

The LINK



October - November 1949

Notes

to service men and women

. . . by Mayo Corneli



Kaufmann-Fabry photo

Today I write of pity, that stuff that falleth as the gentle rain from heaven, is twice blest.

I think we can all agree that the man or woman who's in real, deep trouble, is that man or woman who cannot hang upon another, or upon circumstance, the blame for his disgrace or present sad status. Consequently it is that man or woman who is most to be pitied, who has first claim to our profound sympathies.

Yet it's an odd and tragic fact that when a fellow gets in this sort of trouble, his friends and associates tend to avoid him, to pull their skirts away, cross on the other side of the street, or assume an air of great personal preoccupation. This was not the Samaritan's way; nor is it Christ's way. When all the world walks out, He it is who walks in.

A few years ago the writer was deeply absorbed in work for prison reform and was amazed and abashed to find that the type of trouble colored with personal disgrace or loss of integrity carries its own fiery cross of isolation. In time even the transgressor's nearest and dearest tend to desert him completely.

The closed door, the sterile, unimaginative approach, the consideration of one's own personal immunity from censure, should not be the Christian's way, just as it is not Christ's way. The very word **pity** implies a warm and elastic imagination, a willingness to believe not the material facts alone, but the spiritual implications, the buried yearnings, the possibility of extenuating circumstance.

No one, it seems to me, has stated this better than did Stephen Vincent Benet in his poem called "John Brown's Body":

The law's our yard-stick, and it measures well,
Or well enough when there are yards to measure.
Measure a wave with it, measure a fire,
Cut sorrow up in inches, weigh content.
You can weigh John Brown's body well enough
But how, and in what balance weigh John Brown?

In a materialistic, selfish world bent at times (or so it may seem to us) on destruction, what better crusade by so-called Christians than to seek the best in human nature, nurture the good in our fellows, stand staunchly by when human frailty or temporary loss of integrity traps a man's feet? Faith is needed. The sort of faith the good Samaritan had when he took the trouble to cross that road. The sort of faith Christ maintains, in even the least and weakest of His children.



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Wilbur C. Cain ("Roast Turkey and God," page 34) was moved to write his article after Thanksgiving dinner last year at Nagoya, Honshu, Japan, where he was stationed. "It is with an astounding sense of guilt," he writes, "that many Christians look upon the celebrations of these days, and I for one think that it is the Christians who are to blame. Therefore, after enjoying that repast that is described I sat down and wrote the inclosed treatise, thinking that perhaps it might cause others to think about the attitude which seems to be prevailing today. Moreover, instead of just thinking about it, it is to be hoped that they will do something about it." Cpl. Cain's plans to "do something" about his religious convictions included studying for the ministry when he left the service.

This issue of **The Link** includes a number of "regulars" and former contributors. Among them are:

Josh M. Drake, Jr. ("Alfred Was a Killer," page 3), whose name has appeared so often in **The Link** you might think he was a "steady." Lately we have published his "Substitute Teacher" (September), "Jack-Rabbit Maneuvers" (July), "So I Took the Five Thousand" (March), and "The Great McGaha" (January). Mr. Drake writes so often about the boxing ring and Golden Gloves events that we begin to suspect he was in that field before a Jap shell lost him his left arm and two fingers from his right hand. This story might even be somewhat autobiographical!

Mark McMillin ("Ornaldo Magnifico," page 9), the scene of whose writings shifted to the bull-fight arena in this issue from the ice-swept Arctic of "Trapped" in the March issue.

William J. Murdoch ("The Fighting Teetotaler," page 13), who asked us if we'd be interested in an article on Admiral Foote, whom he described as "the salt who took the grog out of the U. S. Navy." We thought **you'd** be interested, so we said yes. Mr. Murdoch wrote "Son of the Auld Sod, Transplanted," which appeared in the March issue of **The Link**.

Pearl P. Puckett ("Leprosy, the Forgotten Enemy," page 26), the redhead who "writes because she can't help it." Her name appeared over "Hell Buggies" (June, 1948) and "Chaplain's Office . . . Saint Peter Talking" (January, 1948).

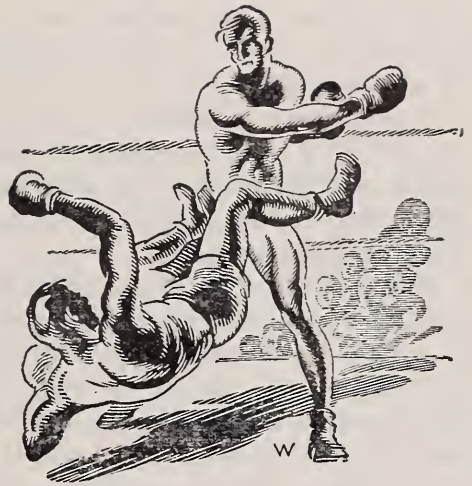
Robert C. Lintner, whose "Topic Talks" you have been reading in **The Link** for years, is pastor of the Lyndhurst (N. J.) Methodist Church. In World War I he was a combat infantryman in France and has a son who was an infantryman in World War II, so he has been close to the thinking of service people. Mr. Lintner has contributed to religious periodicals for years and has written a number of books, the best known of which is entitled **Clouds for Chariots**.

James V. Claypool, who prepares a list of Bible readings for every day of the month ("Daily Rations," page 47), served as a Navy chaplain for 68 months. He is now Secretary for Promotion of Bible Use of the American Bible Society and Associate Secretary of the Chicago Bible Society.

Alfred

Was a Killer

By JOSH M. DRAKE, JR.



On this particular morning I was sitting behind the desk in my office at the Downtown Gym feeling pretty low and I had good reason for being in such a mood.

The night before I had taken a team of eight Golden Glove boxers over to the Riverside Indian School and had received a good whipping. We had lost seven out of the eight matches, three of them by knockouts. That was rough.

During the past two years since I had been hired by the local Chamber of Commerce to teach boxing to youngsters in town I hadn't produced a single Golden Gloves champ. For that matter, only one of my boys had reached the state semifinals.

Our record was far from impressive, since we had lost a few more matches over the two-year period than we had won.

During the past when I had been called on to make speeches at banquets and clubs I had always come through with my favorite saying, "It matters not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game." That went over pretty good at first but the fans in our town were beginning to hint that a new coach might give the boys a shot in the arm. They always had been rabid Golden Gloves fans, and who doesn't like to see the local lads whale thunder

out of the out-of-towners? They wanted winners and I knew that if I didn't pull a rabbit out of the hat this season I would get the axe.

While I was wallowing around in my own self-pity, the kid walked in. He wore a taxi driver's cap and carried his boxing shoes and trunks under his arm.

"Are you Bill Lawton, the boxing coach?" he asked.

"Sure am."

"Well," he said, "I want to work out here and try out for your team."

Right away I perked up because he was the first new fellow who had dropped around for a long time and I sorely needed new faces around there. I sized him up at a glance. He was older than most of the boys who boxed on my team, probably in his middle twenties. He carried himself well and was handsome without being sissy-looking.

"Glad to have you," I said and reached for a membership card. "What is your name?"

"Alfred Cross."

We shook hands and I went on with my questioning. "Ever done any amateur boxing before?"

"Had a few fights while I was in the Army."

"Where was that?"

"In the South Pacific."

I asked the usual questions of age, weight, and so on, and had him sign a statement saying that he had never fought as a professional.

"We are glad to have you, Alfred," I said. "Here is a towel and locker key. Your locker number will be 22. You will have to work out by yourself because nobody ever shows up around here until four p.m."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "I was hoping someone would spar with me. How about you?"

I lifted my left arm above the desk so he could see my hook and answered in a joking way. "I'm afraid if I put that in a boxing glove it would have the same effect as a horseshoe."

He nodded in a matter of fact way and said, "I see." He didn't apologize or make the whole matter worse, as some people would have.

I waited outside the dressing room while he put on his boxing togs. I was anxious to see him work out because there was some unknown something that spelled "championship material" about him.

Alfred looked well in his boxing trunks. He had long, smooth muscles that suggested speed and stamina. He weighed 154 pounds, a little too heavy to make welterweight without dieting and sweating too much. I watched him work on the heavy bag and was impressed with his fast footwork, wind and the punching power of both his left and right.

I had boxed enough before the war and coached enough after the war to know a natural-born fighter when I saw one. I knew he was a natural even though he was pounding a heavy bag

that couldn't pound back at him. He knew that he was good and he knew that I was tickled to death at the prospects of having championship material on my team. He dressed and stopped by my office on the way out and said, "I am ready to fight any middleweight, any time, anywhere you match me. You have my phone number on the membership card."

He walked out before I could answer and I watched him out of the office window. He walked up to a taxi, got in and drove away. Evidently he was new at taxi driving because he raced the motor and jammed the gears more than an experienced driver.

Every afternoon that week he hurried in, had a stiff workout and took off without talking any more than he had to. On Saturday afternoon I said to him, "We have a team match with Oklahoma City boxing team here Tuesday night. Would you like to fight their middleweight?"

"What time?"

"The fights start at eight but if you fight, your bout will come off about nine." I wanted to save him for the last to surprise the fans.

"I'll be here," he said and walked out. He didn't even ask who his opponent would be.

The night of the fights Alfred showed up around seven-thirty, wrapped his hands and went out to watch the preliminaries. I had arranged with the Oklahoma City coach to have the middleweights fight last and I had a selfish reason for doing so. That fight was the only one of the eight that I was almost sure of winning. I figured if we won the last fight and showed the fans a promising dark horse that they wouldn't leave with such a bad taste in their mouths. I was desperate. I needed to

keep that job, for I didn't know where on earth a one-winged veteran with not much of an education could get another. Besides, I had a wife and a couple of kids to take care of.

The Oklahoma City boys had my kids outclassed more ways than you can spend a ten-dollar bill in Chicago. In a town the size of ours, ten thousand population, you have a hard time raking up material to match those Oklahoma City boys.

They decisioned my flyweight, bantamweight and light heavy, and to add insult to injury they scored KOs over my featherweight, welterweight and lightweight. When Alfred's fight came up the local fans were disgusted. We had won only one fight. Our heavy-weight, a fat high school football player with a wild roundhouse right, had won a split decision over the rival boy who was fighting because their regular heavy didn't make the trip.

Several of the fans had risen to go when the bell rang for the last fight, but they changed their minds and sat down in a hurry when they saw Alfred knock Jesse Calvin staggering with his first punch. Alfred's opponent never had been a state champ, but he was known as a fighting son-of-a-gun who had got to the state finals twice and never been knocked off his feet. He had come out of his corner clowning around expecting to meet another green kid from the sticks and **wham**, he caught a whistling right on the side of the head. Jesse backed off and blinked a time or two and rushed in punching for all he was worth. If Alfred's first punch hadn't been too high there would have been a KO on the spot.

As Jesse bored in, my dark horse rushed to meet him and they started trading some whoppers. They stood toe

to toe and staged a slugging match unlike anything that had ever happened in that gym before. The crowd roared so loudly that they almost tore the rafters loose. The Oklahoma City boy was the one who gave ground. He backed off, blinked in amazement, and decided to change his tactics. He tried footwork and classy boxing but he couldn't stay out of Alfred's way. Alfred bobbed, weaved and bored in. He had a funny way of zigzagging and running his man into a corner and blasting him. He would parry Jesse's left and whale away with both hands at Jesse's face, mid-section and then back at his face. Alfred was a Dempsey type, a tiger-like, aggressive fighter who loved to mix it. **Shift, wham, bam, shift, wham**—man alive, my dark horse had TNT in both hands.

It came so fast that few people saw it, a terrific right uppercut in Jesse's mid-section. It popped like an 81 mortar shell. As Jesse fell forward he must have caught three or four punches on his face. Alfred was that fast.

The bell rang as the referee counted five and the Oklahoma City seconds dragged their battered gladiator to a stool in his corner. The home town fans were amazed. I heard one of them say, "By golly, Coach Lawton has finally dug up that dark horse that he has been talking about for two years."

This Oklahoma City boy was a tough baby. He came out for the second almost as fresh as he had been at the start. Alfred met him with a rush and started pounding away. He never took a backward step. He was always moving forward with a horrible expression on his face. I guess you would call it a half grin and half snarl. He was fast. I had never seen anyone to compare with him.

I had seen some game Golden Glovers

in my day but I'll have to say that this Jesse Calvin topped them all when it came to absorbing punishment. It wasn't pretty to see. Most referees would have stopped the fight and given Alfred a TKO but this guy we were using that night was new at the game and was slow at making decisions.

Time and again Calvin went down only to scramble up again for more. His face was gushing blood, and saliva drooled from his sagging mouth. The Oklahoma City coach was furious and yelled at the referee to stop the fight but he just stood there trying to make up his feeble mind. It was a crying shame. The game boy who had no chance of winning was taking a useless beating. I yelled at Alfred to ease off a little but he bored in until the bell sounded.

The Oklahoma City seconds led the bruised man to his corner and the coach wouldn't let him answer the bell for the third and final round. The coach was so angry that he had the referee black-listed with the state AAU the next day, and it was a good thing.

The local fans were simply wild—they loved it. I found myself disliking them. They seemed to come to boxing matches for the sole purpose of seeing some game kid get beaten up. They seemed to like to see blood. Few of them had ever felt the sting of a glove burn or tried to breathe with blood streaming from both nostrils.

On the way to the dressing room everyone was pounding me on the back. They had forgotten the six losses out of eight. I had dug up a cruel crowd-pleaser. I knew that my job was secure but I wasn't too happy. Alfred Cross was a killer.

All season long Alfred knocked them silly and the fans flocked in and paid

good money to see him in action. Few lasted the first round with him and none of his opponents lasted the full three rounds. I thought at first that he just liked the sport, but as time went by and his string of knockouts grew, I began to see in him a cruel streak that nobody else saw. He loved to beat, bash and thump a man into unconsciousness. I couldn't understand such a clean-cut, good-looking kid being that way. He was a regular sadist. When the time for the state Golden Glove Tournament rolled around he had 16 knockouts to his credit.

