended a PMOC Convention at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky. The convention represented groups from the Eastern United States and during the two and one-half day convention they discussed the theme, "Men Serving God and Country." Six seminars were held: "Armed Services Religious Program"; "Christian Faith and National Interest"; "Basic Principles of Men's Work"; "The Role of Christian Education in the Program of a Local Chapel"; "A Job in the Armed Forces as a Christian Vocation"; and "Communicating the Christian Faith in the Armed Forces."

Church World Service in Korea

Rev. Hallam Shorrock, director of Korea Church World Service (KCWS), reports that "every day KCWS serves 80,000 people one hot meal at the 132 feeding stations we have set up throughout South Korea." Two other major projects carried on are tuberculosis control and amputee rehabilitation programs. Each requires an annual outlay of \$50,000. Since setting up sixteen out-patient clinics on T.B., 10,000 cases have been treated. A total staff of fifty full-time doctors and nurses man the clinics.

During 1959, Church World Service spent in behalf of the churches more than \$6,000,000 in cash and contributed goods on its rehabilitation program around the world.



Departing for the first oversea US Air Force Chaplains Religious Education Seminar in Wiesbaden, Germany, are: (left to right by rows) Mr. Samuel J. Patterson, Director of United Church Men; Chaplain (Brig Gen) Robert P. Taylor, Deputy Chief of Air Force Chaplains; Dr. Keener Pharr, Southern Baptist Sunday School Board; Mr. John Ribble, Westminster Press; Dr. Donald Maynard, Boston University School of Theology; Chaplain (Lt Col) Francis X. Murphy and Chaplain (Lt Col) Roy M. Terry, both of the Office, Chief of Air Force Chaplains.

New Church Opportunities in Africa

New opportunities in Africa are opening for Christian churches to proclaim the gospel through mass media, despite recent unrest in some areas. Rev. Wm. F. Frye of the National Council of Churches says through radio, television and films we can make great strides in Africa and, if we don't, we'll be left behind.

The Link Calendar

JANUARY gets its name from the two-faced Roman god named Janus. One face looked back; the other ahead. So this first month of the year is a time to look back and take inventory; but it is also a time to look ahead and seek to build a better tomorrow.

Jan. 1. New Year's Day. The new year comes in on Sunday. This is a time for renewal. Why not determine to be more Christlike during 1961? Begin the year with prayer. Then, later today, go to see a football game or watch one on television. The bowl games are plentiful—Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Sun Bowl, Cotton Bowl. Thank God we live in a country where one can pray and play in freedom.

Jan. 1-8. Universal Week of Prayer sponsored by the Department of Evangelism, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Jan. 1-31. The March of Dimes Campaign. Purpose: "To finance the work of the National Foundation in birth defects, arthritis and polio." Sponsor: The National Foundation, 800 Second Ave., New York, N.Y.

Jan. 9-13. White House Conference on the Aging.

Jan. 15-21. Church and Economic Life Week. Sponsor: Department of the Church and Economic Life, NCCCUSA, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Jan. 20. Inauguration of our new President.

Jan. 20-29. National YMCA Week. Purpose: "To familiarize the general public with the scope and function of the YMCA's service to the youth of the nation and the world." National headquarters: 291 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.

Jan. 23-29. Brent Conference, Sheraton-Park Hotel, Washington, D.C. Purpose: To explore opportunities for retiring military personnel to enter church-related vocations. Attendance by invitation.

Jan. 29-Feb. 5. Youth Week 1961. Theme: "Into All the World Together." This is the eighteenth annual observance. The week's main purposes are: to help young people realize their responsibility as churchmen and to help the church see the vital importance of its ministry to youth; to strengthen the unity of Christian youth throughout the nation; and to help challenge young people, and through them their elders, to realize and manifest their concern and responsibility for people and churches around the world.

COMING EVENTS. **Feb. 12.** Race Relations Sunday. **Feb. 17.** 75th Anniversary World Day of Prayer. **Feb. 19-25.** Brotherhood Week.

