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LINK

January 1965

A FRESH START

A SCIENTIST WHO BELIEVED
IN GOD

DIRECTIVE FOR DISCIPLESHIP

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE

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COVERS

Front: At New Year, the hourglass reminds us of Stanza 71 of the *Rubaiyat*: "The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it." Covers 1, 3, and 4 by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: In January, as in all the year, the church calls you!

Inside Front: Anyone for skiing? Photo by courtesy of the West Michigan Tourist Association and the *Young Calvinist*.

Inside Back: Anyone for ice skating?

ART WORK:

Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher. Spot by Fessler Ormsby

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SOUND OFF

What Does the Sixth Commandment Mean?

Last July *THE LINK* carried an article by David MacLennan on the sixth commandment. Reader Sp4 Francis Stephen Chase takes issue with Dr. MacLennan on his interpretation. Space does not allow us to print all of Specialist Chase's comments or Dr. MacLennan's reply; but here are excerpts:

Specialist Chase: In an interesting, if poorly thought out discussion of the sixth commandment, Dr. David A. MacLennan writes: "It (the sixth commandment) is not concerned with what we know as judicial killing as when the State imposes the death penalty upon a criminal. . . . There is a tremendously deep difference between a private killing and a judicial execution."

The two areas of which Dr. MacLennan speaks are war and capital punishment. Although he deplors violence of any sort, wars and "judicial executions" alike, he feels that the commandment admonishing us not to take the life of a fellow being is concerned only with what he terms private killings. He offers us no sound reason for his opinion except that of etymology (*origin or derivation of a word*). . . .

It is hard for any Christian to look at the devices of the dark ages that we use to snuff out a life in the name of law and order. My home is San Francisco, and I have seen the gas chamber at San Quentin. My father saw a man murdered—

(Continued on page 65)

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A Fresh Start

By W. Truett Walton

POGO, that quaint little opossum philosopher, expresses the feelings of most of us when he declares that they are not making years last as well as they used to. But anyone who reads history knows that they never did. He also knows that he has used up some of his allotted time and he is supposed to learn something from his life's experiences.

We are expected to grow with every circumstance of life, good and bad, pleasant and painful, bitter and sweet. Of course, we are always hopeful of doing better, but this calls for self-study, taking stock and looking back to see what we can learn from the road we have traveled. So it is both stimulating and sobering that we frequently have the vantage point of being able to look two ways: backward and forward.

What Is Involved in Looking Back?

Looking back is not, or should not be, lazy, listless, wishful thinking. It is purposeful, serious study of the steps we have taken, measuring them in the light of what we could have done, and what we now be-

lieve God expected of us. The standard of judgment must not be expediency or popularity. But rather: Did we use our time wisely and well? Did we make worthwhile contributions to others? Did we do God's will and thus gain the approval of Christ?

If we are honest, we must admit that sometimes we have wished for a second chance at some of the opportunities we have muffed. We would like another call to carry the ball which we have fumbled. This is not all bad, for it means that we can learn from our mistakes and profit from our previous losses. Monotony provides dullness and the human heart cries out for variety. Maxim Gorki, the late Russian novelist, describes a time so dreary in the life of the Russian peasant that he was glad to see his house burn down because it made his day different. Our lives would be dehydrated if it were not for the freshness brought in by our imaginations, our longings for an opportunity to do better and a determination to change. In fact, one of the strongest arguments Wil-

Dr. Walton is vice-president of Hardin-Simmons University, Abilene, Tex.

liam James used against a block, mechanistic universe is the power we have to regret, the ability to look back and evaluate.

Are we satisfied that we have done our noblest and cleanest and best in even fifty per cent of our activities? This is an appropriate human response as we honestly review what has gone before.

A local, witty speaker at a football banquet introduced himself as a "triple-threat player"—and explained: "I can stumble, fumble, and fall down." Many times that has represented the writer of these lines and perhaps some of you readers also. No doubt when we look back we see many occasions when this describes the way we have played the game. Let us recognize our failures and bow in humility, asking God to forgive us for our shabby thinking and careless living.

On the other side of the ledger there have been times when we were at our best. At rare intervals, we have been unselfish, generous, and Christian to the best of our understanding and we thank God for these moments, too.

What Is Involved in Looking Ahead

A new calendar is refreshing. Here are 365 new days, not one of which is used or tarnished. Every schoolboy knows the satisfaction of being allowed to "rub out and start over." This God allows us each new year. The Hebrews recognized this and set aside some appropriate psalms which they used for the beginning of the New Year. (Read, for example, Psalms 47, 93, and 96.)

These heralded the greatness of God, his wondrous creation and the relationship to man. In looking ahead we will have to have courage for the right as God gives us to see right. Previous days have taught us that there will be hurdles in the road, many of a very trying nature—temptations, doubts, misgivings, bewilderments, disappointments, and failures.

We will need much greater courage than that of the first man to eat an oyster. This courage for everyday living is every bit as real as that shown in battle. It calls for the same measure of heroism that was shown by William Penn in pioneer America, Martin Niemöeller in Nazi Germany, Winston Churchill in bombed London, and Douglas MacArthur in defeated Corregidor. All of these experiences are of the same essence. It is not a theoretical quality. It is the spirit which only God can impart. It is that inner strength which enables a man to keep on giving his best against overwhelming odds.

Some years ago, when trains were pulled by steam locomotives, a minister friend of mine was among the passengers on a train which wound down a steep incline. Suddenly the train came to a grinding, lurching stop and in just a few minutes the conductor came through the cars and asked if there was a minister aboard. My friend went with him and as the two got off and walked down by the track toward the locomotive my friend observed that the right side of the engine cab had been beaten into a disheveled

mass by the driving bar which had come loose. By this time he could see the brakeman and the fireman down beside the engineer who was gravely injured and who had been carried to the shade of a tree. My friend knelt by the wounded man who was dazed but conscious, and prayed for him and then the wounded engineer dictated a brief note to his wife which the minister promised to deliver.

Then, as he seemed to be breathing a little easier, the conductor said, "I noticed that you closed the throttle, opened the sand box, and set the brakes. How did you do it with the connecting rod threshing through your cab? You could have jumped to safety."

The engineer replied: "Thirty years ago when I became an engineer on this road I thought every day of the men and women, boys and girls riding my train and trusting me for their safety. Then I began to plan what I would do in an emergency to save their lives. I decided I would close the throttle, open the sand box and set the brakes and I have been through this every day I have pulled the train. Today I did it because of that practice."

That was courage in the face of difficulty and danger.

The Challenge of Looking Ahead

Since we know ourselves rather well we are aware that no man bats a thousand per cent; during this new calendar year we know we will strike out a few times. This knowledge may fill us with fear and fore-

boding and rob us of the joyous adventure of the unknown days ahead. But the person who allows life to become dull as he fears the future will lose much of his faith in God, in himself, and in the joy of living. History affords us no man who had greater turmoil within himself or who was more falsely and viciously accused than Paul of Tarsus. He faced enough hatred, vitriolic gossip and vituperative misinterpretation to drive a lesser man to atheism, yet he wrote some courageous lines to his friends at Corinth. They have imparted strength and encouragement to every generation since.

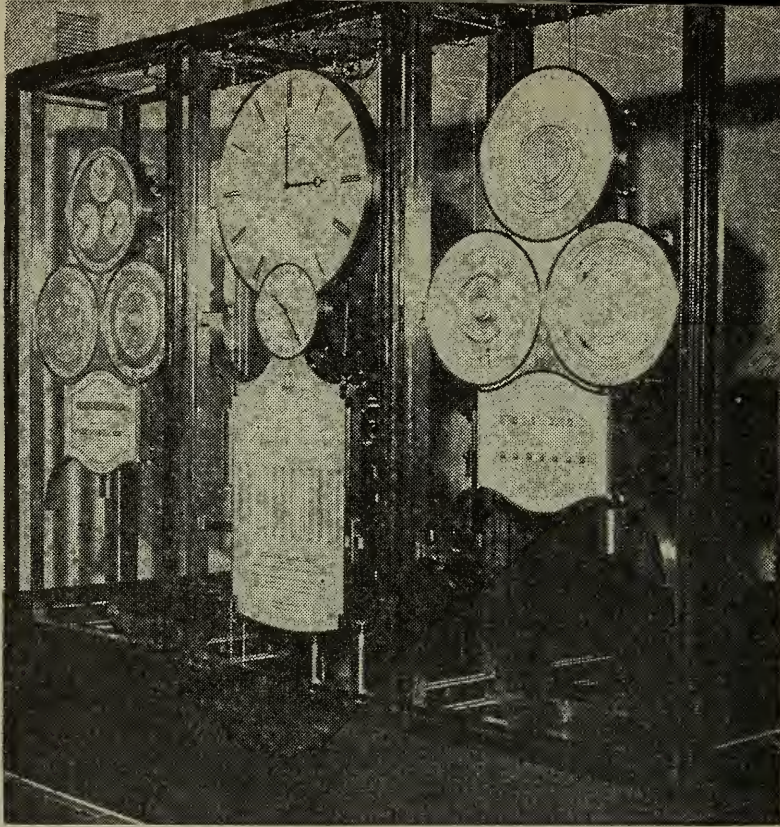
We are afflicted in every way but not crushed; perplexed but not driven to despair; persecuted but not forsaken (2 Cor. 4:8-9).

If any man of that day or later times had ample justification for indulging in self-pity and retiring to the sidelines, it was this indefatigable missionary to the Gentiles, but without growing embittered he clears the atmosphere tremendously for all of us when he pens these lines:

. . . but one thing I do, forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus (Phil. 3:13-14).

Confidence is renewed in ourselves as the opportunity comes to begin all over again. As costly as the past may have been, we have learned something profitable from our mistakes.





Front view of Jens Olsen's astronomical clock.

A Clock for Eternity

By Frank L. Remington

ALMOST two thousand years ago Christ walked this earth. Mankind's entire recorded history spans nearly ten thousand years. But a wheel in an amazing clock that stands in the Town Hall of Copenhagen, Denmark, will take 25,700 years to go around just once. That is almost three times longer than the recorded history of mankind!

This wondrous wheel is but one

of 15,000 parts of Jens Olsen's Astronomical Clock, an unbelievable timepiece which will gain only one second every 750 years. Costing close to one million dollars and requiring forty years of planning, the clock began counting off the seconds on December 15, 1955, when King Frederick IX of Denmark set it in motion. If properly cared for, it will continue to run for

many thousands of years. Little wonder that scientists call it the eighth wonder of the world.

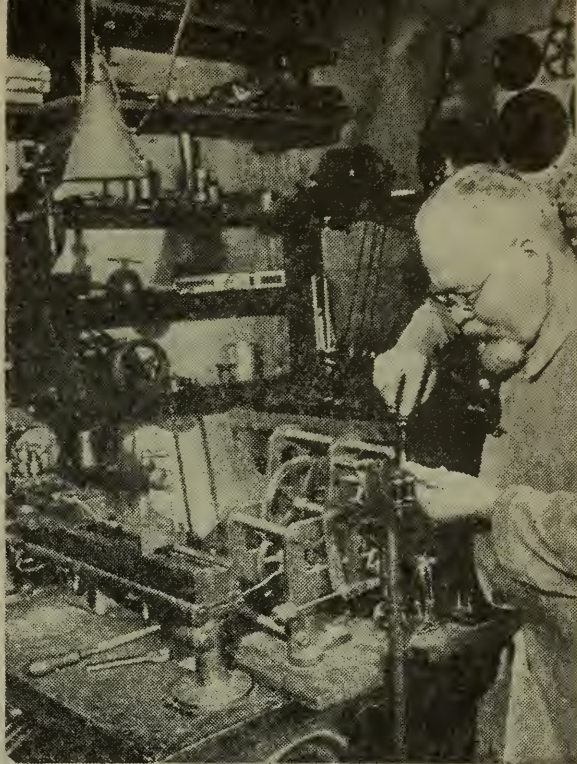
This clock is the life's work of Jens Olsen, a likeable, lovable man. He was born at Ribe, Denmark, in 1872, in a small home with a big family. His father was a weaver, and although the home was poor, it was merry.

Children of the neighborhood liked to spend evenings at the Olsens' because something was always happening. Usually some member of the family read aloud while the others worked at their chores. Sometimes, the evening ended with music and songs.

One evening Jens's older sister read a story aloud in which there was a description of an old clock in one of the rooms of a palace. On top of the timepiece was a mechanical eagle which spread its wings when the clock struck the hour. But one day, the clock stopped ticking and no one could repair it.

Young Jens could never understand that. If it had been possible to make the timepiece, he reasoned, it must also be possible to fix it. Right then he decided that when he grew up he'd be a clockmaker and fix that clock.

Apprenticed to a locksmith at an early age, Jens showed an all-consuming interest in science. He avidly read every book on mechanics, clocks, and astronomy on which he could lay his hands. As a young man he traveled through Europe for five years, working five days each week and studying the workings of famous clocks on weekends.



Jens Olsen working on his world clock.

Returning to Denmark in 1900, he started a clockmaking business of his own. Very soon his superior ability and know-how made him known as a master clockmaker, instrument maker, and astronomer. He called himself an astro-mechanic. Great scientific institutions entrusted him with the most varied and intricate tasks.

Always he was dreaming and planning for the great target of his life: the astronomical clock. Every spare minute he devoted to it, planning, drafting, and testing. By the time he was fifty years old, his calculations of the many functions the clock was to perform was completed.

Construction of the clock could have begun at any time, except for

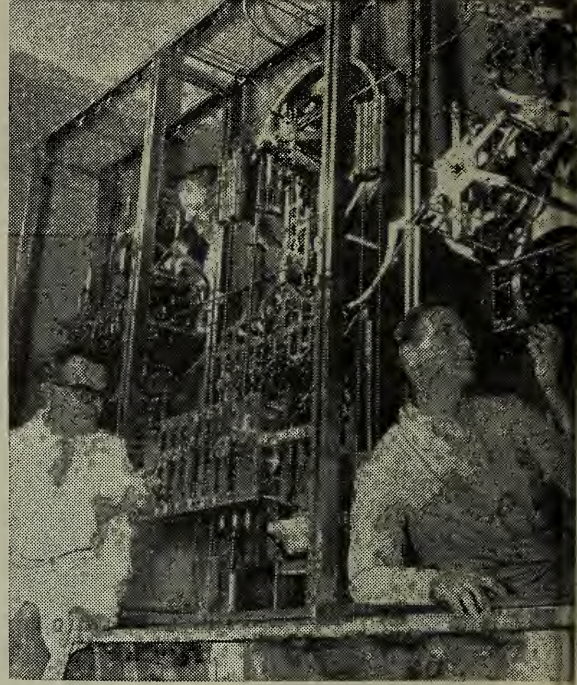
one thing: lack of money. Indeed, it required another twenty years to provide the funds for the ambitious undertaking. Jens Olsen was over seventy before the actual work of building the clock commenced.

Happier than he'd ever been, Jens Olsen spent the last years of his life in beginning the actual construction of his life's dream. Together with his co-workers, the best mechanics available, he became completely absorbed in his work. The most disappointing time to him was when it was time to cease work for the day.

Sadly, Mr. Olsen died in 1945 at the age of seventy-three, before the completion of the intricate mechanism on which he had devoted all of his leisure hours for more than a half-century. But his calculations and detailed drawings were so accurate that his associates were able to finish the clock in a few years.

THE Jens Olsen clock contains twelve main sections. The main dial in the center shows the time on a twelve-hour face as understood by most everybody. For those not satisfied with this local mean time, the clock will give sidereal time—the time as measured by the stars. A day and night measured in sidereal time is slightly shorter than a man-made twenty-four-hour day. Another dial gives the time in solar time—the time as measured by the sun.

