





LINK

July 1967

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE"

DICK VAN DYKE AND SUCCESS

OPERATION BIG HEART

**SERVING GOD
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS**





THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

The American's Creed, by William Tyler Page, was adopted by an Act of Congress, April 6, 1918.



THE

LINK



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COVERS

Front: She casts all her troubles away "among the clover-scented grass, among the new-mown hay." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Helmcken Falls (450 ft. high), Wells Gray Provincial Park, B. C., Canada. Photo by Gene Ahrens. See article "Friendly Northern Neighbor."

Inside Front: "The American's Creed" by Wm. Tyler Page. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Saguaro Cactus in Arizona. Photo by Gene Ahrens.

ART WORK: Illustration by G. O. James.

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SOUND OFF

They Ask For It

THE LINK continues to be warmly received by so many of us here at Fort Bragg. It is gratifying when our men (many times in the hospital and in the stockade) ask for THE LINK by name.

—Chaplain (Cpt) Jack E. Brown, Jr., Hq. 307th Engr Bn, 82nd Airborne Div., Ft. Bragg, N.C. 28307.

From Thailand

My husband and I live in Udorn, Thailand, and receive copies of your wonderful magazine from our friend, the Air Force chaplain. We truly enjoy it and would like our son to share it with us. Enclosed please find check for \$3.00. Please send a year's subscription to our son, Thomas J. Aspinwall, New England College, Box 36, Hennicks, New Hampshire.

—Mrs. John C. Aspinwall, Air American, Inc. APO San Francisco 96237.

A Timely Gift

With reference to "Religion in Action" (in "Sound Off" of the February issue of THE LINK), thank you, Mr. Editor, for your God-given words of direction "Go and do likewise." May I add to Chaplain Brown's contribution, this \$50.00 money order gift to be used to place THE LINK where it is needed.

—Jack R. Lance, VAH-123, Box 15, NAS Whidbey Is., Oak Harbor, Wash. 98277

(Continued on page 65)

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

God Speaks Through Our Presidents

Affirmation of faith of seven American Presidents from
their Inaugural Addresses

Compiled by Irene Murray

... It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a Government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency . . .

—George Washington, First Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789

... Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict itself might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease . . . Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. . . . Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. . . .

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds . . .

—Abraham Lincoln, Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865

... The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. . . .

—Woodrow Wilson, First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1913

... The Almighty God has blessed our land in many ways. He has given our people stout hearts and strong arms with which to strike mighty blows for freedom and truth. He has given to our country a faith which has become the hope of all people in an anguished world.

So we pray to Him now for the vision to see our way clearly... to the achievement of His will, to peace on earth.

—**Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Fourth Inaugural Address, Jan. 20, 1945**

... The peace we seek, then, is nothing less than the practice and fulfillment of our whole faith among ourselves and in our dealings with others. This signifies more than the stilling of guns, easing the sorrow of war. More than escape from death, it is a way of life...

This is the hope that beckons us onward to this century of trial. This is the work that awaits us all, to be done with bravery, with charity, and with prayer to Almighty God.

—**Dwight David Eisenhower, First Inaugural Address, Jan. 20, 1953**

... For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe—the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state, but from the hand of God...

Now the trumpet summons us again—not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are, but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle... a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease, and war itself...

—**John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Inaugural Address, Jan. 20, 1961**

... Our nation's course is abundantly clear. We aspire to nothing that belongs to others. We seek no dominion over our fellowman, but man's dominion over tyranny and misery...

Under this covenant of justice, liberty, and union we have become a nation... And we have kept our freedom. But we have no promise from God that our greatness will endure...

If we fail now, then we will have forgotten in abundance what we learned in hardship: that democracy rests on faith, that freedom asks more than it gives, and the judgment of God is harshest on those who are most favored...

—**Lyndon B. Johnson, Inaugural Address, January 20, 1965**

"I Pledge Allegiance"

By Roy M. Terry

I pledge allegiance
to the flag of the United States of
America
and to the republic for which it stands:
one nation under God,
indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.

Isn't that a worthy pledge? Yet quite often the news media will report the story of some individual in our society who refuses to take that pledge. He may state that it is his conviction that allegiance should be pledged only to God. No doubt many of these protests are made in all sincerity. But does not the Bible show that the Christian is a citizen of two worlds. He has a duty to the kingdom of God—and God is first—but does he not also have a responsibility to the civil state?

Isn't there something wrong with the man who does not love his

country? Sir Walter Scott once wrote beautifully:

Breathes there a man, with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"

Wrapped up in the words "native land" are some dear memories—of the home where love became a meaningful experience and the first intimation of character appeared; of the school which whetted the appetite of the mind and challenged to greater endeavor; of the community where fellowship became a source of constant strength; of the church which brought things moral and spiritual into focus.