Helps for Lay Leaders

IT IS well at the beginning of the year to face some of life's most significant issues. We do that in this series of five study articles—resolutions, idolatry, limitations, pornography, and work. Study the articles carefully and, when you come together in your group, be honestly sincere in searching for the answers.

1. Begin Again (Romans 6:1-14)

Why are New Year's resolutions so often failures? What safeguards do you suggest to keep from failing? What are some of the terrific challenges to us at this New Year's 1961? What does meeting them require of us? What do you think would happen in the life of the person who resolved: This year I will do everything Christ would have me do?

2. Dethrone Your Modern Idols (Exodus 20:1-6; Isaiah 40:18-20; Jeremiah 10:14-16)

What are some of the most common modern idols? How can the individual resist the crowd in not going along in worshiping modern idols? How can Christians put God back on the throne—in their individual lives, in the community, and in the nation?

3. Limitations Need Not Be Fatal (Exodus 3:1-6; 4:1-5)

What were the limitations Moses felt that he had? What were his real limitations? What physical, economic, educational and spiritual limitations do American people have? How does one go about overcoming his limitations?

4. Let's Fight Pornography! (Psalm 24)

How extensive is the evil of pornography? Why do persons read smut? Point up some verses from the Bible which condemn uncleanness of any sort. Discuss these. How best overcome pornography?

5. Workmen Unashamed (John 5:17; 2 Timothy 2:15; 2 Thess. 3:10)

Is work a curse or a blessing? What are the qualities of an unashamed workman? How can a person be a Christian in so-called secular vocations? What kind of workman was Jesus as he worked in Joseph's carpenter shop in Nazareth? What does Paul mean by: "If any one will not work, let him not eat" (2 Thess. 3:10)?

Books Are Friendly Things

Layman's Bible Commentary (published by John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond 9, Va. \$2.00 each. Set of four, \$7.00).

Congratulations to John Knox Press for this superb new layman's commentary on the Bible which is in process of being published. Volumes 9, 12, 20, and 25 have just been issued. They are: **Psalms** by Arnold B. Rhodes (Vol. 9); **Jeremiah and Lamentations** by Howard Tillman Kuist (Vol. 12); **Acts of the Apostles** by Albert C. Winn (Vol. 20); and **1-2-3 John, Jude, and Revelation** by Julian Price Love (Vol. 25). The language is simple, the scholarship is accurate, and the coverage is excellent considering the limited space, 192 pages for the commentary on **Psalms**, for example. Write to John Knox for complete listing.

Reflection Books (published by Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. New set, numbers 536 to 541. 50 cents each).

A new series of Reflection Books are now available: **By John Calvin**, selected by Hugh T. Kerr, the heart of Calvin's enduring ideas from his own writings; **Facing Protestant-Roman Catholic Tensions**, edited by Wayne H. Cowan; **First Steps in Theology** by Jack Finegan, discussing "What is God like? Who is Jesus Christ? and Why the church?"; **Evidence of Eternity**, a treasury of testimony on immortality, compiled by Hazel Davis Clark; **New Directors in Biblical Thought**, edited by Martin E. Marty, what the new movements in Bible scholarship say about man and history; and **The Witness of Kierkegaard**, edited by Carl Michalson. Selected writings from Kierkegaard on how to become a Christian. Write to Association Press for complete listing.

Here's How to Succeed with Your Money by George M. Bowman (Moody Press, 820 N. La Salle St., Chicago 10, Ill. 1960. \$3.00).

Nine out of ten people have problems in managing their money. George Bowman gives here some practical suggestions on how to make ends meet. The distinctive thing about his book is the Christian slant.

The German Phoenix by Franklin H. Littell (Doubleday & Company, Inc. 575 Madison Ave., New York, 22, N.Y. 1960. \$3.95).