The three times are each slightly different from one another. The differences, although unimportant in normal usage, are vitally important to navigators plotting their positions



Rear view of the astronomical clock.

by observations of the sun or stars. Elsewhere on the clock the local mean time in nearly every part of the world can be read.

The Olsen clock also shows:

1. The time of sunset and sunrise each day.
2. The date: the date of the month, the name of the day, the name of the month and the year. The mechanism operating this takes leap years into account and includes a wheel which takes four hundred years to revolve around its axis. The fastest rotating wheel takes ten seconds to complete one revolution.
3. Positions of the main stars. The mechanism here has to be adjusted once every three thousand years to take into account accumulating minor corrections.

4. The relative positions of the sun, earth, and moon.

5. The time and place of future eclipses of the sun and moon.

6. The day on which any date within the next four thousand years will fall.

7. A calendar of church feasts. At the beginning of each year, the clock records the coming year's feast days after one of the mechanisms has gone through some 570,000 different functions in six minutes.

The clock, of course, will also show many other things too scientific-

ically complicated for us to understand. There are eighteen dials included in the clock each recording one or more scientific fact.

Jens Olsen's World Clock, the dream of his lifetime, is an astonishing contribution to the measurement of time and the recording of the movements of the heavenly bodies in the universe. Doubtless it will be a source of wonder to the world for many centuries to come. And Jens Olsen's work will establish his undying fame as one of the greatest scientists of all time. ■ ■

THE BIG MOMENT. King Frederick of Denmark starts Jens Olsen's world clock in Copenhagen's town hall by pressing the hand of eleven-year-old Birgit Olsen, Jens's granddaughter. Beneath Birgit's hand is a button that releases the pendulum.





Danger for Mei Wong

A convicted thief tries to even the score with the imperturbable art dealer.

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

THE stout, immaculately white-suited Mei Wong stood before the large window overlooking Bombay's harbor with a placid expression on his broad face. It was the customary period of quiet that he always enjoyed in the late afternoon. Far beyond the stuccoed and sprawling Indian metropolis, past the busy Alexandria docks lay the calm and tranquillity of the bay itself with a great white ocean liner waiting regally for a pilot boat in striking contrast to several Arab dhows that sailed swiftly past it with colorful sails atilt.

It was a view of which he never tired and only the urgency of a pressing task caused him to turn with a small sigh and pad across to

sit once again behind his broad mahogany desk. Picking up a slim artist's brush he dipped it into a well of purplish liquid and resumed decorating a delicately shaped white vase.

Absorbed in his work, he did not immediately notice when the door of his studio was cautiously opened and a sallow, hard-faced man in a dirty linen suit stepped quietly in. The intruder's face twisted in an unpleasant sneer as he watched the stout old Chinese art dealer, so pleasantly occupied here in his crimson-walled studio with treasures of jade, ivory, china and tapestries. Within the next few minutes Mei Wong would bid farewell to all this—because he was going to murder him.

The hard-faced man broke the silence. "You have a visitor, Mei Wong."

Mei Wong raised his bland, fat face and an expression of slight surprise flickered across the old man's features as recognition came. "Blake," he said tonelessly, "you have come back."

"Yes, I'm back," the sallow man's voice was filled with menace, "just as I promised I would be." He reached in his pocket and drew out a small evil-looking automatic and pointed it at Mei Wong. "You had your moment in court when you testified against me. Now I'm here to settle the account the only way it matters."

The old art dealer stared at him. "You think I should pay a penalty for telling the truth?"

"Truth!" Blake laughed contemp-

tuously. "Don't let's waste time moralizing. All you were interested in was revenge. And that's why I'm here now. It's my turn."

Mei Wong shook his head in solemn negation. "On the contrary. I set great store on the truth, whether it be in the form of a work of art or a simple statement. Truth is priceless to me."

"Your truth cost me five years in a rotten prison," Blake rasped.

"You robbed with violence," Mei Wong reminded him. "It was right that you should pay. But you and I have no quarrel. As things stand now, wouldn't you be wise to forget the whole sorry affair?"

"Not likely," the sallow man said. "I'm here to finish you and to help myself to a few of your trinkets."

"You'll find them hard to dispose of," Mei Wong shrugged with resignation. "Most of my collection are well-known pieces." He paused an instant. "And now, if you will excuse me I must finish decorating this dragon vase. A messenger is on the way for it now. If it should not be ready it might arouse suspicion. You wouldn't want that, I'm sure."

The intruder's hard gray eyes studied the vase. "What is this masterpiece?"

Mei Wong calmly lifted the brush and dipped it into the liquid and began to paint delicate purple Chinese letters on the white surface. "It's a piece sent me by a fellow countryman, Tu San. He owns a shop catering to the tourist trade and sometimes sends me items for decoration. Actually the pieces are

quite perfect in themselves but the tourists prefer some symbols on them. The ink I use is of my own invention and unique because of its long-lasting and quick-drying quality."

"Make a good job of it," the sal-low man advised, "it's going to be your last one."

"Well," the old art dealer said, "at least I shall have the pleasure of spending my last moments at a well-loved task. Few are so fortunatel" He bent over the vase and quickly ringed it with the lettering. "I have a great love for the ancient Chinese alphabet."

HE was still working at the vase when there was a knock on the studio door. Mei Wong lifted his eyes and said, "The messenger."

"No tricks," the sal-low man warned. "Get rid of him."

Mei Wong gave a tired nod and lifting his huge body from his chair padded across to the door and let the messenger in. Without any suspicious moves he placed the vase in a box and handed it to the boy.

"Warn your master to be careful of it," he said. "It is barely dry." And he saw the boy on his way again.

Closing the door Mei Wong found himself alone with the intruder. The gun was once more out of the sal-low man's pocket and pointed at him. The art dealer asked, "Surely you aren't serious about taking my life?"

"I've been thinking about it for five years and the lovely satisfaction it will give me," Blake said.

"Satisfaction!" Mei Wong sighed and then moved slowly over to the window overlooking the harbor again. "Men derive pleasure from many things. As for myself, one of the happiest moments of the day comes when the late afternoon sun shines on the bay out there."

"Sunlight on cold cash interests me more!" The intruder came closer to him. "Better think up some fancy greetings for your ancestors. You'll soon be meeting them."

As Blake raised the automatic Mei Wong lifted a staying hand. "One moment," he said. "Since you place such a great premium on wealth I will make you an offer. Allow me a few minutes so that I may know the rich enjoyment of the setting sun on these waters one more time and I will repay you with treasure."

The sal-low man eyed him suspiciously. "Where's the cash?"

"You will find out after I have watched the sunset," Mei Wong said.

The intruder seated himself on the corner of the desk and stared at the old man. "Five minutes and that's it!"

Mei Wong nodded and, turning his back to him, placidly looked out the window.

The minutes went by in silence.

Then the sal-low man got to his feet and came toward the art dealer. "All right," he said. "Now let's get this settled."

"Drop your gun first!" A taut new voice came suddenly from the other end of the studio.

Blake wheeled in surprise to find



himself staring at a tall, swarthy man with a black beard who stood in the open studio doorway flanked by two well-armed members of the Bombay police.

"Don't try anything foolish," the tall swarthy man warned in a precise voice, indicating that he really meant business.

Blake sagged and let his gun drop to the floor. As he did so Mei Wong stepped forward. "Thank you, Inspector Bannerjee," he said. "I had not hoped for such swift police action."

The tall man nodded grimly. "You wouldn't have gotten it if I hadn't happened to be downstairs in the hotel on other business. Tu San's customer was waiting and he opened the package as soon as it came. He expected the dragon vase to bear the

customary Chinese proverb. When instead he read your message: 'Threatened by killer' repeated around it he guessed you were in trouble and came hurrying out to the lobby to tell me."

Blake turned to Mei Wong with a look of hatred on his sallow features. "You and your bleating about truth! Truth didn't count for quite so much when it came to saving your own skin!"

Mei Wong regarded him with mingled scorn and pity. "On the contrary," he said. "I was quite truthful. I promised a treasure if you would allow me a few minutes. Now I have bestowed it. One no amount of money could purchase—I prevented you from becoming a murderer."

A Scientist Who Believed in God

By Glenn D. Everett

A Negro born in slavery becomes a great scientist and a great Christian, and serves his fellowmen both ways.

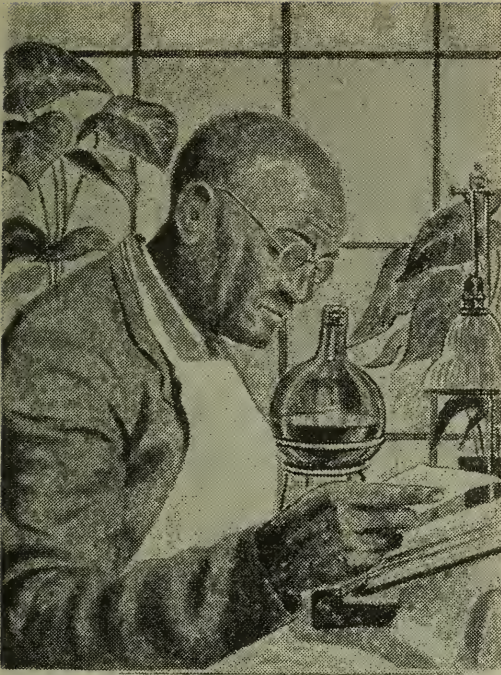
THE United States observed last year the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of its greatest scientists, a man who also had profound faith in God, Dr. George Washington Carver.

The story of Dr. Carver's life is one of almost incredible triumph over obstacles and hardship. His mother was a slave girl named Mary, who was owned by a German immigrant farmer, Mose Carver, living near Neosho, Missouri. Although slavery had been abolished in the military-occupied areas of the South by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, it persisted in the "border states" until the Thirteenth Amendment was ratified in 1865. Thus, the baby George was born a slave.

Mose Carver, like most small independent farmers in Missouri, did not like slavery. Further, he had religious scruples against it. But when his wife, Sue, fell ill with arthritis

and had difficulty doing her housework, he compromised with his conscience and went to a slave auction where he purchased a thirteen-year-old girl who was warranted in the bill of slave to be "sound in body and mind and a slave for life."

Mose and his wife, as if to salve their conscience, treated her as a member of the family, and did the same for the two little boys whom she bore a few years later by a slave who lived on a neighboring plantation. The Civil War came on and times were turbulent along the border of the Confederacy. From time to time, gangs of raiders invaded the North. One night such a party of Confederate irregulars struck Carvers' farm. He and his wife were awakened by a hideous scream. The raiders were dragging off Mary and her youngest baby. Raiders often stole slaves to take South and sell. Mose ran out and grappled with



them, but fell severely injured under their blows.

Next day he persuaded a handyman in the area to take out after the raiders to see if he could buy back Mary and the child. The man returned three weeks later. In a small blanket he carried the child, more dead than alive, his little body wracked with whooping cough and fever. The baby had been torn away from his mother and given to two women along the way because he cried constantly and was hampering their flight. The mother was carried off to what fate no one ever knew.

Mrs. Carver, grief-stricken as she beheld the brutality and inhumanity of slavery, vowed to nurse Mary's baby back to health. Meanwhile, the baby's father was also killed, by a falling log while cutting wood.

Soon slavery was abolished, but the Carvers continued to care for the two orphaned slave children.

AS little George grew up, he played mostly with white children. But there came a day when his playmates left for the Diamond Grove rural school nearby. George was turned away; school was only for white children. He envied them the wonderful world they learned about through reading and writing.

One day when George was nine, he went to market at Neosho, eight miles away, and made a wonderful discovery while wandering about town. There was a school there for Negro children! It was only a crowded unpainted shack, but to him it looked like heaven with all those black children reading from books and writing on their slates. Immediately, he begged the Carvers for a chance to go to this school.

"I'll get me a place to stay in town," he told them. "I'll do some lady's work for her."

Mose would not stand in the way of the boy's hunger for learning. With deep misgiving, his wife and he watched the boy walk away toward town barefoot, carrying his only pair of shoes wrapped in the small bundle of his extra clothes so as not to wear them out.

It was nightfall when George got to town and he was so afraid that he crept into a barn to sleep in the hayloft. That night, as he did so many nights, he prayed. Next morning he was driven by hunger to knock timidly on a door. Providence had guided him to the right house

for it turned out to be the residence of the Negro schoolteacher. She invited the youngster in for breakfast and was so impressed by his keen mind and eagerness to learn she persuaded her husband to let the boy stay. The couple was childless and treated Carver like a son during the three years he attended that little one-room school.

By that time, George had exhausted the school's limited educational opportunities. A family moving to Fort Scott, Kansas, offered to take him along. He would find a better school there, they told him. George Carver spent the next six years in Kansas, living in several towns, supporting himself by doing odd chores. Each time he changed schools, he told the new schoolteacher he was in a higher grade. A fellow could get through school pretty fast this way—provided he was prepared to stay up half the night learning the lessons of the higher grade. At last, he finished high school and determined to go on to college.

THEN came a crushing blow. George, having saved the money for tuition, presented himself at Highland College, only to be met as he entered the door by the indignant president.

"We take Indians here, boy, but not Negroes," the president said.

Some of the townspeople who knew George and had grown fond of him made an issue of it. Was not Highland a Christian college, they demanded. But the board of trustees was adamant. They had per-

mitted a couple of Indians to enroll and that was going far enough. To take Negroes was asking too much. Besides, they argued, it did no good to try to educate these people who were suited only for menial jobs.

George returned to his odd jobs. Before his work had been a joy because it was a means to an end, and education and opportunity in life. But now the door had been closed—and he could not change his skin color even if he wanted to. Now that he was doing these chores only to support himself, life had lost its meaning.

Then George heard of the Homestead Act. It forbade racial exclusion, and so he went to western Kansas and applied for 160 acres of land. The money he had saved for college he invested in a horse and plow. He built a sod house and lived all alone out on the treeless prairie. Two years of heartbreak followed. Things grew fine in the spring when rain was abundant, but in summer came the hot prairie wind that burned everything to a crisp. In winter, fierce blizzards froze everything. After awhile, George realized he could not possibly hold out for the five years required to become owner of the land. This was grazing land and could never be cultivated for wheat and corn.

Disheartening though this experience was, it was here that George Washington Carver's eventual career was born, for it was during these lonely heartbreak years that he took a keen interest in watching things grow and studying how they grew and how they might be improved.

In 1890, at the age of twenty-six, George, the wandering Kansas handyman, finally learned of a college that would take Negroes. He walked and hitched wagon rides three hundred miles to Indianola, Iowa, where he enrolled at Simpson College, a Methodist institution. The man who was to become Simpson's most famous graduate supported himself by operating a hand laundry that was soon patronized by many students and faculty.

He went on to the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, where as a graduate student he began to display that wizardry at agricultural science that was to mark his career.

Dr. Carver secured a position with the U. S. Department of Agriculture at its experiment station. One day he read about a speech given in Atlanta, Georgia, by Dr. Booker T. Washington, great Negro educator. He thought of what Dr. Washington was doing to raise the level of the former slaves in the South so one day he told his colleagues he had decided to resign and go south and help. They were aghast, warning him that he would meet tremendous barriers of race prejudice not present in Iowa.

Dr. Carver replied that he had prayed about the matter and was going. He presented himself at the door of Tuskegee, Alabama, Institute and told Booker T. Washington he had come to help the people, black and white, of the stricken South who lived on eroded land and ate a diet of sowbelly and hominy grits that was grossly deficient in nutrition.

He took a \$1,200 a year position as Tuskegee's professor of chemistry, and from his own pocket equipped a small research laboratory. Thus began the career of Tuskegee's most spectacular teacher.