We do not bow down to graven images or commit idolatry when we pledge an allegiance to these things with which God in his infinite mercy has seen fit to bless us. In fact, we honor God and are responsible citi-

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zens when we pay our taxes, obey the law, defend our country and work for its betterment.

Paul took pride in the fact that he was a Jew, a citizen of Tarsus in Cilicia (which he calls "no mean city"), and that he was born a citizen of Rome. (See Acts 21:39; 22:28.)

Those of us who are serving in the military are expressing citizenship in a very real and responsible way. Actually, we are dedicating our lives to the defense of our nation! There are some young citizens who do everything they can to get out of military service; they conduct teach-ins, sit-downs, march-outs, and burn-ups. For some the words "duty, honor, obedience" are "square" words and not to be taken seriously. Some even skip the country and flee into Canada to escape the draft.

But you and I have chosen to dedicate our lives "unto death" if need be to defend our country. We have become citizens in uniform. But remember this is something more than three square meals a day, or a barracks where we can go to sleep at night, or a uniform to put on. We have some worthy contributions to make to our nation. What are some of these?

"Peace Is Our Profession"

One thing we do is to help maintain the peace. We are not like the soldiers of ancient times—brutal and senseless men of war. That slogan is true which says—"peace is our profession." To be sure, there are men of war loose on the

earth. They glorify war, the military elite, the iron-fisted caste. They want other men to bow down to them. The only thing they understand is force and we stand up to them. We draw a line and say to these fanatics: "Beyond this line you shall not go!"

Improving the Life of Man

Another thing we do is to improve the life of man. To be sure war is a nasty business and men are wounded and killed. But our use of machines, and the techniques we have developed, the arts and sciences we have pursued—these come to be used for man's improvement in peaceful times. We can understandably take pride in the contributions we have made to the total welfare of man—in, for example, our efforts in space exploration—in space tracking, research and development. These are daily used in the biological sciences and in the study of resources and human behavior.

Learning How to Live Together

One of our most important contributions is learning how to live together in group harmony with individual integrity. Daily men in the military of many races work side by side in the pursuit of their mission.

Look, for instance, at the ecumenical work of the chaplains. One hundred years from now when church historians write the story of the ecumenical movement, they will record the large contribution made by the military chaplains and the military congregations. They will

note that it was in the military as they worked together, all Christians found that the things which united them were ever so much more important than those which divided them.

To be sure, wherever we find human groups we find conflict, confusion, hostility. And these are not all eliminated in military groups or anywhere. Yet I doubt that civilian groups will measure up as highly as do most of our military groups—unity above class, creed, race, and the wants of the individual submerged in the greater good of the group. The psalmist put it like this:

Behold, how good and pleasant it is when brothers dwell in unity! (Ps. 133:1).

Still Room for the Individual

Again, the military services have also surely been the world's widest-flung laboratory in individualism. Consider the experiences of loneliness—not geographically but morally—that come when brave individuals declare: "I am only one but *I am one*"—and have stood solidly: "Here I stand! I can do no other." This was true of General Billy Mitchell as he struggled to get the military leadership and the nation to face up to the necessity for a strong air power. Or consider the simple steadfast expression of moral responsibility on the part of an airman, or soldier, or sailor as he faces and overcomes the temptations that lure him.

In the fulfillment of our role as citizens in the military, we daily

underline the point that has endured since the legions of Alexander: "Human dignity and the essential dignity of each human being underlies whatever it is that each profession is about."

We may well pledge our allegiance to our nation and take pride in this pledge of responsible citizenship that expresses itself in the spirit of sacrifice and humility and then asks: "What may we further do for our nation?"

We may be called "square" and our words "pure corn," but let us remember the definition of a cynic "as one who looks down upon those above him."

It came to me recently as a shock that while there are very few of us who can stand retreat without a lump in our throats even after years of military service, there are many young persons who do participate in such an exercise without any emotional disturbance other than the displeasure or discomfort of a required formation.

We must get over being ashamed of patriotism. We must do a little flag-waving. I believe that somewhere along the line we should require that every American read Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*. It will help us see that love of country is part of our obligation as Christian citizens.

In "The Pledge of Allegiance" one of the most important phrases is "under God." These two words were added in June, 1954. When we place our priorities in order, we know that man's first allegiance is to God. With this fact first and

foremost, we can then fulfill in the proper way our pledge to our nation. It is from the first allegiance that the second takes on meaning. It is from the realization that all rests upon the foundation of a living, creating and guiding God that the nation finds new outlets of living. It is then that the dross of section-alism, limited freedom, and materi-alism is removed from the nation's

life. It is then, too, that we seek to reconcile all men to God—and the East and West are brought closer together in understanding.

Indeed, we need to affirm our loyalty both to God—and the nation. As a Christian military person you can rightly declare: "When the nation demands my services, God offers me opportunities." ■ ■

As Soldiers All

FOR freedom's cause our young men are dying.
Lord, help us weigh all we do for living,
That it may match in courage, faith, and love,
The gift from soldiers alive and above.

