

the

LINK

WHEN LIFE CAVES IN ON YOU

WACKY WORLD OF SPORTS

INVOLVED IN THE PHILIPPINES

August 1965

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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VOL. 23 • AUGUST 1965 • NO. 8

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COVERS

Front: Two dedicated young people, Al and Sue Bennett, involved in the Philippines. Read the exciting story beginning on page 18. Photos by Dale Whitney.

Back: It's time for sailing. Photo by David M. Mills.

Inside Front: "I have a joy . . ." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Senior citizens in Nashville, Ind. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy. Spots by Volk.

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SOUND OFF

Materials for Morning Watch

I am enclosing a couple of my devotional guides. Each day, fifteen minutes before the work day begins we observe morning watch. The only spoken part is the lesson from *The Upper Room*. It's working out well. Would be happy to send a month's supply of these that I've worked on to anyone interested.

—Chaplain, Major, Joseph F. Stuller, 6167th Support Squadron (CH), USAF, APO San Francisco 96276.

(If you are interested in getting these copies of mimeographed devotional guides for morning watch, write to Chaplain Stuller.)

Easter to 1980

I am working on a chart of the dates of Easter and the beginning of Lent. My chart presently goes to 1969. I would like to extend it to 1980. I am in need of dates of Easter and beginning of Lent from 1970 to 1980. Could you send this to me?

—SSgt Charles E. McKee, Hq. 5AF, Box 740, APO 925 San Francisco, Calif. 96525.

(Fortunately we found a chart giving the dates of Easter up to the year 2000; so we sent this on to "Chuck." To figure Lent, you go back 46 days prior to Easter, or to Ash Wednesday.)

(Continued on page 65)

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When Life Caves in on You

By Wayne E. Oates

WE go about our lives building one kind of dream-house or "stately mansion" of the spirit after another. Some of these are easily shaken; many of them collapse with the passing of time, and others are shaken down by tragedy regardless of how well they are built. When this happens, regardless of the causes, life caves in on us. We are thrust into a strangely awful world in which all the previous cues of direction are disarranged. We are nonplussed. We wonder what to do when life caves in on us. Let me venture a few plain and I hope helpful suggestions.

First, We Suffer Shock

We are hit by the hard reality of loss, disappointment, disillusionment, personal hurt. This throws us into a state of shock. The event, whatever it is, offends our sensibilities, strikes us with surprise, fills us with horror, causes us to recoil. In this state of shock, we can do some pretty strange

things because our perception of reality is distorted. As the Scripture says, we tend to see men as trees walking. Therefore, we should rely upon our most trusted associates to lead us in even the simple things of life. The ones who know us best tend to know what is best for us at this time. This keeps us from making impulsive, unconsidered, and hasty decisions that we will later regret.

For example, the father who learns that his daughter has become pregnant out of wedlock is shocked. He is likely to do things to his daughter and her boy friend that he will regret for the rest of his life in the shock in which he is absorbed at the moment. In a moment's bravado, permanent damage can be done and bad matters made worse.

Second, When Life Caves in, We Are Likely to Be Numbed by the Shock.

We lose sensitivity and walk around in a daze. Things have a

Dr. Oates is professor of Psychology of Religion, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

strange sense of unreality about them. We may go for some time feeling that all feeling is gone and that we will never trust ourselves to feel again. The pain is too great. This numbness can be adopted as a way of life.

For example, the boy who has lost a lover by a broken courtship is too hurt to let himself get involved again. The person whose life caves in by reason of divorce is likely to desensitize himself to all trusting emotions toward people of the opposite sex. The person who has a loved one who is hospitalized for a serious illness may seem strange to their friends and neighbors because they act as if nothing had happened. But these are all reactions of the numbing effect that comes after shock. Prayer that one may not lose feeling, for example, was the prayer of the Buddhist doctor who stumbled about his duties after the bombing of Hiroshima. This he tells poignantly in his book of clinical notes in which he tells of the first months after the bombing took place. (Hachiya, *Hiroshima Diary*, Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press.)

Third, When Life Caves in on Us, We Live in a World of "If-ness"

If we had not done such and such a thing, then the tragedy would not have happened. *If* God were a different kind of God, then all this were not possible. *If* God were all that people say he is, he would not have let this happen. On and on rages the battle of the mind, the struggle between the fantasy of how things *might* have been, and

the tardy refusal to accept things as they are. We will feel okay for a few hours and then all of a sudden the reality of what has plastered down upon us hits us again. We construct little fantasies of how things used to be and imagine that they are that way again. We live in a world of our own such as Alice in Wonderland never did.

In this realm of the "if" we can build our whole lives and never accept the reality that our little world has crumbled. Auguste Comte did this when his beloved lover, Clothilde, died. He built a shrine to her and worshiped her memory. This is idolatry, a construction of a world of our own with our own desires at the center. It masks us from the world of the "is," and sets in motion a distorted view of the real world.

Fourth, If we come to Terms with Reality When Life Caves in Upon Us, We Are Then Overwhelmed with Grief

A flood of sadness engulfs us. We are filled to the brim with tears. We have to cry. Tears become the outlet of all the pent-up distress we have felt. As Hannah did when she came into the temple before God, we pour out our complaint in tears and sadness. Tears are the lament of the depths of our being, expressive of that which cannot be verbalized. As such they are necessary for the healing of the hurts of both men and women, of both children and adults, and the tearless person is in real danger if his loss has been real and great. He has not through his tears confessed his desperation, limitation,

and anguish. Consequently, when life caves in, one should at some time let himself go, give in to his grief, and pour it out before God. Hopefully, there should be a trusted friend, a close and beloved relative, or a committed and capable counselor with whom this may really be done.

After this has been done, life begins to relax and reorganize considerably. Things take on a new color and hue. We begin to pick up what is left of life and the pieces begin to show new possibilities. As my son, when he was only four, taught me, I can see new hope in a new organization of the pieces of things. He had a little toy airplane, made of balsam wood and powered by a big rubber band. He let it fly in the basement. It hit the wall. It broke into a dozen pieces. He wept profusely for several minutes. Then all of a sudden his face lighted with a smile. Then he said, "I know what I can do! I can make a slingshot out of that rubber band!" He had found a new organization in the pieces of things.

But even so, grief comes back to us in stabbing moments of realization as we learn to accept the reality of our losses at deeper and deeper levels of things. Our sleep occasionally will be disturbed by a dream in which we dream that all is as if nothing had ever happened. We awaken with a start and realize in our awakening that the real world is different from our dreams. Or, during the day, we see some object or meet an old acquaintance or visit an old aunt and all the reality of

our loss becomes stabbingly real to us in pain again. Even now, when we see a mushroom cloud, the dazzling reality of the atom bomb becomes a fact again.

But the ultimate resolution of the finite experiences of the big cave-ins of life is in the discovery of a new hope and a new purpose in life. God has a way of shaking the foundations in order that the things which cannot be shaken may remain. The possibilities of these cave-ins making us bitter and impossible for others to live with are very high. Yet they can become the kind of mellowing life that makes the things we once considered as important to seem as nothing and the things we once neglected to seem infinitely precious. Some one has said that trouble has a way of transvaluing our values. The things that corrupt and corrode become of little value, and the things that cannot be shaken become indispensable. Omar Khayyam put it this way:

The Worldly Hope men set their
hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and
anon
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty
Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is
gone.

But the Christian faith enjoins us to take heed that no root of bitterness spring up and that we continue to quest for the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. When life caves in, the City of God is most likely to become apparent. ■ ■

Wacky World of Sports

By Frank L. Remington



WITH darkness fast enveloping the baseball diamond, two nines battled out a five-all deadlock. In the last half of the ninth inning with the bases loaded and the count three-and-two, the defending pitcher called for a confab with the catcher.

"Look, Joe," he declared, "no one can see the ball in this darkness. I'll wind up and pretend to throw the next pitch. You wham your fist into your mitt like you'd caught a strike, and maybe the ump will call it that way. It might work." The catcher nodded his assent.

In the interim, though, the opposing coach cooked up his own strata-gem, quickly relaying it to the batter. When play resumed, the pitcher wound up and apparently let fly. The batsman swung mightily and the crack of ball against bat (the coach's work) echoed through

the park. The batter circuted the bases for a grand slam and the game ended nine to five. Sullenly the pitcher walked from the mound. Had he confessed that he'd failed to throw the ball, the runner on third would have scored on a balk.

Though the story may be apocryphal, it is no more zany than the humorous and bizarre situations that crop up in every sport, be it baseball and boxing or football and bowling. Such mix-ups and shenanigans pack more side-splitting potential than a barrel of laughing gas. But first, back to the baseball diamond.

When he played for the major leagues, Al Schacht pulled a crazy shenanigan. As he slid into second base, he felt the low-pitched ball land under him. Under cover of the dust, Al quickly slipped the horse-

hide into his hip pocket. The opposing baseman looked vainly for the ball and finally figured it must have gone out to center field. As he and the center fielder searched frantically, Al completed the circuit of the bases. When he slid into home, the errant ball cropped from his pocket. Al got slapped with a \$50 fine, but he figured he'd had that much fun out of the deception.

When he managed the Brooklyn Dodgers, Casey Stengel once received a Bronx cheer from the fans. Bowing toward his tormentors, the Case politely tipped his cap—and out flew a sparrow! On another occasion Casey became so engrossed in delivering a pre-game pep talk that he stalked onto the field sans his pants. He discovered the faux pas only after hilarious whoops from the bleachers “woke” him up. Beating a hasty retreat, the Case’s face matched his crimson-dotted shorts.

Forgetting to “pants up” apparently afflicts other athletes, too, Heavy-

weight boxer John Twohads climbed into the Boston arena ring, threw off his robe and found he'd left his trunks in the dressing room! When Primo Carnero, the giant Italian boxer, first came to the United States, he won all his fights. The naïve ringman began to think he was pretty good. One day on the West Coast someone asked him how he liked Los Angeles. “Me knock him out in two rounds,” Da Preem declared confidently.

The annals of fistiana reveal some wacky windups to bouts. In a wild fight on the stage of New York’s Manhattan Opera House some years ago Charley Weinert sizzled several socks to the jaw of Andre Anderson. Reeling backward, Anderson fell helplessly through the ropes into the orchestra pit. He landed kerplunk, seat first, into the business end of a big brass horn, from which he bootlessly attempted to extricate himself while the referee counted him out.

ALL sorts of crazy things occur during football games. In a professional kick-and-tackle contest, the Chicago Cardinal’s Clint Wagers set the ball for a field goal attempt. Evidently his educated toe played hooky that day, for it missed the porkhide completely and slammed into Wagers’ face, fracturing his jaw. A Rice player experienced similar frustration on the kickoff to Navy. Racing toward the perfectly teed ball, he missed it—and landed flat on his back.

Gridiron enthusiasts witnessed a literal demonstration of a screened pass and a hidden ball play at a



football game in Long Beach, California, famous for its sunshine and smog. In some preposterous pig-skinning, the quarterback flipped an aerial into a patch of smog downfield, where an invisible receiver latched onto it. Then, concealing the ball behind him in the soupy smog, he ambled nonchalantly past the defending safetyman to a touchdown.

In one bit of mirthful madness a Baylor band member scooted onto the gridiron to stop a Texas runner. Fortunately, Baylor's coach spotted the maverick and tackled him. In Texas, naturally, frantic partisans occasionally pull out rifles at high school games and bag the ball at the peak of a punt.

Once, an Iowa third stringer hurled a snowball at an opposing back on a touchdown jaunt. Landing on target, the icy missile so discombobulated the ball carrier that he raced forty yards in the wrong direction. At a night game in Louisiana,

one obviously bored gridder started snoozing during a time out. When play resumed his teammates didn't miss him until they'd advanced the ball forty-six yards!

Possibly the wackiest football game of all was played in 1916, when Georgia Tech crushed Cumberland College by the score of 220-0! A newspaper account of the contest, if such it was, says, "Allen spearheaded the Cumberland offensive with a brilliant run around left end that resulted in only an eight-yard loss."

BACK in the old days a Scotsman was demonstrating the new game of golf to his guest, ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. Placing the ball on the tee, the host took a mighty swing. The club hit the turf with a mighty thud, sending chunks of earth flying. The ball remained on the tee. Again he took a nasty slice at the ball. Again it did not budge.

Grant watched the exhibition quietly. After the sixth try, he remarked to his perspiring host: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game but I fail to see the use of the ball."

One sage defined golf as: "A game in which a ball 1½ inches in diameter is placed on a ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object is to hit the small ball, not 'the large.'" Through the years, however, divot diggers have persisted in hitting "the large one" and involved themselves in a variety of goofy golfing. A Nebraska niblicker's ball landed on a snake



napping on the green. Awaking, the serpent flipped its tail and the ball plopped into the cup for a birdie three. A Pennsylvania putter missed a fifteen-foot shot by a hair, then saw a butterfly land on his ball and gravitate it into the hole.

Another avid niblicker hooked a shot. The ball sailed into an irrigation ditch, knocking out a twenty-six-inch, six-pound trout, which the golfer hauled in and took home for dinner. A Massachusetts golfer's tee shot winged into the air and dropped neatly into the clubhouse chimney. In Mineral Wells, Texas, Ed Lee made a hole-in-one—but in the wrong hole. He drove for the No. 7, but his ball hooked and dropped into the No. 9 hole fifty yards to the left.

Perhaps hooking hole-in-ones might profit from a California linksman's experience. His ball dented a car in the club's parking lot. A conscientious fellow, he wrote a note on his business card and stuck it in the windshield: "I'm sorry my ball hit the top of your hood. Send me the bill."

A few days later he received a reply: "Thanks for your consideration. The damage is so minor I'm not going to bother. May I suggest that you spend the money this would have cost you to take a couple of golf lessons. Any man with a hook that bad needs no trouble from me;

he's got plenty of his very own."

Bowling enthusiasts, too, account for their share of zaniness. Odds against rolling a perfect 300 in ten-pin alley work out to about 225,000 to one. One bowler collapsed when he qualified for the elusive "300 fraternity." Another ball roller just couldn't bring himself to play the final ball of an otherwise perfect game. Instead, he walked silently out of the place and never again set foot in a pin-and-ball emporium.