Before the state tournament started I talked to Alfred. "Alfred," I said, "you will win the state middleweight championship. There isn't an amateur in the state that has a chance with you. When you see that you have a guy licked, why keep beating thunder out of him? After all, the purpose of Golden Gloving is to outbox a fellow, not kill him. You can win by a decision as well as by a KO."

He looked at me in a hard way and said, "Coach, why don't you coach the other boys and leave me alone? What can you, an Okie from the sticks, teach me about boxing?"

"Maybe I can't teach you anything," I said, "but I can keep a fellow with your attitude from fighting on my team."

"You can't afford to put me off your team," he said simply. "I am your meal ticket. I know you were through in this town until I came along. If you refused to let me fight on the team the fans would raise Cain and get you fired. I win the fights and that is all that should matter to you."

I knew he was right so he stayed on the team and I tried to figure out what was eating on the boy.

(Continued on page 30)

LINK LINES

By The Editor

The Cover Story

"Impossible," some say when they look at designs in modernistic art. Very well, then the cover pages of the October-November issue of **The Link** demonstrate the impossible. Ah—but not so fast. Let us look again at these geometric and planetary shapes to see what story they may tell, what rhythm and harmony their music may have.

The circles interlaced in the center of the design are symbols of the Holy Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—and have been so regarded since the early Christian era. So we begin with God. But the atom and the attendant confusion as well as other issues in life sometimes overshadow God. Superimposed over the whole design is a plane orbit-like figure denoting beginnings in the discovery of atomic energy. The atom in one way or another pre-occupies much of the thinking and many of the actions of men today.

The skyscraper and the metal scythe-like instrument represent man's industry and achievement. The spire, obviously, denotes the Church and religion. But the spire is tilted at a dangerous angle which may be said to indicate the dangerous position which religion and the Church, in some instances, occupy today. The tilted spire is indicative also of the physical condition of many places of worship, some in various states of decay and disrepair because of man's spiritual indifference and his concern over other matters. Others are so as a result of conflict and war with their

attendant destruction. But the spire, tilted or upright, is a symbol of man's faith and devotion to God. As the words of an old hymn indicate:

Crumbled have spires in every land,
Bells still are chiming and calling . . .

Despite the fact that the atom symbolized by the orbit-like design in a manner overshadows everything, yet the stairs persist through it all. The stairs may signify the steps of life or the epochs of history. But they may also signify man's aspiration for progress, higher achievement, his dissatisfaction with himself as he is, his earnest yearning for the truly good life.

Perhaps we have never stopped to think how great a part signs and symbols played in the rise of Christianity from lowly beginnings—according to some, little more than a subversive movement. The cross naturally and very early became a universally recognized symbol of Christianity. And it still is. But there are many others; here are a few. The lamp signifies Holy Scripture; the olive branch, peace; the serpent, wisdom; fire, cleansing; the lily, purity; the anchor, hope; the heart, yearning or religious aspiration; the cock—not merely a weathervane as many people imagine—but the suffering of Christ occasioned particularly by Peter's denial when pressed for a statement; the palm branch, triumph; the fish, denoting the meeting place of early Christians, usually secret because of persecution; and so one might go on and on.

This story would not be complete without a word about the young artist, Calvin Bange of Washington, D.C., and Hanover, Pa., who worked patiently and untiringly to produce a good composition. In many circles it is considered out of place to make interpretations of abstract compositions, for who can say what the artist intended? In this in-

stance, the artist created the composition in response to the editor's request for something new and which could be given some such interpretation as has been presented above.

But as the artist himself states, "It is up to the individual to make the interpretations. Therefore you can be just as accurate in explaining the drawing as I."

So we leave it to you. As for the planets, stars and comets, to us they say as they did to the psalmist of old:

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

A Personal Note from the Editor

The poem on the back cover was written one evening at our invitation by Mr. T. A. Rymer, Director of the General Commission on Chaplains, who, with the next issue, will assume editorship of **The Link** in addition to his other duties. The magazine will appear bimonthly in the future. Miss Laura Gibbs, my assistant, will continue on as Managing Editor. To all of my associates here I am grateful for their fine cooperation and tremendous help. And to you, dear readers, let me say that I never expect to have a more excellent readership than you have always been. **Adios, amigos.** God bless you.



The God-seeker, Sinclair Lewis' latest novel, comes alive after the first few pages with warm-blooded men and women of New England and the Minnesota frontier of 100 years ago. At the very beginning I confess I was tempted to lay it aside and re-read **Mantrap** (for those of the younger generation, this is a Lewis novel of 1926 vintage—very good, too, if in your reading you like getting away from civilization's skyscrapers and haberdasheries into the far Canadian North for fishing, adventure and some romantic entanglements).

But back to **The God-seeker**. Here, Aaron Gadd, youthful carpenter, preoccupied with the urgency of missionary work among the Indians of the Midwest, leaves none-too-warm New England to face the Minnesota frontier, mysterious to some because it was so little known, and to others because of the cold and blizzards which sometimes overwhelm even the pluckiest and most vigorous of pioneers. It is this gripping type of fear-mingled mystery—the kind of thing Ole Rolvaag portrayed so well in his **Giants in the Earth** and **Their Father's God**—which Mr. Lewis uses so skillfully as he plays his characters both weak and strong, against the crosscurrents of human passion, hatred, selfishness, and love. His people struggle, at times vainly, at other times victoriously, with and/or against one another, as well as against the natural climatic elements. Superstition, Jew-baiting, the relation of sanitation to civilization—if any, Indian lore, Indian religion, as well as Christianity, are exposed for critical analysis on the part of Aaron Gadd, successful in romance and not the first carpenter who devoted himself deeply to the concerns of religion. It will likely keep you reading far into the night.—D.L.D.



Teresita came running toward him in the darkened tunnel, the pink program with the black pictures of bulls clutched in her hand, the lace mantilla streaming back from the high ivory comb in her hair.

"Today you are first, Ornaldo mio, the first to meet the bull. Today you shall show them, you shall shame them all." But even as she spoke her eyes avoided his gloomy face, and wandered over the vast canopy-decorated arena, the waving orange and red flags, the throng of spectators that filled the upper boxes and crowded all the lower tiers.

Holding her hands tight against his gold-embroidered jacket, he scowled down at her. "Three times I get only jeers and taunts—and fines, because I do not kill the bull."

Her eyes flashed. "You grow soft— not like Ornaldo Magnifico that used to be. You must be hard—to kill el toro."

"And why do I grow soft?" he flared

at her. "Why? Before I had your kisses I was strong. One stroke and the bull was dead. But now—" He dropped her hands. "Always now I think of you. I look up to your box to see if the love is still in your eyes. I grow soft. I melt. I think, not of el toro, but of love and singing . . . of you. How can I fight when I am so full of love and misery?"

She burst into a mocking laugh. "And so," she slurred, with a quick upslant of her eyes, "and so that is why the bull gives you a big hole in the seat of your pants? You don't see the bull, but only me. But you don't look so pretty with the big hole in your pants, and the people laugh and make monkey cries." And she laughed again, a mocking tinkle that sent the blood throbbing to his throat.

He held her closer. "You too will turn against me when I am no longer El Magnifico. You too make a monkey

from me, your Orinaldo, who fights el toro to make the pesetas to pour into your stocking so we can marry." He spat an oath, threw her from him so hard that her bare shoulder was bruised against the adobe tunnel wall.

At once she was after him, her arms around his neck. "And so my love makes Orinaldo turn soft, too soft to kill a puny bull. Everyone laugh. But Teresita cannot laugh. Go—and win!" And she kissed him hard on the mouth.

Without looking back he ran down the tunnel that led into the grand gateway of the arena and leaned dejectedly against the red board fence. The trumpet sounded but still he stood motionless. Four horsemen, followed by the men on foot, swept past him, glittering with tinsel and spangles and gold braid.

Still scowling, he joined the other matadors in the grand parade, heedless of the jeers that followed him at every step. Behind him came the picadors, banderilleros, capeadors, and chulos, but he paid no heed. Only when he was opposite Teresita's box did he raise his eyes. Yes, she was there, leaning far out, waving her black-gloved hand, smiling. But she always smiled.

With the others he stopped before the President's box and saluted. Then leaving the capeadors and picadors in the arena, he and the others swept once more into the tunnel.

Refugio handed him a lighted cigarette. Without looking he took it, puffed savagely, threw it into the sand. "Even that has lost its taste," he said bitterly.

The noise from the galleries had swelled into a roar. He glanced up. The bull was being led into the ring. He heard above the din the sharp taunts of the picadors as they plunged the darts into the bull.

This was his cue to enter. Before

he had met and won Teresita he had always felt impelled into the ring with an overpowering desire to battle the bull, to kill it. Even now, with the shouts of spectators in his ears, he felt some of that old desire. If he could keep his eyes from her red-velvet-draped box, if he could only be sure that she really loved him—and not just El Magnifico—then he could fight as in the olden days. . . .

"Orinaldo Magnifico," came the cries of the crowd, but mingled with the cries were the jeers and taunts he had come to expect.

His head sank lower, then lifted as he entered the ring. His first glance found her still there, leaning forward, her fingers clutching the silver medal of the Blessed Virgin that dangled from her slender throat.

From the far end rose a cry of "Cobarde . . . coward . . . coward."

Orinaldo straightened, grasped the blood-red cloth tightly in both hands, approached the bull, maneuvered it this way and that, stepping agilely from side to side. Now the bull was down on both knees, head lowered. Now was the moment for the kill.

He glanced toward the red-draped box, lifted his sword. He could feel the trembling of his arm. Again now for the third successive performance he tried to control that trembling. But it was stronger than he.

With unsteady aim he planted the sword between the bull's heaving shoulders. The enraged beast rushed toward him, flinging this way and that. The sword loosened and fell into the sand. Waving the red cloth, Orinaldo lured the bull to one side, then stooped and regained his sword. The bull was led, **walking**, through the gate.

From all sides came jeers and taunts. "Shame, shame."

Eyes lowered, Ornaldo followed the bull. His shoulders sagged. Behind him rang the voice of the announcer, "Ornaldo Magnifico is fined 20,000 pesos for allowing el toro to live."

Ornaldo stood back in the dusk of the tunnel. He refused to look up when Refugio Bustamente returned triumphant through the gate, or when another matador, Antonio Gomez, entered the ring, and a short time later was borne out on the shoulders of his cheering admirers.

Suddenly Ornaldo straightened, went closer to the gate. What was the crowd shouting? Another chance for the former idol, Ornaldo? But they were generous. Or was it only pity?

Again the cry, "Ornaldo—El Magnifico."

Hat doffed, he made his way straight to the President's box and saluted. If only he could keep his eyes from Teresita's box. If only he could not see the love in her eyes, the love that blinded him to everything else—even the maddened bull.

But now he was strong. His step had regained its old spring. Slim-hipped in golden velvet, he approached the bull. Now the crowd saw something. As indifferent as a muchacho sauntering down the plaza, he draped the blood-red cloth over his sword and strolled toward the bull.

"Watch out," came a warning cry. "It is el toro of Sonora, the meanest bull in Mexico."

Ornaldo shrugged and laughed aloud. The crowd laughed to see him laugh. At last Ornaldo was again Magnifico.

Eyes fixed on the bull, he stepped lightly from side to side, waving the red cloth. Blind with rage, the bull charged. Ornaldo stepped aside, tapped the beast lightly on the horns, then slapped its head. With the quickness of lightning he

jumped to one side. Now the bull was directly in front of him. He dropped to one knee, held the cloth to one side. The bull's horns grazed his body and he laughed aloud.

Now it was time to draw his sword. But first he must glance up at the red-velvet-draped box—at Teresita. He felt a trembling seize his arms, his legs. "I must not. I must not. I'll melt. . . ."

He lifted his eyes toward her box. She was there. But she was sitting on the lap of that fat Carlos, the pig who had wooed her since childhood, her arms around his neck.

Ornaldo's arms and legs had turned to steel. The bull's horns were directly under his eyes, all but touching his shoulders.

The crowd's cheer swelled into a thundered roar, as Ornaldo, his eyes alive with fiery darts, lifted his sword, lunged, planted it squarely between the heaving shoulders and buried it to the hilt.

The arena was one vast sea of silence.

Swiftly Ornaldo stepped to one side. His ears rang with the applause, but his eyes were fixed on the bull. It staggered, stumbled to its knees, wheezed, and lay quiet.

Lips frozen in a terrible smile, Ornaldo walked over to the President's box, saluted. Again he was El Magnifico. But his heart was empty. His face was bleak with that emptiness.

From everywhere rushed a thousand men. They lifted Ornaldo upon strong shoulders shouting, crying, laughing their homage, as they carried him from the arena.

They halted when Teresita came forward, closely followed by Carlos. "Oh, Ornaldo mio," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I knew you could do it."

He spat at her. "She-devil of the

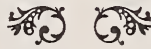
Seventh Hell. While I work to make my name the greatest in all the Republic, so I can marry with you and have the six muchachos, you sit up there like a cheap dancing girl making love to this fat pig, this Carlos. . . .”

“I make love, you say?” The scorn in her voice burned his cheeks. With one hand she reached out, grasped the collar of the sweating Carlos. Lips close against his ear she hissed, “Tell Orinaldo what I say to you up there, with me on your lap. Speak the truth or I kill you.”

Carlos drew a deep breath, mopped his moist face with a too-tight sleeve. “She say, ‘I never in my whole life marry you, Carlos, you fat-like-a-heifer-with-calf. I marry Magnifico.’”

A slow smile broke like the rising sun over the stormy face of El Magnifico. Someone laughed, then cheered. Lightly as a Mexican poppy, Teresita was lifted to the waiting shoulders so that the two of them, Teresita and El Magnifico sitting side by side, rode triumphantly out of the arena to the hysterical screams of the cheering mob.

She took his hand. “Now you are at last the greatest fighter in Mexico. You can never change now, even with my love.” And the smile she gave him was so dazzling that he reached down and kissed her parted lips in full sight of all the picadors, matadors, chulos, and even the President himself.



On the night of the vigil of All Saints' Day, when witches are presumed to wander, “Trick or Treat” is the magic key to smiling faces or soap-smearing windows, and with that modern conversion Hallowe'en has become in this country more of a recreational festival than a religious event.