And if the price of freedom in this day,
Is still war, then Lord, lead us in this way
As soldiers all who are trusting in Thee,
As we work and fight for all to be free.

—Dolores Lyon

How My Faith Has Helped Me in the military

By Carl S. Schaefer

MY LETTER may be a bit on the unusual side, but it is the truth and comes from the heart.

My biggest problem in the Army is concerned with sex. I have been in the service for several years. During this time I have been lonely for feminine companionship. I have had little success in securing such companionship for a number of reasons, a few of which are: shyness in approaching girls, small size, not good-looking, unwillingness to drink and go to motels with girls, my desire to have a "Christ-centered" friendship with a girl, and my unwillingness to buy material things that I do not really need (like a car even though I have the finances to buy ten of them).

For the past several years I have prayed to the Lord that he would give me the opportunity to meet a girl with similar ideals who would be interested in me. Even though he has not answered this prayer I have not forsaken him for I know that God gives us what we *need* and not what we want. Trusting him fully in this way has helped me through many a lonely week-end when I had no duties. Even though we may pray for things we think we need we may not really need them in his sight. We should always be faithful even though we think he has let us down for years on a prayer request.

I have read *THE LINK* monthly since I have been in the Army. I think that it is a truly wonderful magazine and that it is the best of its kind.

Sincerely yours,
Carl S. Schaefer

(AML - 3 - 66, Co. P, MFSS, BAMC, Fort Sam Houston, Texas)

(Editor's Note: We'd like to hear from you. Write us a 200-300 word letter telling how your faith has helped you in the military. Mail to Editor, *The Link*, 122 Maryland Ave. N. E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

Dick Van Dyke and Success

By Aubrey B. Haines



Dick Van Dyke

IT IS common to believe that success means arriving at our goal. Yet to arrive at it can often bring dissatisfaction. This is what Dick Van Dyke, the famous television and film comedian, learned.

Ever since he can remember, Dick was fascinated by Stan Laurel's performances in the movies. When Dick grew up, he wanted to be a pantomime comedian like Laurel. Van Dyke's ability to mimic began in high school where he appeared in plays. Here he chewed imaginary food so realistically that fellow players got hungry. He went into show business, believing it would be easy. As an Air Force cadet in

Oklahoma when the government had a pilot surplus, Van Dyke had plenty of spare time. A fellow cadet, Byron Paul, was a radio showman in search of an announcer. Paul found Dick in the shower one day, handed him a script, and Van Dyke read aloud.

"You have the job," Paul said.

After his Air Force days Dick returned to Illinois, where he opened an advertising agency which went bankrupt, so he went back to entertaining. In 1947 he married Marjorie Willett, his childhood sweetheart, on the "Bride and Groom" radio show. For the next eighteen months Van Dyke eked out a living as a

cabaret comic but failed to make the grade. In a night-club pantomime act called "The Merry Mutes" Dick and his partner, Philip Erickson, imitated routines to records of popular singers. They failed in their act at Manhattan's Blue Angel and spoiled their chances when the brakes on Dick's ancient roadster gave out and he crashed into a patron's new 1948 Buick at Larry Potter's Club in Van Nuys, California. At Slapsie Maxie's, nobody laughed.

Money was as scarce as audiences. In 1949 Dick and Marjorie lived in a small cottage in Malibu, California. "I hadn't worked in quite some time," Dick recalls. "Margie was going to have a baby. She lost the child and returned from the

hospital to find that we'd been evicted from our cottage." Then along came two sons, whose cribs were moth-eaten mattresses in the back of Van Dyke's roadster. Eventually "The Merry Mutes" disbanded because it was too hard on their growing families.

Today Dick is star of *The Dick Van Dyke Show* on television. He has appeared in a number of Hollywood movies. Success in terms of money and reaching his goal have been his for several years. Yet, according to his pastor, Dr. L. David Cowie, of Los Angeles' Brentwood Presbyterian Church, "Dick's tremendous popularity has never changed his Christian humility."

Recently Van Dyke addressed a

Van Dyke and four dancing penguins perform a rollicking soft shoe routine in this hilarious scene from the musical feature, *Mary Poppins*.



group of college young people of the church. "When I'd gone beyond the goals of success which I'd set for myself," he told them, "I realized the emptiness of this achievement in itself. As a result it caused me to learn how to pray instead of merely saying prayers. It brought about a fellowship with God which was deeper and more real than I'd ever known. This occurred during a sleepless night. In the providence of God the next day I was asked to speak to 1,000 laymen concerning my Christian faith, which I did a few weeks later. I feel that these two events came in that sequence as a part of God's plan."