Professor Carver turned to the peanut early in his research. It was then called a "goober pea" and was regarded as a delicacy to be eaten at circuses or on Saturday night in town. Many persons even regarded peanuts as poisonous because, unless properly prepared, they were quite indigestible.

Dr. Carver recognized that peanuts were high in protein and a good cheap food. Before long, he had concocted forty recipes for peanut dishes. He was the pioneer of that popular American food, peanut butter, which was unknown before 1920. He also found them to be an abundant source of peanut oil which could be converted by chemistry into a myriad of products ranging from cosmetics to ice cream. He was making the pioneer discoveries that led scientists into the age of synthetics and plastics.

The idea of creating anything but food from agricultural products was revolutionary. During World War I, he proved his theories by making dyestuffs from peanuts when America's traditional source of dyes in Germany was quite suddenly cut off by war.

The world of science began to take surprised notice of the humble Negro scientist who began each day in his laboratory with a simple prayer, "Tell me, O Creator, why did You make the peanut?"

THE whole nation took note of Dr. Carver in 1921 when he was invited to testify before a Congressional committee. He arrived after an all-night ride in a second-class coach, denied a Pullman and even a hotel room in Washington because of his race. There was opposition to letting a Negro testify before a Congressional committee and he was told tersely he had just ten minutes. Dr. Carver talked fast. He had 105 things in his suitcase he wanted to show the committee. He started with a piece of peanut candy, then a novelty.

"You don't know how good this is, so I will taste it for you," he said, eating it. The committee room rocked with laughter and Dr. Carver passed out a few samples.

The committee forgot about time and listened for one hour and forty minutes as he showed them product after product that could be made from peanuts.

"You've given the South a new fifty-million-dollar industry, Professor," said one amazed white Southerner. The congressman was underestimating it by quite a few million.

The world now beat a path to Dr. Carver's laboratory. Thomas Edison came. So did Henry Ford. The man who had made millions manufacturing automobiles became a firm friend of the Negro scientist whose top salary was \$29 a week and who never patented any of his inventions.

As long as he taught at Tuskegee, an announcement was made on the campus each Wednesday: "Professor

Carver's Bible Class will meet at 7:30 tonight." It was the most popular extracurricular course at Tuskegee. Many of his former students, still living today, testify to how their lives were changed by it. Professor Carver expressed his philosophy this way:

"If you fail to use your talents for good, you will lose them. When in doubt as to what to do, pray. Contact Him for guidance and you will be directed, providing you stay in tune, holding good thoughts of what you would like to do."

Toward the end of his life, university after university gave Dr. Carver honorary degrees. There were only two honors he really cherished. One was the fact that before he died in 1943 more than fifty schools had been named in his honor. He cherished the opportunity Negro children were getting for education. The other was the fact that in 1930 the Missouri state highway department put up a historical marker near the hamlet of Diamond Grove, saying: "Birthplace of George Washington Carver—Famous Negro Scientist."

Suppose one of the raiders who abducted George and his mother, though he would have been a very old man by then, realized what had happened to the sick little slave baby they had discarded in their flight! ■ ■

"The world's a stage,"
And that's a fact,
For lots of folks
Put on an act.
—F. G. Kernan

Get Off the Fence!

By Raymond M. Veh

HARRY KRUENER, dean of the chapel at Denison University reminds us in his book *Specifically to Youth* that neutrality is the one thing that life never allows. "Whether you like it or not," he says, "life will someday make you a partisan. You will choose."

Mr. Kruener then points out those values which are worth choosing as against those which are not. There is a risk, of course, in every choice. But complaints, however valid, about the difficulties of choice will not let us off the hook.

William Jones, the famed psychologist, taught the doctrine of *life's living option*. Briefly stated it was this: (1) every man has a choice to make; (2) every man has the ability to make that choice; (3) there is a consequence to that choice; (4) and while he is choosing, he is already committed to one side of that choice.

Peter and Andrew, James and John left their nets as they chose to follow Jesus. Mary of Bethany chose to sit at the Master's feet lis-

tening to his words of life; Martha chose to be "busy about many things." Of this Jesus said: "Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken from her."

The rich young ruler stood at the crossroads of decision asking: "What good thing shall I do; that I may have eternal life?" Jesus' simple answer assured life more abundant, but this young man turned away sadly to follow the road which ended in night.

According to the way we choose right or wrong we meet life's rendezvous. Dr. Huxley, the great physicist of the nineteenth century, said he often wished he was a clock to be wound up each morning with no responsibility, no necessity of making choices. But that is not life's way for God's children.

We constantly face life's living options. There are four paramount choices which we all must make: education, profession, marriage, and religion. Perhaps all the eventual choices in life will hinge here and swing back and forth on one of these

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four. And the greatest of these is the fourth. How do we go about making the big decisions?

The Art of Making Decisions

1. *In making decisions one should use all of the knowledge he can gather.* This is essential to consistently good decisions. A person may now and then make a brilliant decision by a "hunch" or by "snap judgment." But this is the exception rather than the rule. All of our education and our technical training are directed toward the end that we may have a sufficient fund of knowledge by which we can make accurate and well-balanced judgments. Our study of history should teach us what are the consequences of different kinds of decisions. Knowledge we have gained by study of sociology, economics, psychology and other subjects should be utilized when we have to make our decisions.

2. *In making decisions one should secure the best possible advice.* Each of us has for his use the accumulated knowledge of many generations. What people of the past have learned by trial and error is ours if only we ask for it. This is the reason we ask for advice from other people when we are called upon to make decisions. In securing advice, it is very important that we secure the advice of a well-qualified person. If someone asks for advice simply because one likes him or because he feels that he will get the kind of advice which he wishes, it is just as well that he not ask at all. When, however, we ask advice of people who have had experience and

whose judgment has proved good in the past, we have a valuable source of help.

3. *In making a decision, God should be our chief consultant.* Everything we do in making a decision should lead up to this. We gather together all of our knowledge, secure the best advice available, and use our best judgment as to all the alternatives. With all of this material at hand, we should turn to God to help us in making our decision. We should seek his aid by reading the scriptures. In prayer and meditation we should ask God to guide us in our decision.

It is not to be expected that God will show us some great light or reveal to us directly what we should do. He leaves much more to us than that. We must make our decision in the light of our final understanding of the matter, trusting that God will guide us through our natural abilities. We cannot always be sure that we have made the decision that God would have us make. We can only consecrate ourselves to his will and trust in him to do what is best.

Four Big Choices

As we stated earlier, the four paramount choices in life must be made. We're assuming that you have made the first choice by this time—the education you have, are receiving, or resolve to get as you leave the armed forces. The basic preparation for life through educational equipment is a must for every man and woman today.

Your choice of a vocation is the second decision you will be called

upon to make. This exceedingly important decision must be yours. Perhaps it may be made under the guidance of someone else, but it can never be dictated by another. For this is your life, and you have only one to share.

Choosing a lifework is something like getting married. In careers, as in marriage, some people "take whatever comes along." They simply get a job and start to work. Occasionally they have the rare good luck that strikes all kinds of gamblers, but more often they become dissatisfied and unhappy and want to start all over again.

Like marriage, our work affects every aspect of our living. "It is, therefore," in the words of the marriage service, "not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God."

Carlyle said, "Blessed is the man who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness."

Another important choice you face is that of a life mate. The "one and only" is an intriguing idea. Looking toward marriage, the engaged couple will find excitement in the planning of a home. Wisdom and intelligence are of a high order at such a time. Both will be dependent upon the careers for which they are prepared, again relating the importance of a vocational choice.

But life's most vital decision is a person's relationship with God. This is not to be just a choice, but a responsible one. And it takes alertness and straight thinking. This decision you must make out of your background and experience and out

of some training and observation. From this commitment you will find that life is increasingly an experience to be shared. In short, this is to say that your life belongs first to God.

E. Stanley Jones, who gave his life to Christ's service largely in India, tells of the letters which came to him shortly after his graduation from college:

(1) A letter from a college president stating that it was the will of God for him to come to that institution as an instructor.

(2) A letter from a bishop stating that it was the will of God that he should go out as an evangelist to save America.

(3) A letter from his mission board telling him that it was the will of God that he should go to India.

Dr. Jones was confused by this criss-crossing of purposes. He took the letters and laid them before God. He could only say, "My life is thine," and today we know with what great results.

Every man who would be happy must surrender his will to the will of God. So surely as he does, God will point the way and raise him to goals of effective living. He will then be "off the fence."

A few years ago there was a popular television show, viewed by millions, with the title "This Is Your Life." This title could be used to refer to your life for it is yours—and God's. You fulfill it when you decide to let God have his way in your education, in your career, in your marriage, and in your faith.



Hot Buttered Blue Beans

By J. Wallace Talley

The story of a scientist who seeks ultimate truth. He has not found the whole truth, but he finds the search fascinating, challenging.

ON winter nights at our farm, we played a game in which we selected an object to be hidden by one of us who then called to the others, "Hot buttered blue beans! Please come to supper." Hints could be given to the searcher only by the hider as a last resort, and no finder could divulge the hiding place to the other searchers. It was father's favorite game, partly because everyone could win without making someone else lose, but mostly because each hunter must find the blue bean for *himself*.

My sturdy, individualist father found *for himself*, with hints only from God, enough blue beans of truth to live, with little of position or possession, in happy spiritual abundance here, and into eternity, I am sure, for his life was a life fit to be continued. He repeatedly challenged me to find *for myself* truth more comprehensive than the physical laws and effects I dealt

with as a scientist, but ironically he was gone before I realized the tremendous importance of his challenge.

In my mind physical and spiritual things seemed to travel on separate circuits, with one of them operating mostly on Sundays. When I discovered, though, how Dad combined the spiritual and physical in one circuit and got more voltage in the line, I did a mental rewiring job and switched on a search for truth, calling it project "blue bean" in memory of dad.

Not all scientists agree on one scientific method or approach, but some things are common to all research, such as the assembly of facts to see if they make a pattern, and a review of past and contemporary effort. The place to start research in Washington, however, was established in 1866 when the transfer of the Smithsonian Institution collection of science and technology



Project "Blue Bean" began in the reading room of the Library of Congress where one could read from daylight 'til dark all the days of his life and die in the first alcove.

publications to the Library of Congress, made that Library a world research center. I started project "blue bean" there.

In the reading room of the Library of Congress, directly under the great dome where silence reigns at least when students are in school, I found a desk and made out a slip for books. Then, among the recorded thoughts of the ages, under the quotation-lined rotunda, I sat, wondering

while reading the inscriptions, if in the super-charged atmosphere, the authors ever spoke. But if Akashic Records existed in the ether, I could not tap them.

Up at the "spring line" of the dome, eight marble statues stood forward, with inscriptions above them selected by Doctor Charles William Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, to represent the characteristic features of

civilized life and thought. They included religion, commerce, history, art, philosophy, poetry, law, and science.

The statues and their inscriptions held interest but no special challenge, until the science statue caught my eye. It held a mirror, forward so that all might see the image of truth. The mirror seemed to reflect the light on the inscription from the Nineteenth Psalm above the statue. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Next to science, the statue representing religion held in its hand a flower, symbolizing God revealed in nature. Perhaps authors do not speak in the rotunda, but I got a message from science, confirmed by religion, that I was searching for truth among the thoughts of men, when I should start with the works of God.

I returned the books unopened, went home, and packed a shoulder bag to drive to Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. Leaving the car at Skyland, I followed the familiar Appalachian Trail leading south along the ridge. I helped build the trail while a member of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, before automobiles on the Skyline Drive invaded that wonderful wilderness for hikers. However, except for occasional crossings, the trail generally maintained a lonely distance from the drive.

Following the trail along long, treeless slopes, a blistering sun identified the season as midsummer, but an occasional breeze or a thick,

cumulus cloud over the sun provided delightful doubts. And, when one saw the trail ahead disappear into deep woods, it was like enjoying the toothache, knowing it would feel good when the aching stopped.

In the slowly moving panorama, lazy white clouds floated in a pool of blue; views unfolded across wide valleys to distant hills; here and there a lone tree or rock sentry stood rigidly at attention; trails tunneled into forests; and nearby meadows waved their colorful flowers, all reminding one of Shakespeare's Duke in *As You Like It*, exiled in the Forest of Arden, but, finding, "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

About midafternoon the trail led over the ridge to the western slope. Across the Shenandoah Valley to the west, thunderheads began poking above the mountain. Experience told me that storms in these mountains, while having a certain grandeur, often were severe. I would watch that development for I carried no shelter.

A later view westward showed lightning in the darkening clouds and a faint rumble of thunder sounded. Could I reach the shelter to the south before the storm intercepted from the west? Many times I have raced a storm to a close finish, not always winning, but always finding it exciting, like sailing a boat. No matter how many times one "comes about" while sailing, it always thrills during those doubtful moments of hesitation between staying afloat and capsizing.



The lean-tos of the early Appalachian trail have changed. Now they are elaborate and roomy like this well-protected building.

With the shelter in sight at last, the trees on the ridge swayed in the wind with a whispered warning. They rocked violently as I reached the shelter and roared their message that moments only were left to get in some firewood. When the storm broke I settled back, feeling like the Burman at the beginning of the rainy season. "My rise is gathered; my roof is fixed, so rain if thou wilt, O sky." And rain it did, with flashing lightning and crashing thunder competing for attention.

Scientists estimate that fifty-three million thunderstorms occur each year, shocking our earth with three billion lightning strokes. A single bolt of lightning, one to six inches in diameter, may be several miles long and can discharge up to one hundred million volts. Fortunately, most of these bolts are cloud to cloud, and those that do reach the earth collect on the way free nitrogen from

the air and transform it into one hundred million tons annually of fixed nitrogen to fertilize the soil.

Thankful thoughts filled my mind while sitting in the lean-to, located down off "lightning ridge" with its back to the storm. Memory reviewed parts of my past life, taking me back to my Christian home and parents, whom I might have appreciated more, and to my present home and family in Washington, that I will appreciate more. I thought of many things to be thankful for and added another when the fearful storm rumbled away eastward and let a late afternoon sun paint a rainbow on the darkened eastern sky.

IN the post-storm stillness I opened a book and read the first chapter. I had read it a number of times before, but today it seemed more significant. The story of the creation in the Book of Genesis begins: "In

the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." From what did He create them? Can I believe that the physical universe in which we see, live, hear, smell, taste, and touch was created from things unseen and unknown to man? I pondered this while building a fire and making some food.

Up on the ridge after the meal, the sun wrapped a robe of red and gold clouds about it and retired behind the mountains. Twilight turned to night and stars came out, first one by one, then by the hundreds, thousands, and millions. How bright and close they were in the clear air away from the smoke and lights of the city. "And God said, let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide day from night. . . . And God saw that it was good."

Returning to the lean-to sleep was delayed while I became reaccustomed to night sounds in the forest. Something thought poor Will ought to be whipped, and the "Katy did—Katy didn't" argument had not been settled, although it seemed that in those mountains the "did's" outnumbered the "didn'ts". But the wise old owl would render no judgment based on majority opinion. He just occasionally asked "who?" "And God said let the earth bring forth living creatures."

At dawn a choir of feathered living creatures tuned up for a big special event, no less wonderful because it repeats over and over. With the opening number by the chorus, the dark sky curtain turned to red, then to orange, and finally to gold as God's "greater light to rule the

day" appeared with its promise of new opportunities in a new day.

Stops were frequent on the hike back to Skyland, not so much to rest as to glory in a new appreciation of the wonders of creation. Under a white oak tree that must have been growing for hundreds of years, and whose shade covered almost a half-acre, I stopped to consider the task those roots must have in supplying the tree with food and water. Sometimes they travel from a quarter to a half-mile to find water, but the method of pumping hundreds of gallons of liquid to those upper and outermost leaves is one of nature's mysterious wonders called osmosis.