However, in India, October 31st is strictly a treat; a combined Christmas, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving. The Hindus celebrate it as **Divali** or **Festival of Lights** and illuminate their homes, from the richest to the humblest, with scores of tiny, simple, clay cup lamps. These lamps, partially filled with mustard oil, into which a wick is dipped and lighted, are placed in the windows and doorways of diamond-studded and gold-plated palaces to the naturally air-conditioned thatched huts of the coolies. According to Hindu tradition, the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi, is attracted like a moth by these lights as she rides through the night on a screech owl. Unseen, she enters the brightly lighted homes, bringing with her the promise of prosperity.

On Divali, mothers wear their finest saris, give presents and candy to the children. Sisters invite their brothers to their homes and the brothers bring them gifts as we do on Christmas morning. The celebrations reach a noisy climax like an old-fashioned American Fourth of July with an elaborate display of fireworks.

Divali is also considered as the end of the fiscal year by many business houses in India. The closing of their books involves a colorful ceremony, including the washing of coins with milk, wrapping them in flowers and placing them in front of their account books, to which they then pray, giving thanks for a successful year. This celebration is distantly connected with the Hallomas observance, the original idea of which had formerly been a Christian festival.—Joseph Charles Salak.

The Fighting Teetotaler

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

Probably no drinking spree ever had a farther-reaching effect in the U.S. Navy than did the one that several seamen indulged in back in Boston about 100 years ago.

Loading stores aboard the **Cumberland** in preparation for a cruise into southern waters, the jolly tars tapped a keg of spirits on the q.t., planning to have a friendly little celebration before they shoved off.

But they tapped too frequently and quaffed themselves right into trouble. Once aboard, they became unruly. They were summarily disciplined. In the hangover that followed they took the pledge as administered by Andrew Hull Foote, later Rear Admiral Foote, but at that time First Lieutenant of the **Cumberland**. And so history was made.

The Lieutenant had long had his fierce, unrelenting eye on the evils of whiskey in the service. While attached to the Philadelphia Naval Asylum a few years earlier he had persuaded many inmates to sign temperance pledges. And now, here was his chance for a clean sweep.

Foote launched a dry campaign aboard the **Cumberland**. He started at the top of the officer's roster and worked down. He made this the first temperance vessel in the fleet and he kept his campaign steaming full ahead



under forced draft until he had sponged every drop of grog out of the U. S. Navy.

It took Foote and his sympathizers in and out of the service nearly 20 years to accomplish their aim—riddance of the grog ration. By letter, by argument, by example, Foote bombarded the government with his conviction that whis-

key rations undermined discipline, enfeebled morale, and fostered if not generated associate evils.

Finally, in 1862, he won. The grog bowl was consigned to Davy Jones.

That was only one of the many triumphs scored by Foote throughout his life in the service. His first, and undoubtedly his most important because it strongly influenced the remainder of his life, came early in his nautical career. It was his triumph over himself.

Born in 1806 in New Haven, Connecticut, son of a U. S. Senator, Foote entered the Navy in 1822 after a short stint at West Point, where he apparently became more convinced than ever that he wanted a life off-shore. He was a good youth, a strong-willed one, and an honest one.

His honesty finally brought him out conqueror in his first critical engagement, that with himself. On a Caribbean cruise in 1827, he was approached by a fellow lieutenant who inquired into

Foote's religious beliefs. Foote repulsed him by saying he "aimed to be honorable and honest in all things, and that was good enough."

Not good enough for Foote's comrade, however. A few days later he spoke to Foote again. This time Foote listened. More, he was impressed. In his own words, "his knees for the first time bowed to his Maker." For two weeks at every opportunity Foote holed up with the Bible and wrestled with his conscience.

It was a great victory. "Henceforth," he decided, "under all circumstances he would act for God."

Foote's biographer, J. M. Hoppin, from whose book these quotations are taken, relates that this decision brought the convert, troubled, to his father not long after that night aboard ship. In the light of his decision, was he right to remain in military service?

The elder Foote countered with two questions. Did Andrew think that a navy was a necessity to his government and his fellow men? And if so, did he not suppose that strong, earnest Christian men were needed in it?

That settled the doubt in Foote's mind for all time.

Foote compounded a most impressive record in the service. He considered his greatest naval achievement the organization of the western flotilla early in the Civil War. Certainly his capture of Fort Henry in the Tennessee River in 1862, seizing the objective from the Confederates without the help of land forces, was a naval feat of the first water. In the humanities, too, he was active. As a result of service off the African coast where he saw firsthand the brutalities of slavery, he wrote several books that helped to arouse the world against the traffic in men. He also extended his Christian influence through

such channels as religious instruction for men on shipboard and ashore.

But his most spectacular exploit in many respects was his wrathful destruction of the Barrier Forts off Canton in 1856. In command of the sloop **Portsmouth** in the Far East during a tiff between England and China, Foote was going about his official business of protecting American nationals and property and in fact preparing to remove the former from dangerous territory, when one of four Cantonese forts protecting the city opened fire on him.

He promptly demanded an apology. When none came he went after it. For the first time in history the U. S. applied military force to China. The big guns opened up, and Foote led a party of less than 300 sailors and marines who stormed and captured the forts, spiked the 196 guns, and demolished the 7-foot granite walls of the fort. The near by Cantonese army of approximately 3,000 was cowed into helplessness. Total U. S. casualties: 7 dead, 22 wounded. The action, although regrettable, won greater respect for the United States in the Far East and assured greater safety for Americans trading there.

After being wounded in Civil War action, Foote was retired with the rank of Rear Admiral. This was in 1862, with the national issue still in doubt. As might be expected, Foote was restless with his shore duties, supervising and recruiting. In 1863 he was again summoned into action to command the squadron at Charleston. His spirit was as willing as ever, but his flesh had grown weak. En route to his new post he was stricken ill. He died a few days later, and the naval surgeon in attendance gave solemn assurance that, as surely as any hero who died at his gun station, Andrew Hull Foote had given his life to the service.

DisChords

News of the Latest Recordings

CLASSICAL

Mozart: "Symphony No. 35 in D Major" ("Haffner") . . . Rossini: "Il Signor Bruschino Overture"—Fritz Reiner, conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Columbia Masterworks. The "Haffner" Symphony takes its name from the family for whom it was composed—the Haffners, a wealthy merchant family of Salzburg. The work was written to commemorate the granting of a title of nobility to young Sigmund Haffner, and since its writing has become one of Mozart's most well-known symphonies. Completed in less than two weeks, the composition was originally augmented by a march and a minuet. These were deleted by the composer, thus leaving it in the form in which we know it today. The first movement, marked "Allegro con spirito," maintains an air of pomp and festivity befitting the occasion for which the symphony was composed. The succeeding "Andante" is music of deft grace and purity. The light and outstanding "Minuet" is followed by the concluding "Presto," an exceptionally brilliant movement.

Fritz Reiner inspires the excellent Pittsburgh Symphony to new and beautiful heights.

Stravinsky: "Concerto For Two Solo Pianos". . . "Scherzo a la Russe"—Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duopianists, Columbia. The "concerto" form is usually thought of as being a composition for solo instrument and

orchestra. But such is not necessarily the case, as Stravinsky's impressive and intricate "Concerto For Two Solo Pianos" indicates. With this work Stravinsky joins a distinguished roster of composers who wrote concerti without orchestral support, among whom were Robert Schumann and Johann Sebastian Bach.

The "Concerto For Two Solo Pianos" has a number of remarkable features. Not the least of them is the fact that in no sense is one of the pianos a solo instrument and the other an accompanying factor (such as the orchestra may be said to be in the classical concerto). The music for both pianos is of equal importance, and it has been pointed out that one of the most remarkable things about the score is the absolute amalgamation of the two pianos into a single unit. Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, students of the great Artur Schnabel, have become internationally known as a more-than-expert piano team.

POPULAR

"Frankly Sentimental"—Frank Sinatra, with quintet accompaniment and orchestra under the direction of Axel Stordahl, Columbia. Frank Sinatra's new collection of songs is, as indicated by his own title for the group, frankly sentimental. The album includes "Body and Soul" and "Laura" on one record; "Fools Rush In" and "Spring Is Here"; "One For My Baby (And One More For the Road)," with "Guess I'll Hang

(Continued on page 25)



A Rose for Randi

By JACK LEWIS

PART III (CONCLUSION)

Marine Barracks
Quantico, Virginia

Dear Goatfoot—

In my last letter, I was telling you of the newspaper columnists' finding out about Johnny Larsen winning that hunk of dough after betting Moose Foster and some of his cronies he could get a date with Randi Blake. What the columnists didn't know, though, was that Johnny had suddenly found himself trying to be on the level with the girl. He'd gotten himself engaged to her the night before and the next morning she broke it, after seeing the stories in the Sunday morning paper as to how she had supposedly been duped by Larsen and his smooth line of chatter. That, I reckon, made it just about the shortest engagement on record.

As long as Randi Blake had thought that I had made the bet that Johnny Larsen could date her, it had been okay. She'd thought it was swell that he was nice enough to string along and help me win the wager. In fact, she had even said as much one of the first times we had gone out bowling.

Finding out that Johnny had shared in the winnings, though, had thrown a different light on things for her. I guess it isn't too hard to understand that. I'd probably get sore, too, if I found that some girl I thought a lot of was going along with me because it meant she could pick up a couple of thousand bucks.

Larsen was gone when I woke up and found the Sunday paper with the

story spread all over the front page along with Randi's note breaking their engagement. The note Johnny had left for me said he had gone back to the Marine Corps Base at San Diego to get ready for our transfer to the east coast.

I sat there on the bed for a while and mulled things over, wondering what to do. The best thing, it seemed, was to catch a bus for Dago, myself. I was on that transfer roster right along with Johnny Larsen, and I had to get my gear in shape to move out, too. I was putting on my uniform when someone pounded on the door.

"What do you want?"

"It's Moose. Let me in."

I unlocked the door and Moose Foster came in, carrying another copy of the morning paper under his arm.

"Where's Johnny," he wanted to know. "Isn't he here?"

"Nope." I motioned to the paper he had. "I see you dropped around to bring us some more of your glad tidings. You're a little late, though. Johnny and I've both seen the story."

Moose was scowling as he shook his head. "That isn't it, Shark. I came up to get some things cleared up. I want to know what's going on here."

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it?" I pointed to the other paper and the two notes still lying on Johnny's bed where I had dropped them. "Read those while I go in and shave."

I was almost finished with the de-whiskering when Moose stuck his head in the door. He was still scowling.

"Shark, I have to tell you. I think some of this was my fault."

"You mean you're going to admit calling up every gossip columnist in town?" The thought had been kicking around in the back of my mind ever since he had knocked on the door. After all, he had lost on his wager with Johnny and me, and revenge can be a funny thing.

Moose shook his head, though. "That isn't what I'm trying to get at. Look," he held the theater page up for me to see and pointed to the picture of Randi Blake and Lynn Ashton, the fellow that Johnny and I had had trouble with that first day when we had sneaked on the movie set where they were working.

"That's the actor I was telling you I met at the drugstore yesterday," Moose blurted out. "He's the one I was talking to before I saw you."

I cut my chin with the razor.

"This guy, Lynn Ashton," Moose insisted, "he's the one I met in the drugstore over on Hollywood Boulevard!"

"And I suppose you told the guy all about how your buddy got a date with Randi Blake and won a bet with you?"

Foster nodded stupidly.

"You're a great little fixer, Moose. You couldn't have fouled things up better if you'd practiced!"

"I didn't know who the guy was, Shark. He seemed okay, and when he asked me if I'd ever known a Marine named Johnny Larsen, I told him all about it. He thought it was a big joke on me!"

"Yeah. Then he got on the telephone and passed the joke around to every newspaper in town," I reminded him, wiping the lather and blood off my chin where I'd cut myself. "Get out of here!"

"Shark, I didn't—"

"Beat it!" I told him. I didn't even hear the door slam as he went out. I

was thinking fast; as fast as I know how, at least.

Now understand this, Goatfoot. I'm no sentimentalist, but Johnny Larsen is my buddy, like I said when I started out to write you about this thing. And it can never be said that Shark Malone let down a pal in distress.

I went in and looked through the telephone directory then, and called four numbers without getting any satisfaction. The shop owners I called must have thought I was crazy. One of them wanted to know what kind of place I thought he ran. He was screeching something about having nothing but quality merchandise when I hung up on him. The next place I called, the girl who answered hung up on me.

I put through a call to the base in San Diego and got hold of our company first sergeant to find out about the transfer list that Johnny and I were supposed to be on. Moose Foster had been on the level when he had said we were moving out.

"Monday morning at 1115," the top sergeant told me. "You and Larsen had better be on that train, too."

"I'm not due in off furlough until 0800 in the morning," I told him. "I'll be there then."

"Okay, Malone, but remember what I say about being on that train," he warned.

"Check." I hung up and lay back against the pillow. I was sorry then that I had chased Moose Foster out. There were some errands that would have to be run, and he could have done them very nicely. He was sorry enough about the thing he had pulled, that he would have swum to Guam and back, feet first, if I asked him.

I couldn't help remembering the way Johnny had looked after that first date with Randi Blake, when he had crawled

back into the taxicab up there in front of her house, holding that white rose she had picked and given him. The kid must have been in love even then, I decided.

I got a couple of sheets of hotel stationery out and scribbled both pages full before I stopped. Then I called down to the desk and asked if they had a bell hop going off duty. They said they would send one up.

He seemed like a nice kid and he was all eyes when I asked him how he'd like to make twenty dollars.

"For that kind of cash, I'll roll a marshmallow down Sunset Boulevard with the wart on my nose," he promised.

"Here's what I want you to do, then," I said, handing him an envelope. The two sheets of hotel paper with my scribbling were inside. "This is a note that I want delivered sometime after eight o'clock tonight. The address is right on the envelope."

"Is that all?"

"No. There's something else you have to do first. Do you have access to the furnace room here in the hotel? Down where they burn the waste and stuff?"

He nodded, squinting at me kind of

carefully. I took the twenty out of my wallet and handed it to him before I told him what I wanted done.

Less than one hour later, I had checked out of the hotel and was on the late afternoon bus for San Diego. All I could do was wait and hope.