ASKED what kinds of work Dick does for his church, Dr. Cowie replies: "I'm glad to say that he is an elder in our church. He is chairman of the Youth Committee under the Christian Education Commission. He's been very active in his church attendance. He took a leading part for the past three years in the *Ice Cream Social*, an extravaganza sponsored annually by the youth of the church for the West Los Angeles community. He's entertained the young people in his home. In addition, he has given a layman's sermon in our church and has spoken before 11,000 members of our denomination at the Presbyterian Panorama in Los Angeles' Sports Arena last fall."

Carl Reiner, producer of Dick's television show, says: "Van Dyke has suffered plenty but doesn't wear it like a badge. No one listened to him or laughed at him as an early

comic, and he slithered out through many engagements. But he has courage, and he's quite capable of regaining spirit."

Furthermore, Dick has ideals. Though a comedy star in his own right nowadays, he refuses to act like a star. Nevertheless, he is walking-dancing proof that a comedian with high ideals need not finish last in his bid for Hollywood recognition. Born in West Plains, Missouri, on December 13, 1925, Dick Van Dyke was the son of a trucking agent. The youth grew up in Danville, Illinois, where he was a Boy Scout and a newsboy.

After years of failure at trying to become a comedian, Van Dyke got his first taste of steady success in New Orleans television. One day his manager talked him into giving up his good job and trying for a role on Broadway. Dick got a contract with CBS Television and soon appeared regularly on daytime panel shows. "Even so," he recalls, "I felt that I was getting nowhere and left despite my good seven-year contract."

For a while Van Dyke gave up comedy and resolved to become an actor. In Pennsylvania's Bucks County Playhouse he originated a scene that so amused the summer audiences he soon made his Broadway debut. Gower Champion recalls: "I'd never heard of Dick when he auditioned for *Bye Bye Birdie*. But when I heard him read from the script and sing 'Once in Love with Amy,' we signed him for a role."

Later Sheldon Leonard persuaded



Dick as he appears in the title role of Disney's *Lieutenant Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.*, an updated version of the famed Robinson Crusoe legend. The comedy-adventure also stars Nancy Kwan and Akim Tamiroff.

Dick to appear in a television show that bears his name, and Proctor and Gamble sponsored the program. Making little impression on the rating charts, the new show was canceled at the end of the season. However, Proctor and Gamble were persuaded to return as co-sponsors.

The Dick Van Dyke Show presents the comedian as a television writer in programs that deal with his home life. The series has charm and realism, and its characters are neither too glamorous nor too shy.

The world that Dick inhabits on television is trivial compared with his real home life in Encino, in the

San Fernando Valley section of Los Angeles. Dick and his wife, Marjorie, are the parents of four children: Chris, sixteen; Barry, fifteen; Stacy, eleven; and Carrie Beth, five. Van Dyke joins the children in swimming and surf-board riding at the beach and performs with them in homemade movies, for which the boys and Stacy write wildly-original scripts.

The Van Dykes live in the shade of a giant oak tree, which they believe is about 900 years old. Today Dick buys fifteen suits a year with trim, slim styles. On the side he is a painter and a sketch artist. His caricatures of the television cast appear on the Desilu Studio walls.

The Van Dykes live in a one-story, thirty-year-old sprawling Spanish hacienda. "It's quite a hike from one end of the house to the other," Dick observes. The comedian receives around 1,000 letters a week from his admirers. Recently about 40,000 persons filled the streets of Danville to welcome him back home.

Three years ago *The Dick Van Dyke Show* won three Emmy awards as the funniest, best-directed, and best-written comedy program on television. Nevertheless, Dick says: "I find movie-making a bore. It's the hardest, dullest work I've done." He personally deplores attending night clubs and parties given by or for film stars.

"Like most persons in this business," says Carl Reiner, "Dick is anxious for people to like him. He doesn't like friction, and he hates to say anything bad about any-

body." The forty-one-year-old comedian has blue eyes and brown hair. He stands six feet, one inch tall and weighs 147 pounds. The late Stan Laurel wanted only Van Dyke to portray his life on television or in films. Laurel requested this when Dick was still almost altogether unknown. When Laurel died, Van Dyke delivered the eulogy at his funeral.

Dick Van Dyke is vehement in condemning motion pictures which

flaunt sex. Today he reads the entire script—not just a part—in order to determine what kind of picture he is playing in. "I refuse to appear in a movie that I can't take my children to see," he says. He teaches a church school class at the Brentwood Presbyterian Church and says prayers nightly with his children. When Walt Disney learned that Van Dyke is a comic with ideals, he said, "He's my choice for a role in *Mary Poppins*." ■ ■



"If you don't listen, how can I find out what I said?"

Friendly

Northern

Neighbor

By Ward L. Kaiser

YOU'RE on a quiz program. Your category is "countries" and you face the following questions:

What is the second largest country in the world?

Name a country that claims to be free and independent, yet accepts the monarch of another country as its king or queen and cannot, on its own, change its constitution.

Next to Paris, where is the largest French-speaking city in the world?

Of which modern nation has it been said that it "is more important to the United States than any other single country"?