Rolling a 300 game carries the same thrill of a "hole in one" in golf. Little wonder then that one excited roller on the verge of experiencing that thrill began to shake so uncontrollably that the ball slipped from his fingers and smashed his toes. Instead of tossing the final ball, he rolled away in an ambulance.

One thing seems certain: whatever the game or whoever plays it, monkey business, tomfoolery, and singular situations will develop to heighten the interest of both spectators and players. Wacky and spectacular as the feats of some athletes have been, however, chances are no one will ever equal a trick performed several years ago at a kid's baseball game: 18 home runs on a single hit!

The game occurred in a backyard and the hit carried the ball through a neighbor's window. Immediately thereafter, 18 kids ran for home!



QUOTES: An old-timer is one who remembers when "civil service" was something you could get in a restaurant.—Jack Herbert. . . . Heard of a boy who realized his ambition to grow up and become a pirate. He became a television repair man.—Anna Herbert. . . . Money isn't everything; often it isn't even enough.—Gene Yasenak.

The Holding of Big Barney

By Max Rushakoff

In football and in life, Big Barney held the line

SHE sat in the room they both had loved. She sat in the huge chair close by the window and watched the waters of the pond lap gently over the sands of the tiny beach. The massive bulk of the deep cushions cut off the late afternoon light, so she brought the letter out farther, where the light would be strong enough to read through the tear splashes.

She had to squint a little to see the writing under the slowly widening pearshape of the last drop. He had kidded her about that squint, had poked fun at her because it had made her look, he said, all of sixteen. Sixteen! And then he had held her head in his hands, his great clumsy gentle hands, and he had brushed her eyes with his lips, and he had held her. . .

Held her! She squinted again, and slowly retraced the words. "I remember when he got here to the base, a raw, untrained rookie, clumsy and awkward as ever. . . ." Remembered when he first got there! She remembered when he left.

She had walked down to the station with him, through the woods lane, the long route. She had not wanted that walk to end, not then, not yet. So she had chosen the long way, the walk lined with flowers, apple blossoms and lilacs, and . . . memories.

He had walked with her down this lane for the first time, after the game with Waukesha. She had waited under the grandstand exit, why she couldn't have said, and when he'd come out, she'd gone up to him, and placed one hand, one hand fragile-looking in his heavy-muscled, big-fingered paw. It had been dangling at his side, that hand of his, and when she'd put hers in it, he'd looked up slowly, startled, she'd thought, brought it up with that gentleness that had never since failed to stir her, covered her hand in both of his, and looked. That was all. Just looked. So she had said, "You were fine out there. You were solid, a bulwark. No team could have gotten through you today."

And he had gulped, and swal-



lowed a little, and she saw his strong tanned face and felt his big hands burn at the same time. "Yes, ma'am, Violet, Miss Kenton," he had said, and there was a roar from around them, and a voice had shrilled, "No, they couldn't get through him, but boy, they sure ran around him. Old hold 'em Barney Gustafson. Old get in and dig Barney. Big Barney the Bulwark." There had been more, and he had gone through them with his calm eyes, and then, realizing he still held her hands, released them gently. And she had watched him go.

OH, yes, she remembered. Another teardrop, slow in gathering, made a soft splash across the ink. She brushed her eyes open impatiently, and read quickly . . .

"And when he stepped off the boat, Violet, I swear to Neptune he put his bag down and then slowly, like a big oak crashing, he tripped as always and landed flat on his face in the wet sand."

And well she could imagine what he had looked like when he got up. Well, her Barney had never been a glamor boy, never won any prizes at dancehalls. But then if she'd wanted glamor boys, there was always Allan Welden, who could sit and write letters as he had done this one. Sleek, possessed Allan. But it had been Barney. It would always have been Barney. Which was why she hadn't been able to let him go, to watch his great frame swing onto the train and to think that she might never . . .

She had watched him go, that day,

lumbering away from the roar of the rest of them, and she had waited for him the next noon, after Physics, and she had put her arm through his, and swung him sturdily, purposefully down the walk of lilacs.

And the others, chasing on either side, shouting, "Well, how did it go today, professor? Did you spill the pink liquid down the right drain? Or do you think you'll learn the thing before the course ends? Hey?"

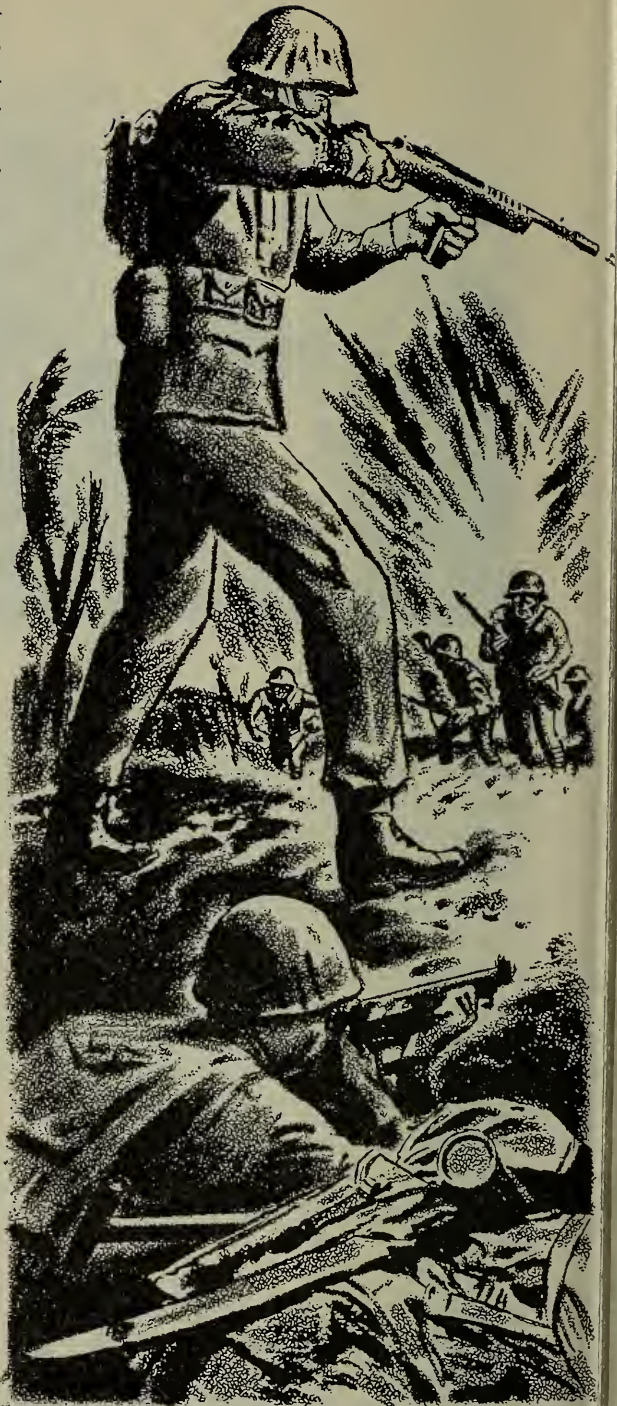
And they had walked on, he with face set straight ahead, she following his every thump of stride.

"But you did," she had said. "You did work it out. You were right in waiting. Doctor Masser said to wait until the fluid—"

"No," he had burst out. "No." And that was one of the few times she had seen him so strained, so set with tension. "I should not have knocked it over. That was, that was . . . clumsy of me." It had not been clumsy of you, you big oaf, she had thought, but she had said nothing, and in the spring, he had mastered the procedure, and developed a new technique.

Clumsy! She remembered the first bus ride with him. He had stood in the aisle, eating her up with his eyes, and there had been a blare of sound, and there they were, the students calling, "Barney, oh, Barney, you holding it down, Barney? Why don't you let them run around you, Big Barney? They sure can't get through you."

And she had looked about her, and there were the women stymied by the bulk of Barney Gustafson. They were wedged in, immovable,



the door a short two feet away may as well not be there. And Barney had reddened slowly, and as slowly backed off of the bus, bulk clearing a path for her at arm's length. And the door had snuffed shut in the midst of laughter.

In the midst of laughter. . .

". . . We laughed, of course," she read, "but Barney got up as he usually does, and we found him his barracks, and pretty soon we started to break him in on training. . ."

Like the time he had broken the slide of that Rory team man coming in from third—and then had neglected to touch the ball to the runner. "Old Barney," they had called out that time, "always there, but never doing nothing, just there. How did you ever take up with him, Vi?" and. . .

"Well, you know, it's funny, Violet, but even now I keep asking myself: how did Vi ever take up with Big Barney? Whatever possessed her?"

He had possessed her, of course, and she had trembled ever since, trembled when he had gone, trembled when she'd thought of his being gone, and never. . .

THEY'D finished their schooling, both of them, and she had taught for a while, and there had not been any children up to now, but maybe this time, and there had been more shouts, more raucous now with the years: "Why does Big Barney let her do that? What's the matter, can't he make enough? The pick of the campus, and it comes to this!"

Of course they could not have known the plans, the hopes for that

place in the country, just off the lane. And Barney had plodded on, his big hands tearing down cars, his big fingers building them up. And then had come that day "which will live in infamy . . . when the Empire of Japan. . ."

And Barney had shifted quietly into the scheme of things at the new plant, the structure for war, and his big hands had gone on building, building. . .

They had walked through the lane then, maturity giving dignity to the loveliness of her body, and he pulled her down to him and said softly, "After this is over, honey," and he had stroked her hair, gently, and kissed her. . . and held her, tight. . .

Tight. The paper crumpled, and she smoothed it out, carefully, and read: "He was a perfect picture of strength, standing there, just standing, long after the others had left the training pit, and had finished battering at him, their human target for the session. And now, Violet . . ." she turned a page, ". . . I feel that I, of all people, should be the one to tell you of it, in my own way, so that you might better understand." Here the ink was streaked and hard to read. She held the pages close to her and looked out of the window into the twilight. She knew the rest. And the trembling at the thought of him going and gone and never. . . That she had controlled. . . She shivered suddenly, down the whole length of her body. Well, maybe she would allow herself a little quiver now and then. . .

Allan had written:

"And we were down in the shell-

hole, easily a hundred of us, and there was the enemy coming. They were two to our one, but no better armed, and we had planes coming; we knew that, but not yet, and here were the Japs. Barney stood there, suddenly, against the sky, and he planted himself. I saw him twitch. He yelled, 'Around me, dogs. You can't go through.'

"And they couldn't.

"I heard the burst of his machine-gun fire. And soon the planes came. And got the rest.

"Big Barney had held once more."



"He's the only man in town who legally gets a lot of people in hot water and gets paid for it."

Daffynition

BACHELOR: A fellow who never has been **MISS** taken.—Jack Herbert.

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE SOURCE OF COURAGE

Fear can try the bravest human heart,
And men may cower in the crucial test.
We who think we really know ourselves
Forget that there is One who knows
us best;
And when we lift our hearts to Him
in prayer
He adds His greater courage to our
own,
The strength God gives for overcoming
fear
Is His assurance we are not alone.

THE REASON

We cannot know why a man does it;
We never see more than the deed.
We cannot unravel his feelings;
We cannot examine his need.
So never judge men by their actions,
Nor condemn them for things they
may do;
We only see part of a person;
We never know what he's been through.

THE SYMBOL

I saw a yard long littered with debris;
A rotting house beside a stagnant pool;
"And who" I said "could live in such
a place;
Some thoughtless soul, some poor un-
feeling fool?"
But then I saw beside the battered home
A rose well tended, with a certain pride;
It seemed to say with beauty there is
hope,
And hope is something ruins cannot
hide.

“Paris Is Dull This Year”

By George S. Wilson

OH, but Paris is dull this year,” one of our actresses complains, “all you can do is buy jewelry.” Now—that *is* tough! My heart bleeds for her. I’m sure you, too, are moved by her sad plight.

When unrest, and suffering, and sudden death are the common fare in Vietnam; when mothers in a good share of the world are frantically searching for food enough to keep their families alive; when crime stalks the streets; when, in affluent America, people are huddled in city slums, three families to one room; when the world is engaged in its greatest struggle between ideologies; when hanging over all this is the threat of nuclear war, this pampered siren of the screen is bored.

Before we use up all our energy criticizing Miss Celluloid, let’s take a look at ourselves. What are *we* doing to make the world a better place in which to live? Certainly, most of us are busy. Men work a full week. Mothers have their hands full with their families. We have luncheons and teas and cocktail parties, two bowling leagues, poker clubs, and bridge parties. But are we giving that extra that is required in today’s world? Does our concern go beyond ourselves and our families?

Neither you nor I can have any direct decisive effect on the situation in Asia, or the huddled masses in city slums, or even on the war of faiths between East and West. Don’t sell yourself short, however. If you are concerned; if you are thinking; if you are acting in your own circle; you are making an impression. We can make better people of ourselves and our families. We can create better communities. Better communities do make better countries.

If nothing else we can pray. Monica prayed for thirty years for her son, Augustine. It had its effect—for we know him as Saint Augustine, the author of the “City of God.”

Life can be frustrating. Life can be difficult—but it never should be dull. ■ ■



Al and Sue attended Ateneo de Manila, one of the best universities, for a six-week summer term to study Tagalog.

Involved in the Philippines

By Dale Whitney

IF we are really concerned with the work of Christ in the world, our concern is to become as thoroughly involved in a situation as we can." Speaking is Al Bennett, 24-year-old graduate of Northwestern University, who, together with his wife, Sue, has become just about as involved in the lives of the city

of Manila's swarming college students as an American, still learning the language called Tagalog, can possibly be. For the sake of this involvement, Al and Sue have chosen to live in the section of Manila known as Sampaloc, where, according to Al's own rough estimate, more than 200,000 students reside in

A young couple from the States carry on a Frontier Internship Mission

quarters lacking privacy, comfort, or elementary protection against fire. It is as near as they can get to the dozen or more universities there: reputable ones like the University of the Philippines, where Al and Sue study, and the Universities of the East and Far Eastern; trade schools that simply call themselves universities or colleges; and "diploma mills" run simply and openly for the profits of their stockholders. Sampaloc is convenient for Al and

Sue. They can always catch a "jeepney," one of the converted jeeps from MacArthur days which serve as public transportation. Even more, Sampaloc suits their purpose in being in Manila. This purpose they define as follows: "To learn as much about a culture different from our own as possible, through graduate study; to live in a completely Filipino setting; to have whatever conversations we may with friends and colleagues. . . . Though we make

The Bennetts made friends easily. Here they are shown chatting with natives on a street near their home in the Sampaloc quarter of Manila.