I had bought a Los Angeles paper in the bus station, and sitting there in the back of the vehicle, I opened it up to look at the headlines. I didn't really care, you understand, but it's a long ride from L.A. to Dago and I had to do something to pass the time.

It was a paragraph at the bottom of the page that attracted my attention. It was getting dark, but by holding the paper up near the window, I was able to make it out.

"MARINES LAND, AND ACTOR GETS A DUCKING," the heading read.

Hollywood—Screen Star Lynn Ashton met with an unexpected ducking late this afternoon on the grounds of the fashionable Sunny Set Country Club.

Ashton, golfing with a group of friends, was ready to attempt a drive across the water trap near the club's ninth hole, when a Marine sergeant appeared and hurled him bodily into the pond.



"Screen star Lynn Ashton met with an unexpected ducking late this afternoon . . ." the article read.

Witnesses said the sergeant was muttering something about the "qualities of true love," as he walked away. He was described as being six feet three inches tall and weighing about 250 pounds.

At last report, the actor was drying out nicely.

For a moment it puzzled me. Johnny had said he was going back to the base

he had completed the job I'd set up for him. If he didn't come through, the whole plan I had dreamed up would flop. I wished, too, that I had explained to him how important it really was.

"That you, Shark?" Johnny asked as I sat down on the bunk next to his. I had tried to be quiet in the dark, so I knew I hadn't awakened him. I could



"Ashton," it went on, "was ready to attempt a drive across the water trap, when a Marine sergeant appeared and hurled him bodily into the pond."

in the note he had left for me. Had he gone looking for Lynn Ashton instead?

I felt like laughing for the first time then. Moose Foster! He had been the one. He was the only one answering to the description they had printed, and there was no one else in the Marines, beside Johnny, with a reason for wanting to drown the guy!

It was late when we got into San Diego, and by the time I could catch a cab out to the base and check in my furlough papers with the sergeant of the guard, it was nearly midnight.

Walking down to the camouflaged stucco barracks where we had been quartered even before going on furlough, I wondered if I had been right in giving the bell hop his twenty bucks before

tell from his voice, too, that he hadn't been asleep.

"Yeah," I whispered.

"The top sergeant said you called and said you wouldn't be in until morning."

"I got tired of sitting around that room with no one to talk to."

Down at the end of the barracks, someone moved restlessly and groaned. That was my cue to roll in before someone started heaving shoes at me.

At reveille and morning chow, Johnny didn't have much to say. He answered when I asked him something, but that was all. I made it a point, not to mention Randi Blake. The Hollywood Saga was practically a closed subject.

Moose Foster was ahead of us in

chow line, and he winked when he saw me.

"Get wet yesterday?" I asked him.

"Nope. I just heaved him and ran," he announced. He looked at Johnny as if to say something, but I shook my head. He made it a point to eat at another table.

Back in the barracks, I packed my seabag, rolled my blankets and made up my pack, while Johnny lay on his bunk watching. His gear was all fixed and lying under his bed in readiness. I did a job on my stuff that would have passed any colonel's inspection, but all the time, I was wondering about the kid up in Hollywood and the twenty pesos I'd given him. It worried me, Goatfoot. I'm normally a very trusting soul, but after all, I had no guarantee that he had carried out his part of my program.

Larsen and I were the only ones in the barracks at 1030 when the station wagon rolled up and we loaded our gear in the back end. The little corporal who was our driver took us over to headquarters to pick up our orders before swinging out through the main gate and heading down Ocean Boulevard toward the San Diego railway station. That was when I gave up hope.

We had our gear stowed in the baggage car and I was sitting across from Johnny in the Pullman seat trying to concentrate on a new copy of **Liberty**, when he suddenly leaped up and nearly bowled over the colored porter. He made

an apology that I couldn't hear and went dodging down the aisle.

"If he's forgot something," the porter warned, "he ain't got much time to get it."

"He won't need much time," I promised. I wasn't looking at him when I said it, though.

As I looked out the window, my faith in humanity and the bell hop was restored. Randi Blake was standing there beside a little yellow convertible, looking around. In one hand, she had a very disreputable-looking white rose, the petals loose and turning brown.

She saw Johnny then, and I felt as proud of myself as if I'd finally made sergeant, watching those two kids. They were that happy, Goatfoot. You can't imagine what it was like, his kissing her while she tried to keep from crying.

That's about the end of the story, except that Johnny's here in Officers' Candidate School and Randi's flying in from the coast next week to pin his new brass bars on him. The marriage is coming off in the Post Chapel with me as best man.

There's just one thing, though, Johnny has already threatened to break my neck if I tell her that rose I sent her wasn't the one she had given him. Even he doesn't know that the bell hop I hired there in the hotel had to go down and dig an old, brown one out of the hotel incinerator.

Your pal,

Shark Malone

I READ THE LINK BECAUSE—

—it gives the reader enjoyment and a good understanding of religious and worldly affairs; there should be no change in **The Link** whatsoever.

Pvt. Donald G. Ralph, Fort Bragg, N. C.

(The above entry won a six-month subscription in **The Link's** recent contest.)

Jamaica: The Sands Shift in Paradise

By GAY BURK

Part II—Conclusion

The sands drop more slowly, it seems, in the changes that are really needed in Jamaica. Education is a major problem of the island. Attendance at school is not compulsory except in the towns, and even here it is not enforced too strictly because of the need to have little son or sis at home to keep the economic wheels of the family moving. The buildings and equipment of most Jamaican schools are inadequate and obsolete. Elementary classes are provided for the masses under crowded conditions with not enough teachers in the free schools, and only the wealthier can afford a private fee-paying school.

Secondary education is the privilege of the very few in privately endowed schools. This means that the average poorer-class Jamaican receives from two to six years of schooling. Hardly adequate to bring up the economic level of the island.

For the girls in the island of light coloring and a higher level of home life, there seems to be only one study to pursue in secondary schools: stenography. There are probably more stenographers per square inch in Jamaica than any other place of its size in the world. For the boys whose parents can afford a university, there seems also to be only one profession: that of solicitor (lawyer). It is puzzling to strangers just what it is that drives so many people—people often of very meager means—to

consult solicitors in Jamaica. At any rate, all the countless men in this profession seem to be busy and affluent.

For all the great masses of uneducated Jamaicans (and they are greatly in preponderance), lack of employment is the chief and crucial problem. The government is trying to solve this expanding difficulty in every possible way. It is not easy. One of the steps the government took was to buy large properties and subdivide them into small acreages and allow the small agriculturist to buy the land over a period of 20 years; and in addition, to teach the small farmer what crops to plant and how to plant and where to market his crops.

"ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED . . ."

The island is divided into fourteen parishes. Kingston is the capital city in the parish of Kingston. Here is the hub of the island's activities, its filth, its unemployment and problems. The island's governing offices and departments hold forth here, as do its largest businesses, export and import concerns, its manufacturing centers. Foreign ships come into the Kingston harbor, just a few blocks off the main street, and the entrance into this tropical paradise is such as to make you believe the captain missed his port and landed you in a tropical hell instead. The filth and squalor of the harbor halts even an author's tongue in describing it.



Jamaicans often object to the portrayal of the peasant-with-basket as a symbol of their island, so this photograph of an upper-class Jamaican family is included here. One son is a lawyer and the other a doctor; the mother and daughters are teachers. They are well-educated, intelligent, courteous, honored members of Jamaica's business and social life.

There are few other towns of any size. Montego Bay, the famous resort on the north shore where more nobility and peerage and millionaires can crowd into one small square of beach than perhaps any other tiny plot of ground on the earth, is one of the largest towns, outside of Kingston, with a population of 12,000. Lovely Port Antonio with its double harbor, on the northeast tip of the island, is comparatively large and an important port. Spanish Town, once the capital of the island and the most important city, is now a rag-a-tag town of ruins, muck, and dim, ghostly memories.

For the rest, the villages are small, often squalid and poverty-stricken. The stores are bleak and dingy, with only their open-faced fronts to supply light. There are few sidewalks, and the paths and streets are littered. There is a

ragged, unkempt appearance about the villages, the shops, and the peasants. A modern hotel or guest house in one of these towns is a thing of irony against all this poverty.

The focal point of these villages is the market-place. On Fridays and Saturdays these market-places are a mad jumble of rags, donkeys, baskets, dry rot, draggletailed humans, heaps of produce, tobacco, raucous bellowing, mango skins and orange peel. The natives themselves seem to be eating constantly from their own wares, tossing the pits and skins wherever they happen to be at the moment. Women patrons weave in and out of this chaos with baskets over their arms, trying to select enough fruit and vegetables to keep their households in food until the next market day.

SCENIC BEAUTY

The mountains of Jamaica form its backbone of beauty. The chief range is the Blue Mountain Range cleaving the center of the island. Countless spurs dash off from this main range in superb scenery, and at each level of the island a different climate will be found. You can be fairly roasted with heat on the lowlands, and take a spin up the mountains where you will need a jacket against the chill. Winters are characterized by placing a blanket on your bed at night, a chill in the air until around nine in the morning; then the sun is turned on again and the day is warm without being oppressively hot. Jamaica, surprisingly, has droughts. There are dry winter months when, in this island absolutely filled and surrounded by water, the people still suffer from lack of water in their homes. Proper arrangements have never been made to store the water of wet months for utilization during the dry times.

The hilly districts around the city of Kingston bring all the charm of the island right to the raucous city's gates. In the lush beauty of Stony Hill, Red Hills, and Green Hills, peasants grow vegetables for city markets and the wealthy build country homes. On a shoulder of the Blue Mountains rests the army base of New Castle, and the drive up to its precipitous top is a consistent curve of splendor. Around each twist in the road a new vista opens beneath you, and the sweep of deep green hillsides, hollows, ravines, stretches out to infinity.

The roads over the island are comparatively good, but extremely narrow and sinuous for the load of travel ex-

pected of them. As the road approaches a village it becomes more lively with donkeys, goats, children, chickens, carts, women with their eternal load on their heads. There is a ferment of flesh, feathers, and fur when a car rounds the bend, and nothing but chaos when two cars meet. Since the roads are narrow, cars from **both** directions drive down the center of the road, leaving the last-second swerving until the point of actual collision. To add to the general confusion, motorists are invariably driving with one hand, the other hand being in constant process of honking.

Wherever you go on the island, whatever you do, whichever type of vehicle you choose for traveling, you will have



Strolling homeward after market day in Black River. The donkey-baskets are empty, which means an excellent day for the owner, since he has sold all his produce. On their heads the native women carry supplies which they, in turn, bought at the village store.

to undergo persistent and constant staring. In the largest town or the remotest village—it makes no difference—every single inhabitant of the town will stop whatever he is doing and turn to stare at you. They will come from their houses, from their shops, from huts, to stare. They will stand in doorways, sit on sea walls, lean on their bicycles—and stare. They will lay down their hammers, cease chopping cane, stop all conversation—to turn and stare. Sometimes they will speak to you: “Good morning” up until noon and “Good evening” for any time after that, and often this will be followed by “Beg you a thrupence, Mum.” But whether they speak or beg or are silent, the staring goes on consistently.

Scattered over the island are the small thatch-roofed huts known as wattle-and-daub huts. These are fragile-looking boxes made of light bamboo poles (wattle), plastered with earth and dung (daub). Sometimes a coating of lime plaster is substituted for the daub. Gray curls of smoke come from these huts or from the ground just outside the hut, and the tangy aroma of wood smoke fills the air. The family seems to be in a continual state of meal-preparing over these primitive wood fires. There is usually a small plot of garden somewhere near by, at least a few yams or a breadfruit tree.

Along the roadside are many small stores made of this same wattle and daub. The existence of the store owner seems as fragile as the structure. There is a shelf of “aerated” waters, one small container of bread and buns, a few tins of fish, some ginger beer, one stack of coconut cakes. There seems to be little else in the store. What can the woman behind the counter possibly sell in a day’s bargaining to enable her to keep going?

ISLAND PASTIMES

If you think of tropical islands of today as a place for perfect swimming, it is disarming to find swimming to be a sport mostly for the tourist. The country peasants rarely take advantage of their own seas; children will sometimes strip and dive into the nearest bay, but adults of this class seem to use the water only as a place in which to do their laundry. Kingston professional workers, however, often holiday at their own lovely beach resorts.

The island’s waters are a mine of large game fish—tarpon, kingfish, snapper, yellowtail, marlin, pompano; and fishing is indulged in by young and old, by Jamaicans, visitors, professional and amateur. At night you’ll see the eerie glow of countless flares in the darkness. These are the kerosene-in-a-bottle lamps of the islanders indulging in the local sport of “progin.” They wade in the shallows of the sea flashing their lights. When the glow reveals a great, fat lobster lying on the sandy bottom they simply reach down and grab him with both bare hands and stick him into a “crocus” bag (gunny sack) that a companion holds. Nothing to it, really. Some of the flare holders are looking for another night prowler, the black crab, considered a great delicacy.

Tennis and polo and boating are popular with upper-class Jamaicans too. Horse racing seems to be the favorite sport of the island.

But for many of us Jamaica means the glory of clear, clean winds, the tang of the sea, the curve of the north shore, the colors of land and sea that totter your mind; it means the untouched rivers and streams and waterfalls, the stretches of beach, the fields of bananas and coconuts and sugar cane. It means the day you went in search of a cove called the Blue Hole—and suddenly

there you were. There on the rim of the whole wide world, looking down into the deep blue bowl of the sea that holds enough color to spill over all the island.

The atmosphere is electric, the sky cerulean, the band of growth around the pool all apple-green and mint. The shoreline starts with the Blue Hole and

curves away to other pools and other lagoons, the earth is a great strutting peacock of iridescent hues leaving a soft trail of feathers from its gaudy tail.

It was called simply the Blue Hole. But in its blue depths might be seen the true reflection of a whole island.

DisChords

(Continued from page 15)

My Tears Out to Dry” on the reverse; and “When You Awake” with “It Never Entered My Mind.”

Herein may be found sentiment of all kinds—plain, ordinary sentiment as in “When You Awake”; a more passionate regard as illustrated in Johnny Green’s “Body and Soul”; a wistful sort of sentiment as embodied in the Rogers-Hart “Spring Is Here”; and the rueful sentiment of “One For My Baby,” a memorable Harold Arlen tune.