Another unseen and only partly understood mystery goes on in the tree. Through tiny holes in the leaves carbon dioxide enters from the air, combines with water, and aided by light, manufactures the sugars and starches that support life on earth. In this reaction ($6 \text{ CO}_2 + 6 \text{ H}_2\text{O} + \text{light} \rightarrow \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 + 6 \text{ O}_2$), the surplus atoms of oxygen add vigor to the air of the forest. Perspiration, respiration, and transpiration, all leading to death and decay, would use all our starches in a generation except for this one reverse, life sustaining process called photosynthesis.

Perhaps, though, the greatest mystery, the greatest wonder of the oak tree lies hidden in its origin in the little acorn, dropped from another tree or by a bird, or perhaps buried by a squirrel, but into which God has breathed the mysterious and wondrous breath of life. "And God said, Behold, I have given you



SKYFIRE. Storms on the Appalachian trail have a certain grandeur and beauty. But they can be severe!

—every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for food.”

Could this universe, with its vastness and complexities, with all its wonders, all its mysteries, all its highly ordered life, just happen? Biologist Edwin Conklin in the November 1962 issue of *The Link*, compared the probability of life originating by accident to the probability of the unabridged dictionary resulting from an explosion in a printing shop.

AT Skyland I saw and almost resented people. It is so easy to appreciate the universe in solitude, but, when God created man, he said, “Be fruitful and multiply, and inhabit the earth,” which man certainly did. Last year our multiplication product exceeded three billion living, separate individuals, all of whom could live together in peace under God’s law: “Thou shalt love

the Lord thy God. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

As I drove northward, the road filled up with neighbors. I should love them, but I wondered if God realized what a bunch of reckless, speeding roadhogs some of my neighbors were. “Ah, the police caught one of my reckless neighbors. Lord, forgive my moment of exultation, for I do believe that you love us every one and sent your Son, Jesus, to show all of us the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*.”

When I neared Washington, traffic slowed and slowed and then crawled. Up ahead where the road cuts through a hill, the front end of a car struck out provokingly, bringing angry remarks and black looks from delayed drivers. While creeping past I saw a man looking dejectedly at his motor. Four children stood around, two of them crying. A woman sat in the car, holding a crying baby.

I know not why, but I pulled off the road in front. Usually my aroused sympathies lead only to sending a small check to the appropriate agency. The man, I learned, had been promised work and a place to live in a small Pennsylvania town, but now they were out of money, hungry, the baby was sick and the car was stalled. The despair and suffering in those faces I shall never forget. They were my neighbors.

In checking the motor, I recognized the symptoms, thanks to my automotive engineering professor, whose favorite trick was shutting off the exhaust pipe and making the class find the trouble. While trying to get his car off the road, the man backed into a clay bank, sealing his exhaust pipe. The car was running again, just as that patrolman who had been so stern with my reckless neighbor, stopped and let a big heart show through.

We got the baby to a doctor and found food and a place for the family to stay. Two of my happiest days followed, showing the family their National Capital and watching them eat. On the third day the baby was able to travel, and the family continued to Pennsylvania with me following just to be sure the job was still there. It was. Brushing off tearful thanks with a lumpy throat, I started back home, reviewing as I drove along research project "blue bean."

Certainly God was down in those Virginia mountains, among the wonders of his creation, and also along the road among my neighbors. He

helped me to appreciate his universe more, and by appreciating to learn more of its laws. On the road I learned to love my neighbor by doing for him personally, and I learned that one need not wait for reward in heaven because heavenly joy and satisfaction can come immediately with every good deed done.

The spiritual is no longer separated in my mind from the physical. Who remembers the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy until the splitting of the atom proved that matter exists as a form of energy? And who now has faith enough to believe that the physical exists as a part of the spiritual? Down in the mountains I was helpfully reminded that faith does not begin after knowledge ends. Faith begins with knowledge but continues beyond it.

God in his infinite wisdom, may not give us enough hints to find the whole truth this side of eternity, but I found the search for truth so fascinating, so challenging and so rewarding that I shall never stop searching. But what am I saying; when I should say only, "Hot buttered blue beans! Please come to supper." ■ ■

DEFINITION

Confusion: one woman plus one left turn;

Excitement: two women plus one secret;

Bedlam: three women plus one bargain;

Chaos: four women plus one luncheon check.—*Moments.*

Just a Little Bit

By George S. Wilson

AN actress confided to a friend that she always consulted her horoscope. Her friend was surprised. "I didn't know you believed in astrology." "Oh, yes," said the actress, "I believe in everything a little bit."

That's the trouble with a lot of us. We believe a little bit in everything but not an awful lot in anything.

We don't commit ourselves to any causes, programs, or institutions in a big way. We marry hoping the marriage will work out. We join the armed forces all too often for what there is in it for us. We go to church when it's convenient but when the chaplain preaches on a total commitment of our life and our money—we feel that he has quit preaching and gone to meddling.

No good marriage has ever existed where the man and woman have not joined together body and soul to build a home. No career has been successful where the individual has thought in terms of his own advantage. No lives, no communities, no worlds have been saved without total commitment.

A writer has recently characterized much of America's religion as "a very fervent faith in a very vague religion." It's time to ask ourselves what we believe in and why we believe it.

A vague religion is not much help when the chips are down. It doesn't answer the questions life throws in our face.

What do you believe about God? What do you believe about evil, about goodness? What is the meaning of life? What do you believe about immortality? If you don't have some concrete ideas on these subjects that will stand in the light of discussion, it's time you started to read, to study, to come to some conclusions.

Believing a little bit in everything is of little value when you need help most. ■ ■

The only one who ever gets anywhere by letting things slide is a trombone player. . . . Little girl's definition of a smile: Laughter in a whisper.
—F. G. Kernan.

Directive for Discipleship

By George A. Buttrick

Beginning a new series of articles on The Sermon on the Mount. One article will appear each month throughout the year. Begin the series this month and continue with it during 1965.

I HAVE been asked to write twelve articles on The Sermon on the Mount. As if any man could—or any angel! Yet you, whose eyes are now on these lines, if you have ever read with care chapters five through seven in the Gospel of Matthew, have many times inwardly written *your* commentary on The Sermon, perhaps to disagree! For that Mount now towers over the world. Books written about it, if they could all be gathered, would make a massive library. Why? Others spoke the Golden Rule (in negative form) before Christ, yet millions of people think of Christ when they think of the Rule, because Christ now towers above the Mountain.

The supremacy of The Sermon is not focused in the admitted fact that it provides *the* summary of a disciple's conduct, but in its search-iness. It lays bare our secret heart. It wrings from us cry after cry: "This is how men should live! But I for one have not so lived! Can any man, with any man's legacy of failure and any man's feeble powers, ever hope to fulfill such stern demands?" The protests provoked by The Sermon that it is impractical or impossible or "meaningless in our tumultuous and mass-communication world" only testify the more to its power to probe. We cannot let it go, because it will not let us go. Besides, it wins us even as it convicts us. We understand the joy of the child who, hearing from her mother for the first time this Great Proclamation, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, now we can begin to live this way!" Can we? If only we could!

Dr. Buttrick is a distinguished American clergyman, author of many books, and general editor of The Interpreter's Bible. He lives in Evanston, Ill.

I

We should mark the setting of the Sermon in the total Gospel. Scholars speak of "The Five Books of Matthew." The Gospel consists of a wonderful sunrise (the account of The Birth of Christ), and a wonderful sunset of which the early church said "Our sun is risen in the West" (the account of The Resurrection of Christ), and in between five narratives which reverent study now traces to the material in Mark's Gospel, each narrative being followed by an appropriate collection of "the sayings of Jesus." These five narrative-teaching units conclude in each instance with a repeated formula: "And when Jesus had finished these sayings. . . ." Perhaps the author of the Gospel had in mind the Five Books of Moses which we now call the "Pentateuch"; perhaps he was intent to set forth the "new law" in Christ. The Sermon is the first of these collections of "the sayings of Jesus." The other four, if you wish to find them, are About Apostleship (9:36-10:42), About the Secrecy of the Message of Christ (13:1-53), About the Beginnings of the Church (17:22-18:35), and About the Last Judgment (chs. 23-25).

We need not shrink from the proposal that The Sermon is in part Matthew's mosaic of Christ's sayings. Compare the similar material in Luke's "Sermon on the Plain" (6:20-49), and you will see that each writer has chosen the material (probably from a common source which the scholars call Q) which best suited his purpose as he proclaimed The Word. Nor does such a proposal nullify our conviction that both men wrote under the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit, for the Spirit gives disciplines and artistry as well as sudden revealings. The first three Gospels, called The Synoptic Gospels because they see "the Old, Old Story" under one optic or eye, are like three pictures of the same entrancing landscape, while the Fourth Gospel holds the landscape in supernatural light as it says to us: "These things are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life through his name."

II

We now turn from this necessary biblical introduction to the questions which you have asked: *How shall The Sermon be interpreted for our time?* Nietzsche called it "slave morality," having in mind such sayings as that about "the meek" or about "turning the other cheek." We shall not sidestep such teachings when we reach them. But it is here worth noting that a contemporary psychiatrist, Dr. Smiley H. Blanton, has written a book entitled *Love or Perish*. The Marxist claims that The Sermon is simply irrelevant in our highly complex economic

and technological society. That charge also we will not evade, but we may here remember that Marxism regards personhood as being derived from matter, and sees man as a throw off from the economic vortex. Suppose that theory to be false (it can easily be riddled), and suppose man to be amphibian—a dweller in two worlds of time and eternity—suppose him to be “that strange creature who can view his own life,” and who must therefore regard his neighbor also as being uniquely precious, then The Sermon on the Mount returns with keener surgical probe and double healing. But Nietzsche and Marx aside, have we not all feared that The Sermon is “a counsel of perfection,” “a heaven too high for our upreaching”? How have the scholars interpreted this portion of the teachings of Jesus?

Martin Dibelius, the great German theologian, refuses to temper the outright claim of these commands. Other scholars have proposed that Jesus spoke “impossibilities” to show us our human helplessness and thus to drive us to the cross for pardon, but Dibelius flatly disagrees. He claims rightly that the disciples of Christ had as yet no clear sight and even less understanding of the Cross. Besides, it is not in the judgment-compassion of Christ to leave men in baffled dismay by offering the “impossibilities.” We may wonder if Dibelius has fully confronted the ambiguities of our modern world (e.g. the ethic of occupation forces, not to mention the dilemma of nuclear power), but surely we must agree with him against those who would dilute the outright challenge of Christ. Do we deeply wish it diluted, however rigorous its demands?

Albert Schweitzer, the Alsatian musician—doctor and theologian, honored for his work in the Lambaréné Forest Hospital in Africa, has advanced the theory that The Sermon is “interim ethic.” He means that Jesus believed that “the kingdom was imminent in the sense that history would soon end, and that the rules laid down were therefore only for his disciples as they looked to “the climax of the age.” Schweitzer’s sweeping contentions are no longer widely held among scholars, at least not in their iconoclastic thoroughness, but it is agreed that they have this value: Jesus did believe that his coming marked the end of an age and the beginning of a new age, and The Sermon is therefore in some deep sense a *kingdom*-ethic. The issue as it concerns us can be simply stated: Do we think The Sermon is related only to A.D. 30 or addressed also to us in inescapable challenge? We must ask this same question of those who would tell us that this ethic is not intended only for members of religious orders.

Many writers have contended that The Sermon consists of principles aimed more at inward disposition than at specific fulfillment. We agree, and disagree. We agree that it goes below the outward act

to the hidden motive, as when Jesus said that contempt or anger is incipient murder, but we disagree because command after command is so pointed as to leave no alternative except obedience in the deed. It is easy to evade an onset by pleading "principles." The man who angrily declares that "I'm concerned about the principle of the thing!" is rarely convincing because he is concerned about a specific so sharp that it had pierced his skin. When was Jesus a peddler of principles? It would be truer to say that he spoke always to the actual occasion. The Sermon is sparks struck by a race-horse spirit from the contemporary road.

Then is The Sermon an attempt to formulate a Christian code of conduct, a successor to the Torah? Scholars are now rather widely agreed that behind the Gospel of Matthew there are Christian-Rabbinic teachers intent to set forth a new regimen of morality. Perhaps in their minds The Mount was a new Mount Sinai. But this interpretation cannot be driven to a rigid conclusion, if only because there are also *narrative* portions in the Gospel, notably the stories of Bethlehem, Calvary, and Easter. That is to say, Matthew was no legalist. Surely that verdict is also true of Christ himself. There is in The Sermon a questioning of *motives* that goes far deeper than any law. Besides, Jesus took issue with the *Law* because men were prone to erect it as a barrier between them and God. The traitor, beating his breast as he confessed his sins and begged God's mercy, was "justified" (so Jesus said) rather than the man who meticulously kept the letter of the Law. There are other difficulties with the legalism-theory: The Sermon itself includes far more than commands. There are aphorisms, prayers (such as the Lord's Prayer), poems (or at least lines in strophic form), warnings, and parables.

III

Then what shall we say of "The Sermon on the Mount," we who live today in our strange contemporary world? Maybe that is precisely the question which Christ asks of us: "What do *you* think?" That again and again was his way with men. Shall we say that this directive is revelation? Men cannot climb to God, though God can descend to men. Human wisdom cannot "find out" God. All we know about God must come as he chooses to reveal himself—not through philosophy (its concepts are too thin, and too much of man's mind), not through science (it uses only a part of the mind, the analytic mind, to examine only a part of the world, the measurable world), but through events; and centrally through the total Event of Christ—his teachings, life, death and resurrection. So The Sermon we may say is the breakthrough of divine light for those who fain would be Christ's disciples.

But what would such a conviction mean for us? We must not dilute

The Sermon by making it either an outward legalism or an "inward disposition," for it still searches us. But we must not pretend that we are capable of instant and perfect obedience. Pietistic groups in the Middle Ages did so pretend, and were thus caught in the worse sin of spiritual pride. Who among us has not been guilty of anger or sexual imagination? Nor should we propose that every command can literally be applied to our modern world: there are no specifics in The Sermon about labor unions and the European Common Market. But more urgently, we should not deny that here Light shines on us searchingly in every modern encounter.

Certain other remembrances should not be yielded as we study The Sermon. One is minor, but important: not all the teachings of Jesus, let alone all his witness among men, is in this collection of his sayings. Each word he spoke should be judged by *all* he said, yes, and by all he did, and was, and is today. The other remembrance is major, namely, that the Gospel of Matthew *is* Gospel—the good news that all our failures are gathered into that mercy which prayed on the cross: "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do." Nay, the good news is even better news: when we honor The Sermon on the Mount, not by diluting its sheer demand or evading its convincing light, the holy spirit promised by Christ shines on the page to illuminate it, showing us what to do—not under the bondage of some static "law" or "principle," but step by step of our earthly pilgrimage, until we reach that land of clearer seeing where "we shall know as we are known." We have it on Christ's own authority that "the letter kills," while "the spirit makes alive." Trusting his spirit, we shall next discuss The Beatitudes. ■ ■

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD WISHES

When I was serving my hitch in the Army, my wife and young son were busily engaged moving from city to city trying to keep up with my transfers from post to post.

This was, of course, very much an inconvenience, and we had many conversations about the houses we would live in when I once more became a civilian.

One of my latest neighbors once asked my youngster if he had one wish what would that wish be?

My four-year-old Roger thought it over and then said soberly, "I wish my Daddy was civilized."—Jack Herbert.

* * *

The size of the dog in the fight is less important than the size of the fight in the dog.—F. G. Kernan

STORIES FROM SPORTS

The Athlete Who Made Hitler Run

BACK in 1936, when the Olympic Games were held in Berlin, Germany, one of the most dramatic events of the world took place; its principal players were Jesse Owens, American Negro, and Adolph Hitler, ruler of the so-called "invincible race."