Al and Sue have fun shopping in the Sampaloc market.

no attempt to conceal our relationship to the church, we really have very few occasions to mention it, so that our life has become that of laymen within the university participating in the life and mission of the church in the same way that all laymen should, simply by living in the awesome realization that Jesus is Lord."

Al and Sue are in Manila at the invitation of the Student Work Committee of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines. Sue has

been there before. She won a Presbyterian "Year Abroad" while getting her degree from Oberlin College and spent it at Presbyterian-founded Silliman University in nearby Dumaguete. Now both of them are what is known as "frontier interns" assigned to Manila as part of a program of the Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations. The program recruits mature and dedicated students to serve for two years on a subsistence salary in strategic frontier situations.

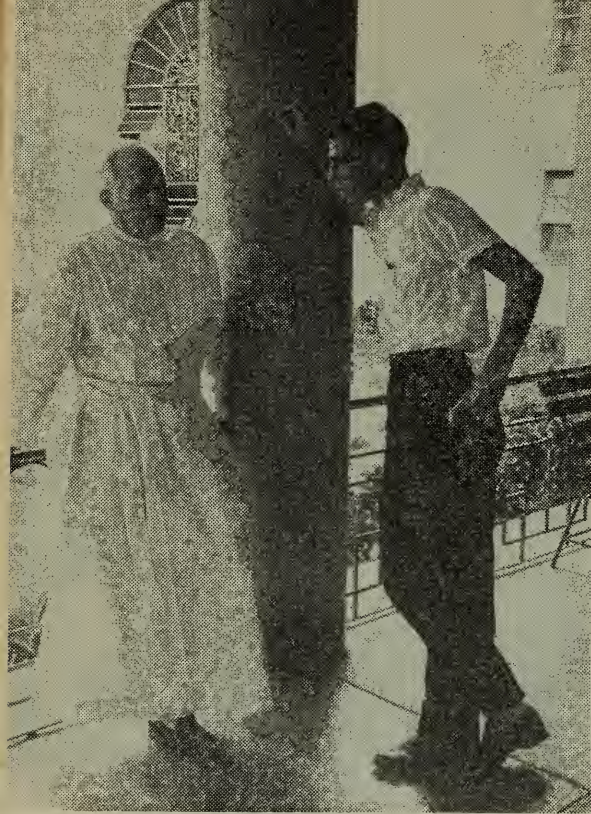
WE'VE been pleasantly surprised at the ease with which we have made friends," says Sue Bennett. "Many students come from the provinces. Their families are not able to afford a great amount for their board and lodging. Many complain of their inability to get good grades because of overcrowding, poor lighting, too much noise, too much housework to do. Another difficulty is that the educational system is based on the American one, and students come from homes holding traditional Filipino values. They sometimes have great internal conflicts about whether they should be Filipinos, or Americans, or something new. . . . On the surface, Manila appears to be very much



ABOVE: in oral English class, Al and Sue teach English, giving help particularly on pronunciation; at the same time they are learning Tagalog.

BELOW: Pastor Eliezer Napanao of the Presbyterian Church is a graduate of Harvard and Cambridge and an adviser to the Bennetts.





The ecumenical spirit prevails in their ministry. Here Al confers with Jesuit Father McCarron from Ateneo.

like the U.S. Styles are similar. American movies are popular. When the people don't act like Americans, we tend to misunderstand them. It is the same with them, about us.

"We have tried very hard to understand the cultural heritage of the Philippines, the various factors that have influenced the country and the social mechanisms that underlie their actions," says Al. "Our salary is quite minimal. We are paid 400 pesos a month, which is pretty near what the students around us get. That is approximately \$50.00, but you can't think in terms of dollars because

this country is on a different standard of living. You can't really compare dollars and pesos."

ONE problem is libraries," says Al. "Although a certain amount of books and so forth are needed in order for students to come to a university, a library is not profit-making and therefore suffers. We are very fortunate that the First Presbyterian Church of Beaver, Pennsylvania, has provided us with a virtually unlimited book fund. We spend a lot of time following up topics that people we know are concerned about.

"We have a number of groups who come regularly to our apartment," says Sue. "One group includes the

Al and Sue comment: "We spent a very large part of our time just talking with various students."



past-president of the Student Catholic Action in the Philippines, the chairman of the Student Christian Movement, and all kinds of outstanding students. It includes a young psychiatrist. Each person contributes a monthly paper on a concern that particularly interests him. This is really what we consider our job: to convene groups like this, to get people together to talk, and to bring in our Christian view."

"Since 80 percent of the population is estimated to be Roman Catholic, there has been a traditionally strong tension between them

and the Protestants and other non-Catholics here," says Al. "We are concerned to work with the Roman Catholic Church in order to understand their activities and position, and to see, if we can, how to work with them.

ONE of our main reasons for wanting to speak the Tagalog dialect is to be able to communicate with people in our neighborhood. Many of them do not speak English. Even some of the students who attend the universities. It is important so that we will be able to under-

Al is an amateur when it comes to guitar playing, but he plays well enough to lead groups like this in singing folk songs from both the Philippines and the United States.



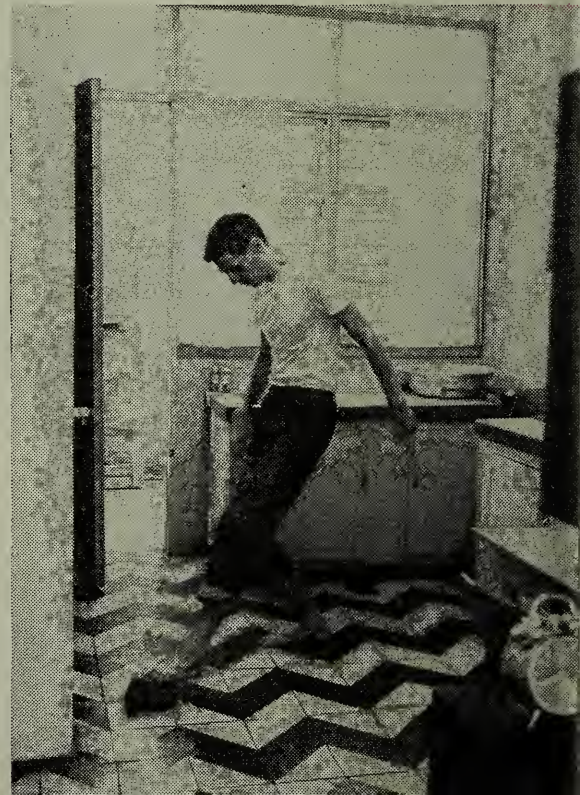


The two young people worship in the United Church of Christ. Al is wearing a barong Tagalog, the traditional formal shirt worn by the men.

stand the very different thought-patterns of the Oriental world," says Al. "We are not ordained people. We are not here as ministers in the formal sense. We are here as lay people, closely related to it. So we have been taking courses like Philippine literature at Far Eastern; sociological methods of research at the University of the Philippines; a course in population control at the Asian Social Institute, a new institution started by the Roman Catholics; and another course comparing the

cultures of the Philippines and the U.S.A. We also study Tagalog, which is now being adopted (out of some seventy dialects) as the official national language. We have participated in a good number of seminars, such as the Youth Congress on Social Economic Reform which was held a few months ago, and a series sponsored by the UNESCO-related Asian Youth Institute. . . . We are, as we said at the beginning, trying to become as involved as possible."

In the Philippines a floor is polished by taking a dried coconut husk and rubbing it back and forth over it. Al is doing the kitchen floor of his apartment.



EIGHTY percent of the population of the Philippines is rural," says Al. "So most of the students we know in Manila do not come from there, but from the country and the seashore, where we visited a fishing village. There is quite a contrast of values. We spent some time in other parts of the Philippines, too—a week up in a mountain province, for instance. This helped us understand the kind of problems a student encounters when he goes to the big

city. He finds a different world.

"We are concerned with the political situation of the Philippines. We are concerned with the way students can participate in political action throughout the Philippines and the whole world. We are concerned for the discussion of almost everything, particularly the nature of man." From these words of theirs, it sounds as if Sue and Al Bennett were as thoroughly involved as they wished to be when they set out.

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Most of the students the Bennetts know come from fishing villages like this.



Who Is My Neighbor?

By Wallace M. Hale

IN earlier times, when neighbors were scarce in this country, Americans were noted for their hospitality. If a neighbor were sick they helped his family with the farming, shared their few dollars for groceries, and continued their helpfulness until the man got better. When a man's wife was ill, neighbors brought in food and helped with the children. Families drove in wagons or walked miles to help "raise" a barn or to assist with the threshing.

People live much closer together now, but for some reason, we no longer recognize those who live near us. A woman can be killed in the midst of a city block with the "neighbors" looking on. A woman can suffer a heart attack in a telephone booth on a busy city street, or be dragged into an alley and molested by hoodlums and no one will bother to call a policeman. We pass thousands on the crowded sidewalks without so much as a movement of our eyes or head.

There was a time in England when so much coal was mined at Newcastle that only the most ignorant man would have brought "coals to Newcastle." Today we live in the midst of so many people that we are afraid to single out any one person and consider him a neighbor. We have become a nation of unfamiliar and unnoticed individuals. It is high time that we seriously hear again Jesus' story of the good Samaritan. Is there time left for a complex society such as ours to become personal or are we to inevitably push, shove, snarl, withdraw from other human beings? Can we live such impersonal lives with all others and still be personal to our families and a small close circle of friends?

The Good Samaritan Wasn't "Good" In Judea

In Judea and Jerusalem, Samaritans ranked lower on the social scale than Gentiles and tax collectors. They were considered to be the offspring of colonists brought in from

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Assyria and the Jews who had remained in Samaria when Samaria fell in 722 B.C.

They still worshiped a kindred God, but as the Woman at the Well expressed it: Jews hated Samaritans and Samaritans hated Jews. (Read John 4:21-24) Samaria had been the capital of the ten tribes, and at the time of Jesus represented an acceptance of Greek culture, worldly materialism, and obstinate disagreement with Judaism. Therefore, the Samaritan was considered too degraded to receive the friendship of the Judeans, and, for religious reasons, they would not associate with him.

There are many "Samaritans" in our modern world. Most religions place great emphasis on a person's responsibility to take care of his family, but these same religions often fail to provide guidance for care of people who are not "kin by blood." In many modern societies a sick man can fall by the side of the road and no passerby will touch him. In the United States we often ignore men who cannot find work. We may recognize that they suffer because of their color, their religion, or their lack of education but we do nothing to "bind up their wounds," even though we are wealthy, have an over-abundance of food, and possess good housing.

Jesus told the story of the good Samaritan (read Luke 10:25-37) to a crowd of people who had heard him describe the "great commandment":

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all

your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind. . . ." Then he added, "And your neighbor as yourself" (Lk. 10:27). One enterprising and crafty listener asked the "sixty-four dollar" question, "Who is my neighbor?" This young lawyer asked a good question—and he received one of the best answers the world will ever hear.

Neighbors Are Hard to Find, If You Aren't Looking

The young lawyer had a right to be troubled about this neighbor business; that is, if he was serious about serving God. Now, if Jesus meant the well-to-do couple that lived on the other side of his fine garden, that wouldn't be too bad. But this young fellow was pretty sure Jesus didn't mean that, and it upset him. Did Jesus mean all the Jews? That would be pretty hard to swallow, too. It was bad enough to be thrown together with them in this crowd in this hot weather. He probably couldn't imagine Jesus referring to the Romans as neighbors, but the word had got around that Jesus often ate with tax collectors and sinners. Possibly, Jesus could define "neighbor" in terms the young lawyer could accept.

Jesus shocked the crowd by picking out as the hero of his story the religious renegade, the despised Samaritan. A Jew, he recounted, had been set upon by cruel, malicious robbers. The first Jew who passed by his wounded fellow-countryman was a priest. The priest stood highest as a religious person in Judaism. He should have been the best ex-

ample of concern and love, but he passed on the other side. He might have got blood on his clean suit and been defiled. At best, if he stopped to help out, he would be involved in a dirty mess.

The second passerby was the second-ranking religious official, the Levite. He, too, was in a hurry. The third traveler was a Samaritan. For him to touch the Jew was religiously improper, and besides, he had good reason to ignore this Jew. But he was the one who really ministered to the needy man. He "bound up his wounds, pouring on oil and wine; then he set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."

About this time in the story, the young lawyer began to squirm; just like any real Christian ought to begin to squirm when he is faced with his own sinful behavior in human relationships. Most of us have been too busy to stop to help a person in need. We have conveniently looked the other way, passing by those who were broken-hearted, sad, embarrassed, hurt, frustrated, lonely, helpless, filled with despair, and without hope.

Who Is My Neighbor?

It doesn't take a genius to find a "neighbor" in this crowded world; it does take a Christian!

A peculiar thing has happened to the individual in the United States. Even though we are crowd-dominated, there has been a strong trend toward inwardness, toward being alone. For example, even when young people dance, they really

dance by themselves. They wiggle their torsos, but they are not communicative because their faces are impassive. They chew gum and they remain as impersonal as a coiling and recoiling steel spring. Too, we like our religion by ourselves. Men say, "I can worship God by myself. I don't have to go to church." This may be possible, but how can you have a cooperative without cooperation. What is to become of the church? What is to become of society if we are unconcerned about others and interested only in our own personal needs, wants, and freedom?

In the parable of the good Samaritan Jesus tells us that life is a journey, and we make this journey with others and we need to treat these others as our neighbors. Any person in need, fallen along the way, deserves our love and concern.

Jesus taught us to love our enemies, to do good to those who spitefully use us, and to return good for evil. He laid the basis for a world where caste would be bridged by love; where color, religion, race, language, or economic level would not form barriers that would keep men from helping one another.

Our cities are the loneliest places on earth for many men and women. A crowded barracks can be an impersonal place. One man in an armed forces parade can literally "walk alone." Even our huge churches can work like machines. At the appointed hour they can dump a "worship service" on a congregation, close with an antiphonal "amen," and send the individual

back out into the crowded world, without letting him know the great value God has accounted to him. And the great value the church ought to attribute to him as a living soul, "created in the image of God."