Which nation owns 1½ to 2 million square miles of territory that is virtually uninhabited?

You'd better believe it: the answer to all five questions is Canada.

The name Canada may conjure

up other images in your mind. Maybe a Mountie, wearing the familiar scarlet-tunic uniform, seated on a horse. With the snow-peaked Rockies in the background. (In that case, buddy, you've been looking at too many travel posters.)

Perhaps you've been a tourist there and had trouble reading signs. (A good reminder that Canada was once French and still has two official languages: French and English.)

A hockey game, you say? (Canada is a land of long winters, and its people do take their ice and snow sports seriously.)

A place where some Americans have been known to go to escape the draft? (Most Americans enter Canada easily, and there is no conscription for military service

Mr. Kaiser is director and editor of the Youth Department, Friendship Press, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

north of the border.)

But there's more to the story. Canada is also: The United States' friendly northern neighbor. Sometimes critical, sure, like a younger brother in a normal family, but always friendly in spite of all.

A "very Christian" country, if published statistics are any indication. Approximately 95 percent of Canadians claim allegiance to some Christian church, according to the national census. A country in which the church has played a major role in national life. Committee minutes of the Canadian Council of Churches state it this way: "At no time since the very earliest period of discovery and exploration has the church... been absent from the complex of forces which have given Canada a sense of direction..."

Let's look more closely at some important facets of the church's life in Canada.

From Receivers to Senders

Canada's churches are largely the result of missionary work. Anglicans, Methodists, and Salvationists from England, Presbyterians from Scotland, Roman Catholics from France, Lutherans and Baptists from the United States, all had a part in proclaiming the gospel to and planting churches among Canada's people. Today those churches have matured to the point where they send many more missionaries than they have received.

The story of the church in every country is like that. Nobody can

sit on his bunk and dream up the Christian faith from scratch; it comes to be known as people start talking about and demonstrating what Christ has done. Every Christian owes his knowledge of the gospel to others; he has, in turn, an obligation to let still other people know. The life cycle of the gospel is very simple: we receive, and we give.

Which raises some leading questions. If you are—or have been—in Vietnam, can you imagine the majority of its people calling on Jesus Christ as Lord of their lives? If they don't do so now, is that any fault of theirs? How can they believe in a Savior of whom they have never heard? How will they hear unless some Christian tells them? If the Vietnamese are ever to give, will they not first need to be receivers? How—let's be realistic now—can the gospel be communicated in an unhappy land like Vietnam?

An Experiment Points the Way

Competition may be great between shoe stores; it seems unnecessary and unwise between Christian churches. On the Canadian prairies in the 1920's it looked downright stupid. Where there were hardly enough people to keep one little church going, why have three or four? So the union movement began where the roots grow grass.

And it spread. Its effect began to be felt from coast to coast. By 1925 the United Church of Canada brought together all Canada's Methodists, all its Congregational-

ists, and most of its Presbyterians. Never before, anywhere, had a union linked with such varying backgrounds.

The experiment of 1925 has led the way. Since then in Japan, the Philippines and South India, for example, church unions have gone beyond the limits of this Canadian "first." In North India and the United States conversations are even now proceeding toward still more inclusive unions.

Meanwhile, in Canada, some Evangelical United Brethren churches are expected to enter the United Church in 1968, and union talks between Anglicans and United Churchmen are pushing steadily ahead.

The Kingdom Is Not Yet

Canada has made it through a difficult century since it became a nation July 1, 1867. But its troubles are not yet over.

The split between "French culture" and "English culture" may, some fear, widen until there are two countries instead of one. In recent years the separatist movement in Quebec has grown in strength. Bombs in mailboxes, threats against the life of the Queen, secessionist planks in political platforms, and letters to the editor all attest to the spirit of rebellion against the way things are.

Can the church, with its emphasis on reconciling love, bring about a

real oneness of peoples? The question gets asked in Canada, as it does in the U.S.A., in Vietnam, and in South Africa. If the Apostle Paul could talk about "neither Jew nor Greek" but "one new man," cannot the power of God bring unity between "French Canadians" and "English Canadians"? Or between "hawks" and "doves" in the U.S.A., or between Vietnamese and Viet Cong? What is this power of reconciliation, and how far does it go? The way we answer the religious question will make a secular and social difference. Religious faith—given practical application by those who seek justice and make peace—may hold the key to a nation's future.

The fact is, you see, that the kingdom of God has not fully arrived in Canada, either. Canadians have not solved the problem of relationships between the white man and the Indian and Eskimo minorities. They have not solved the problem of poverty in the midst of affluence: though Canadians enjoy the world's second highest standard of living, well over a third of their people live in poverty. Nor the problem of commitment: many who claim church membership give no evidence of Christ-filled lives.