An estimated crowd of over 110,000 spectators jammed the large stadium that afternoon on August 2, among them, Hitler. The "Tan Cyclone," as the sportswriters referred to Jesse Owens, had just copped his first gold medal by winning the 100-meter dash. Although not considered a fast-starter, he had shot from the starting mark like a bullet and had led all the way, hitting the finish line at 10.3 seconds for a new Olympic and world record for that event. Next, competing in the broad jump, he hurtled through the air to establish a new Olympic mark of 26 feet 5-5/16 inches. It was the great athlete's second gold medal. Owens was proving one fact: Hitler had declared earlier that Negroes were an inferior race, but Jesse and other Negro stars, among them Ralph Metcalf and Cornelius Johnson, had proved otherwise.

On August 5, the stadium was again jammed to capacity. The weather was cold and windy. When the starting gun barked, Jesse was off, his arms and legs working like well-greased pistons in the 200-meter race. At the half-way mark, he led the others by two meters. When he broke the tape the nearest runner was five meters behind, and he won in 20.7 seconds, the fastest anyone had run the distance around a turn. This was his third gold medal. The fans rose and cheered the "Tan Cyclone." Hitler made a fast exit from the box seat, stating that the rain had driven him from the stands.

Owens wasn't through yet. Being lead-off runner in the 400-meter, his quartet set an Olympic record of 39.8 seconds, averaging better than 10 seconds per man for the 100 meters, thus making it four gold medals, an accomplishment never made before in the Olympics. Although Jesse Owens was proud of his gold medals, his greatest victory was in driving the angry Hitler from his own stadium and before his own people, making him eat his words with regard to the Negro race.

—Mario DeMarco

Expert

By Tye Hagman

A fisherman's story with an ending that will delight you.

BOB WEST scowled as another of his casts fell short of the target. "Must be gettin' lazy," he muttered to himself. "Either that or I'm plumb tuckered out. Could be the weather, maybe?" He looked around searching doubtfully for an answer. "No, it's me. Can't be the weather—not on a day like this."

It was one of those rare days that Nature sometimes bestows on western Washington in January. The temperature had struggled hard to climb back to 32 degrees at noon, and almost made it, but finally settled for 29, where it hung precariously for a couple of hours, then started skidding slowly. There wasn't the tiniest wisp of a cloud in sight and the faint breath of air flowing down the Sky River wouldn't turn a paper windmill.

The Sky River that day was a steelheader's dream of heaven, al-

most clear, about halfway between the low and high watermarks with steelhead showing all the way from the mouth to the forks at Index. It was Wednesday and the weekend army of fishermen were not in possession of every hole and drift along the banks.

Bob reeled in his gear impatiently. He examined the half-ounce brass spoon and noted that more paint had been knocked from the blade. He'd been careless again, letting the lure bounce along the bottom too much. He was getting tired. His watch said two o'clock, seven hours since he hit the Wilson Drift at daylight.

He sank wearily to the gravel beside his gear bag and put on a new lure, a brilliant white, nickel, and red wobbler. He needed the rest. But it was strange how nearly invisible the loop on a fifteen-pound test line could be. Finally the end came through and he cinched it down tight. Then he pushed himself up and waded into the river. In another hour the sun would dodge behind Howard Hill and be gone for the day.

The brief rest on the bank had restored his strength and steadied his hand. His casts were in good form again, long and accurate, and the retrieves were firm and steady, well off the bottom.

Then he noticed that he had company, about two hundred yards below. His companion must have come upstream while Bob was sitting down. Studying him for a few moments, Bob decided that he must be a youth, probably sixteen or

seventeen. "A dad-burned cracker," Bob muttered. "Casts like he was pitchin' hay."

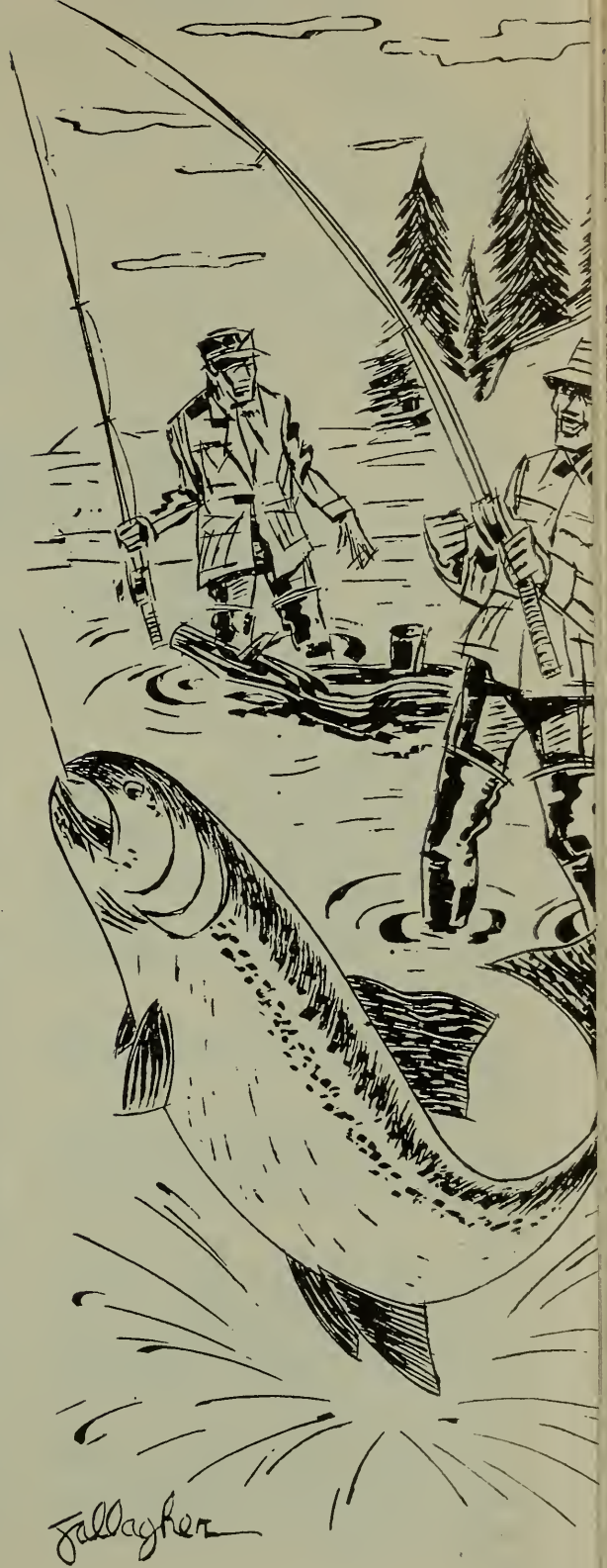
Bob turned back to his own fishing again, making longer casts now, way past the middle. "They've got to be out there in the deep middle channel," he predicted confidently to himself. "There's bound to be one or two out there. Got to keep at it." He felt a little nip of cold, and turned around to see the last rays of the sun flashing back in farewell from the peak of Howard Hill. The cold would increase from now on, he knew, and at sixty-seven the circulation bogs down in cold weather.

SUDDENLY his body stiffened to attention and his head swiveled downstream as he heard the soul-stirring cry of a steelheader to all brothers in the fraternity: "One on! One on!"

The boy had nailed one and it was breaking water all over the river! Bob reeled in and headed downstream fast. But he had to slow down. The rocks were gathering new films of ice. They were never where they seemed to be, and they were always bigger than they looked. One bad fall could end his steelheading for the season.

When Bob grew closer to the scene of battle, he paused to size up the young fisherman. "This kid's horsing him in too danged fast," he growled. "He's going to lose him, sure as shooting!"

Bob was moving forward again as he saw the boy stumbling backwards, dragging a furiously kicking, bright nine-pounder up.



Dancing around the flopping steelhead, the youth shouted, "Man, is this fish ever hooked! Look at this, will you! Ain't she a beaut!" Bob saw that all three points of the treble hook were sunk deep in one corner of the mouth almost hiding the spoon. Bob helped him cut the hook out.

"My name's West," he said. "Bob West."

The boy put out a shaking hand. "I'm Dale, Dale Burton. I live on the Showalter Road five miles from town. Sure glad you're here, Mr. West. Have you got a pencil? I forgot to bring one and it would just be my luck to have a game warden catch me with this steelhead and no punch on my card."

Bob handed Dale the ballpoint he always carried. Dale sorted a stack of cards in his wallet, and when he located the steelhead punch card it slipped out of his fingers while he was trying to enter the date and the river.

"What's the matter, son?" Bob asked. "You got the shakes or something?"

Dale picked up the card. "I guess I'm just too excited, that's why. I thought sure I was going to lose him."

"So did I, son, the way you horsed him in. You yarded that fish in like you was bucking a one-minute time clock or something. It sure is a wonder he didn't break away from you."

Bob noticed that Dale was punching out the number one hole in his card. "This your first one this year, son?" he asked.

"My first one, period!" Dale cried. "My first steelhead in my whole life! But man, he's sure a beaut, ain't he, eh?"

"You bet, son, he sure is. Bright as a silver dollar, and not a mark on him. How long you been fishing son?"

"I started last year, Mr. West. Lost two—that's all I had on last year. This year I've lost three. Maybe I do get too anxious, like you say. I'll take more time with the next one, believe me! But, mister, this sure makes up for the lost ones, doesn't it. Sure is a beaut!" His eyes caught the bright gleam of the Dare Devil spoon on Bob's rod. "Oh, you're using spoons, too. How do you like 'em?"

"It's all I use, son. I quit fooling around with eggs two-three years ago."

"Are you having more luck with spoons?" Dale asked.

"Well, about the same. Not much difference. Only, I like spoons better, especially in winter. No messing around baiting your hook in freezing weather."

Bob wheeled around and studied the river. "Why don't you throw it out there again, son? Must be another one out there in that deep channel somewhere."

Dale hesitated. "Why don't you cast a few times, Mr. West? I'd like to pick up a few pointers from you. I sure could use 'em."

Bob laid his rod down. "No, son, you go ahead. I've been at it since daylight. You get out there and start casting. If I see you need some pointers, I'll come out there."



Dale inspected his gear briefly, waded out, and began casting. After about the tenth cast, Bob waded to his side to offer several suggestions to improve his casting technique.

For the next half hour Bob coached his young companion. He showed him how to cast slightly downstream rather than slightly upstream to give him a more immediate retrieve and to avoid the hangups that plagued him. Bob also pointed out that he was losing at least twenty feet of good drift distance because of poor action on his spoon when the line was too slack from a poor cast.

Bob demonstrated a better side cast, which gave Dale an additional fifteen or twenty feet of distance he was losing before. He slowed Dale's retrieve action after the lure had passed more than forty-five degrees of its arc at the end of the drift.

"And there," Bob exclaimed with vigor, "is where you'll nail most of your fish. You'll have a tight line and you'll be bucking a faster current and with a slower retrieve you'll get closer to the bottom. And that's where they'll hit it—hard!"

THEY had drifted downstream about a hundred feet and part of Dale's retrieve was dragging through the slack water of an eddy. "I guess I'd better stay out of there," he remarked. "No steelhead in that kind of water."

"Don't kid yourself, son!" Bob countered. "Let me show you how to coax them out of water like that." Bob took the rod and cast into the miniature riptide between the swift down current and the eddy.

"When you're retrieving in slack water like this, don't make it steady. Jerk it! Little jerks with the reel,

bigger jerks once in a while with the rod. But don't ever let it slack off. You'll get hung up sure, or if a steelhead hits, you won't even feel it!"

The guides on Dale's rod were freezing shut, and they became aware that the sun had gone and that darkness and cold were snapping at the heels of the retreating sun. Dale thanked Bob warmly for his help. "You know, Mr. West, everything I know about steelheading, I've picked up from fellows like you. Fellows who know steelheading from A to Z. Fellows who know the river, where the fish run and where they lay. And now you've helped me more than anything in improving my casting. I sure appreciate this, Mr. West."

Bob's shoulders moved back and upwards unconsciously. "It's nothing, son, nothing at all. I just hope you go on catching them. You sure got a nice fish there, my boy,

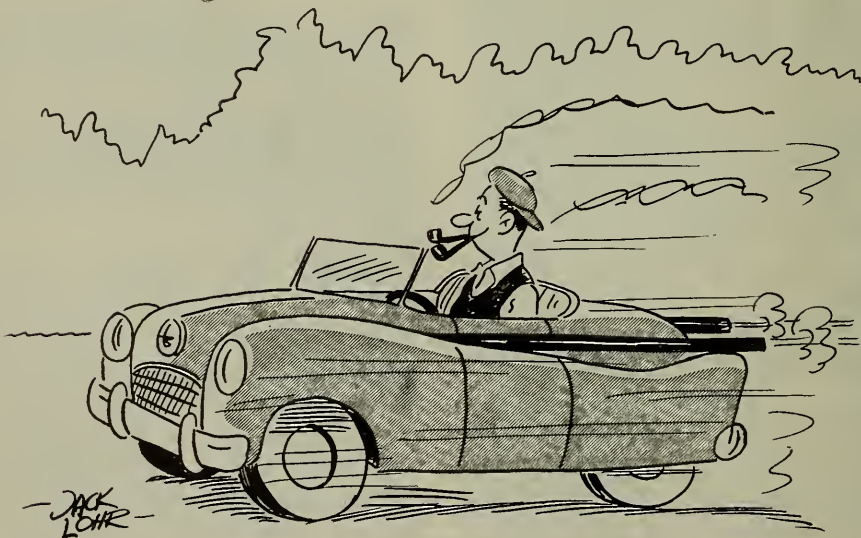
one to be mighty, mighty proud of."

Dale held his fish high. "Well, goodbye, Mr. West. Hope to see you again soon, and thanks once more for the tips." He headed downstream swiftly. The rocks did not bother him at all. He was walking on air.

Bob stooped wearily for his gear, faced upriver and stepped with extreme care. The ice-covered rocks were treacherous now and the river breeze had a sting to it. He felt tired, very tired, and alone.

He needed to hurry and get back to the road and his car. But he stopped to have a final look down the river. Dale had left the river and was scrambling up the steep bank to Howard Road.

"Go ahead, boy," Bob called loudly. "Get home and show 'em your fish! Ain't every day you see a cracker beach his first one and bust loose like that. Wonder if it'll hit me like that when I get my first steelhead?"



CLIMBING UP THE LADDER

By Wallace M. Hale

SIN is the great deception. The devil makes evil seem the most desirable act in a lifetime. Only when a man participates in evil and gets ready to smack his lips does he feel the bitterness of sin. Only when his health is ruined, his life wasted, and his ambitions shattered, does a man know he has been led down the primrose path. Sin builds nothing; it destroys everything.

Jacob was the sort of man who would have been perfectly at home in the modern world. He was a "bright" fellow who possessed a burning desire to get ahead, but he had a feeling there was an easy way to succeed. He connived, lied, cheated, and clung to his mother's skirts. He outsmarted his brother, betrayed his father, and finally had to go into exile where he continued to take the easy road to success.

The one thing that Jacob teaches us is that there is a better way than selfishness. God revealed himself to Jacob (Gen. 28:13-17) and finally won his full loyalty at Jabbok's ford (Gen. 32:25-32). Jacob learned

there was a ladder reaching from heaven to earth. God's messengers could take up our messages to heaven and come back to earth and minister to us. He learned that God could speak to us and lead us, but it was late in his life when he really claimed the blessing God offered to him.

Jacob's ladder offers a means whereby man can crawl from the earthbound muck and mire of selfishness and self-centeredness to the higher and more useful realms of love and service. Man can climb the ladder God has shown him in the teachings of Jesus.