Since Jesus, Neighbors Haven't Been the Same

Jesus makes no distinction in men. He recognizes that God is the ruler of the world and he has taught us to love one another. We are to "go to the uttermost parts of the world" to teach men what Jesus taught us. Most of all, we are to demonstrate our love of Christ by our love for others. God has forgiven us so much, we ought to have a forgiving and patient spirit.

From Christ came our hospital system, our Community Chest or United Fund, our Red Cross, our public school system, our democratic institutions. Let us remember that without the Christian belief in the worth of the individual as evidenced in the parable of the good Samaritan, we would never recognize our neighbor. ■ ■

WORD BOUQUET

Each lovely word is like a flower
 To add a smile, a pleasant hour;
 It hangs a rainbow in our skies
 Or brings the stardust to our eyes.
 A word can be the reddest rose
 To offer love or give repose;
 For those who need a lift today
 Our words can make a bright bouquet.
 —Inez Franck

Daily Bible Readings

AUGUST

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1 Sunday	Genesis	1
2	Genesis	2
3	Genesis	3
4	Genesis	4
5	Genesis	6
6	Genesis	7
7	Genesis	8
8 Sunday	Genesis	9
9	Genesis	37
10	Genesis	41
11	Genesis	42
12	Genesis	43
13	Genesis	44
14	Genesis	45
15 Sunday	Exodus	2
16	Exodus	3
17	Exodus	5
18	Exodus	13
19	Exodus	14
20	Exodus	15
21	Exodus	16
22 Sunday	Exodus	17
23	Exodus	31
24	Exodus	32
25	Deuteronomy	30
26	Joshua	24
27	Judges	7
28	Ruth	1
29 Sunday	Ruth	2
30	Ruth	3
31	Ruth	4

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 18-25, Dale Whitney; pages 42, 44, U.S. Army; page 59, Japan International Christian University; page 60, U.S. Air Force; page 61, U.S. Navy.

“I Believe in God”

By Dan Jorgensen

THE novel, *Tortured Earth*, tells of a battle on the German-Russian front during World War II for a hill whose value would be meaningless within hours after capture. One looks into the anguished hearts of Russian and German soldiers alike. In the final chapter when a chaplain conducts a mass funeral for the hundreds who have been killed, one soldier comments to another, “It would be incredible if this, too, should be false.” Implied in the remark born of tragic battle is the fact that we need faith if we are to maintain sanity in a world of cataclysmic change.

To all the experiences and challenges life hurls at you, as a Christian you can say, “I believe in God.”

Some may say as a friend once asked Tagore, the great poet of India, “You talk of God, ever and again of God. What proof is there of a God after all?”

“Do you know what light is?” asked Tagore. “How do you know that there is such a thing as light? How can you prove it to me?”

“Why, I see the light,” replied his friend. “It is there and needs no

proof. It is self-evident. It floods the world.”

“So it is with the reality of God,” said Tagore. “I see him within me and without me, in everything and everywhere. He needs no proof. He is self-evident. He floods the world with wonder.”

The problem is not what we are willing to do for God, but rather can we know him? We are finite creatures; he is infinite. Is our thought of God a vast conceit, the dog wanting to be more than a dog, the clay longing to be spirit?

He who would know God must be willing to embark on a voyage of discovery. God cannot be crammed into a neat definition, a pat formula, or locked inside a chapel. He stands outside and laughs. How often we have gone to church and found him not. Even the most ornate temples seem grubby and artificial if he is not there. Then we have gone outside and found him in the happy laughter of a child, a mother’s tears, or in a glorious sunset.

When I was a boy four years old, my mother took my sister and me for a walk in the fields about our

prairie town in Kansas. She pointed to the prairie flowers, the meadow lark singing, and the rosy sunset and said, "God made these." I remember yet the sweet ecstasy of the Divine Presence, the care of the Unseen, and the mystery of life. I asked, and it seemed irreverent, "Who is God?" She said "He is our Heavenly Father. Someday you shall know him." Yet after more than forty years, I can say that I have seldom known him better than in that sacred moment.

When you come into the dimension of spirit, are "born again," perhaps some "enchanted evening," you will know him, and life will be different.

God is revealed in nature and in human history. Abraham journeyed "not knowing whither he went" but obeying the insistent voice in his heart; Moses saw God in the burning bush and risked all for a wild dream of national freedom; the poets, kings, and prophets sang a song of

God and righteous life—all these testify in flesh and blood of what they felt and saw.

God is revealed in Jesus Christ who taught assurance, love and trust and who died on the cross to reveal the extent of God's love for us. When we read his life we find ourselves drawn irresistibly to him and goodness.

The religions of the world show this insistent hunger of man and his reaching out in prayer to the Unseen with the basic conviction that beyond sight is One who answers prayer.

Why cannot we believe in God? He who has revealed himself through nature, history, and Jesus Christ? It is our pride: the statue saying to the sculptor, "Prove that you exist—that you can mean something to me," or the machine saying to the designer, "How do I know that you are real? You are not made of steel!"

A story is told of three priests in a certain temple who asked to see God and died not seeing him. A beggar in that temple looked at the sun one day and prayed, "If we cannot bear the sight of the sun, how can we see Thee? Temper the vision of Thyself that I, a man, may know Thee." He opened his eyes and saw a loaf of bread, his wife and child, and the sunset. He prayed, "Thank you, God, for showing thyself through love, food and the glorious world. Truly, thou art everywhere and I knew it not. Now I find thee through food, my home, and the sky above. Never again will I be alone."

Open the eyes of your soul, my friend, and joyfully say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." ■ ■



Discipleship and Censoriousness

By George A. Buttrick

Chapter 8 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount

JUDGE NOT": but the manager of a baseball team must judge, e.g., when to send in a new pitcher; and voters must judge between candidates and platforms; and a judge on the bench must judge as to the innocence or guilt of the accused man. Can we help judging? No. But our English word "judge" is like the Greek word in this instance: it has many meanings. The context (read Matthew 7:1-6) leaves little doubt as to Christ's meaning: "Do not judge censoriously." Yesterday I heard a mother say to her teen-age daughter, "Don't go picking people apart." That is the meaning. "Picking people apart" doesn't seem to us a very serious sin, or we would not spend so much time in carping gossip. But Jesus wanted us to understand that it carries issues of life and death.

I

There are three reasons here given against censoriousness, though they are minor reasons when compared with the major reason. First, we have sins of our own, and we shall be judged precisely as we judge our neighbors. To this reason we shall return. But we should here face facts without flinching: none is without sin. Jesus said of

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those who proposed to stone an adulteress: "let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Christ may have meant not other sins, but the same kind of sin! "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," least of all stones of acid condemnation.

The second minor but momentous reason is this: censoriousness robs us of power to judge our own or another man's transgressions. The censor's sin is as big as a log just because he is a censor! (The word "beam" in the King James Version means the main beam of a house.) The sin of the man he criticizes may be like a speck of sawdust in comparison. All this does not mean that "to know all is to forgive all," for to know all may leave us aghast at the depth of evil in human motives. We must not be sentimental. What is meant is that we cannot read our neighbor's secret life, much less uncoil his motives. We cannot uncoil our own motives. "Picking people apart" itself makes our sin as big as a log, for (as only one item) we thus deeply wound people: "Give a dog a bad name, and you hang him." The folk in a French village, so the story goes, condemned one neighbor as a miser, only to find on his death that the money he had (stingily?) saved he had willed to the village to build an aqueduct from a mountain lake so that the village might always have a supply of pure water. Carping criticism increases our sin until it is like the main beam of a house.

The third reason is this: censoriousness betrays in us the very same sin that we have brought under judgment. The psychologists call it "transfer." They mean that we try to escape self-blame, though we know that we are blameworthy, by blaming our neighbors—for the same sin. Nations are guilty under this count: we condemn Russia's materialism, which indeed is so overt that it has become a creed, but what of our own? We print, "In God We Trust," on our coins, but care more about the cash than about the motto. Corporations are guilty. A certain bank paid an underling an inadequate wage for handling millions of dollars in farm mortgages. When the man stole money from the bank to pay the mortgage on his house, the director of the bank dismissed him on the spot and took his house to restore what he had stolen. One of the directors said: "We kept it out of the papers for his sake." For *his* sake? He added, "Perhaps we should have sent him to jail." Said I (perhaps too censoriously), "Yes, if you sent the directors with him." They condemned his stealing, but themselves stole from his salary. Each of us is guilty: if we accuse a man of buttering up the sergeant, we confess that we know full well

what buttering up means, and that it has crossed our minds. So every carping criticism is a boomerang.

II

But these reasons, though weighty in themselves, are light compared with the real reason, which is this: *Only God can judge*, and he is merciful—at cost. *So the censor is guilty not only of trying to usurp God's throne, but of forgetting God's true nature.* Thus the log—a whole forest of logs. Only God knows a man's secret heart. Only he is righteous to judge. We have not dealt in these studies with Luke's version of "The Sermon on the Mount" (he says, "on the plain"), because space forbids. But the two versions should be compared, for the Lucan version is in many instances closer to the original. As to censoriousness, Luke makes the discussion pendant on, "Be merciful, even as your Father is merciful." The version by Matthew does not name God, but "ye shall be judged" can have only one meaning: we shall be judged by Him who is "judge of the whole earth." By what presumptuous pride do we push Him off the Throne to deliver our poisonous condemnations? That sin is indeed a "log"; other sins are a "speck" by comparison.

There is basic justice in our world. The sins we condemn (and hide within ourselves) do not go unpunished. God does not keep ledgers. If he did they would not be balanced every week. But at life's end. . . . ? What chance would we have if God kept ledgers? Why do we heartily dislike the "reformer" and are drawn to the saint? Is it because the one man is concerned about other people's sins, while St. Francis and his kind are concerned about their own? God's very mercy may plunge us into shame, and thus become our darker judgment.

Stress that fact: God's judgment comes in mercy. Else who "could stand"? That quotation from the Psalms continues: "But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." The word "fear" in that context means holy fear, reverence, and praise. We see the forgiveness in Christ who gave us The Sermon, and without whom it cannot be understood. Christ shrank from censoriousness. To the covetous man who tried to enlist his help in the settlement of an estate he said: "Who made me a judge . . . over you?" Of his message and work he said: "For God sent his Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him."

Imagine Christ on the cross, censuring his enemies: greedy traders, Temple hypocrites, cruel Romans, morbid crowd, fickle disciples. These adjectives are ours: He did not use them on the cross. Instead he prayed: "Father, forgive them." The "them" is—ourselves. Christ never condoned the wrong. Often his indignation flashed, but only because of his love for the oppressed. Now where is our presumptuous censure?

So we too should forgive: carping is "out." The disciple must be as his Lord, and live as child of his heavenly Father. Luke's version says that just as we shall be judged as we judge, we shall be forgiven as we forgive (Luke 6:37, 38); and adds that the forgiveness shall be "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over." That last phrase is interesting because it is the very language which grain salesmen used in Christ's time to attract customers. Christ had quick eyes and ears. He heard that appeal, and said, "God's mercy is such, and more!" As we read that we are judged as we judge, and forgiven as we forgive, we must not assume that God's dealings with us are a tit-for-tat. If they were, we would have no chance of salvation. No, the meaning is that by censoriousness we ourselves bar the door against God's always-encompassing grace, and that by mercy we open it. He will still knock, but our censure may soon make us deaf. This question should be added: how is the man we criticized to be changed? Not by our censure, for that may harden him. How are *we* to be saved from censoriousness and other sins? Not by our criticism of others, for that hardens *us*. Both censured and censor are saved only by God's grace—at cost of the cross.

III

The added saying (v. 6) hardly belongs in this context unless it directs us to a wise kind of judging. We have made clear that The Sermon is one of five collections of the sayings of Jesus in Matthew's Gospel, and that the author has arranged the sayings in a mosaic design. Just as space forbids a close comparison of the Matthew and Luke versions of The Sermon, so it forbids even more a description of the way in which units of the Gospel took their present form in The Four Gospels. These units are called "pericopes" by the scholars. The word means literally "cut around," as we might cut an item from a newspaper. Suffice it to say that verse six may be its own pericope. But we may perhaps regard it as an instance of justifiable judgment.

If so, we should notice the fascinating contrast in terms. "Dogs" were regarded then as wild creatures, scarcely tamed wolves, and prejudiced Jews called the Gentiles "dogs"; and pigs then were unclean animals (ritually and actually unclean), and the Prodigal Son reached depths of degradation when he was sent "into the fields to feed swine." In contrast, "holy" was the word then used of sacrifice: an unblemished lamb offered on an altar was "holy"; and "pearls" were greatly coveted jewels, so that Jesus described the kingdom of God as "a pearl of great price." Some scholars believe that Jewish exclusiveness has crept into the Gospel through this passage (as instance of censorious judgment!). But we may still assume that these words are an instance of sensitive and discriminating judgment.

If so, we are told that *we should not expose Christ's truth to ridicule or blunt refusal*. Instances are legion. Road signs about our being "saved by the blood of the Lamb" standing among other signs with their commercial "pitch" make us recoil: they seem to lower the gospel to the same commercial level. And what of catchy sermon-titles to lure the unthinking crowd? Is the gospel ever proclaimed if it is first cheapened? Should the solo, "He was despised," from Handel's *Messiah* be offered in the midst of a rock-and-roll concert? We must be slow to judge, but we can be sure that we should exercise care lest we "cast pearls before swine." When a blustering Pilate asked Jesus, "Do you not hear how many things they testify against you?", Jesus did not reply offering prayer with Pilate, though assuredly he prayed *for* him, nor did Jesus proclaim the gospel in loud tones. No, Christ gave Pilate "no answer, not even to a single charge," though he knew the charges were false. Sometimes the only good answer is no answer. Christ answered in silence. Sometimes the disciple should leave an alien scene, and thus wait for a time when hearts are not alien and tongues not full of venom. Man's need remains, and soon the time will come when a disciple may pray and speak. ■ ■

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE CHRIST'S DISCIPLE

1. A man who stands in God's power alone
2. Always to be thankful
3. Constantly moving Godward
4. To participate with God in the sufferings of the world
5. To parallel in one's experience Christ's

—F. W. Kates

Trail Cutter

By Wayne C. Lee

Lou was tempted to build up the LW stock by double-branding the strays

LOU WOODS saw Sid McCool as he rode into the Circle S yard. It didn't help his morning a bit.