Maybe that's a picture of the way it is all over the world. Jesus Christ has come—and we're still learning what that means for the world. ■ ■

QUOTES: A man would stand a better chance of going straight if people stopped throwing him curves.—Harold L. Taylor.... Money makes a nice gift and it will fit any pocketbook.—Jack Herbert.

The Hot Rock

By E. R. Dennis

There's a fine line of judgment needed when a pilot takes his plane up in the soup

THE LATE afternoon rain drummed on the flight operations building with monotonous persistence. It was a sound that intrudes on the subconscious, gradually twisting and fraying and finally shattering the nerves of even the calmest of men. Being quite the opposite by nature, the downpour was particularly galling to Captain Jackson Beaugard.

Jackson, standing at the window, was silently irritated with the cloudburst. He raged at his luck for being stuck at Farnsworth Air Force Base for the night. And he reserved special ill will for Lieutenant Colonel St. James, his senior and aircraft commander for this trip.

Hearing St. James coming out of the Flight Operations Office, Jackson turned from the window. He'd try once more to change St. James' mind.

"Colonel, how about one more look at the weather maps, eh? I'm sure we can get through the soup. I'd sure like to make D.C. tonight. I'll fly the bird if you're tired."

St. James slowly massaged his aching forehead with one hand. His jaw tightened as he glared at his young copilot.

"Beaugard, I know all about your date in D.C. tonight. I know all about your great flying record—a real hot rock. But—I also know that I'm not going to take a load of passengers up into that stuff ahead!"

"But, but—Weather says that the thunderheads are scattered. We can scoot around the big ones. I've done it a hundred times."

"Captain, knock it off! There's a fine line of judgment here and I'm saying no go. Not in the pitch black and with an erratic radar, anyhow."

"But, Colonel—"



"Look—all you have to worry about is being here at six in the morning. Is that clear? See you later!"

St. James turned and walked out. Beaugard slammed his cap on the counter and mumbled to himself about old men being afraid of a little weather. Sulking, he decided to stay behind for a while.

He walked out of the main lobby, down the hall and into the aircrew waiting room. It was empty. Rummaging through a stack of dog-eared magazines, Jackson found a *Saturday Evening Post* that he hadn't read. He unzipped his flying suit a bit, sat down, and loosened his boots. The big chair was very comfortable.

STIFLING a yawn, Jackson begrudgingly admitted that the trip up from Florida had been more tiring than he realized. He started to read a story. The magazine blurred, but Jackson was startled awake when two officers entered the room and sat in the chairs opposite his. Jackson shook his head to clear the cobwebs.

The white-haired colonel looked very old. His deeply tanned face had the texture of parchment, as if from long exposure to the wind.

"We awakened you, Captain?"

It was more of a statement than question.

"No sweat, Colonel. Just dropped off for a second. I'm Captain Beaugard, Sir."

"Nice to meet you in person. This is Major Tiller."

The phrase "in person" annoyed

Jackson. He surely didn't remember the colonel from anyplace. And Major Tiller looked as if he were staring into outer space. The colonel's voice snapped Tiller out of his trance.

"Yes, ah, Captain—Beaugard? Nice to meet you."

"I believe you are a transient, Captain," the Colonel said, "And from the scowl, you don't particularly like staying here."

What business was it of his? Jackson wanted to commiserate with himself. But—when it came to flying—Beaugard was in his element. He couldn't resist. He carefully fitted a cigarette into his gold-rimmed lighter and lit up.

"You're correct, Colonel. I don't like being here—especially when I know we can go on. But I'm only the copilot on this trip."

"You disagree with your ship captain?"

Another one of those confounded question-statements! Yet, the prodding opened the floodgates. Jackson poured out his tale. He proudly covered his own career and flying record.

"Apparently, Captain, you relate being a good or bad pilot solely to getting through a given trip. Is that correct?"

Jackson delicately blew smoke toward the ceiling.

"Well, you might say that, Colonel. After all, one and one make two. Each mission completed without waiting around—like right now—proves you have the stuff to handle any situation. I've *never* aborted a trip."

"You're right—as far as you go, Captain. But how about the sum of little wrongs—the small but repetitive errors in good judgment? How about the accumulation of those tiny errors that breed dangerous overconfidence? It's like the cat with nine lives—you use up your quota of close shaves—then disaster."

That rattled Jackson.

"And," the Colonel drove on, "how about those people in the back of the airplane? And your crew?"

Jackson stalled by asking his own question.

"What in the world do *they* have to do with it?"

"Captain, you're confining your thinking to satisfying your own ego. But the opinion of others can affect you, however little or subtly. As to the people you carry—you do hold their lives in your hands, you know."

Now visibly upset, Jackson busied himself with his cigarette holder. Still, he just had to keep his pride.

"Like the truth, Colonel, good pilots will out," Jackson said lamely, "And I think that I'm a good pilot!"

"Well, we shall see. Major Tiller, how about telling the captain here about that flight we discussed earlier. Maybe that'll make a point."