Some of the songs in this album began as show music, as is so often the case with memorable popular music: “Body and Soul” appeared in **Three’s a Crowd**, “Spring Is Here” was one of the loveliest moments in **I Married an Angel**, “One For My Baby” gave Fred Astaire a superb dance number in **The Sky’s the Limit**, and “Laura” became a hit when it was used as a haunting background for the motion picture of the same name.

“Frankly Sentimental” is Frank’s fourth collection, and his choice of eight melodic and delightful songs has lasting freshness and appeal.

The following popular Columbia releases are available on both 10-inch conventional and 7-inch Microgroove records:

“M-e-l-v-i-n (The Goat Boy)” . . . “Get Me One of Those”—Kay Kyser and his orchestra, vocals by Gloria Wood, Joe Howard, and Bob Carroll. “M-e-l-v-i-n” is a “Woody Woodpecker” sort of novelty tune. During the recording of this number several voices were tried before selecting the composer himself to do the goat effects in the first chorus. Later on in the record Joe Howard, the trombonist, is the goat boy. “Get Me One of Those” is a rhythmic ditty with a boy-girl duet featuring Gloria Wood and Bob Carroll.

“Blame My Absent-Minded Heart”. . . “(Where Are You) Now That I Need You?”—Doris Day and The Mellomen, orchestra under the direction of John Rarig. “Blame My Absent-Minded Heart” is sung here by glamorous Doris Day just as she does it in her new motion picture, **It’s a Great Feeling**. Doris is becoming one of filmdom’s brightest stars, and the way she sings this song helps explain her great success. “Now That I Need You,” from **Red Hot and Blue**, is done in the Doris Day manner. ’Nuff said. You’ll like the guitar and vibraphone passages in the excellent accompaniment provided by the orchestra, under John Rarig’s direction.

Leprosy, The Forgotten Enemy

BY PEARL P. PUCKETT

Not long ago, front-page news carried the tragic story of an Army officer's wife, victim of leprosy, America's forgotten enemy. Briefly, the lady developed skin trouble while she and her husband were prisoners of the Japanese at Santo Tomas in Manila. Very fortunate indeed for this lady that the attending physician immediately diagnosed the case correctly, for dozens of cases of leprosy in America today are being treated by the medical profession for other skin conditions. By the time a true diagnosis is finally reached—if it ever is—the malady has fastened itself on the hapless victim so deeply that he is beyond hope of cure, and other innocent persons have contracted the disease. This is leprosy in its most vicious form—the forgotten enemy.

World War II brought into close focus unprecedented conditions. Our boys fought a global war; rubbed shoulders with all nations and people in India, China, Korea, Burma, Thailand, Ethiopia, Liberia, Belgian Congo and Japan, where an estimated ten millions of leprosy victims are being treated or are at large. Then too, the war in the Far East seriously aggravated the condition. Many leprosy stations were completely demolished, the construction of others so seriously hampered by bombed roads and fallen bridges that contact with many victims was lost. War is a breeder of leprosy, for sanitation facilities, water supplies, hospitals and the like are destroyed and the streams of humanity, suffering from starvation and illness,

move from place to place to escape the ever-encroaching holocaust.

Today, cases of leprosy have already been reported from thirty-eight states and in the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and the Canal Zone. Leprosy is endemic in Texas, Florida and Louisiana. At Carville, Louisiana, America's leprosarium, a number of married war veterans are patients there. Wives live outside the hospital, but can be with the patients from 7 in the morning until 7 P. M. daily.

Carville is located on the east bank of the great Mississippi River, about 75 miles above New Orleans. It is an institution of the United States Public Health Service set aside wholly for the care and treatment of persons afflicted with leprosy or suffering from its effects. It is the finest hospital of its kind in the world today, and the only one in the United States.

It is estimated conservatively by eminent leprologists that there are 5,000 cases of leprosy in these United States. Only approximately 400 of these are residents at Carville. It is true that 5,000 cases do not constitute a public health problem; on the other hand there is grave danger of ignoring its presence altogether. Then, too, there are selfish interests that do not wish the truth publicized, for to admit that there are cases of leprosy in most of our large cities in America today would interfere with the commercial prosperity of some of our citizens.

For years it will be necessary for America to police the world. For this reason leprosy will be one of the diseases brought back to this country, and the majority of our doctors have not studied tropical diseases. As an illustration, three advanced cases of the lepromatous type of leprosy in the foreign districts of one of our large cities were visited by a prominent leprologist. All three had remained undiagnosed for months, and when finally treated at the medical center, they were treated for a number of other conditions before leprosy was actually diagnosed. Case identified as No. 63,639 was an elderly woman, who came from Puerto Rico two years ago. Admitted as a healthy individual by the immigration authorities, she had lived in close contact with several generations of her family under crowded conditions, during which time she had a fuminant case of the disease, and was discharging countless bacilli from open lesions of her nose. Since there was no record that for part of this time the patient had consulted a reliable physician, the Board of Health was not aware of the fact that in their midst was a dangerous open case of leprosy, mixing freely with hundreds of her associates. Her case had been developing for years and had been a constant source of public danger, the intensity of which can only be determined in the next few decades. In this crowded foreign social stratum the disease flourishes, and our larger cities are all guilty of permitting this "ideal" breeding place for leprosy.

It is now universally accepted that leprosy is caused by the presence of **Mycobacterium Leprae** or **Bacillus Leprae** in the body, especially in the skin and nerves. It is no longer believed to be inherited, and in many ways it closely resembles tuberculosis. Both our "house and family diseases" flourish under un-

favorable economic conditions: overcrowded housing conditions, bad social habits, poor or no sanitation and hygiene, and inadequate diet.

How does leprosy work in the body? It affects one or both of two areas, the skin and the nerve fibers. When it is principally operative in the skin, lumps called nodules appear and may become open ulcers. When it is principally affecting the nerves, the nerve fibers are gradually killed. At first there is pain, then loss of all feeling, and finally the loss of the bones and flesh, which wither away when there is no nerve to vitalize them. It is contagious only by direct and prolonged contact in an "open" stage of the disease. The bacillus appears to be introduced into the body only through cuts and abrasions, and through the lining membrane of the nose. It may incubate in the body for two years or for as long as thirty years.

The victim may suffer physically from fever and from recurrent local pains while the nerves are being attacked. But most of all, he suffers intense spiritual agony from being crippled, disfigured, blinded, cast out of society—treated as less than human. This is the tragic life meted out to a leper, and needlessly so.

Can leprosy be cured? The world's greatest leprologists prefer to use the term "arrested" or "symptom-free" rather than announce a definite and complete cure. The modern treatment of the disease has resulted in the restoration of hundreds of cases each year to apparently complete health. The suffering of thousands of the more advanced cases has been greatly relieved.

One of the most successful treatments consists of injecting chaulmoogra oil or its derivatives into the veins or muscles or under the skin. Healthful living con-

ditions, including proper food, exercise and cleanliness and the clearing up of any other illness or diseases, and surgical dressings for local eruptions help. Several other more recent forms of treatment such as dyes, serum, fever therapy, diphtheria toxoid, sulfa drugs have been tried, but none have yet proved more effective than chaulmoogra oil, even though it is imperfect.

Quite as important as physical treatment is the building up of the morale and the lessening of the patient's distress of mind by kindly care and guidance. For leprosy is one of the oldest and most dreaded diseases, having afflicted mankind from prehistoric times. For centuries the hapless victims have been ruthlessly segregated, stoned, cast out, left to die alone and in misery. A victim had no home—the world had no place for him. Even his own family deserted him. Unfortunately American intelligence about leprosy is very imperfect. Our parole of "arrested" cases often have a rather bad time of it and some have therefore chosen to remain at Carville rather than go out into the world. This in itself prevents many patients from reporting for treatment or to have their illness diagnosed.

Chaulmoogra oil is extracted from the seeds of a fruit, very similar in size and shape to our grapefruits, which grows on trees of the *hydnocarpus* and other closely related species found in many tropical countries. One leper colony in the Belgian Congo, called the Bibanga Agricultural Leper Colony, made possible with the American Presbyterian Congo Mission and the American Mission to Lepers, planted 3,000 chaulmoogra oil trees, and refine their own oil.

Leprosy, like tuberculosis, is a disease that must be controlled through preventive and educational methods, before it

becomes a public health menace. In the March, 1943, issue of the **Star**, a journal published by the patients of the National Leprosarium at Carville, the following item appeared:

"From the **Madison, Wisconsin, Journal** (February 16, 1943) we learn that a soldier is confined to an Army hospital suffering with leprosy. The newspaper gives the name of the soldier, his home address, and states that he was in the service thirteen months before he was correctly diagnosed."

There are other cases on record of boys having been treated for syphilis or other allied skin conditions, for deficiency diseases such as pellagra or allergic conditions, when they were suffering from leprosy.

At a meeting November 10-11-12, 1942, of the Southern Medical Association and the American Society of Tropical Medicine, in Richmond, Va., where 1,452 doctors were gathered from all over the United States, the statement was made and published that after that global war every tropical disease in the world would be found in this country.

From a paper by Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, taken from **Tropical Medicine in the Navy**:

"It is not news to you that we of the Navy feel that the subject of Tropical Medicine has not been thoroughly taught in the Medical Schools in this country. Consequently, the young graduate comes to the Military Services illy prepared to meet the peculiar demands on medical officers who go into the tropics with troops for the first time. It is clearly understood that a medical student can not be given the necessary knowledge with which to become a specialist in tropical medicine during this time in medical school, but if we will give the medical student the sound fundamentals upon which to build a knowledge of

tropical diseases he can in a short space of time obtain the practical experience. It has come to my attention in the past few years that in some of our largest northern cities, such as New York, many cases of various tropical origin have gone undiscovered over periods of weeks due to the atypical nature that these diseases take on in temperate zones. We know very well that most all tropical diseases will flourish in temperate climates. This is another argument for the thorough teaching of tropical medicine in our schools. The entire field of tropical medicine is one that is so important that we should make every attempt to interest all groups of professional men in this specialty. The time is not far distant when any doctor who does not have a clear picture of the dangers of tropical diseases and an understanding of their diagnosis and treatment will drop behind his fellows. We must look to the members of the American Society of Tropical Medicine for proper leadership in this work."

The safest rule to follow is to think of leprosy when overseas cases come to the clinic. Think of leprosy when you are unable definitely to determine the illness. Become leper-conscious. Texas alone has had 211 admissions of leprosy to Carville. Perhaps this can be accounted for by the thousands of Mexicans admitted as laborers. Workmen from the Bahamas were admitted to fill in during the man-power shortage. Prisoners of war from all over the world were encamped here.

The unprecedented conditions of the world today have made it imperative that we revalue and revise our ideas and our thinking of many things. This rekindling of thought must include the subject of leprosy.

A masterpiece in answer to this chal-

lenge is the presidential address delivered by Dr. Ernest Carroll Faust, at the annual meeting of the American Society of Tropical Medicine, Richmond, Virginia, November 11, 1942. It is entitled "Horizons of American Tropical Medicine":

"The new horizon is one of inter-American cooperation and inter-American dependence. No longer is there opportunity, and fortunately no need, for securing training in institutions of Tropical Medicine outside of the Western Hemisphere. Rather, for years to come American Tropical Medicine must and will solve its own Hemisphere problems, and in addition must and will be prepared to cooperate and probably to undertake the direction and control of diseases in tropical areas throughout the world. American Tropical Medicine is prepared to accept these responsibilities. It is not beyond expectation that American Tropical Medicine will be the guiding force in the prevention of tropical diseases in the new world order that is to come."

The Christian people of Great Britain and the United States have been making organized efforts for the past 75 years to ameliorate the suffering of individual victims of leprosy. The Mission to Lepers, London, and the American Mission to Lepers, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10, New York, have been collectively sending sums, most of them small when compared to the formidable need, to medical and lay missionaries throughout the world, for use in personal ministry to the victims of this dreaded disease. But these funds have not sufficed to launch an adequate program to prevent leprosy itself. It is now necessary, in the opinion of those familiar with the human ravages of leprosy, to initiate a carefully planned, scientific program for its prevention, in

the hope and belief that as the years unfold, the scientific brain, the Christian conscience and the generous heart of civilized mankind may be able to conquer this enemy also. Remembering His command:

“Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons—freely ye received, freely give.” (Matthew 10:8.)

[Note: The week of October 9-16 has been designated National Leprosy Missions Week (the first observance of this nature in the United States) by the American Mission to Lepers.]

ALFRED WAS A KILLER *(Continued from page 6)*

Alfred tore his way through the state tournament as I expected like a jungle beast, slamming and knocking the boys around, and the crowd loved him for his brutality. He had five fights in the tourney and won them all by KOs and TKOs.

When the tourney was over the eight champions held a vote and to my pleasant surprise I was selected as the coach to take the all-expenses-paid trip with the boys to the Tourney of Champions in Chicago.

On the train going up to the Windy City I tried several times to start a friendly conversation with Alfred. He was a funny sort of fellow, unlike the other boys. He wouldn't talk to anyone unless he was forced into it, and sometimes he would rudely get up and walk away to keep from talking. I had been trying to figure him out for months but hadn't gotten to first base. He didn't seem to like anyone and seemed to be happy only when he was whaling the daylight out of someone.

As we were rolling toward Chicago I sat down by him and talked to him again about his fighting tactics. I said, “Alfred, you have this Golden Glove game figured out wrong. The purpose of amateur boxing is to teach sportsmanship to these young fellows. I don't know how to say it, but the whole idea is not to breed hatred but to fight in

such a way that you have gained something after each fight whether you win or lose. Its purpose is to teach tolerance and Americanism and things like that. I have watched you closely the last few months and I see something in you that the others don't see. The sports writers and fans build you up and think you are a fine fellow. They all think you are modest when you refuse to talk to them, but I know better. I know that you are soured on the world and I also know you are cruel. These other boys fight because they enjoy the sport, but you fight because you are mean and ornery. You love to hurt people. Why?”

Alfred looked at me a long time before he answered and then he said, “You are quite the student of psychology, Lawton. I am going to tell you something. I am brutal and I love being the brute. The whole world is cruel and everybody in it is cruel.”