Lou reined over to the hitchrack in front of the house and dismounted. John Singer, owner of the Circle S, and his daughter, Beth, came out of the house. That brightened Lou's morning considerably.

"Good morning, Lou," Beth said brightly. "We're glad you could help us today."

"I'm helping myself, too," Lou said. "I've got a few cattle, you know."

He wished he had more. That was the real pinch. Every time he saw Beth, he wondered if he had done the right thing in leaving the Circle S payroll and starting his own little spread.

It had seemed right at the time. He had to have something better to offer Beth than a future as the wife

of an ordinary cowboy before he could ask her to marry him. If he owned a ranch, even a little one, he had felt it would raise his status a great deal.

But building up his own ranch had taken him away from the Circle S. And the Circle S was where Beth was. He might very well lose the bird while he was building the cage for it.

Sid McCool came from the bunkhouse leading a saddled horse. Lou found it hard not to scowl at him. Sid was a handsome fellow, a smooth talker, and he had a way of making people like him. He was attracted to Beth like a bear to honey. But then all the eligible young men in the county seemed to be affected the same way. The others didn't worry Lou. Sid McCool did. Beth liked him, but just how much, he didn't know.

"You've probably got plenty of

work to do at home," John Singer said to Lou. "I hate to ask you to stop that and come to help me. But we're swamped with work and too many of our cattle have drifted over east of the river. That's close to the trail north. I figure I'd better get a couple of trail cutters over there to cut that big herd Slim says will pass there today. There is bound to be some Circle S stock mixed in with it."

"I might even have a cow or two in that herd," Lou said.

"I know Sid and you will do a good job for me," John Singer said "Sid will be leaving me soon, too."

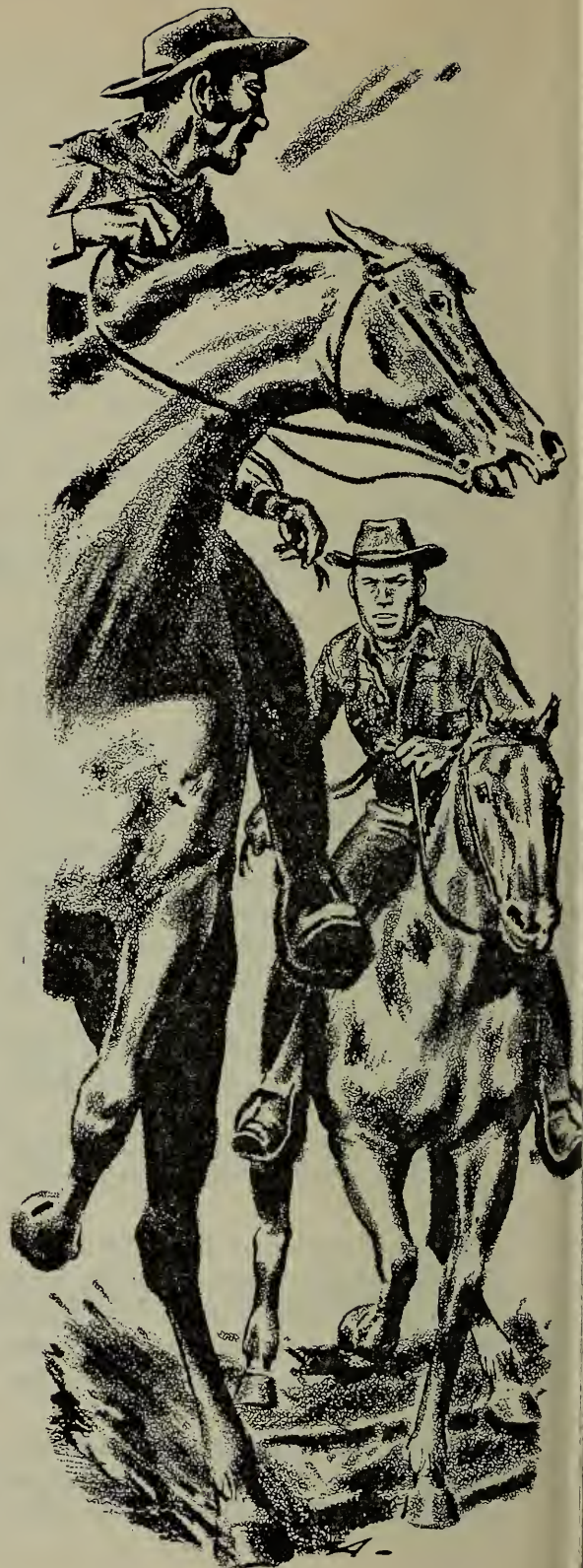
"Oh?" Lou said, half hopefully and half fearfully. He shot a look at Beth but she seemed undisturbed. Sid wasn't leaving for the reason that had first struck Lou. "Where is he going?"

Sid spoke up in his soft drawl. "My uncle died and left me the old Double Diamond ranch. I'm going to move over there and make that a humdinger of a spread."

Lou felt the world crashing down around his ears. His one advantage over Sid McCool, he felt, had been the fact that he owned a ranch, a home to offer Beth. But if Sid had his own ranch now, and a much bigger one than Lou had, then Lou had no advantages at all.

GOOD hunting boys," Beth called after them as they rode out of the yard together.

Her words were strictly impartial, Lou thought. She was giving no hint which of the two she favored, although she must have known that



it was uppermost in both of their minds; at least, it was in Lou's. Lou had known Beth the longest but with a man like Sid McCool, time didn't mean much. He had a way with people, especially girls, that superseded long acquaintances.

"When are you going to quit the Circle S?" Lou asked, to break the awkward silence as they rode out of the yard.

"I gave John a week's notice," Sid said easily. "That's up tomorrow. I've got to get the Double Diamond fixed up."

"Better worry about stocking it first," Lou said. "There's not many cattle under the Double Diamond brand now."

"I'll build up the herd in time," Sid said. "But I don't intend to live in that big house alone. First, I'm going to fix it up for my bride."

Lou didn't ask who the intended bride was. Sid McCool always seemed to get what he wanted. Lou didn't want to hear him say he wanted Beth Singer.

They sighted the herd to the south when they reached the trail at the northeast corner of the Circle S land. Lou's LW ranch was off to the south of the Circle S, just a wide spot on the prairie compared to the bigger ranch. Lou doubted if any of his dozen cattle had wandered east far enough to get mixed in with any trail herd but it would pay him to look. He certainly couldn't afford to lose any.

One of the riders on point of the big herd saw Lou and Sid waiting and rode ahead to meet them.

"Trail cutters?" he asked.

Lou nodded. "We're repping for the Circle S. Also the LW, in case there are any mixed in your herd."

"Don't forget the Double Diamond," Sid added.

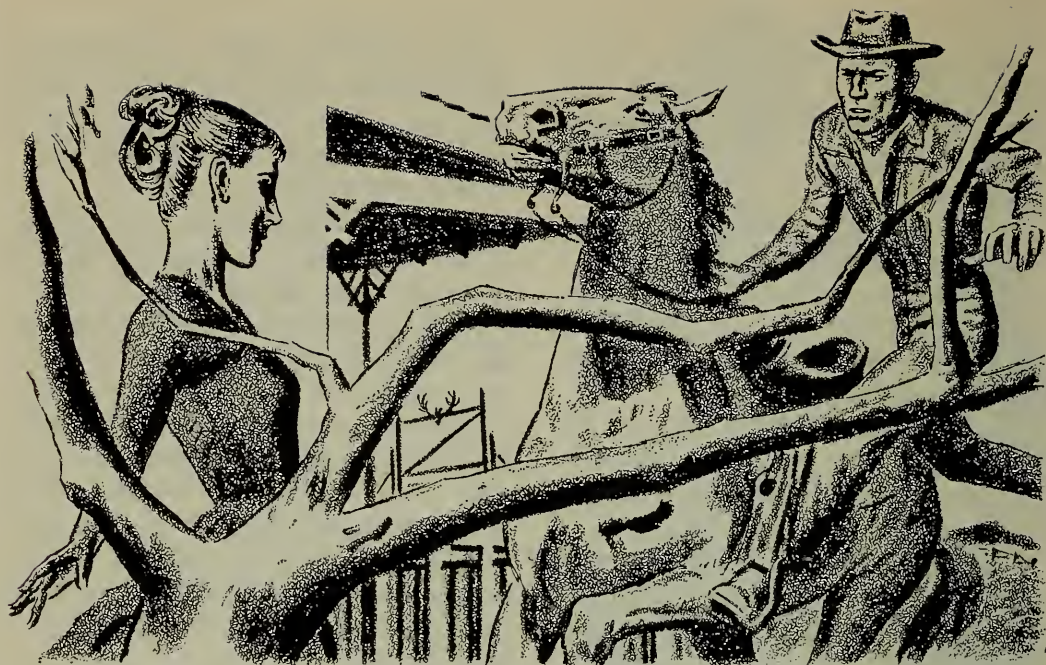
"Don't recall any Double Diamond or LW critters," the rider said. "I think we have picked up some Circle S stuff yesterday and this morning. I'll hold up the herd here and you can cut it."

While the herd was being brought to a halt, another man rode up. "I'm Abe Tovar, trail boss," he said. "My men will help you cut any stock that belongs to you. Jim tells me you're repping for several outfits. You pick out your cattle. The Box One is our road brand."

Lou nodded and started slowly along the edge of the milling cattle, reading the brands. One brand caught his eye almost immediately. It was a simple W. Lou saw it on several cattle. The Box One road brand wasn't on any of the W cattle. That meant they didn't belong to Tovar's trail herd.

The possibilities of that brand struck Lou with a force that made his head swim. There must be at least twenty head of W cattle here. Abe Tovar knew that he and Sid were representing more than one outfit. It would be simple to say that he was repping for the W brand, too. He could take those W cattle home, burn an L in front of the W and he'd have twenty more LW cattle. That would give him a big enough herd that he'd be in a position to ask Beth to marry him without delay.

Lou saw two Circle S steers out in the herd and, with the help of



a trail hand, cut them out. He angled through the herd, looking for the cattle he was to sort out. When he reached the far side, he saw the cattle Sid was cutting out. There were four Circle S cows, one Double Diamond, and three W cows.

He reined over to Sid. "Do you know who those W cattle belong to?" he asked.

"To Sid McCool now," Sid said softly. "Use your head. Tovar said we could cut out the strays. The W critters are strays. All I'll have to do is burn two inverted V's over the top of the W to make a Double Diamond."

Lou nodded. Sid was right. The brand was a big W. Two inverted V's above that W would make a perfect Double Diamond. Sid had an easy way to change that brand, too.

"You're a fool if you don't pick up some of those W critters for

yourself," Sid went on. "Burn an L in front of the W and you've got your brand."

Lou nodded. "I thought of that."

He reined back into the herd. Taking these strays would certainly be no worse than mavericking like so many had done for years down in Texas. Many big ranchers had got their start that way. Tovar didn't claim these cattle. So why shouldn't Lou take them? If he had them, he'd be able to ask Beth to marry him now. If he waited much longer to ask her, he would be too late. He was sure of that.

He pointed his horse toward a W cow that was close to the edge of the herd. But before he reached her, he reined away. Call it by any name he chose, it would still be stealing. The W cattle didn't belong to him. If the owner never cut the herd and claimed them, then they would be-

long to Abe Tovar. That was the law of the trail. Lou wasn't going to break even that law.

WHEN the cutting was done, they had found sixteen Circle S cattle, one Double Diamond, and Sid had cut out twenty-one W cattle.

"Those W critters are mine," Sid said as he and Lou pushed the cattle off to the west of the trail herd, which was starting on north. "You could have had some but you didn't cut any out."

"I know it," Lou said. "They weren't my cattle. They're not yours, either."

"You're not going to tell anybody that!" Sid warned ominously. "Nobody knows for sure how many critters are on the Double Diamond now. These will just be added in with the others."

Lou said no more. The whole thing left a bad taste in his mouth.

He rode over to the Circle S Sunday afternoon as he usually did. He almost dreaded it today. He expected to find Sid there, claiming victory over him. Or maybe Sid had already swept Beth off to his new ranch. But if he hadn't, Lou was going to find out just where he stood. He didn't have any more to offer Beth now than he had six months ago. But he'd offer what he had. It was better to be rejected outright by Beth than to keep on hoping and worrying.

Sid was nowhere in sight when Lou rode into the Circle S yard. Sid's time was up here on the Circle S so he must be at the Double Diamond. Lou's fears that Beth

might be there, too, disappeared when she came down the walk as he was dismounting.

"I'm glad you came, Lou," she said.

"I expected Sid to be here," Lou said, not being able to keep his fears buried.

"He won't be coming any more," Beth said.

Lou's jaw dropped. "Why not?"

"I don't want anything to do with a man who steals." She dropped her eyes. "I'll admit I did like Sid. He invited me over to look at his ranch and I went. That's when I saw those freshly worked-over brands. Were there some cattle in that herd you cut branded with a W?"

Lou nodded. "How did you figure that out?"

"I'm no greenhorn, Lou. I know the difference between an old brand burn and a fresh one. Those W's had been worked over into Double Diamonds. Why didn't you take some of those cattle and brand an L in front of the W?"

"How do you know I didn't?" Lou asked.

Her face colored. "I rode down to your place and looked. A girl has to be sure about the man she is choosing."

Lou started to say something but the words choked in his throat. His question had been answered without his even asking it. He wanted to throw his hat in the air and yell at the top of his voice. But he merely reached out and took her hand.

"I've been sure of the girl I wanted all the time," he said softly. ■ ■

The Scrawny Fellow

By Harold Helfer



Ernie Pyle, famous war correspondent during World War II, in the Anzio Beachhead Area with the Fifth Army.

HE was scrawnier than ever . . . and a very tired man . . . when I ran into him.

It was at a "beach house," a hovel on Okinawa. World War II was still in progress—in fact, the last great battle of this conflict was being unfolded here.

The Marine Corps outfit I was with had taken over this deserted house by the beach. About a dozen or so were making this vantage point our "home." Before the day was over there was still another. He was Ernie Pyle.