The laymen of the German church taking seriously five dimensions of life—the *time in which we have been born, the world in which we live, the human being to whom we belong, the living God who is calling us, and the Christian community, the lay apostolate*—have revolutionized the church in Germany. This lay movement has significant implications for American Christianity and so we would do well to learn more about it. Professor Franklin Littell sets forth graphically this amazing success story of the German churches.

The Art of Christian Doubt by Fred Denbeaux (Association Press, address above, 1960. \$3.50)

Redefining Christianity as a creative risk rather than a security system.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

From an Australian Schoolgirl

I am a seventeen-year-old Australian schoolgirl and I read THE LINK whenever I am able to obtain a copy from our church. I find the articles stimulating and of great interest. . . . Wishing your magazine every future success.

—Ruth Blair, 457 Cavendish Rd., Coorparoo, Brisbane, Australia

Back to Korea in the Lord's Work

I am in the Air Force and have always enjoyed your magazine. One article in the August 1960 issue interested me especially, about a network of radio stations being built in Korea. I have just returned from two years in Korea and have been thinking about returning in the Lord's service as a radio technician. Could you please send me the address of the National Council of Churches which is sponsoring these stations so that I may write for further information?

—A/2C Ronald K. Albrecht, 4642 Nd. Support Sqdn.,
Malmstrom AFB, Montana, Box 231.

(Address has been sent. Best wishes, Ronald.)

Widely Distributed

Enclosed is a check which is a contribution from the Chaplain's Fund here at the U.S. Naval Disciplinary Command, Naval Base, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The magazine is widely distributed among the prison population and is read with great interest. We do not have sufficient funds for payment of normal subscriptions but from time to time we desire to make a contribution to this publication.

—Chaplain K. G. Peterson, USN, U.S. Naval Training Command,
Naval Base, Portsmouth, N.H.

(We are glad to mail these to Chaplain Peterson. If anybody wants to pick up the tab for copies of THE LINK the Naval Base can't pay for, why, of course, we wouldn't object.)

Feels LINK Is Outstanding

We think that you are publishing an outstanding Christian magazine witnessed by the fact that these magazines last only a few minutes on our free literature racks. Sixty-five thousand trainees or so pass through Fort Jackson each year and 86 per cent are Protestant.

—Chaplain (1st Lt) Howard D. Ellzey, Asst. Executive Chaplain,
Hq. Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

LINK Filling Definite Need

I do feel the LINK fills a definite need. Copies go like hot-cakes when I set them out on the table and invite men to take one after service. I have also gotten many comments on how THE LINK is appreciated.

—LT Dwight F. Zeller, CHC, USN, Care Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

At Ease!



Having spent all his allowance on ice cream and candy, the small boy asked his mother if there wasn't some job he could do around the house for a nickel. "I should say not," replied his mother. "You're supposed to save your money. As far as I'm concerned, you're among the unemployed."

Coming back a few minutes later, he tugged at her apron. "Hey, Ma," he pleaded. "How about putting me on relief?"

—Pageant

A great psychologist was once asked by a lady if he did not think

that woman was the best judge of woman. He replied, "Not only the best judge, my dear lady, but the best executioner."

—Wall Street Journal

An old Indian was standing on the top of a hill with his son, looking over the beautiful valley below them. Said the old Indian, "Some day, my son, all this land will belong to the Indians again. Pale-face all go to the moon."

—Capper's Weekly

A glamor girl's recent marriage reminded intimates of the time, during her play-the-field days, when she stopped dating one of her many boy friends.

"He's just too fickle for me," she pouted. "The minute I date someone else, he's out with another girl."

L & N Magazine

At a recent political meeting a well-known Republican was speaking. He remarked that his method of obtaining votes for the Republican party was to give every taxi driver a large tip, then tell him, "Vote Republican."

"I think my way is better," said a colleague. "I give them no tip and tell them 'Vote Democratic.'"

—Wall Street Journal

The husband of a woman who had just learned how to drive came home to find his car in the living room.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

She replied, "Nothing to it. When I got to the kitchen I simply made a left turn."