“Now, Alfred,” I interrupted, “you have the wrong outlook on life.”

“Do I?” he asked. “Well, why do the fans like me? I'll tell you why. They love to see me because they are mean, too. They would be in there trying to break noses, split lips and cut eyes too if they had the guts, but few of them have the backbone to fight so they shortchange their customers the next day and talk about their neighbors.

They are all mean, every single one of them.”

“That’s not true,” I protested. “You have no reason to feel as you do. What good do you get out of life by going around hating everybody?”

“Hatred,” he said, “keeps me alive. I have been two-timed and double-crossed or lied to all my life by everyone I have come in contact with. I hate everybody. When I was a kid my folks were poor as Job’s turkey. When Christmas came around I never got anything much and all the other kids in the neighborhood got wagons and skates and boxing gloves. I hated those kids because they had nice clothes, good things to eat and new toys when I didn’t. I soon found out that I had one thing that they didn’t—I could whip any of them. When I got to feeling bad about their having everything and me nothing I would beat two or three of them up and then I would feel better for a day or two.”

“That was a stinking thing to do,” I said.

“Yeah,” he answered, “but I like being a stinker, and as I grew up I had reason for being one. I tried to be good and was for a long time but every time I trusted anyone he would stab me in the back. I married and lived a couple of years thinking that the world was lovely and then came the war. I enlisted and went to Officers’ Candidate School. I flunked out because one of my so-called friends stabbed me in the back. I went overseas and wiped out a Jap machine gun nest singlehanded. I went to a hospital and my squad leader got credit for what I had done. He got a promotion and the Silver Star and I got nothing. I came home and found my wife had spent all the money I had sent home on a guy I thought was my friend. I beat thunder out of him and

it made me feel better. I left my wife and started bumming around the country. I landed in your town broke and needing a job, so I started driving a taxi. I had lots of spare time and I started working out in your gym. I fought because I hated the whole lousy human race. Beating people up makes me feel that I am getting even with everyone. People are mean. Friendship is a lot of hooey. My squad leader was my friend but he took my Silver Star. The fellow at home grew up with me but he took my wife away while I was overseas risking my life. I don’t want friends and I don’t have any.”

“I’m your friend, kid,” I said.

“You!” he laughed. “You’re not fooling me. You are using me and I know it. You want security. You want to keep that little two-by-four coaching job. You were about to lose it when I came along. They all think you discovered me and taught me to fight, but I was born fighting. You are my friend because I can help you hold that lousy little job. I know it, so let’s not pretend with a lot of palsy-walsy stuff.”

I didn’t know what to say so I moved to another seat saying, “O.K. Alfred, I’m sorry you feel that way.”

As the train rolled toward Chicago I sat looking out of the window. I had been along this very road when I was younger, before the war. It seemed a hundred years ago and a lot of water had run under the bridge since then—muddy water. I kept looking for familiar landmarks but I couldn’t get my mind off the kid. He had drawn away from everyone and I didn’t know how I could help him. I wanted to do something because he was all mixed up on the inside about friendship, the human race and a lot of things. I wished I were a psychologist or one of those fellows

who explored the human mind so I could do something. Before I had heard Alfred's story I had regarded his cruelty with contempt, but now I was just sorry for him and couldn't do a thing to help him. It made me feel helpless, more helpless than I had ever felt in my life.

The Oklahoma team showed up well in Chicago, and after the team points were counted we found that we had cinched the team trophy before the finals. Two of our men had landed in the finals. One was Alfred, of course, and even if they both should lose we had the team cup in the bag.

They presented the team trophy the night of the finals, before the fights. A well-known sports writer made the presentation. He stood in the middle of the ring and talked over a loud-speaker. His talk ran somewhat like this: "Ladies and gentlemen: Before the final fights we are going to present the team trophy. I am sure you are all aware that the gallant Oklahoma team piled up enough points in the semifinals to win the team trophy." He made a long speech on sportsmanship and a lot of stuff and finished by saying, "Will Bill Lawton, coach of this sensational team, step up here and claim the trophy?"

I was floored. Never in my life had I been so scared. Several of the boys on my team practically lifted me from my chair and steered me to the ring-side and I scrambled up between the ropes somehow. I had stepped in the ring many times as a green Golden Glover and I had been shaking before, but never like this.

As I stepped up to the loud-speaker the sports writer shook hands with me. I reached for the trophy, intending to grab it and make a hasty retreat, but the sports writer said, "Not so fast, Mr. Lawton," and he started another

speech. "Folks, I'm sure that many of you remember this young man. Eight years ago he came here to represent Oklahoma in the welterweight class and proved to be a crowd pleaser. He showed up here again the next year and the next, and although he was never crowned a champion he won the sportsmanship trophy twice. He didn't come back here the next year because he was fighting on a bigger team—Uncle Sam's team."

I was embarrassed and wished he would stop, but he went on talking as if I were a hero or celebrity or something. He told how I had won the Distinguished Service Cross for carrying two of my men to safety under fire and how I was hit and lost an arm carrying the third man to safety. I didn't think anyone knew much about that, but these newspaper men seem to know everything. He went on to say that champions may come and go but of all the men who had ever come up there the name of Bill Lawton stood out as one of the greatest of the greats.

I thought he was never going to stop talking so I could grab that trophy and get out of there. He ended up by saying that I had helped and was still helping to keep amateur boxing one of the cleanest of sports. He congratulated me and my gallant team.

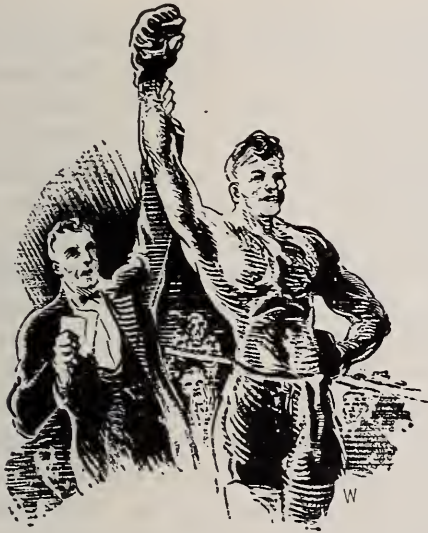
I got back to my seat somehow. All the boys on the team were tickled more about the big build-up the sports writer had given me than they were over the big trophy. I found out later that they had asked that the trophy be presented to me.

Alfred sat there a long time without saying anything. He finally said, "I didn't know that you had received the sportsmanship trophy or the DSC. I didn't even know that you had ever

fought up here. Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me," I said.

Alfred didn't say another word until the time came for him to fight, but he kept looking at me in a funny way.



The bell sounded and he and his opponent, a California slugger, went at it. It was easy to see that Alfred had finally met an opponent worthy of him. It was a slugging match from start to finish. For the first two rounds it was nip and tuck. I knew a lot about point keeping and I knew the score was close.

Alfred came out of his corner on the run when the bell rang for the third round. The other man was good, but Alfred seemed to have the endurance of Superman. His long years of hating and fighting seemed to give him added strength. He bore in slugging, faster, faster, faster. Gradually the other boy began to weaken. Alfred parried with his left and slammed in a mortar-shell right that landed smack on the jaw. It was easy to see that the man was out on his feet. His arms hung limply by his sides; he couldn't have lifted them if his life had depended on it. I guess his fighting heart was all

that was holding him on his feet. I waited for Alfred to rush in for the kill, but instead he stepped back from the defenseless man. The referee, quick to see that the man was done for, raised Alfred's hand and gave him a TKO.

It made me feel wonderful. For some reason my problem child who hated everyone had shown a streak of humaneness. Neither of us said anything as we rushed through the crowd to the dressing room. When we reached the dressing room and the boys were taking the gloves off I said, "Alfred, you could have knocked him crazy and you didn't." I was proud of him.

He sat there with his head down, not saying anything and breathing hard until everyone was out of hearing distance. Then he said, "Bill, I . . . well, I just . . ." and then he stopped.

"What is it, kid?" I asked.

He took a long breath and said, "Bill, when I saw you sitting there watching those fights I knew that you would have given your life to have been able to put the gloves on again. The more I watched you the more of a heel I saw myself to be. I said to myself, 'He has more fight in that stump arm of his than I have in my whole body.' You made me realize that I didn't have any reason for being mad at anyone. It made me want people to feel about me like the boys on the team feel about you. I want people to like me and I want to like them. Coach, I'm tired of being anti-social." He ripped the gauze off his sweating hand and said, "Will you shake hands with a guy who admires and likes you a lot?"

I grabbed his hand and said, "Sure, champ." I didn't say anything else because there was a lump in my throat as big as a sixteen-ounce training glove.

Roast Turkey and God

By WILBUR C. CAIN

With the hymns of the Thanksgiving service still lingering in our ears, and with prayers of thankfulness for past blessings in our hearts, we men of the Headquarters Squadron rushed into the dining room of our billets in Nagoya anticipating a dinner that was to be especially delicious. Having read all the news items that pertained to getting supplies overseas in time for the holiday occasions, we were confident it would be super-duper. For the past few weeks supplies had been somewhat limited, but we were given to understand that there would be no limitations this day. Everything finally did arrive and the cooks of our squadron had prepared it all in a fine manner.

As the men slowly took places in the dining room, they appeared highly pleased at seeing the artfully decorated tables and walls of the room. Those who are now in Japan or who have ever been there know how Mother Nature brilliantly colors the trees during the fall season. Some of this brightness had been brought into the dining room and the walls were skillfully covered with these golden branches. The floor was covered with hundreds of single leaves arranged as if a soft autumn wind had been blowing through the room. Upon the tables were large yellow chrysanthemums together with a small number of commercially made decorations.

The blessing of God was asked by Chaplain John P. Duggan, then Deputy Staff Chaplain, Fifth Air Force. After a moment of silence the waitresses began to bring in the dinner plates, which con-

sisted of roast turkey and baked ham with all the trimmings that have been traditional with an American Thanksgiving dinner. The food had been excellently prepared and was so delicious nearly everyone ate that extra bite which made one seem too full.

Entertainment rounded out the festive occasion. A Japanese band played popular tunes of American and Japanese origin. Two costumed men, one a Pilgrim Father and the other an Indian, added a touch of festivity as the dining room was first opened. As the meal progressed, a loud clamor was heard from one corner. The Indian, decked in war paint and headfeathers, began to chase the Puritan around the tables. It was a merry-mad chase. Finally the Puritan, good pioneer that he was, turned about and took the hatchet away from the Indian and made him run for cover. Such was the gaiety of our Thanksgiving dinner.

"WHY ARE WE CELEBRATING?"

Here were American troops in a foreign land. Though they were far from the country of their birth they had not forgotten the traditions which they had been brought up to know and to cherish. Many had worked hard to make this occasion a memorable one, but not a few asked themselves, "Why are we celebrating a Thanksgiving Day?"

Many had forgotten the real purpose of Thanksgiving and other religious holidays. The men of the squadron were gathered together for a festive occasion. Some were there, not with thanks to

God in their hearts for blessings which they should have recognized as coming from Him, but with headaches as reminders of the frolics of the night before. Not all had been at the Base Chapel for the Thanksgiving Services, which had been so arranged that there would be no inconvenience for anyone. These men sat at the tables with apparent indifference in their hearts and from their lips poured blasphemous words that gave no honor to God. To be sure, all did not mean to use the Lord's name in such a way. It was habit, they would say if asked. Nevertheless they were taking the liberty of asking God to bring damnation upon someone, or some trivial thing; or they were openly cursing Him—yet this day, all were supposedly gathered together in thankfulness for blessings received. Every year Thanksgiving Day is celebrated with thanksgiving and prayer and—**sin**. Every year other Christian holidays are celebrated in this same way. Drunkenness, immorality, and other vices continue, some in the name of the Lord, and others in open contempt of Him. It is not alone a yearly occurrence but a daily thing, and therefore, we who profess to be Christians should not be so laggardly in coming to the front and doing something about it.

WE ARE REMINDED . . .

Throughout the Word of God we are reminded of our Christian duty of telling others about Christ. Experience has taught us that some will not heed the **voice** of Christianity but some of these can be shown how to **live** Christianity. That is, they can be shown if there is anyone who is willing and able to be the leader. It is the people of God versus the people of the devil. Christians who are and who have been with the occupation forces in Japan realize what

missionary work accomplishes. This is perhaps a newly found duty, for having left the States, two, three, four years ago, they only now realize in full the command of our Lord. In the States we had little or no missionary zeal. Yes, we would hear a missionary speak on Mission Sunday, and we would perhaps give the church an added quarter or two, but as for actually participating in evangelism, there was little done by the individual. Now does missionary work mean bringing Christ only to the heathens in the Orient and Africa, excluding the unchurched of the so-called civilized countries? We on the side of God have sometimes failed with our missionary work at home; consequently, today we are seeing the desecration of Christian holidays which were once celebrated with Thanksgiving and worship. In the days of the Puritans, open rebellion against and blasphemy of God were not tolerated. Those who did offend suffered as heretics of the Church, for Puritan customs were severe.

This hostile attitude toward God and the days which are set aside by Him or the State should not be tolerated by Christians today. While it is true that our country guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of worship, these freedoms can last only until they infringe upon another's freedom. Our laws let a man get sickly drunk, but after he is drunk there is a law that prohibits his shooting his brother. And so it is with religion. A person may condemn another's religion, but he must not be allowed to trample on, or to throw sticks at, the precious stones and gems of a particular belief.

In the camps and bases today, at our jobs, or while at play, how many bring to the attention of their fellowmen in the services that they are living an unchristian life, if this is the case? How

many reprimand those who use the Lord's name in vain? Who are they who constantly voice a protest at the drunkenness and immorality which abounds? A Christian is not only one who believes in Christ as his Savior, but a person who believes strongly enough that he is willing to tell the world about Christ. Consequently if we go to chapel on Sunday, hear a sermon, and then say, "Now, I have had my religion for this week," we are failing as Christians. It is the little things of our daily life that add up and balance the scale toward or against Christianity. How does your life stack up?