He'd become famous as a correspondent covering the war in Europe. And now, the struggle there having finally petered out, he'd come to the Pacific end of things.

I'd look at him and wonder why. He was the most famous reporter of his day, a legend in his time. His dispatches from the front had acquired almost the awe of reverence about them. They were "must" reading. Probably no newspaperman was ever better known, or had achieved more personal renown.

He really didn't need any more glory and there wasn't much more about war that he could say. But the thing, I think, that made me stare at him most was that he was so tired looking. I'd seen quite a few exhausted men in my time—even Marines get a little done in once in awhile, you know—but I never saw anyone look so weary-like as this little man with the lined face.

Best-loved war correspondent during World War II

There was a difference between his tiredness and the tiredness of any Marines or soldiers or sailors you might run into. There was a tiredness of the moment; no matter how woebegone and bedraggled they might have become as the result of some sortie—one effort or other—you knew that a few days of rest behind the lines and they'd come bouncing back. But Ernie Pyle's weariness was built-in. It was soul deep. He'd had it.

He should have been back home in Indiana. He should have been anywhere but on Okinawa.

But there he was, in our midst, quiet and thoughtful, with the roar of battle all about us. I had the feeling that he felt under some compulsion to be here with us. The war in Europe was over, the war in the Pacific was still on—i.e., it was his duty to be out here now. He'd become so identified with the GI, and had come so to identify himself with the GI, that the two had now become inseparable. Ernie would have felt like a shirker if he hadn't been out here.

If death, so unwanted a thing, can ever be described in such a way, perhaps it was fitting that Ernie Pyle should have met his death out there, he who wrote so well of Americans who went to far-off, lonely places to fight and die. Also, there was some irony involved, something which this skinny correspondent could handle so beautifully on his battered typewriter.

I REMEMBER so well Ernie getting peeved with us that evening. It was so unexpected, this gentle soft-spoken man, suddenly venting his anger at us that we were all quite startled and abashed. Not that he wasn't in the right. What had happened was that some of us, disgusted with the sour sickening saki smell of our "beach house," decided to burn some of the furniture which seemed to be guiltiest of being permeated with this odor.

So we carried this stuff outside and made a bonfire out of it. When Ernie Pyle showed up a little later he was outraged and began trying to put out the fire single-handedly. "You shouldn't have done this," he laced into us. "This will draw Jap planes like flies to honey."

Jap bombers had been coming over and strifing our positions on Okinawa every twilight. It was still an hour or so before that bewitching hour. But Ernie had a point—two, in fact. For one thing, you can't always snuff out big bonfires the exact moment you want to. Time-wise, we were playing this too close to the chest. Another thing was: Even if you do succeed in putting the fire out on schedule, if you wait until the last minute to do so, there's always the danger there'll be some embers around, maybe barely detectable from the ground but something that makes a pinpoint target from the sky in the shadows of evening.

I suppose, as much as we all admired Ernie Pyle and were honored



This memorial marks the spot on Shima where Ernie Pyle was killed by Japanese machine gun fire in April, 1945.

to have him with us, there might have been a touch of resentment at having to take this "off a civilian," but nevertheless we dutifully pitched in and helped the scrawny man put out the bonfire. And not a moment too soon, as it turned out. We'd

scarcely put the fire out, it had taken a little more effort than anticipated, when the Jap planes came buzzing across the horizon. They put on one of the most devastating bombing shows of the war.

Somehow or other our little

“beach house” managed to survive, though there was much devastation all around us. The next night—my own outfit had moved further inland—this house, which had been taken over by another group, was struck by a bomb in a routine and rather mild sort of bombing night and everybody in it was killed. And it was within a twenty-four-hour period that we learned that Ernie Pyle, who’d left this house too, maybe somewhat in disgust at us and our bonfire, I never knew, had been killed—by a sniper’s bullet.

Well, war is full of such ironic inconsistencies, as Ernie Pyle understood so well. There was still another irony associated with his death which Ernie undoubtedly would have appreciated even more, since it was of a more gentle, bittersweet nature.

I am just now finding out about it myself. I don’t know how too well known this is. I only knew, like most people, I suppose, that Ernie had been killed by a sniper’s bullet when he participated in the invasion of the small island of Shima, just off Okinawa, a kind of minor and almost a sort of after-thought action when you consider the raging Okinawa battle as a whole.

Anyway, I’ve just run across at the Pentagon some details of what happened at Shima. The Japanese, it seems, did not take too kindly to our presence on this tiny island. It was about as insignificant a blob of real estate as you can imagine, but it did have some airstrips on it and therefore was considered to be of some strategic importance.

So Japanese patrols and snipers remained hot and heavy on this little island. Nevertheless, Ernie Pyle set out with Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Collidge, regimental commander, on a scouting expedition. They hadn’t gone too far when a Japanese sniper, concealed on a ridge, opened fire on the colonel’s jeep.

The burst of gunfire sent them scrambling out of the vehicle into a roadside ditch. After a few minutes, as quiet reigned again, Ernie peered over the edge of the ditch.

It was a very human piece of action. And it brought to an end the life of the man who’d written so humanly of war and the battlefield.

There was another outburst of fire. Ernie Pyle went slumping down. He was dead, shot three times in the temple.

In his right hand was the fatigue cap he always wore in “safe places.”



World Congress on Evangelism

Fifty-five key evangelical Protestant leaders from twenty countries have been named to the Sponsoring Committee of the World Congress on Evangelism, to be held in West Berlin, October 26—November 4, 1966.

Educated Toy

Dad: “Isn’t this a rather complicated toy for a small child?”

Clerk: “It’s an educated toy, sir, designed to adjust a child to live in the world today—any way he puts it together it’s wrong.”—*Sunshine Magazine*.

If You Are Married To...

By Edward D. Staples

IF you are married to the girl you thought you married, you're lucky. Most people find that after marriage characteristics show up which are not what they expected. For some it is better than they thought it could be. Others are disappointed but feel there is enough good to make it worth salvaging. When both husband and wife work at making their marriage a success, it usually becomes a very rewarding venture.

What did you expect?

So many novels and movies end "and they lived happily ever after" that many men and women look upon the wedding ceremony as a goal rather than as a beginning. Every marriage has some problems. You can't take two people, brought up in different homes with different parents and generations of tradition behind them, put them together into close contact day after day and not expect some difficulties to arise.

"She is not the girl I married," is

probably true. Neither are you any longer "the most wonderful man in the world." The chances are you liked this lead position. You enjoyed being the most important person in your wife's eyes. You now resent the change. You're sure you haven't changed so your wife must have done all the changing. What do you think about it?

The trouble is, you have both changed in the eyes of the other because you can see sides of each other which were not obvious before marriage. During courtship you each put your best foot forward. Neither wanted the other to know there were some things of which you were afraid—poverty, sickness, ability to cook, the other's friends, in-laws, slovenly habits, religion, social graces, temper, selfishness or sex. Each may have covered up some of these fears thinking they could be compensated for in that wonderful institution, *marriage*.

Do you believe "love is blind"?

Mr. Staples is the director of Family Life, Board of Education, The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn.

In the days when you were sure you were in love could you overlook some of the attitudes which now annoy you in marriage? Could you forget some of them now if you found other characteristics to admire? Genuine love is deeper than the minor problems of poor house-keeping, similar tastes and the family budget. If there is love, these problems and many others can be

worked out. It will take work, but love is willing to work.

“Love suffereth long and is kind . . .” (1 Cor. 13:4).

Let’s look at some other problems. These may take more effort, more love and infinite patience to solve. Marriage is rarely a 50-50 proposition. (Do you agree?) Generally one partner has to put more into the marriage than the other.

If You Are Married to an Alcoholic

Pete Henderson came to the chaplain saying, “I can’t live with her any longer. She’s a confirmed alcoholic. She was not home for two days and a night. Last night the police picked her up. She had broken into an empty house, took her bottle with her and drank until she passed out. The neighbors saw the lights on this morning and went over to investigate. My wife knew these people were away from home.”

“Did you know she was an alcoholic when you married her?”, asked the chaplain.

“Of course not. She didn’t even drink four years ago. Some of my friends drink and we soon discovered Esther couldn’t hold her liquor very well but we never thought it would get this bad. She passed out a couple of times at parties or on the way home. We have two children but they’re too young to know just what the trouble is although they sense something is wrong.”

This is not a problem which the chaplain or anyone else can solve for Pete. He and his wife have to work it out. The chaplain helped Pete see that alcoholism is a disease and must be treated as such. He reminded Pete that he would not walk out on his wife if she had T.B. or a heart ailment. She needed his love now more than ever before. He suggested they talk with their doctor about the problem and reminded Pete that Alcoholics Anonymous had a chapter in a nearby town. They can help those who want to be helped. Pete thought this last experience was shock enough so that Esther might make some effort to solve the problem. The chaplain reminded him that she would need a lot of help and that Pete and his friends could help her avoid situations where liquor was served until she had will power enough to refuse drinks when offered.

Should Peter Henderson feel any

responsibility because his friends drink and offer cocktails to his wife?

Can Esther want to be cured of

her alcoholism and still have relapses? How can Pete help her avoid a recurrence?

If You Are Married to a Spendthrift

“What would you do if your wife just couldn’t resist a sale?” was the way Jerry MacDonald expressed it. He had always been very careful of his money. When they married he had \$1,500 in the bank. It seemed like a lot of money, for he had not earned much before he was married. Both he and his wife planned to work after marriage, but the baby arrived less than a year later. That took some of his savings and they felt they needed a bigger car. Now the savings were gone. He had joined the Army, although he might have been able to claim exemption, because he thought it offered some security.

Things would have gone pretty well if his wife could only hang on to money a little better. When she went down town she just couldn’t help buying new clothes, hats (though nobody wears hats much) and gadgets for the home.

“But it only cost \$7.98,” she would say plaintively.

But women aren’t the only ones who can’t hang on to money. A story in a Denver paper told of a career Army man who had been arrested for not paying his bills. It was discovered that he had an income of \$465 a month but had

bought a home, two sports cars, clothing, and household appliances on credit and his monthly payments amounted to \$489 a month. How could he? His wife worked and as long as her pay came in regularly they managed nicely but when she took sick and could not work they went steadily into debt.

“He just can’t help but spend money,” his wife complained. “He didn’t need that second car but thought it was a bargain.”

Men buy cars, boats, books, sports clothes, liquor or stocks. Women buy hats, dresses, or shoes and some are tempted by candy. Spending money is a compulsion with them. Let’s look at some of the reasons. Virginia buys clothes her husband can’t afford because of insecurity. She’s afraid that unless she can look as pretty as other women her husband will not love her and may turn to someone else. Actually, George loves her very much and as he is quite frugal by nature, would prefer that she buy less so they could save something. He can’t understand why she spends so much on clothes. Would it help if they talked it over occasionally?

The Hopkinsons entertain a lot. They are always having people in for dinner or for cocktails. Their

liquor bills are very high and some months they can't pay all their bills. It is getting embarrassing. Fanny thinks they should entertain less but Jim feels it adds to their prestige. They argue about it every month but do nothing but get deeper and deeper in debt. What's back of Jim's desire to get ahead? Possibly a memory of depression days when he was a child. He may need psychiatric help but he would laugh at this idea. Meanwhile they are bickering and losing respect for each other.

What can Fanny do to help Jim? If they could each know how the other felt it might help. A good marriage counselor might guide them to understand themselves but they do not yet feel the need to seek help. If they kept an expense account and could see where their money goes, they might have greater trust in each other and be able to agree where they could balance the budget.

Overspending may be one partner's way of getting even with the other for some imagined slight. Or it may be due to difference in background before marriage. A wife whose parents earned \$15,000 a year may have difficulty learning how to live on \$6,000 a year or less. What she considered essentials may be luxuries to her husband. If she is used to buying what she wants on charge accounts, the resulting bills may wreck their marriage. Before marriage love seems strong enough to conquer all obstacles but insufficient income takes a lot of glamor out of marriage. This is a real test of

the depth of love. How deep is yours?

If you have financial problems consider the following steps:

1. Agree to go over your problems together.
2. Put down everything you owe and the monthly payments. If they are too much to carry, you may have to re-finance.
3. How much interest are you actually paying? Would it be cheaper to get a bank or credit union loan?
4. Keep track of all expenditures for a month. Food, clothing, entertainment, rent or payments on house, car expense and other items. Can you cut down on these *each* month?
5. Draw up a budget and agree to live within it. If not too drastic, it may be fun to feel you are accomplishing your goal.
6. It should bring you closer together to try to solve your problems but if you run into difficulty, do not hesitate to talk to a bank manager about your problems. There may be a person on the bank staff especially skilled at working on family budgets but any banker will be glad to try to help you. Your minister, chaplain, or a marriage counselor may be of assistance.
7. Beware of loan companies offering you more credit. Their interest rates may be high. Learn how to figure interest rates and shop around until you find adequate terms.
8. Take God into partnership. Be a good steward.

If You Are Married to an Unbeliever

If you are married to an unbeliever or one with a radically different faith from your own, what can you do? With Americans traveling all over the world there are bound to be marriages with persons of other faiths or with no beliefs at all. Only 67 percent of Americans profess any church membership, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, but many consider themselves Christian who have never had any connection with a church.

Religion may become much more important after marriage than it was thought to be before the ceremony. There must have been some attraction before marriage. If religion is now a battlefield, go back to your reasons for marriage. What is there upon which you can agree? What do you have in common? Do you care enough for each other to make an effort to understand each other? Does one have stronger beliefs than the other?

Some will advise you that no compromise of beliefs is possible. Others will suggest that you both give up your church and join another together. Many decide to avoid the subject and never speak about religion. But what about your children? They have a right to and a need for religious training during childhood. They are seeking answers to religious questions. Will you deny them this guidance?

David's parents were devout Jews. Before he joined the Navy he regu-

larly went to the synagogue services with his parents. In the Navy he was not regular in his religious observances for some of his friends were not active Christians or Jews. Then he met Mary, a Protestant. They had become acquainted at a party for servicemen and she invited him to her home. They did not talk about religion until their fourth date and although Mary seemed a little disappointed that he was a Jew, she said, "What difference does it make as long as we have each other?" In a few months they were married in Mary's home. The minister talked with them about the sacredness of marriage and pointed out that they would have some problems but they were so much in love that they hardly heard him. They were sure that love could overcome all of their differences.