TILLER looked positively unhappy. He preferred not to be drawn into the discussion. But the older officer shook his head, so Tiller began his story.

"Well, there was this run in an old gooney bird up the west side of the Alleghenies. The pilot had ten passengers and cargo. It was storm season in the area. Was a regular patchwork of crazy weather—all mixed up—high winds, hail, and electrical storms."

"Like it's *supposed* to be from here to D.C.," Jackson added.

Tiller was talking to an unseen audience. He ignored Jackson.

"Whether to go or not was a good question. Only this time the airplane commander decided to risk it. His crew objected—but no luck. Well, they got off O.K. Before long they went on straight instruments. No visibility at all. Then they got the first good bump. An Army man in the back got sick right then. The experienced Air Force passenger pretending sleep snapped bolt upright. The poor nurse started praying."

"Well, helpless fright can be awful. But bouncing a little isn't bad—we all have. But—the pilot should have told the passengers about the soup before they took off," Jackson offered.

"A small matter of judgment—like thinking of others, Captain?" said the Colonel.

Trapped by the cagey old man! But before Jackson could reply Major Tiller went on. He began nervously running his hands through his hair.

"The engineer came out of the pilot compartment. He said to expect a bit of rougher stuff ahead. Everything was closed behind—they had to go on. He checked each

passenger and they watched him. Well, it came. The gooney began to buck and slide on one wing, off toward the unseen below."

"He probably had ice and couldn't hack enough power to get over it. Real chancey, Major."

"Right, Captain, but don't forget—he put himself there because of bum judgment back on the ground. But let Tiller finish."

"O.K., Colonel."

"Up front, the pilot and copilot were sweating through their shirts with strain. Everybody in the back was stiff with fear. Those next to the windows peered out into the dark—watching the glowing manifold pipes—anything to keep alive the hope that no real danger existed."

"Yeh, it would look bad to ground types. What happened?"

"They broke out into the clear in thirty-five minutes. It was that short by the clock—but an eternity to some involved."

Jackson looked at the ceiling, then turned to the Colonel.

"Well, maybe he shouldn't have gone—but he did a fine job of flying. So what's the point to all this—as interesting as the story was?"

"The point?" the Colonel answered, "Was the pilot *really* good because he made it through the storm? Or was he terribly at fault because he shouldn't have taken the risk in the first place?"

"Well, if there was no call for forcing the flight—like war or something like that—I guess you could say that he was wrong." Now Jackson felt that he had agreed to too much. He went on defensively.

"However, some people get scared on a pogo stick or ladder."

With that, Jackson became lost in his own thoughts. Suddenly, as if on an appointed signal, the two officers stood up.

"It's time we leave, Captain. Enjoyed the discussion," the Colonel said.

"Oh—ah—yes. Say—ah—any idea how the pilot made out later?"

Major Tiller turned beet red, but he answered.

"Well, some folks gave him a bum reputation. To others—not on the trip, of course—the pilot became sort of a hero. You know how it goes—somebody at coffee asks for the story on how to shake up greenhorns and all that. They have a big laugh—and soon our man believes he is the only pilot in the world."

"So—?"

"Like the drops of water gathering on a weak roof, something had to give. And it did—two years later. He clobbered in—all the way—with crew and fourteen passengers."

"Man, that's bad. But I'll bet that the guy had a weak spot in his training or something."

"Captain, you're still rationalizing away a flaw in the character makeup of our man, namely destructive pride. That, of course, is your privilege—but think it over a bit."

"Oh, I'm thinking Colonel. Maybe I need a real clincher to cap your argument and to be firmly convinced."

"That could be—and you may get it. In any event, don't be too harsh on your chief. Good night."

JACKSON sat quietly—thinking. He then leaned back and closed his eyes, but the clatter of the magazine falling to the floor jarred him awake once again. At that, he got up and walked back to the main lobby and stopped at the desk. The night Sergeant came over.

“Say, Sarg, those two officers that just came out of the crew room—what outfit they with?”

“Officers? What officers?”

“Come on, Sarg! I talked to an old Colonel and a Major. They probably came in and left by some other door.”

“Can’t be, Sir. Everything except this entrance is locked up after normal duty hours.”

Jackson chewed his lower lip. His forehead wrinkled in concentration on events in the crew room. Believe me—I know I talked to those two odd balls! Why did the Colonel start the conversation? How did he know I was transient? Why no name? Grasping for answers, Jackson again turned to the NCO.

“Just a minute. I never did get the Colonel’s name, but the Major’s name was Hiller—no—Tiller, Tiller—that’s it! Ever hear of him? Kind of a slim fellow with a crew cut—nervous and jumpy—light blond.”

The Sergeant adjusted his glasses to take a closer look at Jackson.

“Captain, Major Tiller cracked up about two months ago—about forty miles out—with passengers, too.”

Jackson wet his lips. He pulled one ear lobe. He put on and carefully adjusted his cap.