THE MEANINGS OF THESE DAYS

Let us, as Christians, continue the celebration of holidays set aside for worship and thanksgiving; but at the same

time let us teach those round about us the meanings of these days. Witness Christ, as St. Paul writes, in daily living. Let no oath or curse come to your ear without showing disapproval. If you have listened objectively to a conversation between two average soldiers you will understand that there is much missionary work to be done in your own billet or barracks. The consequence of such work will be a more sincere and holy celebration of these days by Christians and more toleration and respect by those who are not believers but who are educated people, knowing that all have the freedoms that our country guarantees.

Yes, we Headquarters men had a joyous Thanksgiving Day here in Japan, each in his own way, but was it pleasing to God's way? Are your Christian holidays pleasing to God's way?



Newly organized unit of the Service Men's Christian League of the 24th Infantry Regiment, Camp Gifu, Honshu, Japan. Sponsors of the organization are Chaplain L. M. Durden, Regimental Chaplain, and Chaplain R. A. Cooper, Assistant Regimental Chaplain, shown kneeling. President of the League, Sgt. Hernando Farmer, is shown behind Chaplain Cooper. Pfc. Andrew L. Taylor was elected vice president; Pfc. James Rucker, secretary; and Pvt. Frank Tanner, corresponding secretary.

BATTLING THE BREEZE

A
Department
of Free
Speech and
Uncensored
Opinion



FAN MAIL

I am not a cartoonist but am intensely interested in creative work. In fact I am a beautician and as I work with my hands as well as my mind I can well appreciate the work, research and labor behind Mr. Salak's fascinating cartoon feature.

After reading the first chapter I discussed it with the husband of one of my customers and during the course of the conversation I discovered that he too had at one time debbed a little with the black and white line drawings.

I also learned a few side lights which may interest your readers. Mr. J. R. Williams, mentioned in your cartoon feature, was an old cavalry soldier, a cow-nurse and a machine shop worker. His memories of these experiences are vividly illustrated in his drawings. Milton Caniff of "Terry and the Pirates" fame draws his story panels almost exclusively from research. He has never traveled the Orient but friends there and photos from his morgue as well as live models account for the accuracy and finesse evident in his drawings. Mr. Caniff has an extensive collection of Oriental bric-a-brac; these and his hobby of collecting souvenirs have made his cartooning morgue a veritable museum and account for the authenticity of his work.

All this bears out what Mr. Salak briefly stressed in his feature. During

one week over 75 women read your cartoon article and we had much to talk about between permanents and finger waves. Thank Mr. Salak for me and us for breaking up the routine of a tiny beauty shoppe operated by

Miss Helen Bayer
540 W. 120th Street
Chicago 28, Illinois

..

Have been a reader of your splendid magazine for a long time; in fact, long before I first tried my hand at writing humor. But now your feature "Capsule Cartooning Course" has linked me with my first success. Today I received a check from N.E.A. Needless to say, I felt good. Look forward to more articles. Thanks,

F. F. Tomblin
2523 Fifty-fifth Street
Huntington Park, California

..

The enclosed check for \$21.00 represents a portion of the offering received in the hospital chapel here, which by vote of the congregation is being sent in appreciation for your fine cooperation in supplying this hospital so generously with copies of **The Link** each month. **The Link** is eagerly read by our hospital patients and much appreciated.

J. A. Trewolla, Chaplain
Veterans Administration Hospital
Outwood, Kentucky

MAKE LARGE PLANS WITH GOD!

1. Why should a Christian be ambitious? (1 Cor. 12:31; 14:12)
2. Why should we plan our careers? (Prov. 4:26)
3. Why should we combine purpose with pure living? (Prov. 4:27)
4. How does God become vital to our plans? (Prov. 16:9)
5. Why must a Christian set himself the highest goals? (Col. 3:1, 2)

Someone has said that if we would make large plans for ourselves, **we should get into partnership with God.** Have you ever thought of being a partner with Him? Can you think of any other relationship that will mean so much to you?

Aimlessness is one of life's serious sins. R. F. Horton once said: "Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you **ought** to achieve, and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter." Do you believe that? Why?

It gives us new horizons if we are convinced that God is back of us!

Edgar White Burrill reminded us "Our duty to God is to make of ourselves the most perfect product of divine incarnation that we can become. This is possible only through the pursuit of worthy ideals." **Let's remember that!**

J. Foster once wrote: "Keep forever in view the momentous value of life; aim at its worthiest use—its sublimest end; spurn, with disdain, those foolish trifles and frivolous vanities, which so often consume life, as the locusts did Egypt; and devote yourself, with the ardor of a passion, to attain the most divine improvements of the human soul. In short, hold yourself in preparation to make the transition to another life whenever you shall be claimed by the Lord of the world." How eternally im-

portant it is to be a partner with God!

We amount to something when we take our place beside Him!

Said Jesus to His disciples one day: "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: **and yet I am not alone**, because **the Father is with me.**" (John 16:32) See the pride and power in those words! He was with God, working with Him, saying His truth, expressing His comfort!

If you and I set out to be partners with God, we can stand tall and unafraid and strangely empowered for more than we have ever felt we could do! Let's try it!

That is what Paul was getting at when he wrote: "For we are laborers together with God. . . ." (1 Cor. 3:9a)

Paul wrote also: "For it is God which worketh in you both **to will** and **to do** of his good pleasure." (Phil. 2:13) He is back of every good deed that we perform; He is back of every **good intention** to do good!

John Bunyan, Martin Luther, the Wesleys, John Calvin, Zwingli, Albert Schweitzer and a host of other great servants of humanity had this empowering sense of partnership with God. You can be your best only by getting into partnership with Him!

Why not begin now?

Topic Talk No. 2

BEFORE OUR OWN MIRRORS

1. Why are we likely to be judged as we judge others? (Matt. 7:2)
2. Why do we lay ourselves open to judgment by judging others? (Matt. 7:1)
3. Discuss the danger of judging others by outward appearances. (John 7:24)
4. Why does respect of persons warp our judgments? (Prov. 24:23)
5. Why can we be sure of God's fairness as He judges us? (Jere. 17:10)

Recently I heard a famous radio ventriloquist say that the best place for a man to criticize his neighbors is in front of his own mirror! Is this true? Why? Doesn't this mean that we shall probably find in ourselves the same faults that we see in others? Don't you recall a time when you saw that you were guilty of a fault or a shortcoming that you had criticized in someone else?

Francis Quarles, an English poet, said, over three hundred years ago: "The place of charity, like that of God, is **everywhere.**" Let's look for charity in front of our own mirror! For we shall need it ourselves!

Said John Greenleaf Whittier: "Search thy own heart; what paineth thee in others in thyself may be."

And Richard Whateley was blunt when he used these words: "Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give a very fair likeness of his face."

Robert West was as blunt: "Those who content themselves with pointing out the mistakes and blunders of those who are in the struggle, are themselves, making the greatest of all blunders. Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business."

Criticizing others tends to become a habit that is very difficult to break.

Thoreau once declared: "Some would find fault with the morning-red, if they ever got up early enough. . . . The fault-finder will find faults even in Paradise." He finds plenty here on earth—and turns his friends against him! He should put in hours of study before his mirror!

Thomas a Kempis gave us a very good prescription for this habit of criticizing others: "Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?" How, indeed? So let's face up to our mirrors and look ourselves over—with clear eyes!

Joseph Addison showed how unfair we often are: "What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix attention on his infirmities."

Edmund Burke declared: "He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of men." We'd better think of that!

Let's not speak evil of a man whom God dignified for eternity by making him in His own image!

Let's remember **that** when we stand before our mirrors!

Topic Talk No. 3

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD

1. How can we experience the shepherding care of Christ? (John 10:14)
2. Why do we owe Him obedience? (John 10:27)
3. What benefits does the Good Shepherd bring us? (John 10:9)
4. What is His greatest gift to us? (John 3:16; 10:10b, 28)
5. What is His greatest glory and the secret of His power? (John 10:30)



Doesn't Christ seem nearer to you, and more real, because He described Himself as the Good Shepherd? In that imagery He showed how fully He can enter into our daily lives and help us minutely and exhaustively. If ever you doubt His interest in you, now and eternally, read in the 10th chapter of the Gospel According to St. John: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." He is real and near.

We can enter into Him, as sheep pass into the shelter and safety of the sheepfold. And when we do enter into Him, by faith and by a personal commitment of our lives to Him, He promises that we shall be **saved**, that we shall find spiritual freedom to go in and out, and that we shall find rich and eternally satisfying pasture for our souls.

We may remind ourselves of values promised long ago in the 23rd Psalm. The Lord will look after our every need. He will provide rest for the weary in green pastures, beside still waters. He will restore our soul through forgiveness and spiritual nurture. He will guide us in paths of righteousness. He will be with us, even in death, and will save us from dread of evil. He brings us comfort with His rod and His staff. He will

provide food for us in moments when our enemies beset us. He will bring healing and hope when He anoints us. With cup overbrimming, we shall need nothing. All our lives we shall have goodness and mercy. And in an unending eternity we shall want nothing, for we shall be in the Lord's own house for ever.

That cup on the shepherd's table is a man's cup, overbrimming. Even God's bounty cannot add another drop! It's **full!**

Such fullness reminds us of the fullness of Christ. John said of Him: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. . . ." (John 1:14) And we have received of that fulness: "And of His fulness have **all we** received, and **grace for grace.**" (John 1:16) Paul speaks of "the measure of the stature of the **fulness** of Christ." (Eph. 4:13) Elsewhere we read: "For in Him dwelleth all the **fulness** of the Godhead bodily." (Col. 2:9)

Have we found that fulness? Have we used it and shared it with others? How?

Let's commit ourselves fully to the Good Shepherd's ceaseless care!

He will never forsake us nor fail us in any need!

Topic Talk No. 4

HAVE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE!

1. Why should a righteous man be courageous? (Prov. 28:1; Acts 19:8)
2. Why does love for God bring courage and a feeling of security? (Prov. 14:26)
3. How do we gain courage through our faith in Christ? (Eph. 3:12)
4. Does prayer help us to find courage? (Heb. 4:16)
5. Can we gain fortitude from knowing that Christ is with us? (Matt. 28:20; I Cor. 1:9)

Is true courage strengthened by religion? Is a man braver because he feels God is at his side? Has faith helped you to be braver?

Mark Twain said that courage is resistance to fear or mastery of fear—not the absence of fear. And Ferrolld wrote: "Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause. The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational, but he whose noble soul subdues its fear, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

Christians especially should possess **fortitude**, which is patient and **constant** courage. Said Jeremy Collier: "Fortitude implies a firmness and strength of mind, that enables us to do and suffer as we ought. It rises upon an opposition, and, like a river, swells the higher for having its course stopped."

Edmund Locke said: "True fortitude I take to be a quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty, whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way." Bacon wrote: "Fortitude is the marshal of thought, the armor of the will and the fort of reason."

Said Emerson: "The power of a man increases steadily by continuance in one direction. He becomes acquainted with the resistances and with his own tools; increases his skill and strength and

learns the favorable moments and favorable accidents. He is his own apprentice, and more time gives a great addition of power, just as a falling body acquires momentum with every foot of the fall."

When Edward L. Trudeau was a young man his physician told him he must die of tuberculosis. But he went up into the Adirondack wilderness and labored for forty years against that disease, studying its cause and cure, and finally founding a great sanitarium at Saranac Lake, N. Y., which was the inspiration for hundreds of similar institutions. From it and from them have gone thousands of men and women with courage to take up life again.

One man laid the foundation for all this! What can **you** try to do for others!

Fortitude, you see, is courage that rolls up its sleeves **and works!** Jacob Riis, who worked to blot out slums from New York City, was often discouraged when that city was slow to heed his pleas. "But," said he, "when nothing seems to help I go and look at a stone-cutter hammering away at his rock perhaps 100 times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet at the 101st blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before."

Choose a great goal, with God's help, and work toward it, day after day!

Topic Talk No. 5

WHAT UNDERLIES TRUE WORSHIP?

1. Is faith necessary for the true worship of God? (Hebrews 10:22)
2. Why is adoration necessary for true worship? (Psalms 95:6)
3. Why should we praise God? (Psalms 33:1-3; 61:8; 103:1, 2)
4. Discuss the value of prayer in worship. (Matt. 6:5-13; 1 Thess. 5:17)
5. Why is sacrifice needed when we worship God? (Mark 8:34, 35; 12:32, 33)

What are some of the things that underlie your worship of God? Besides our sincere adoration and gratitude, expressed in prayer and praise, privately and in public worship, God expects us to come before Him with repentant hearts, morally clean.

Henry Ward Beecher wrote: "Prayer, as the first, second, and third element of the Christian life, should open, prolong, and conclude each day. The first act of the soul in early morning should be a draught at the heavenly fountain. It will sweeten the taste for the day. A few moments with God at that calm and tranquil season, are of more value than much fine gold. And if you tarry long so sweetly at the throne, you will come out of the closet as the high priest of Israel came from the awful ministry at the altar of incense, suffused all over with the heavenly fragrance of that communion." Said John Bunyan: "He who runs from God in the morning will scarcely find him the rest of the day."

We should catch the spirit of Thomas a Kempis when he wrote this prayer: "As Thou wilt—O Lord. Thou knowest what is best for us; let this or that be done, as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Deal with me as Thou thinkest good. Set me where Thou

wilt, and deal with me in all things just as Thou wilt. Behold, I am Thy servant, prepared for all things: for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto Thee! and oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly."

But prayer should prompt us to **do** things **ourselves**, as Austin Phelps wrote: "Prayer is the preface to the book of Christian living; the text of the new life sermon; the girding on of the armor for battle; the pilgrim's preparation for his journey. It must be supplemented by action or it amounts to nothing."

Centuries ago a man was required to bring a sacrifice to God in worship. Too many Christians are not sacrificing now! We lose something from our worship if we don't sacrifice!

Recently I was amazed to find that \$50 pays the tuition for a student for a college year in Paine College, Augusta, Ga., where splendid work has been done for years among young men and women who will be among the leaders of the Negroes in our land tomorrow. What an opportunity for individuals or organizations willing to bring some sacrifice into their worship of God! There are many such ways!

Let's make our worship mean more than ever before!

Topic Talk No. 6

HOW CAN WE INSURE PEACE?