Trouble began when Mary announced that she always went to church on Sunday mornings. David liked to sleep Sunday morning. His refusal to go with her seemed to strengthen her determination to go regularly. When they visited David's family, he asked Mary if she would go to the synagogue with them and she agreed. Some of David's friends seemed a bit cool about his marrying a Gentile but Mary was impressed by the beauty of the service.

Another source of difficulty was the dietary laws which David observed. Mary would forget what he could and couldn't eat and covered

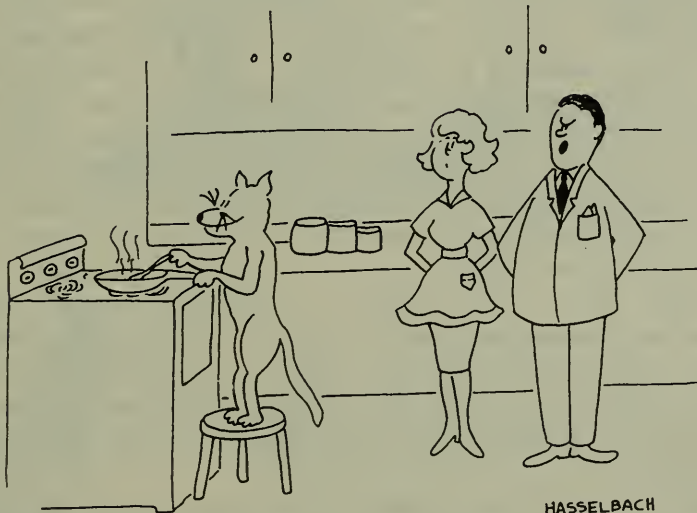
up her mistakes by arguing, "What difference does it make, anyway?" This would start a real argument about the importance of one's religious beliefs. No one ever won these battles and they seem to come more and more frequently.

If Mary and David cannot reach a compromise, can they agree to respect each other's views and learn to accept their problem? How can they solve the problem of the religious education of their children? Will training in both traditions be too much or too confusing to the child? Are there other complicating factors in a Protestant-Roman Catholic or Catholic-Jewish union? Is it better if one can agree to attend the church or synagogue of the other so that children can have the security of a common faith?

These are questions which every couple involved in an interfaith mar-

riage has to answer to its own satisfaction. A minister, priest, or rabbi may be able to help them work out an agreement but it must be acceptable to both man and wife. They should not hesitate to seek help.

A successful marriage is one in which both husband and wife find satisfaction and fulfillment. One may give more than the other to the relationship, but does so gladly. There may be differences of opinion but there must be essential agreement upon what is important in life. Each will respect the other as a person and neither will consciously use the other as an object or thing. Emphasis will be placed upon the areas upon which they can agree rather than magnifying differences. Happiness is a by-product in marriage which is not only desirable but possible but is seldom found when it becomes the goal of life. ■ ■



HASSELBACH

"That dog is getting too irritatingly fussy about his food."

The Babe of Tennis

SOME great sport stars have been known to prepare for their special field of sport when they were mere youngsters. Here is the story of a great tennis star who was forced to play tennis when she was a youngster because the only playmate she had was a boy and the only game he wanted to participate in was tennis. Poor little Helen Wills had no choice, either take up tennis or play alone. Her father, Dr. Wills, a pretty fair hand at tennis, was elected to teach his daughter the fundamentals of the sport. She became such a good pupil that he enrolled her at the Berkeley Club when she was thirteen years old.

It wasn't long before little Helen began to defeat most of the players around the club courts. Two years later she captured the National Junior Girl's Championship. At sixteen she played in the finals of the U.S. Women's Singles Championship against the great Molla Mallory. One year she defeated the great Mrs. Mallory in the finals to win her first U.S. Women's National Tennis Championship.

In 1926 Helen entered the tournament at the Carleton Club in Cannes, France, and lost a heartbreaking match to the famous French star, Suzanne Lenglen. Beginning in 1927 she won eight titles at Wimbledon. In 1928 and 1929 she captured the triple crown of tennis with victories in France, England, and the United States, a record that has not been equalled as yet. She lost a game by default in 1933 when she walked off the Forest Hills court for no apparent reason while playing against Helen Jacobs.

Two years later, in the "Battle of the Two Helens," she made up for that unpleasant incident by playing one of her greatest games, and winning it. In 1938 she made the sports headlines by capturing her eighth Wimbledon title. After this great victory, Helen decided to retire from the strenuous sport and devote her talents to illustrating and writing.

In fifteen years of competition against some of the greatest tennis stars, this amazing athlete won seven U.S. singles, four U.S. women's doubles, two U.S. mixed doubles, eight Wimbledon singles and two

Wimbledon doubles and the Helms North America World Trophy (1929). Quite an impressive record for a lass who was forced into a sport she didn't care for. "Little Poker Face," as she was called by her fans, because of her expressionless face when playing, resides in Los Angeles, California.

—Mario DeMarco

Dog Heroes

by
MARIO
DEMARCO

WOLF WAS ATTACHED TO THE 27TH INFANTRY BATTALING THEIR WAY THROUGH CORABELLO MOUNTAIN IN NORTHERN LUZON TOWARD THE STRATEGIC BALETE PASS. WHILE LEADING AN INFANTRY PATROL HE BECAME AWARE OF THE ENEMY ENTRENCHED ON A HILLSIDE ABOUT 150 YARDS AWAY, THEREBY GIVING THE MEN TIME TO TAKE COVER. DURING THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED WOLF WAS INJURED BY FLYING SHRAPNEL.



WOLF

IN SPITE OF EXPERT MEDICAL CARE AND AN EMERGENCY OPERATION, THE 25TH DIVISION'S CASUALTY LIST INCLUDED AMONG OTHERS—
WOLF, U.S. ARMY WAR DOG, T121, DIED OF WOUNDS—WOUNDED IN ACTION.



THE DOG SHOWED NO SIGN OF PAIN HOWEVER AND REMAINED SILENT. THE PATROL WAS OUTNUMBERED AND PARTIALLY EN-CIRCLED BY THE ENEMY. THEY DECIDED TO WITHDRAW SO THAT THE VITAL INFORMATION THEY HAD OBTAINED COULD BE DELIVERED SAFELY TO HEADQUARTERS. BEFORE THEY FINALLY RETURNED TO CAMP WOLF HAD ALERTED THE MEN THREE MORE TIMES

Abraham: Friend of God

By Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

WHEN one person says about another, "He is my friend," he pays him a lofty tribute, for he is saying: "he is a co-worker, a comrade, a partner; he understands, he has good, old-fashioned faith, he believes in me."

If it is an honor to be called the friend of another human being, how about the person who is called "a friend of God"? It is a higher testimony and stands for close ties, loyalty, harmony, brotherhood and love between that man and God.

Abraham was such a man. In the letter of James we have this compliment paid to the first patriarch: "'Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned to him as righteousness'; and *he was called the friend of God*" (James 2:23).

You can read the thrilling story of this man's life in Genesis 12-25. You will also find other references to him in the Bible which portray him as a man of gigantic faith and mighty works. (See especially Hebrews 11:8-10, 17-19; Romans 4:9-15; James 2:21-24.)

Abraham lived during the first half of the eighteenth century B.C., around 1775 B.C. He is one of the leading personalities of the Bible—and of all history for that matter. He was a "tall man," the pioneer of believers, and the faithful of three great religions—Judaism, Moham-
medanism and Christianity—look back upon him and call him father!

Now what did he do and what are the qualities in him that led James to call him the friend of God? How may we become a friend of God?

First, He Heard God's Call

In Genesis 11-12, we find Abraham (or Abram as he was first called) living in Ur of the Chaldees and then in Haran when God called him. Perhaps the call came first to Abraham in Ur and then was repeated in Haran.

Ur was a large city (four square miles with a population perhaps of 500,000) on the Euphrates, not far from the Persian Gulf. Its civilization was well-advanced; there were two-story houses made of sun-dried mud

brick and later "burnt" brick. It was an agricultural and commercial center; many of the people were well-educated and very religious for Ur was a center for the worship of the moon-god, Nannar.

The *Habiri* (Hebrews)—the people of whom Abraham was a part (someone has facetiously said "The first Jew was a Gentile")—had probably come into Ur (or on the edge of Ur) to escape the drought of the desert and to find jobs. They were semi-nomads, herdsman and shepherds, and lived in black tents. By the time of Abraham they, or at least many of them, had become a part of the civilization of Ur.

And then came the call of God to Abraham and God said: "Go from your country and your kindred and your father's house to the land that I will show you" (Gen. 12:1).

"Separate yourself from all this. Go—away from your country, your family, away from the worship of the moon-god!"

It was a call from God. It was a call to break ties—family and community. It was a call to leave Ur—and later Haran. A tourist not impressed with modern Ur once remarked: "No wonder Abraham left; even Job would have!" But compared with the desert—or even rocky Palestine—Ur was not so bad.

It was a call to faith for Abraham did not know where he was going. It was a call to adventure. It was a call to service for through Abraham others were to be blessed.

And Abraham heard the call!

It is a wonderful day when a man hears the call of God indicating what

he should do with his life. That call came to Columbus, another pioneer, and he discovered a new world. In Washington, D.C., in front of the Union Station, there is a beautiful statue of Columbus. On it is an inscription which reads: "To Christopher Columbus: Whose High Faith and Indomitable Courage Gave to Mankind a New World."

Sometime, somewhere along life's way God's call comes to each of us. Like Abraham it is our privilege to listen for that call, to hear and then to heed.

Second, Abraham Responded with Faith

Abraham was a friend of God because he responded to God's call with faith. Charles Spurgeon rightly declared: "Abraham's faith was the secret of his conduct." True, there was the delay at Haran—a "delay in history"—but the call came again, and Abraham started out once more. Now that his Father Terah had died, Abraham could begin again.

So he took his family (along with his nephew Lot), his herds, his possessions and off they went. Where he was to go Abraham did not know. He said, "I'll go" but it was up to God to give the specific direction. His group would set up their black tents along the way, rest and feed their flock, and then move again. Eventually they came to the Land of Promise.

Abraham possessed the quality of faith in great measure. What is faith? In the biblical sense it is simply trust in God, obedience,

moving out when one cannot see all the way. As John Newman put it: "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me." Faith is putting your hand into the hand of God and going forth. It is venture-some action. It means confidence in God.

Now faith in God means more than merely believing that God exists. If you say to your wife, "My dear, I believe in you," you mean something more than: "I believe you exist." You mean "I trust you. I count on you. I have the utmost confidence in you." Donna L. McMullen defines faith thus: "Faith is the hanging-on quality; it's the doing-something-toward-a-hope quality; it's the vote-of-confidence-for-God quality."

Our times call for faith. It is a time of fear, of doubt, of perplexity, of cynicism. As has been said, When the night comes, it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. It is faith we need for by faith we are saved; by faith we see the way to travel; by faith we believe God is still in control of his world and we trust him.

Third, Abraham Committed His Whole Life

Any man who commits his life as Abraham did can be called "a friend of God." Now this does not mean Abraham was perfect. For the Scriptures honestly reveal him as a man with many weak points, too. For example, when he went down into Egypt because of the famine, he lied about Sarah, called her his sister instead of his wife. Later, he became impatient with God and had a son

by Sarah's handmaiden, Hagar, instead of waiting for the child of promise.

But on the whole, Abraham passed more tests than he flunked. When strife arose between his herdsmen and Lot's, Abraham generously allowed Lot to pick his dwelling place. And the selfish Lot chose the fertile land of the Jordan River and left Abraham with the rocks.

Then finally came Abraham's great test—he felt compelled, in light of the child sacrifice going on in the pagan religions around him, to offer up his son Isaac. If the false religions could be so sacrificial, should he not give up his son? And he climbed up to Mount Moriah with Isaac by his side, erected the altar, and got ready to slay his son. Then suddenly, a ram was caught by his horns in a thicket of bushes; and it came to Abraham that this was God's way of showing him that an animal could be devoted to God instead of a human being. God did not require a human sacrifice.

But Abraham had been willing! He had not held back the very best, the child of promise, his beloved son! Thus we see a man who had committed his whole life to God.

And this is the challenge to us. We face life's tests, too. It is an age of unbelief. It is an age of the cold heart and the selfish desire. It is the age of a half-hearted commitment. We forget that Christ went to a cross and he challenges us: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me" (Luke 9:23). ■ ■

Worship and Wonder

By Edwin S. Davis

WORSHIP meets our needs in many ways, but it has one profound value which we may overlook. Worship renews our sense of mystery toward life. The need for a sense of mystery becomes most evident when we observe the lives of those who have lost it.

The late H. G. Wells was such a man. Although possessing one of the most gifted minds of his generation, he came to the end of his days full of despair and cynicism. Mr. Wells gave us a clue to his morbid outlook in his own words:

There was a time when my little soul shone and was uplifted at the starry enigma of the sky. That has gone absolutely. Now I can go out and look at the stars as I look at the pattern of wallpaper on a railway waiting room.

Yet, tragically enough, this has happened to many people. They may not have the literary ability of H. G. Wells with which to express their despair. Still, they get their point across. Theirs is that bored, blasé, fed-up attitude of the "beat generation." Life, for them has become a dull, mundane, pedestrian affair. Because of meaninglessness within, they sense no grand and glorious mysteries without. Hence, they think they know all the answers when in reality they don't even know the questions.

The ultimate questions—those that lead to a deep sense of mystery—do not pertain to bank statements, stock market returns, where to get it wholesale, or even how to increase chapel attendance. The questions that bring a reverent sense of mystery are asked not on a quiz show, but on our knees. They inquire who we are, why we are, what is life, what's behind the universe, how do I fit into the scheme of things, and above all, who art Thou?

It was John Ruskin who said, "I would sooner live in a cottage and wonder at everything, than live in Warwick Castle and wonder at nothing."

To lose our sense of the mystery of life is to lose all hope of finding the meaning of life. And the hope of finding this lies not in worldly wisdom, but in worship. Worship will not answer all our questions, but it will teach us what the questions are. It will not give us all the answers, but it will assure us there *are* answers. ■ ■

Lift Up Your Heart

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again.—Anonymous.