How long has it been since you read the Beatitudes? You'll find them in Matthew 5:3-12. Here are a list of the rungs in the ladder of life. I challenge you and me to give them a one-year trial, because God expects us to climb.

Jesus Points Up

Jesus began his Sermon on the Mount implying that men didn't recognize success when they saw it;

Chaplain Hale is the command chaplain at the headquarters, Second U.S. Army, Fort George G. Meade, Md.

leaders of religious life in that day actually didn't know which way was up. Instead of the successful man being a fellow with a bank account, a fine home and a wife with Dior clothes, Jesus said, essentially, "Most fortunate is the man who doesn't think he is God." The real man of distinction is one who cries real tears over the poverty, hurt, and sin he sees in his society. The successful man is meek, merciful, pure in heart, and literally seeks hard to find the right thing and do the right thing. The man who really wins out in this life is the man who is so good that sinners revile him and persecute him; they feel so uncomfortable around him that they try to destroy him.

Jesus claims that the way to the "good life" is a steep, narrow one. It goes up the side of a steep mountain and to travel this path one must sweat, strain, ache, and persist. In the Beatitudes Jesus points out the inner discipline needed to be "happy" or "fortunate" or "blessed." Let's take a look at two or three of these.

"Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit" (Mt. 5:13)

Jesus speaks these words to those who came to hear what he had to say about life. They must have shocked the Jews who were then under the domination of the Roman Empire. They would not have been surprised if he had commended "the rich in spirit," or "the rich in power," but when he stated that the poor in spirit would inherit the kingdom of heaven, that was something else.

Jesus wanted men to realize that the true source of strength is in a godly spirit and, recognizing their own lack of godliness, to throw themselves onto the mercy of God.

How different from the Scribes and Pharisees. They felt they were so good that they had no farther to go. They were a success in their own eyes, but Jesus called them whitewashed tombstones and berated their lack of 20/20 spiritual vision. He affirmed that the least in the kingdom of God was greater than they.

"Blessed Are Those Who Mourn" (Mt. 5:4)

How sorry is the plight of the man who sees all the sorrow around him without a shred of emotional reaction. To see a young man or woman bordering on personal disaster, to see a family broken asunder, to see a dope addict or an alcoholic, and to see children without love should cause any real man to offer his help and love and support. Jesus knew that love would beget mercy, meekness, peace, and purity. These are the things man should see; and he is no success in life until the love of Christ so fills his life that it overflows in service and compassion to others.

How long has it been since you shed a tear for someone else's hurt? Jacob was so busy getting things for himself that he could not see the hurt welling up inside his twin brother. He must have felt that this big dumb hunter had no ambition or pride. Then he found out too late. In our own way we have felt sorry

for the poor, the minority, the lame, and the moron, but what have we shared with them?

Jesus claimed that compassion should lead to positive action. He testified that a Christian who saw a cold person would share his blanket or coat. A Christian gives food to hungry people and medicine to the sick. He bandages the wounded and provides a home for the fatherless.

“Blessed Are You When Men Revile You and Persecute You.” (Mt. 5:11)

In this saying, Jesus may be pointing to a standard of living that the modern Christian cannot attain. Perhaps we are too content to live with the sin around us! Maybe we do not have the courage to denounce the evil that is so evident in our midst! We see the bad and destructive but we hesitate to tangle with it for fear we will lose some of our own comfort in the process.

Happy Is the Man Who Climbs

The word “blessed” had been translated “happy” and “most fortunate.” It means the opposite of the word “curse.” This was Christ’s way of pointing men toward the really worthwhile concepts in life. He knew that true happiness and success come when God is placed at the center of a man’s life.

Jesus also declared that the best in life comes from following the steep climb up the mountainside and not by following the easy road down in the valley. God’s happiness does not come without cost. We may have to give up some green-looking pastures, some cheap but powerful ecstasies, and huge amounts of self-centered pride. We are required to obey God and to give him the service which he demands. Climbing the steep hills of life will keep us humble and, having seen the wonder of God’s love, we can never again accept the monotony of life without purpose.

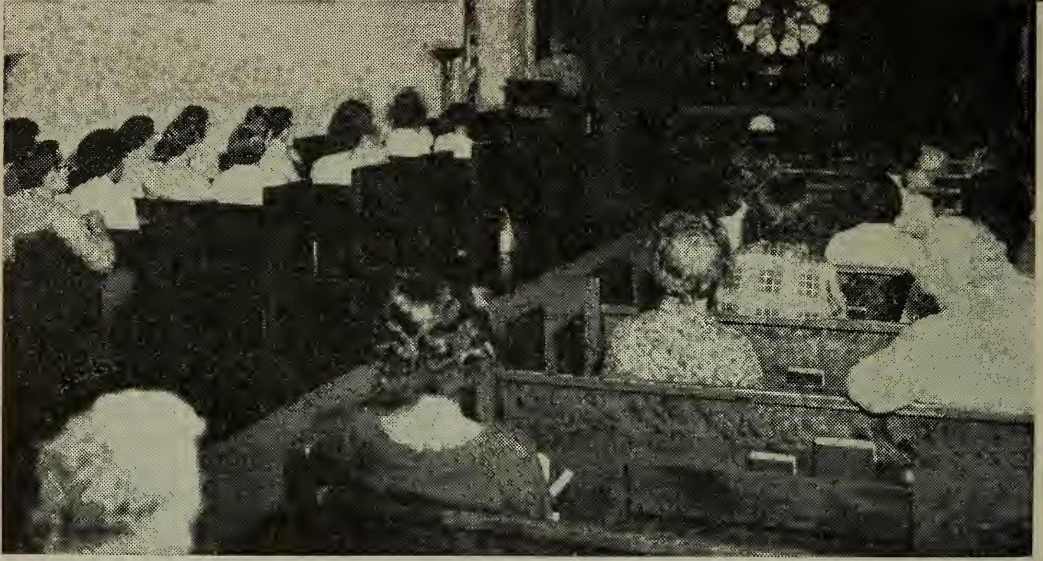
In these days of money, material possessions, and excess human fat we are accumulating more and enjoying it less and less. We are sold down the river by our faith in the Devil’s false promises that he has the key to the happiness we really seek.

There can be a joyousness in our life when we serve God, when we trust Jesus and obey his teachings, when we take the steep path, and when we look up and start climbing. We can leave behind most of the muck and mire of evil and we can enjoy the fresh air so abundant in the spiritual stratosphere.

Happy is the man who climbs toward God.



PEN POINTS: The only way to get anywhere is to start from where you are now. . . . Remember that you can’t shake hands if you have clenched fists. . . . It’s hard to live within an income and impossible to live without one. . . . There is nothing that will turn a woman’s head like peroxide. . . . The best way to make your dreams come true is to wake up.—Jack Herbert (all quotes).



Chaplain McAfee conducts noon-day services in the chapel on the second floor of the Finance Center.

Finance Center Devotions

By Paul K. McAfee

NOT many institutions exist in the world that have the duty of paying millions of dollars to servicemen. And fewer have nestled in their center chapels where devoted employees meet for weekly devotions.

The United States Army Finance Center at Fort Benjaimn Harrison has both the duty and the chapel devotions.

Begun some years ago by a group of interested Finance Center employees and the activity of an Army chaplain assigned to the post, the weekday devotional has continued.

It all began Holy Week of 1958. Holding Holy Week devotions each noon in the building, Monday through Thursday, the chaplain and a "steering committee" found that there was indeed much interest in the religious observance. After Easter was over, the chaplain and the committee sounded out a cross section of the employees and found that there were many who would like to have such a devotional each week.

The day was set as Wednesday and the time was 1155 to 1210 hours. This allowed those interested to eat

their lunch and have fifteen minutes for devotions as well. The activity was well received from the very beginning.

A small chapel on the second floor of the huge structure lent itself perfectly to such a meeting. It seats sixty people, is hung with maroon drapes, has a well-appointed altar, and even an electric organ. The *Army-Navy Hymnal* was chosen as the hymnal to be used, since it favored no certain denomination.

A later chaplain attempted to have a five-minute devotional with instrumental music, prayer, and scripture. But this method proved unsatisfactory. The people felt that if they were to take part of their lunch period or a portion of their annual vacation time for a devotional and meditation, then it should be longer and fully developed. After a short time the service reverted to its original fifteen minutes, and has remained so to the present.

The program is simple. A prayer, a carefully chosen scripture, hymns, and about five or six minutes of carefully prepared meditation on

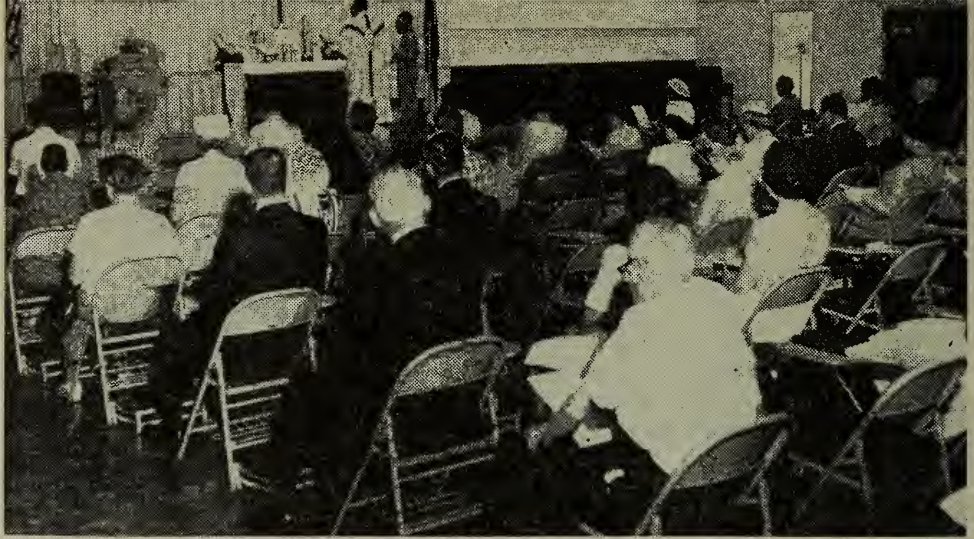
the part of the chaplain, comprise the order of service. The time allows for the developing of only a brief thought. The emphasis is on the religious ideals for daily living, exposition of some verse or scripture, or concise thinking on some moral issue of the day. The development is terse, simple, and direct.

There is no attempt whatsoever to denominationalize. The attendants of the devotional period spread across the entire spectrum of Protestantism, from the less ritualistic and more conservative, to the more ritualistic and liberal. Consequently the chaplain must prepare a devotion that can say something constructive to all.

FOLLOWING the weekly devotions is an hour-long religious service the last Wednesday of the month. For this service a religious leader from the Indianapolis area is invited to bring the message. The committee depends on the regular attendants of the service to submit the names of ministers whom they desire to lead their worship. Consequently, the visiting minister may

The choir of the Finance Center, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Sp/4 Curtis Messer is the director.





Chaplain Broering officiates at mass in the auditorium on the third floor of the Finance Center.

be from any of the many denominations that make up the religious community of Indianapolis. Once again, the theme is nondenominational. It may be Bible-centered or pointed toward certain crucial issues of the day.

The Protestants are not alone in this venture. Each first Friday of the month, a Catholic mass is celebrated in the Finance Center. This service is part of a "First Friday Club" which spreads across the United States, bringing mass and religious worship to groups in most of the larger cities. Here again the participants give up an hour of regular vacation time to attend. The mass is said by the Catholic chaplain of the post, or a visiting priest.

These two larger services are held in the auditorium on the third floor of the center, where a religious center is set up and kept ready for assigned persons. The attendance for these services is from seventy-five to

two hundred persons at any given service.

In 1960 it was felt that the Finance Center needed a choir. The call went out through the workers and before long the choir was in operation. Now boasting seventy voices the choir, under the direction of an able leader, sings at special occasions at the center, visits local churches and organizations with a rounded program, and performs on special days of the year for the community program. The past two seasons it has sung at the Easter Sunrise Service in the adjacent city of Lawrence.

Unique in its inception and continuation, the religious devotional program at the Finance Center points up the healthy attitude of cooperation of all who work there. The sustaining interest and untiring efforts of those who are asked to take leadership responsibility in these endeavors exemplifies the spirit which

is prevalent throughout this institution.

Those who labor in the center are aware of their responsibilities in the job they have to do. Their desire for continued efforts in the weekly devotions and monthly services, including their participation in the choir, portray their awareness of the value of a quiet time, the need of God in their day to day endeavors, and the reverence for his hand in their lives during the bustling week-day as well as Sunday.

In some places it might not be true, but in the Army Finance Center at Fort Benjamin Harrison, religion plays a most important part in the working hours of those who labor there. ■ ■

AMERICA

America! America!

Born in the hearts of men.
Nourished by the love of liberty,
Your crown and diadem.

America! America!

Stand firm with freedom's light.
Perform your mission for mankind:
Guard life and human right.

America! America!

Hold faith in God and man.
Your star of destiny is bright.
Spread truth to all you can.

America! America!

Speed man to his chief end:
Enjoy and glorify his God
And all mankind befriend.
—James M. Hester

Daily Bible Readings

JANUARY

DAY	READING
1.....	Psalms 8
2.....	Psalms 42
3 Sunday.....	Psalms 84
4.....	Psalms 107
5.....	Isaiah 1:10-31
6.....	Isaiah 2:1-11
7.....	Isaiah 5:1-12
8.....	Isaiah 5:13-30
9.....	Isaiah 6
10 Sunday.....	Isaiah 9
11.....	Isaiah 11
12.....	Isaiah 26
13.....	John 4:1-26
14.....	John 4:27-54
15.....	John 5:1-16
16.....	John 5:17-47
17 Sunday.....	John 6:1-40
18.....	John 6:41-71
19.....	John 7:1-31
20.....	John 7:32-53
21.....	John 8:1-32
22.....	John 8:33-59
23.....	John 9:1-23
24 Sunday.....	John 9:24-41
25.....	John 11:1-29
26.....	John 11:30-57
27.....	John 12:1-22
28.....	John 12:23-50
29.....	John 13:1-17
30.....	John 13:18-38
31 Sunday.....	John 16

NO NEED

The policeman whistled the car to the curb and pointed to the dog in the front seat. "Does your dog have a license?" he asked the woman.

"Heavens, no," she replied. "What for? I do all the driving." *L & N Mag.*

This Is a New Day

By James W. Hoffman

NOT long ago the owner of a small but very good restaurant in Center City Philadelphia told us that urban renewal was about to destroy his lifelong occupation. "Even if I can scrape up enough money to begin again in another area," he said despairingly, "it will take years to build up the reputation I have here."

In any vast social change like city redevelopment, all kinds of people are affected, and not all of them happily. What the community as a whole welcomes as progress may be a tragedy to many individuals.

Probably no community in America, large or small, has been wholly untouched by the many upheavals in our national life during the past fifteen years. And very few men and women are living in quite the world they expected when they were students.

The Baby Boom and After

Probably the biggest single cause of the deep and rapid changes in American life is the population explosion. Since the baby boom began

in 1946, our nation has experienced the most rapid growth in its history. In the ten years from 1953 to 1963 we added as many people to our population as the net growth between the landing of the Pilgrims and the Civil War—240 years. The rocketing cost of education is only one result of such sudden expansion of the youngest segment of our population. Beginning this year, Americans will have to build houses equal in number to the entire city of Chicago *every year* just to shelter the newly formed families, without replacing any dwellings now in existence.

To complicate matters further, our population is condensing into vast metropolitan areas. A steadily decreasing percentage of Americans live on farms or in towns.