1. How can we best be peacemakers? (Matt. 5:9; 1 Thess. 5:13)
2. How may commerce help to insure peace? (Isaiah 19:23)
3. Dare we to hope for peace indefinitely? (Isaiah 2:4)
4. Can the principle of human brotherhood prevent war? (Gen. 13:8; Psalms 133:1)



With the coming again of another Armistice Day, what are the strongest reasons for peace? How can we strengthen the bonds of human brotherhood in the hope that we may prolong peace indefinitely?

Jesus gave us a new commandment, to love one another as He loved us. (John 13:34) And He added that men would know us to be His disciples **if we love one another**. Can you think of a better proof of our Christian discipleship?

Do you think world commerce helps to build a feeling of world brotherhood? Give reasons for your answer. What can we do to make commerce contribute more fully to world peace? How can commerce work against world peace?

Gladstone once declared: "Commerce is the equalizer of the wealth of nations." Is that a good thing?

Thomas Paine made this assertion: "Whatever has a tendency to promote the civil intercourse of nations by an exchange of benefits is a subject as worthy of philosophy as of politics."

What are some of the benefits that are exchanged in commerce between nations? Are these benefits greater if the nations are on friendly terms? Is it possible for friendly nations to value these benefits so highly that they will

refrain from a war that would end these benefits? Give your reasons.

It was James A. Garfield who said: "Commerce links all mankind in one common brotherhood of mutual dependence and interests." It should be our task as Christians, and as Americans, to strengthen rather than weaken every bond that ties us to other nations.

Reason is another aid to peace. William Collins wrote: "Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind."

Milton said that peace has her victories that are no less renowned than war. **What are some of these victories of peace?** What can we do to insure their continuance and what can we do to multiply them?

Said Hugo Grotius: "A state is a perfect body of free men, united together to enjoy common rights and advantages."

Are there still some things that we must do before we can feel entirely satisfied with our state? Name some of them.

Can we build a world state that will meet that definition? Why? What are some of the obstacles? How can we overcome them? What can the disciples of Christ do to help form such a world state?

We'd better be at it!

Topic Talk No. 7

BROAD AND SPECIFIC PRAYER

1. Why must our prayers be sincere? (Matthew 6:5)
 2. Why should they begin and end with seeking God? (I Chron. 16:11)
 3. Why did Jesus give a model prayer? (Matt. 6:9-13)
 4. How should we always pray? (I Cor. 14:15)
-

What was the trouble with the man in the story who prayed for himself, his wife, his son and the son's wife? How wide should the range of his prayer have been? Why? What is the advantage of praying for specific things? How do **you** try to give breadth to your prayers and yet make them definite enough to have practical value in specific needs?

These words from a prayer by Robert Louis Stevenson will have special significance for us if we remember how bravely and unremittingly he fought against tuberculosis and how each petition is colored by that struggle and the spiritual qualities that made him brave and discerning in his daily battle against disease and disillusionment:

"Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us the grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in

peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another."

I commend that prayer to you as an example of how wide we can easily make the horizons of our prayers, through thought and practice of the art of praying, and how we can pray definitely for things that will enrich our spirits and fit us better to be citizens of the eternity for which God created us.

Try something helpful: make a careful list, in your own words, of the things Stevenson asked for in that prayer. Then add, in your own words, things you feel should be added to the list. For instance, should we not pray each day that we may excel our own best? Should we not see to it that our best is better tomorrow than our best is today? Why not ask God to help us in this continuing quest after the best that we can reach, in character and attainments? Let's add this to our list also: to confess our faults and frailties to God and ask His forgiveness and His renewing grace in our lives every day!

Let's expand our prayer horizons, and try to reach definite spiritual goals that we name in our prayers! God will help us in this!

Topic Talk No. 8

HOW IS THANKFULNESS SHOWN?

1. Why is it a good thing to thank God and praise Him? (Psalms 92:1-4)
2. What is the shame of thanklessness? (Luke 17:17, 18)
3. How often should we give thanks, and for what? (Eph. 5:20)
4. How did Jesus demonstrate thanksgiving? (Luke 22:19)



Shakespeare was not uttering idle words when he declared, in **King Lear**, that to have a thankless child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. Have you ever considered how God must be very sorely disappointed in us when we fail to give Him simple gratitude and praise for His wonderful and unnumbered blessings to us?

When Jesus gave the parable of the ten lepers He was trying to show us how disappointing it is, and how inexcusable, when we fail to give God thanks.

Let's remember that parable as we come again to Thanksgiving Day! And let's make up our minds to let that parable shame us into thanking God **more often and more sincerely!**

Xenophon left us very true words when he wrote: "The sweetest of all sounds is praise." Shouldn't those words remind us that our praise must please God immeasurably?

Of course we can't thank God without praying. John Masefield left us tender, thoughtful words when he wrote: "God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays." Our prayers must be especially warming when they are prayers of praise and gratitude and thanksgiving!

The French have a very gracious proverb: "Gratitude is the heart's mem-

ory." The heart remembers, even more than our minds, at Thanksgiving!

And we should try to see to it that our heart shall utter its own thanks to God, in prayer, in praise, and in innumerable acts of devotion and selfless service for Him and His children, the world over!

Perhaps most of us do not think of showing our thankfulness to God by kind and helpful service, but it is tremendously important for us. We turn to prayer rather easily as a means of saying "Thank thee" to God, but we should thank Him also by countless good deeds!

Perhaps this was in John Ruskin's mind when he wrote these words: "Unless we perform divine service with every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all." Isn't that worth our serious consideration? If we thank God only in words and not in deeds, isn't something very seriously wrong with our hearts and their professed thankfulness?

How can you thank God by your deeds in the years ahead? Aren't there things that you can do for His Church and His children that will deserve to stand alongside your prayers and your hymns of praise—and perhaps outlast them?

Let's express our worship and our thankfulness in tangible ways too!

Topic Talk No. 9

WHO HURTS YOU MOST?

1. Why should we walk in the best ways we know? (Col. 1:10)
 2. How does God help us to build character? (1 Cor. 15:58; Eph. 3:16)
 3. How does following the Golden Rule help us? (Matt. 7:12)
 4. What helps us to resist temptation? (Eph. 6:11)
-

The old Greek philosopher Diogenes left a challenging statement that repays thoughtful consideration: "No man is hurt but by himself." This is not an exact statement; others **can** hurt you and often **have** hurt you. But nobody else can hurt you **as much** as you can hurt yourself.

A man can try to hurt you by inducing you to steal or utter profane or blasphemous words, or he can try to hurt you by tempting you to defile your body or commit murder. But he can't compel you to do these things; he can only tempt you. You can withstand the temptation because you are a man of will and judgment. If you do yield to temptation, then **you** hurt **yourself**. Don't blame anyone else! The final, fateful choice was **yours!** An anonymous writer said:

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost!

None of us should be weak enough nor stupid enough to ignore that warning!

Caution is a very practical handmaid of virtue. Said Confucius: "The cautious seldom err." And Victor Hugo wrote: "Caution is the eldest child of wisdom."

We dare not forget how virtue and

character determine the true values in life. Beethoven said: "Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make them happy, not gold." And Cicero long ago wrote: "Honor is the reward of virtue." And Petrarch set it down in Greek: "Virtue is health, vice is sickness."

Look back at some of your friends. Was there one who was sure he could stop with one drink or two, but woke up with a criminal charge against him? Who hurt him most? Was it the jailer or the judge or even the bartender? or was it **himself**? Or maybe you had a buddy who gambled "just for fun" and was sure he knew when to stop; when he "borrowed" from the till or a shipmate's trousers and had to sit it out in solitary, **who** had hurt **him**?

Whenever a man defies God by setting himself single-handedly against all the laws of probity and righteousness, he shouldn't squawk if he is caught in the trap his own bungling fingers have sprung. We can't defy God and get away with it!

The universe isn't made to allow for such deviation from rectitude!

That's what Diogenes meant: "No man is hurt but by **himself!**"

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY



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

OCTOBER

THEME: Heroic Attitudes

1. Daniel 2:19-23 **A Youth's Thanks**
2. II Timothy 1:3-10 **Endure Hardship**
3. Luke 7:19-35 **Praising Another**
4. John 5:17-47 **Jesus Cross-Examined**
5. Jonah 3 **God Changed His Mind**
6. Jonah 4 **Jonah Didn't**
7. Luke 19:1-10 **A Big Little Man**
8. Luke 13:1-10 **Give It a Chance**
9. Luke 17:1-21 **We Did Our Duty**
10. Habakkuk 2:1-4 **Large Print**
11. Mark 11:12-26 **Jesus' Indignation**
12. Luke 13:18-35 **Jesus' Lament**
13. I Chronicles 29:10-20 **A Hero Prays**
14. II Samuel 11:2-17 **A Hero Slips**
15. II Samuel 12:1-10 .. **A Hero Is Reproved**
16. Luke 20:9-18 **They Ganged Up**
17. Luke 19:11-27 **Men With Talents**
18. John 8:1-11 **Pious Men**
19. Matthew 25:1-13 **A Wedding Party**
20. Matthew 25:14-30 .. **A Traveler Returns**
21. John 9 **Courageous When Blind**
22. Ecclesiastes 3:1-12 **The Right Time**
23. Matthew 20:1-16 **Overpaid?**
24. Matthew 20:20-34 **Special Privilege**
25. Leviticus 16:7-10, 20-22 . **The Scapegoat**
26. Leviticus 27:30-34 **Ten Percent-ers**
27. Numbers 15:14-16 **Fair to Strangers**
28. Lamentations 3:21-26 . **Reasons for Hope**
29. I Chronicles 16:7-22
A Hero Gives Thanks
30. Acts 22 **A Heroic Story**
31. Zephaniah 1:14-18 **That Great Day**

NOVEMBER

THEME: Heroic Performances

1. Revelation 7:9-17 .. **The Great Judgment**
2. Romans 5:1-10 **We Have Peace**
3. Psalms 107:1-22 .. **God Saved Their Lives**
4. John 16 **Famous Last Words**
5. Acts 3:1-16 **No Money, But—**
6. Micah 4:1-5 **From Tanks to Tools**
7. Acts 4:1-22 **Early Christian Heroes**
8. Acts 6 **How They Showed Courage**
9. Acts 7:51-60 . **Christianity's First Martyr**
10. Deuteronomy 33:23-29 .. **Men of Destiny**
11. Isaiah 2:2-5 **From Spears to Hooks**
12. I Samuel 15:13-26
The General Disobeyed
13. Psalms 92 **Enjoying God**
14. Acts 12:1-19 **Breaking Jail**
15. Acts 9:1-22 **Real Conversion**
16. Acts 10:1-33 **Share Alike**
17. Acts 19:23-41 .. **Their Business Slumped**
18. Acts 20:1-12 **Asleep in Meeting**
19. Luke 14:15-24 **Excuses Won't Do**
20. Acts 27:9-44 **Shipwrecked**
21. Exodus 15:1-19 **A War Song**
22. I Samuel 2:1-10 **A Mother's Prayer**
23. II Samuel 1:17-27 **David's Lament**
24. Psalms 23 **Everyone's Favorite**
25. Psalms 27 **For Strong-Hearted Men**
26. Psalms 103 **Many Quotations**
27. Isaiah 35 **That Great Day**
28. Romans 12 **One From Many**
29. Isaiah 55 **Do It Now**
30. I Corinthians 13 **The Best of All!**



After giving a private a dressing down for being so late in getting back to base, the sergeant demanded: "Okay, let's hear your excuse."

"Well, I picked up a chaplain along the road," said the rookie, "and from then on the mules couldn't understand a word I said."

—Vet Times

★

After sending a parcel to European relatives, we received a very grateful letter with this paragraph: "If you can, please send more pills. We didn't know what they were until Cousin Lempi came—she has studied English, you know—and read the name for us. Then we gave them all to Uncle Apul, who has been suffering from rheumatism and he feels much better now. He says it is the best medicine he ever took. The pills are called 'Life Savers.'"

—Alice Murdock in the *Arkansas Methodist*.

★

The teacher rapped on his desk and yelled, "Order, boys!"

The entire class shouted: "Ice cream!"

—Exchange

★

During the war new soldiers were introduced to the slogan: "If it moves,

salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it."

These days, it has changed to: "If it cries, change it. If it's on wheels, buy it. If it's hollow, rent it."

—Command Courier

★

He: "Honey, will yo' all marry me?"

She: "Oh, this is so southern!"

—The Dope Sheet

★

"Was this bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?"

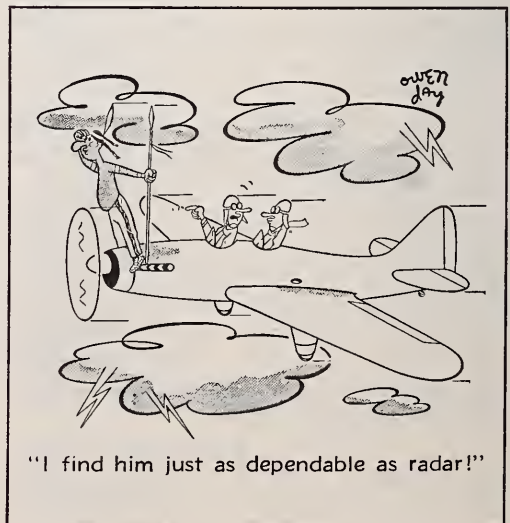
"Yes, a lack and a lass."

—Exchange

★

He never owned a share of stock,
He wouldn't work or punch a clock.
Big Business offers he'd decline,
He wouldn't walk in a picket line.
So now he's rich and enjoys the best,
He won first prize in a quiz contest.

—Boston Naval Shipyard News



"I find him just as dependable as radar!"

Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

ORGANIZATIONS:

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ



God's Gift

Through toil and sweat and bitter tears
Man slowly learns through all the years
Of wonders hid for his delight
By Him who guides our globe in flight
For all men everywhere.

A treasure found, man boasts with glee
As though through him it came to be,
And little thinks of God's intent
Which lies behind the gift He sent
For all men everywhere.

What man has found in atom's power
Is good, if early comes the hour
When he shall use its heat and might
That there may be a friendly light
For all men everywhere.

—T. A. Rymer

DATE

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