In prayer faith reaches up, grace comes down.—F. W. Kates.

O Lord my God, rescue me from myself, and give me to thee; take away from me everything which draws me from thee; give me all those things which lead me to thee; for Jesus Christ's sake.—*Preca-tiones Piae*. (1564).

Storage Space

Life is a trunk wherein we store
Something every minute.
But from which we cannot take
More than we put in it.
—Inez Clark Thorson

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. Is there no other way the world can live?—Dwight D. Eisenhower.

An idle man's head is a factory for the devil.—*Arab World*.

I always knew there was a God, but I didn't know his name.—Helen Keller.

There's just one way to bring up a child in the way he should go, and that is to travel that way yourself.—Abraham Lincoln.

Some parents say: "We will not influence our children in making choices and decisions in matters of religion." Why not? The ads will! The press will! The radio will! The movies will! Television will! Their neighbors will! Their business will! Their politicians will! We use our influence over flowers, vegetables, cattle—shall we ignore our children?—*The Trumpeter*.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

CWS Relief Supplies to Chile

After the earthquake disaster in Chile this spring which devastated 18,000 square miles and killed 400 persons and left many Chileans wounded and homeless, Church World Service immediately released relief supplies stocked in warehouses in Chile. Also air shipments were made from the U.S.A. to supplement these supplies. Shipped were 1,000 blankets; two million multi-purpose vitamin capsules; antibiotics and medicines; 2,000 mess kits and 10 soup kitchen kettles for the feeding stations. The Lutheran World Relief also diverted emergency supplies to Chile and the World Council of Churches set up a fund of \$200,000 to aid survivors.

"Put Christ Back into the Marketplace"

Christian colleges have been challenged to "put Christ back into the marketplace among the people" by Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps and the anti-poverty program. He was the speaker at the annual session of the Council of Protestant Colleges and Universities.

National Council Puts Resources at Service of Tornado Victims

Immediately after the strike of the devastating tornadoes which hit the Middle West, U.S.A., the National Council contacted the Red

The first American to earn a master's degree from the International Christian University in Tokyo is SFC James D. White, who took half of his courses in Japanese. He had received his bachelor's degree from the University of Maryland Far East Division. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. White of Hutchinson, Kansas, went to Japan to see their son receive his degree from President Nobushige Ukai.





Baptism during Lutheran worship service at Naha AB Chapel. L-R: Chaplain, Capt, Richard G. Eisemann; S/Sgt and Mrs. Robert D. Clark; CM/Sgt and Mrs. William Wheeler; Mrs. Earl Carpenter; Mrs. Ronald E. Niklaus and Ronald E. Niklaus. Children were Karen Renee and Lisa Ann Clark and Gregory Kevin Niklaus.

Cross in the stricken areas and offered the material and financial resources of the U.S. churches.

The Church and Social Action

"I fear that some groups of Christians may be misguided in permitting social action to become a substitute religion. Social action is legitimate and necessary for the Christian if it flows out of Christian gospel. But, if a man has lost a strong belief in the gospel and uses social action as a substitute, then I don't go along with it." So spoke the Rev. Dr. David C. Read, Minister of Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, New York.

Family Homicides in New York

The Police Department of New York City made a study of the 637 homicides which occurred in the city in 1964. Among the figures released were these showing homicides within families: Sixteen husbands were killed by wives. Twenty-seven wives were killed by husbands. Nine sons were killed by mothers. Five sons were killed by fathers. One son was killed by both parents. Mothers killed twelve daughters. Fathers killed four daughters. Four sons killed their fathers. One stepson was killed by his stepfather. Two brothers killed brothers; two killed sisters. Sisters killed one brother and one

sister. Four brothers-in-law killed brothers-in-law. Eighteen common law husbands were killed by their common law wives. Twenty-nine common law wives were killed by their common law husbands.

Whew! 135 of the 637 occurred right in the home—which is supposed to be a haven of love!

Drinking and Driving Among Teen-agers

In an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, April 10, 1965, on "Teenagers: Why They Drink Too Much" by Bill Davidson, it is reported that teen-age drinking frequently leads to murder of a sort—to slaughter on the highways. In the last two years more than 10,000 persons have been killed in accidents caused by drunken drivers; and more than 4,000 of those fatalities were caused by teen-age drunks.

Conference on India's Rising Population

A recent consultation on India's rising population was held in Bangalore. Attended by government leaders, officers of factories and banks, Protestant medical doctors, theologians and church leaders, the conference concluded that "widespread famine, starvation and unemployment face India within twenty-five years unless immediate steps are taken to stop the nation's 'population explosion.'"

New Protestant Chaplain in Moscow

The Rev. James L. Barkenquast, a pastor in the Lutheran Church in America, has been appointed to serve for three years as Protestant chaplain to English-speaking residents in the Soviet capital. Services are held in the minister's apartment—38 Lomonosovsky Prospekt.

Crew members and their guests enjoy services in the new chapel aboard the Norfolk-based anti-submarine warfare aircraft carrier USS *Intrepid* (CVS-11). Chapel was officially dedicated by Capt G. A. Wright, Fleet Chaplain.



The Link Calendar

AUGUST is the 8th month of the year and gets its name from Emperor Augustus. If you want a month named for you then you must have been born a long time ago. But the name doesn't mean much, except as a means of identification; the important thing is *what you do with time*. August is a good time to attend a religious camp, or conference, and of course, a fine time to take a vacation. It is the heart of the summer.

Aug. 1. The 8th Sunday after Pentecost. In Hawaii, state canoe championships are held. The Valley of the Moon Chess Festival begins in Sonoma, California.

Aug. 1-7. National Clown Week; also National Smile Week. (Why not a National Gripe Week—and then smile all the rest of the year?)

Aug. 4. Coast Guard Day. The U.S. Coast Guard was founded August 4, 1790.

Aug. 5-7. Maine Seafoods Festival. Rockland, Maine. "Have a lobster!"

Aug. 6-8. All American Indian Days. Sheridan, Wyoming.

Aug. 8. 9th Sunday after Pentecost. Also International Character Day. But we raise a question: Isn't good character something to be emphasized the year 'round; and practiced 365 days a year; and 366 on leap year?

Aug. 10. Herbert C. Hoover's birthday. (Born Aug. 10, 1874.) 31st President of the U.S.

Aug. 12. Anniversary of the arrival of Ponce de Leon in Puerto Rico.

Aug. 14. Atlantic Charter Day. Charter signed by Roosevelt and Churchill on this day, 1941. Also V.J. Day in Rhode Island. Celebrates victory of U.S. over Japan, Aug. 14, 1945.

Aug. 15. 10th Sunday after Pentecost.

Aug. 16-21. National Conference of Methodist Youth Fellowship. To be held at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

Aug. 16-22. Colorado State Fair. Pueblo, Colorado.

Aug. 19. National Aviation Day.

Aug. 20. Benjamin Harrison's birthday. (Born Aug. 20, 1838.) 23rd President of the U.S.

Aug. 20-30. Interlochen Arts Festival. Interlochen, Michigan.

Aug. 21-22. Gettysburg Antique Show, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Also Sun Prairie Sweet Corn Festival, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin.

Aug. 22. 11th Sunday after Pentecost.

Aug. 27. Lyndon B. Johnson's birthday. (Born Aug. 27, 1908.) 36th President of the U.S.

Aug. 29. Festival of Christ the King. 12th Sunday after Pentecost.

Aug. 31. Federation of Malaya Independence Day.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. Lay leaders will also find these topics helpful.

1. When Life Caves in on You (page 5)

Biblical Material: Romans 8:31-39

Recall some of your own experiences when life caved in on you. What happened? What did you do? How does our religion help us in such moments?

2. Who Is My Neighbor? (page 26)

Biblical Material: Luke 10:29-37

Who were the Samaritans? Why did the priest and the Levite not help the wounded man? What did the Samaritan do for the wounded man—and why? Who is our neighbor in today's world? What are the opportunities for helping people who are hurt?

3. Discipleship and Censoriousness (page 32)

Biblical Material: Matthew 7:1-6

Why do we dislike people who take other people apart? What is the difference between griping and constructive criticism? What factors enter into sound judgment? Is there a place for righteous anger?

4. If You Are Married To . . . (page 46)

Biblical Material: 1 Corinthians 7:1-40

What marriage problems faced the Corinthian Christians? What help did Paul give them? What marriage problems do we face? What specific help does our author give us if we are married to an alcoholic, a spendthrift, or an unbeliever?

5. Abraham: Friend of God (page 54)

Biblical Material: Genesis 12:1-3; 17:1-8; 22:1-19

Why was Abraham called "a friend of God"? When God's call came to Abraham what was he asked to leave behind? What promises did God give? How did Abraham respond to God's call? What is the meaning of faith? What does faith do? What situations today make a demand for total Christian commitment?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Western Front: 1914-1918 by John Terraine. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1965. \$4.95.

Something of the tone of this book is seen in the words of the author's dedication: "To those who were less fortunate than myself; who were born in time to serve on the Western Front." Indeed, those were the times of "a shocking amount of bloodshed," of imperfect thinking of one general or another, of wrong decisions by one politician or another. Mr. Terraine is one of England's foremost military analysts and in this book he seeks, as the *London Times* puts it: "to set the record straight." So the author stresses the fact that a nation can't win a war without a lot of bloodshed—and the British Army was "the sledgehammer of victory in 1918."

The General Next to God by Richard Collier. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 201 Park Ave., South, New York, N.Y. 10003. 1965. \$4.95.

Richard Collier recounts vividly the stirring story of the founder of the Salvation Army—General William Booth. This is both a biography of the astonishing William Booth, who began the Army's work in the slums of London in 1865, and a history of the Army. The genius for organization and the personal dedication of the General led to the expansion of the Army from its small beginning to its world-wide ministry today as it spreads the gospel in 147 different languages.

Reality, Man and Existence: Essential Works of Existentialism. Edited by H. J. Blackham. Bantam Books, 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1965. 95 cents.

What is existentialism? Who are the existentialists? What do they have to say? After an introduction by the editor which seeks to answer these questions, the remainder of this book gives extracts from the writings of eight great existentialist thinkers: Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Jaspers, Marcel, Buber, Heidegger, Sartre, Merleau-Ponty. Heavy reading from some heavy thinkers; but anyone who seeks to philosophize today needs to know what these men have said.

50 Great American Short Stories. Edited by Milton Crane. Bantam Books, 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1965. 85 cents.

A writing teacher once defined a fiction story as "a tall tale made plausible." Here is a wonderful collection of the short form of fiction (the short story is actually an American creation) from its beginning with Washington Irving to the present. The stories come from all periods and represent the ways American writers have used the form. Both those who read short stories and those who write them will profit by this collection.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Thank You for Your Generous Gift

Thank you for your generous gift of literature! These booklets are a real asset to my ministry as a chaplain. The one on marriage is extremely popular and I use it in marriage counseling a great deal.

THE LINK comes regularly and the men read it eagerly. I have found the men reading THE LINK even after it is two months old. The copies you send to our division are always used widely.

I personally appreciate what the General Commission is doing for us as chaplains. If I can be of service to you sometime, please let me know.

—LT Richard F. Carroll, CHC, USN, Commander Destroyer Division One-Thirty-Two, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Illustrations Lovely

Please tell Stanton Levy that his illustrations of "The Beauty Seen" (March, 1965, LINK) were lovely.

—Evelyn McLean, South Byron, Wisconsin. 53087.

Please extend my thanks to Stanton Levy for his time and effort in illustrating the story "Last Man Out" (LINK, March, 1965). My best to the staff of THE LINK for helping me to get started in the short story field. I have since sold a couple more stories but most certainly I will remember THE LINK as having been my first.

—T/Sgt Ray Williams, Jr., 2418 Hiddenbrok Dr., Toledo 13, Ohio.

Reader in Korea

You may be interested in the enclosed letter just received from a LINK reader in Korea. This is a most interesting indication of the outreach of the printed word—the more unusual in that the article was largely intended for an "in" group rather than for non-Christians, though, of course, an "in" group that began with little background of the specific issue of church unity.

—Ward L. Kaiser, Editor and Director, Youth Office, The Friendship Press, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027.

Excerpts from letter enclosed by Ward Kaiser:

I found your name in THE LINK. I have read your writing, "The Church Moves Toward Unity." I have always thought about religion and I have filled out a question about Christ. I have never had any religion; so someone persuaded me to go to church and gave me THE LINK. . . . I am a girl student, 21-years-old, attending Sogang Jesuit College in Korea. I want to exchange letters with you.

—Bock Hee Whang, 300-3 Kongduck-Dong, Mapo, in Seoul, Korea.

(Bock Hee was urged to send her name to Miss Marilyn Grable, Letter-Exchange, People-to-People Program, 2401 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 64108.)

At Ease!



A visiting Englishman, on a tour of George Washington's beautiful home in Mount Vernon, annoyed everyone with his comments. Finally, he noticed a boxwood hedge and exclaimed to the guide: "Aha, my man, a boxwood hedge! George Washington, of course, got this hedge from dear old England!"

By now the guide's patience was exhausted, so he said: "I wouldn't doubt it, friend; in fact, he got the whole blooming country from England!"—F. G. Kernan.

The chap had just been operated on in a hospital. When he opened his eyes, the first thing he noticed

was that the window shades in his room were down. He summoned the doctor and asked why they were that way.

"There's a fire across the street," replied the medico. "I pulled the shades down because when you awakened I didn't want you to think the operation had been a failure."
—*Young People*.

Honeymoon: The period between "I do," and "You'd better!"

A good many middle-age sissies nowadays stay home from the office and go to bed when they have a cold. Meanwhile the big, tough he-man sticks it out, and is survived by his wife and five children.

A military officer, commenting on a civilian's surprise that an astronaut's "space suit" costs \$30,000 said, "Yes. And only one pair of pants, too."—Don Maclean in *Scripps-Howard Newspapers*.

Remembering that his mother had cautioned him to be careful because he was wearing his good clothes, Mike complained to his nursery teacher in Sunday school: "Tell that little girl in back of me to quit kicking me on my Sunday pants!"
—Contributed by Ruth McKelvie.

A Washington wag recently remarked that we don't have to be afraid of any foreign power invading the U.S. We've got the best armed juvenile delinquents in the world.—*Human Events*.

Office of
Township
Trustee