Although many metropolites like the life they live, these huge agglomerations of humanity have problems all their own. Millions of jobholders must spend two or more hours a day—and a good deal of money—just traveling from their homes to office, store, or factory. In

Mr. Hoffman is one of the editors of Presbyterian Life, a United Presbyterian U.S.A. magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.

a single area, public schools can vary from excellent to intolerable. Many parents plunge beyond the danger point of indebtedness just to move into a locality with decent schooling.

Our Urban Jungles

The core-city of every big metropolis has serious trouble with slums, crime, and delinquency. It is ironic that the greatest cities of the richest nation on earth cannot afford enough police to make them really safe to live in. (Not that crime is confined to the big cities. In the nation at large, crime—especially deeds of physical violence—has increased since World War II at a rate that alarms everyone who keeps tabs on our national health.)

The inner core of the big city is developing a new element in the American population, a group some hundreds of thousands strong who somehow seem unrelated to the rest of the metropolitan community. Most of them are poor; many of them are “different” in language, race, or standards of behavior. Most are of Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish background, but never go to church and couldn’t care less about their moral and spiritual development.

Moreover, the traditional modes of American evangelism and church life leave them unmoved. Many sociologists are apprehensive about this untypical element, and would welcome a means of drawing them back into a normative way of living. These restless and aimless men and women of the inner city prob-

ably make up the bulk of our nation’s seventy million people who don’t belong to any church.

People on the Go

America’s population is not only growing apace; it’s always moving about. Military families know a great deal about the problems that go with mobility. So do corporation families who are whisked off to another branch office every two years or so. A few people seem to be adapted by nature to this kind of life. But for many, the sense of homelessness, and recurrent separation from close friends, are a constant sorrow. Besides, it’s hard to feel responsibility about a community when you never really “belong” to one. Doubtless, the reason so many communities never mount a concentrated attack on civic problems is that so many potential leaders are nomads whose split-level houses are tents of the night.

Finally, for an increasing number of Americans, “mobility” includes travel to the far corners of the earth in the military, on business, or on vacation. The impact of this experience on American thinking cannot yet be measured. The impression that Americans leave in other countries has been both praised and deplored—in any case it’s deeply important.

Men and Machines

We’ve heard a lot, but certainly not the last, about automation and unemployment. In the past technological developments have made more jobs than they have displaced

(think, for a moment, about radio and TV). But most observers feel that the scale and the range of the new automation make it different. Not only physical labor, but much office work is being handed over to machines. We're just at the beginning of the automation movement, but we can be sure it will bring maladjustments and dislocations in the education, employment, and leisure of millions of Americans in the next few years.

Because so much has been said and written elsewhere, we will touch only briefly on race in America. Anyone can see that the pattern of race relations is changing, and not even the wildest optimist could believe that all the explosive tensions could be quickly resolved.

Some people ask, "Should the church be concerned about unemployment, urban sprawl, housing shortage, inadequate education, and juvenile crime?" Certainly Christianity is interested in people, and people are affected by the conditions in which they live. Wherever human beings strive and sin and suffer, the church is there—or ought to be. When old people are not adequately cared for, when young people resort to destruction and violence for kicks, when men lose their jobs through no fault of their own, Christians are concerned.

New Days, New Ways

One church leader called the problem of presenting the gospel in

the fast-moving American scene "ministering to a procession." When the good old ways of communicating religious truth fall on deaf ears, new ways must be developed. Store front churches, legal aid pools, employment and housing agencies are among the strategems Protestant churches are using to draw nearer to the people they would like to win.

Many specialized ministries have sprung up in recent years. Serving the church in the inner city, for example, requires different talent and training from those needed in the suburbs. Some agricultural pastors specialize in working the declining towns of the Plains States. There are industrial pastors, hospital chaplains, cowboy ministers, and prison padres.

The starting point of the church, in this country and this age as in every country in every age, is that God loves all men and women that he created, including those who only know his name as a conventional term of profanity. In America in 1965 man's need of God is the same as it has always been. But convincing men of their need, and assuring them that it has been already met, cannot be done with the language and technique of bygone days.

In the America of TV and air-conditioning, of hourly jet flights across the continent, Christians must use all the ingenuity they possess to bring to their countrymen the changeless truths about God and the human soul. ■ ■

Keeping up with the Joneses would be a lot easier if they didn't change directions so often.—F. G. Kernan.

Sorrow Carries a Bonus

By Gordon Chilvers

BILLY had just had an accident. It was not fatal, but it looked as if he would be crippled for life. His father was in despair. "Why should this happen to my boy?" he groaned. His wife had just died and he and the boy were alone. Relatives were few and too far away to give any help. The doctor came to the house every day for some weeks to treat the boy's injured body. Billy knew that each time the doctor came there would be more pain. As he saw the doctor getting his instruments ready, he shuddered at the thought of what their use would mean.

After a little more than a week he began to be quite bright and cheerful even during the doctor's visits. Just as the treatment was about to begin one day he said: "I am going to be brave every time now, daddy." The father said: "Those words did more to give me courage as I faced the sorrows of life than any other words that have ever been said to me."

As we see an example of bravery in our sorrow, it gives us true courage, faith, and hope as we face the pain which comes to us.

Sorrow can carry with it its own bonus. It can be a tremendous blessing although it is not a welcome visitor in any home. To the one who rightly handles it when he receives it, unbelievable good can come.

Many Christians have found as they have looked back on an unwanted sorrow that it has meant more to them than they have realized. It has been God's architect for developing their Christian character.

This does not mean that the sorrow was not felt deeply. Indeed it was a crushing blow especially when it first hit them. Nobody but the sufferer knows how deeply he is wounded by his own experiences.

Some people naturally reveal more of their emotion than others. Certainly it is not the person who shows his grief who is the only one who is hurt by his sorrow. More often than not the one who is less emotional externally feels sorrow more deeply.

Sorrow can be a powerful contribution to our spiritual growth.

One day Doris Rankin had a shock. Her husband had been brought home from business. He

had had a heart attack. Her sorrow was deep and unrelieved.

Then surprising events began to take place. The next-door neighbor who had not seemed at all friendly came to her and offered to do the jobs in the garden for her. The doctor came in very frequently to see her husband. When she spoke of payment, he assured her that there was plenty of time. One of his fellow-employees came in to see him once a week. Each time he came he brought a gift. He was not well-off and this meant considerable self-sacrifice. These gifts were usually the good things which the husband loved, but which illness had put beyond their slender means. Letters of sympathy came from all quarters, many of them quite unexpected.

As the wife looked back on the experience from a distance of five years she said: "Never in all my life did I see so much of the way God works as I did in those six months when Jack was ill." Sorrow had given her an insight into the resources of God and how he helps his children when they are in distress.

When a child was to be born to certain parents they prayed that, if it pleased God, it might be a boy, and that he might become a minister. The baby was a boy, but he was a hopeless cripple and an imbecile.

It was a terrible tragedy. The child was helpless. Yet he was the one that the parents lived for. And in their concern they were daily growing gentler, finer, and more tender.

Fifteen years passed and the minister wrote to the parents on the subject. The mother wrote an answer that was bright and cheerful. "Joe lived to be eighteen; never able to stand, or walk a step, or speak a word clearly, or feed himself. Under the strain of caring for him night and day, my health broke, my eyesight became poor, the father's health also went bad.

"But we agree Joe was the greatest blessing that ever came to us. We learned patience and goodness from him. He did more for us than we could ever do for him. And we've never had a regret about him."

THE particular bonus that comes from trouble is often specially related to the form of sorrow we experience. The sharpest suffering can come from bereavement. When the one who dies has a special place in our affections through family ties or friendship the pain it brings can be almost unbearable. When the death is sudden the shock can be a sharp blow. Yet the sorrow itself can bring lasting good to us. It can lead to our doing Christ-like actions.

A mother was very concerned for her eight-year-old son. The child had a congenital heart murmur. Then one day he was taken seriously ill. Then came intense pain. The doctor diagnosed rheumatic fever. The mother was naturally anxious for the child's welfare. She was especially fearful that the disease would worsen the child's heart condition.

She took her child to the hospital and began sharing his stay there. It was only a few hours before

she had learned an important lesson. She explains: "As I looked around I knew that I was not the only person there who was experiencing heartbreak of one sort or another. And the others were meeting it with more courage than I was. I could no longer enjoy my self-pity. Soon I began to feel a deep concern for other mothers even in the midst of my own tension. I listened attentively as they told their sad stories and I began to weep with them in their tears."

The woman had used her sorrow creatively. It had brought sympathy. And sympathy for the sufferings of others is evidence of a fine character.

Disappointment may bring us deep sorrow. Our hopes and dreams may be shattered in a moment when we know that there is no hope of repair. The sorrow will be deeper if the disappointment comes to us where it is vital. For a time courage and hope may go.

Yet disappointments can be a real blessing. As we look at them from a safe distance in time we shall discover the guiding hand of our Father. We will realize that he controls all events in love in a way we had never thought possible before. He only thwarts our plans when he has something far better for us.

A grief-stricken woman suffered a tremendous disappointment. Her husband died suddenly and she was completely dependent upon him. A friend came to see her and together they looked at the casket. Pointing to it the widow said: "There lies my husband, my only support, my most faithful friend. But I must not forget

that there lies also, the will of God; that will is perfect love." She could see blessing in what appeared to be grievous loss. She realized that God was as much in the disappointment as in the successes of life. So she was the more ready to trust God.

Her hopes became centered in the Lord, the friend who can never fail. His loving care ensures far greater blessing for us than the best friends can ever give.

A sorrow rightly handled can bring the joy of the Lord.

How can we be sure that sorrow will bring a bonus to us?

We trust God as the sorrow comes to us, knowing that he could prevent its coming to us if he wanted to. And he would have wanted to prevent it if the sorrow had not been for our good. For "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28 KJV), Paul assures us.

We look to the Lord to reveal his will to us. Then we see the blessing that can come from sorrow.

So we shall not be permanently crushed by the sorrows of life. Instead they give us the bonus of a fine Christian character, more courage, a deeper insight into God's ways and further spiritual growth. We are then spiritually enriched by our painful experience. ■ ■

AM I RIGHT?

Far be it from me, pal,
To philosophize;
But those who can, do; and
Those who can't, criticize.

—Paul P. Wentz

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

SOMEONE WAS CHRIST TO ME

Someone was Christ to me today
And now I can rejoice;
He spoke the words I needed most
And Christ was in his voice.
His look was understanding
And I felt my spirits rise;
His face was warm and friendly
And my Lord was in his eyes.
I was troubled, sad, and lonely;
I had more than I could stand;
Then he offered me his help,
And it was Christ who took my hand.
We do not have to blindly trust
For there is proof to see;
I know He lives; so many lives
Reveal my Christ to me.

TRUE GOLD

We struggle for riches,
We strive to get by,
We fight for the dollar,
And one day we die.
Never counting the treasures,
Ignored and refused;
The riches God gave us
That we never used.

TIME ALONE

Loneliness is not a curse,
Nor solitude a crime.
For contemplation is an art
That makes a fool of time.

He who meditates alone
Discovers God is real,
And finds a depth of being
That the clock can never steal.

NEWS BITS

Solar Sea Water Conversion Plant

The first commercial Solar Sea Water Conversion Plant of its kind was dedicated on Oct. 11, 1964, at Symi, Greece, an island near Rhodes in the Dodecanese chain. The project is a Church World Service undertaking, part of its rehabilitation program in Greece. The absence of any fresh water source on the island has created a serious economic hardship. The only fresh water comes from rainwater caught and stored in cisterns, but rainfall is very limited. The 3,000 inhabitants have an average per capita daily use rate of one gallon of fresh water.

United Church Women Join Fight Against Poverty and Extremism

The 2,500 delegates to the 10th National Assembly of UCW (Oct. '64) pledged their support of the nationwide campaign against poverty. Also, in a strong resolution they condemned groups which breed suspicion, division and hatred.

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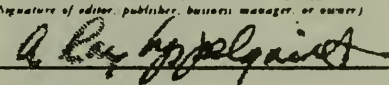
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Let Us Pray

God of the Ages, once again we face a new year. Give us the strength to forget our failures, our mistakes, and our fears; and approach this year with faith and confidence. We thank thee for the gift of time, for years, for days, for hours, for moments. Grant that this year shall be for us a year of change, of growth, of discipline, of hard work. Give us greater wisdom and more patience and fill our hearts with love. Please God, now and throughout the year, may we seek divine direction. Help us from our hearts to say, "Thy will be done." Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord, our God, we are grateful for fellowship—the fellowship of the home, fellowship among friends, the fellowship of the church. Deepen our love for one another in the home. Give us more understanding and kindness. Help us to be loyal to our friends and to grow in our love toward them. And Lord, give us greater unity in our churches. May we learn how to get along better. May we fulfill thy prayer for thy people to be one as thou art one with the Father. Forgive us for our divisions and inspire us with the vision of unity and brotherhood among thy church in all the world. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Merciful Father, we thank thee for this, our nation, founded upon the principles of faith and freedom. We pray for our leaders, that they may uphold the right; may move forward, becoming more and more a nation under God; may lead us toward peace. We thank thee for our armed forces and the strength which comes from them. Help us to be strong not only materially but also morally and spiritually; so strong we will not fear to sit down with men of all nations at the council tables to work for understanding and brotherhood. Bless the United Nations and may all its members seek good will and peace throughout the world. Bestow liberally upon us all, Lord, thy Spirit; that thy way shall be our way. In the name of him who was called Wonderful, Counselor, Almighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we are grateful to thee for our new President of the United States whom we have elected by our free choice. Grant that he shall have the wisdom, the insight, the compassion, the strength and the spiritual illumination to lead our great country during the next four years. We pledge him our support and our prayers. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Emphasis on Mr. Page

Conservative Baptists have coined the name of Mr. Page to indicate the allegorical missionary representing Christian literature on all mission fields. Mr. Page received special emphasis on October 11, 1964, World Literature Sunday. Marjorie Shelley reports a successful writers' workshop on the Ivory Coast, July 14-24, with eleven registrations. "At the end of the ten days we had some promising stories, articles, and tracts as visible proof of what the conferees had learned. But equally important, they had a new vision of what literature can mean in the work of Christ."

Education—of Great Value

The Chamber of Commerce of the U.S. recently issued a report, "Education, an Investment in People" which dramatizes how education relates to economic, social, and political conditions in this country. Some of the findings are:

Joblessness appears to be directly related to education. Persons who have completed four years or less of school have a jobless rate of 9.7 percent; compared with 5.1 percent for those who completed high school; and 1.4 percent for those who completed college.

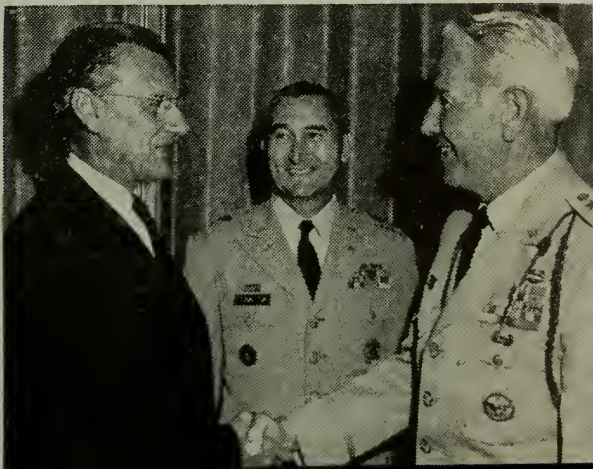
The more education a person has, the more likely he is to participate in politics.

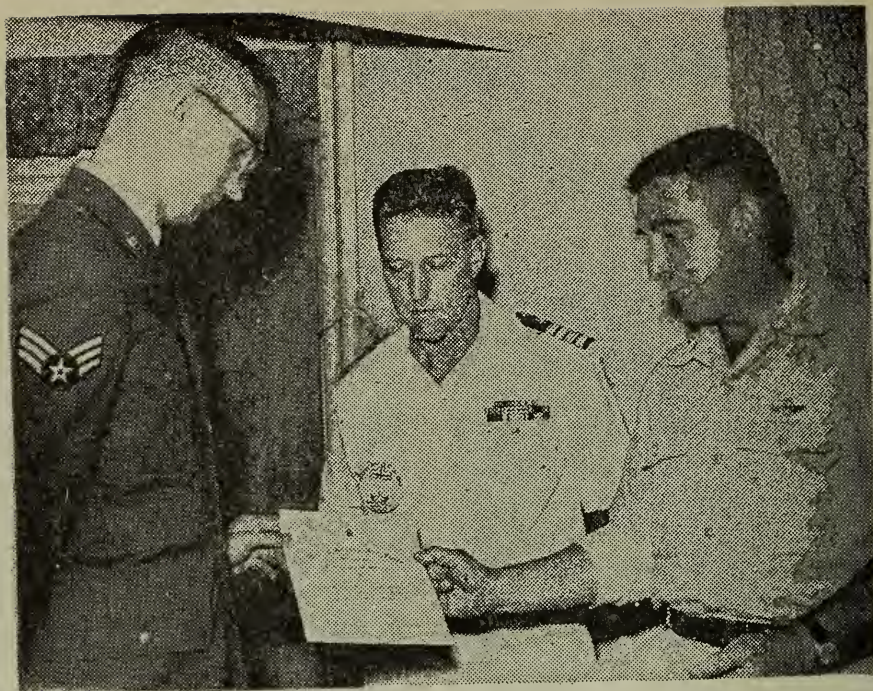
Education is directly related to earnings. High school graduates on an average can expect to earn \$32,000 more over their working lifetimes than drop-outs.

CO'S in France

The first organized program for CO's in France, according to the June-July number of the French FOR periodical, has been set up in a work camp for twenty objectors at Monsac (Dordogne). The camp is conducted by Service Civil International, a forty-year-old agency based especially in France and Switzerland, and it is expected to

Dr. Harold Ockenga (left), pastor, Parkland Congregational Church, Boston, was speaker at a Carlisle Barracks PMOC luncheon. He was welcomed by Maj Gen Eugene A. Salet (right), commander. Then he was introduced to luncheon group by Col John C. Fralish (center), president of Carlisle PMOC.





Lt Col W. E. Shelton (right), presents the USAF Certificate of Service to AIC Wendell Holland for his active participation in the chapel program, Det 29, TUSLOG, APO 380. Looking on (center) is CAPT Wesley Gebert, USN, SCOLDET commander, and President of the PMOC.

work on the construction of a permanent housing base for the Civil Protection Corps at Brignoles (Var).—from *The Reporter*.

Church Leaders Join Drive Against Extremism

Joining forces with concerned members of business, the professions, law, labor and public affairs, church leaders of all faiths are among the 117 charter members of the newly organized Council for Civic Responsibility. The non-profit Public Affairs Institute of Washington, D.C. is sponsoring the Council, which will

direct its efforts to combating the "ominous increase" in the dissemination of "radical, reactionary propaganda" in the nation.—*The Religious Newsweekly*.

Visitors From Brazil

A September report from CROP, the community appeal of Church World Service, tells of a visit of a group of Brazilians to the United States for a six-week study tour of this country. After ten days of discussions in Washington, D.C., the group visited the national CROP office in Indiana. One of the visitors,

a Baptist minister, commented: "It seems incredible to us that Americans would be willing to share their tremendous food output with the needy in other lands. We thought it all a political game. . . . You see, for four or five years we had been invaded with Communist literature—all of it saying that Americans were giving to us with one hand and taking from us with the other. We are finding this just isn't so."

Food Wonders of the World

Where did watermelon originate? Who grew the world's first spinach? What was the favorite dish of St. Patrick? What U. S. President introduced spaghetti to the United States? The answers to these curious questions—and to many, many more—are found in "Food Wonders of

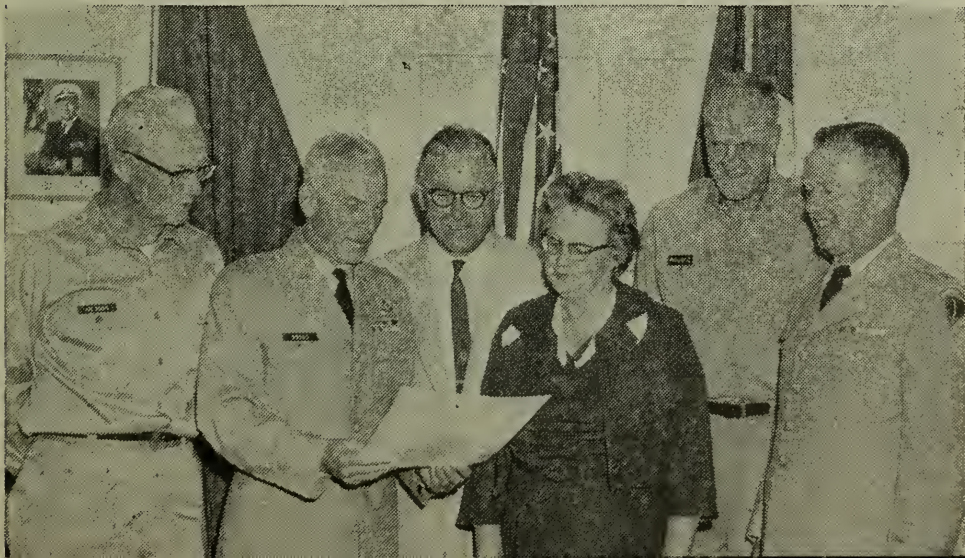
the World," a small booklet compiled with the cooperation of the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, UNESCO and Kellogg Company. The book sells for 50¢ and all profits will go to the United Nations Children's Fund. Write Food Wonders of the World, P. O. Box 774, Detroit, Mich. 48232.

Religious Mission at Naha

"Can Your Faith Travel?" was the theme of the Protestant Religious Mission at Naha Air Base, Okinawa, October 15-18, 1964. Speaker was the Rev. Erling H. Wold, Senior Pastor at Emmanuel Lutheran Church in North Hollywood, Calif.

Send us news of what is happening in your unit.—Editor.

During a recent trip to Europe, Dr. and Mrs. Larry Fitzgerald (Editor of **THE LINK** and his wife), were briefed on the work of Army chaplains in the European theater at USAREUR headquarters. L to R: Chaplain (Maj) Francis X. Leonard; Chaplain (Col) John O. Woods, USAREUR command chaplain; Dr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald; Chaplain (Lt Col) Theodore C. Pawlowicz; and Chaplain (Capt) Elijah A. Cockman.



The Link Calendar

- Jan. 1, 1965.** New Year's Day. Bowls galore! To name a few: Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.; Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, La.; Orange Bowl, Miami, Fla.; Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Tex.; Tangerine Bowl, Orlando, Fla. But take time also for prayer and meditation and the making of resolutions as the new year begins.
- Jan. 2.** The Senior Bowl, Mobile, Ala.; and the Hula Bowl, Honolulu, Hawaii; The March of Dimes campaign begins and continues through the 31st.
- Jan. 3-10.** Universal Week of Prayer. Big Brother Week.
- Jan. 4.** The shortest twilights occur in the U.S. between now and Apr. 11.
- Jan. 6.** Epiphany. Twelve days after Christmas; most churches believe this is the baptismal day of Christ.
- Jan. 7.** Millard Fillmore's birthday. 13th President of the U.S. B. 1800.
- Jan. 10.** First Sunday after Epiphany.
- Jan. 12-21.** Meeting of the Central Committee, World Council of Churches.
- Jan. 12-22.** Annual Meeting of the Board of Missions and its Division Sections, Methodist Church.
- Jan. 13.** Stephen Foster Memorial Day. Foster met his accidental death on this date in 1864.
- Jan. 17.** Second Sunday after Epiphany.
- Jan. 17-24.** National YMCA Week. Also Church and Economic Life Week.
- Jan. 18-25.** Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.
- Jan. 19.** Robert E. Lee's birthday. B. 1807. D. 1870.
- Jan. 20.** Inaugural Day for the President of the United States, Washington, D.C.
- Jan. 21.** "Stonewall" Jackson's birthday. B. 1824.
- Jan. 24.** Third Sunday after Epiphany. Also on this day gold first discovered in California in 1848.
- Jan. 26.** Douglas MacArthur's birthday. B. 1880. D. 1964.
- Jan. 29.** Wm. McKinley's birthday. 25th President of the United States. B. 1843.
- Jan. 30.** Franklin Roosevelt Day. 32nd President of the U.S. B. 1882. D. 1945.
- Jan. 31.** Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
- Jan. 31-Feb. 7.** Youth Week.

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

A little smile . . . and a friendly tone,
A bit of warmth . . . and a happy home,
A bit of love . . . for labors done,
A little "thank you" . . . from someone.
—Lucie June Helmick

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for help to lay leaders who prepare sermons or talks.

1. A Fresh Start (page 5)

Bible Material: Philippians 3:12-21

How do your desires and purposes this new year differ from those of previous years? How do you handle self-pity resulting from mistakes and sins? What examples of courageous living have you seen in others which inspire you?

2. Get Off the Fence (page 21)

Bible Material: Luke 18:18-30

What are life's greatest choices? How important are the little decisions you make day by day? What rules should guide you in making decisions? How does your Christian faith help you as you make decisions?

3. Directive for Discipleship (page 32)

Bible Material: Matthew 5-7

What is the relation of the Sermon on the Mount to the whole Gospel of Matthew? What is the theme of The Sermon? Do you believe the demands of The Sermon should be diluted because of the claim that they are too hard for human nature? Why or why not?

4. Climbing Up the Ladder (page 43)

Bible Material: Matthew 5:3-12

What does Jesus mean by "the narrow gate" and "the steep way" in Matthew 7:13, 14? Why did Jacob continue as a conniving person even after he saw the ladder in his dream?

5. This Is a New Day (page 50)

Bible Material: Matthew 9:14-17

What recent changes have come about in American life? What should be the Christian attitude toward changes?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Douglass Devotional by Earl L. Douglass. Evans-Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1964. \$2.95.

A yearly devotional book prepared by the author of the widely used Douglass Sunday School Lessons. A one-page devotional for each day of the year consisting of Scripture selection, a Bible verse, a devotional thought, a quote and a suggestion for prayer. Not outstanding, but possession of a book like this should be conducive to private worship day-by-day.

Target Tokyo by James M. Merrill. Rand McNally & Co., P.O. Box 7600, Chicago 80, Ill. 1964 \$4.95.

The full story of the strike at the heart of Japan by fifteen B 25s under the command of General James Doolittle shortly after the war began. Details are given by author Merrill of the rehearsal, the attack, and the escape. Merrill is associate professor of history at Whittier College in California.

Uncommon Valor by James M. Merrill. Rand McNally & Co., P.O. Box 7600, Chicago 80, Ill. 1964. \$6.95.

This book might be called a record of eyewitnesses to military history. Here are first-person accounts of courageous persons who were there during the dramatic battles of the American Army. Between the lines these soldiers do present us with a picture of "uncommon valor," of courage and bravery under fire. There are excerpts from personal letters, diaries, autobiographies, official correspondence, articles, unit histories, recruiting pamphlets, and the like.

The Hill of the Lord by Edward Longstreth. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1964. \$2.95.

The stories recounted in this book are essentially biographies of some of the greatest biblical characters; however, the author has wisely selected one theme—how these men found God. How Abram found God. The same for Jacob, for Moses, for David, for Isaiah, for Job, for Jesus, and many others. If there is one fault with the book it is perhaps the overemphasis on *man's* search for God instead of *God's* search for man.

Prayer Changes Things by Charles L. Allen. Fleming H. Revell, Westwood, N.J. 1964. \$2.50.

A trite phrase—the title; but this is not a trite book. Dr. Allen seeks to answer in these power-packed pages some of our basic questions about prayer: What it is; how does one pray; what results can I expect; what about unanswered prayers; what about prayer and man's freedom.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

not judiciously executed—by a jolt of electricity in New York state. Some areas use the hangman's rope. Even if we granted Dr. MacLennan's "judicious execution," we must realize that we put animals to sleep in a more humane manner than that provided for our fellowman.

In dealing with man's role in war, we are on far shakier ground. Men have been grappling with this problem since the dawn of civilization, but few have ever come to grips with it. I am a soldier. I am also a Christian. If I cannot at least approach the problem, I shall also be a coward.

Let us look at the role of the United States in the great wars of this century. Recall the great zeal with which we marched off to war during the Wilson administration. There were hundreds of songs being sung, thousands of banners waving. . . . And when we returned from that war "to end all wars" we were disillusioned. . . . (Specialist Chase goes on to recount the stories of Pearl Harbor and Korea. And then he says:) With each succeeding battle we had greater reason to fight and less enthusiasm . . . Americans, whether or not they believed in God or any of his commandments, knew from experience that war was murder and that murder was against man's nature. . . . We know, then, that there can be no real excuse for murder, even in time of war. We also know that unless we defend freedom, unless we fight to preserve the lives and the freedom of our neighbors, the world will degenerate into a hell on earth for our children and their children. This is the real dilemma which Dr. MacLennan has failed to look at honestly. And so we must.

The world does not offer us such easy choices as the one offered to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. If we may believe the story, theirs was a choice between absolute right and absolute wrong. And their great punishment was, perhaps, being forced out of the Garden into a world in which one must decide among a multitude of solutions, none of which is wholly right or satisfying. And so it must become clear to us that the sixth commandment does not say, "Thou shalt not kill, except in time of war," nor does the true spirit of the commandment imply any such comforting exemptions. We who do the killing in the name of a better world must, in the end, face the truth that we have chosen what has appeared to us the lesser of two evils. . . .

—Sp4 Francis S. Chase, Hq. CENTAG (NATO), APO 403, New York, N.Y.

Dr. MacLennan: I do not differ greatly on interpretation . . . Christians differ on whether there is such a thing as "a just war." I personally believe that in our very imperfect human society the use of force on behalf of the largest number is still regrettably required. I quite agree that there are no simple choices. This is why I have not been able to be an absolute pacifist. . . .

However, I am convinced that the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," means "Thou" (an individual) shall not murder another human being.

—David A. MacLennan, Pastor, The Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N.Y.

At Ease!



"There's one thing certain; you haven't been cheating."

"Did you say your prayers, dear?" asked mother as she tucked her small daughter in bed.

"Of course," said the child.

"And did you ask God to make you a better little girl?" mother then queried.

"Yes," replied the little girl, "and I put in a word for you, too, Mommy."—F. G. Kernan.

The owner of a small crossroads store in South Carolina was appointed postmaster. Over six months went by and not one piece of mail left town. Deeply concerned, postal authorities in Washington wrote the postmaster to inquire why they hadn't heard.

They received this short and simple explanation: "The bag ain't full yet."—Pat Collins in *Parade*.

Dad: "William, I'm getting tired of seeing you have such poor report cards from school. How does it come that Jimmy Brown always gets so much better marks?"

William: "Well, Dad, you got to remember that Jimmy has awfully smart parents."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

A little boy prayed: "Lord, if you can't make me a better boy, don't worry about it. I'm having a real good time as it is."—*Corn Belt Livestock Feeder*.

The meeting of the town council had been stormy, and tempers were waxing hot.

"You, sir," shouted one member at another, "are about the most pig-headed fool I have ever met!"

"Order, order!" interrupted the chairman. "You gentlemen seem to forget that I am in the room."—*Rise*.

A principal, proud of a newly painted wall in his school, had the following sign put up: "This is a partition, not a petition. No signatures are required."—*Texas Outlook*.