“There’s a base taxi outside. I’m

going to hit the hay.”

As Jackson walked out, he shook his head. The rain clouds were breaking and the moon dropped silvery shafts to light the earth. Reaching the car, Jackson stopped to gaze at the sky. The stars were like diamonds. One seemed unusually bright to Jackson.

The bored driver thought he heard the officer say something like, “Thanks.”

“Did you say something, Sir?”

“Nothing, driver, nothing. Head for the visitor’s quarters.”

“Right, Sir. Nice night after all, eh, Captain?”

“A beautiful night, driver, and a very, very exciting night!” ■ ■



“I’m going to step next door for a minute—to see Susie. You might just lay the table, peel the potatoes, clean the sprouts, scrape the carrots, and open a can of peaches, dear.”



Carl Milton



Diane

Children by Adoption

By Odice McDaniel

DADDY, aren't we forgetting something?" said five-year-old Carl Milton just after we sat down to partake of the noon meal.

Carl is one of two adopted children that God has seen fit to lend to us to rear and train. I, Odice McDaniel and my wife, Patricia, had been married nine years without having any children of our own until we adopted Carl and shortly thereafter Diane Viktoria. We adopted both children while I was stationed as a reporter with the Armed Forces

newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, in Darmstadt, Germany.

When Carl repeated the above words at the dinner table at our home recently in O'Fallon, Illinois, I had just let it slip my mind to thank God for the food that we were about to eat. Like most families, including Christian ones, there are many times when we just forget our obligation to bless the food that God has provided.

But fortunately for us, Carl who attends Sunday school every Sab-

Some of the difficulties and joys of adopting children

bath reminds us when we forget to give thanks to God at meal time.

He and four-year-old Diane began attending Sunday school when he was four and she was three. At the time my wife and I were, I must admit, a little skeptical about what they could learn at such a young age. But the minister where we were temporarily attending church, then at the North Albany Baptist Church in Albany, Oregon, assured us their age was the most appropriate time instead of waiting until they got older. At the time I was on six months' leave from the Air Force and working toward my masters' degree at nearby Oregon State University.

Now each Sunday morning both children insist on attending Sunday school. In fact we would have temper tantrums on our hands if we tried to keep them away.

They are learning very fast about Jesus, the things that are right and those which are wrong. In addition when we take a drive in the car, both youngsters usually serenade us with songs about Jesus. They are also learning about the major characters of the Bible and often relate them to us as we drive over the countryside.

Patricia and I tried for many years to adopt children. But I was in the United States Air Force and most adoption agencies we contacted in the U.S. let it be known that since we had to move around a great

deal, our home would not be stable enough for us to become adoptive parents.

But we prayed and we also promised God that if it were his will for us to get children we would guide and rear them according to his teachings.

THE LAST TIME we attempted to adopt children in the United States was while I was stationed in Corvallis, Oregon. A case study was completed and for the first time we were accepted. Then the waiting period began while the agency attempted to find a child.

A few months after the case study had been completed, I received orders for Germany. Upon arriving there Patricia and I visited the local German youth agency and submitted our adoption application.

The wheels of German red tape began to function. The International Welfare Agency which has an office in New York was contacted. The list of references in the United States that we had provided were checked. Some of the people were in Alabama; others in Oregon and Idaho. Each person listed was called into the local welfare office and interviewed.

Finally, after several months, papers arrived at the Darmstadt youth office with the stamp of approval. But we were soon to learn this was only the beginning of a long drawn out procedure. For the

Germans are very thorough in most everything they do.

Their philosophy at the youth office is that the adoptive parents must be protected as well as the child. The child must be in good physical condition, everything must be legal, and the prospective adoptive parents must be capable of giving the child the right type of home. This even includes the financial stability of the home.

A child representative was soon dispatched to our home who again interviewed us and made a case report of whether she thought we would make good parents. She gave her approval and then the period of waiting began until a child could be found.

My wife at the nearby Darmstadt Army Post chapel one day met a young mother who was working for the American Forces and who wanted to give up her child for adoption. Now a state nursery was caring for her child. She was supporting herself and paying the nursery to take care of her child also. My wife agreed to take the child.

"As soon as he saw me as he lay there in his crib he smiled as if to say 'Please take me with you,'" my wife told me that night when I came home from work. The child's mother had taken Patricia to the nursery and they had picked up the three months' old boy.

He was very small for three months of age. His name was Carl Milton. We learned from his mother that he had weighed only three pounds at birth and had been kept

in an incubator for six weeks. He had brown eyes and not one hair on his head, but what a joy to the heart!

AFTER KEEPING the little fellow for a few months, we made arrangements for adoption. But the German welfare representatives kept visiting us for three months after we had taken Carl in our care.

Our pattern of life was completely changed after getting Carl. The routine we had established during our nine years of marriage was upended. For a while Carl trained us, instead of our training him.

He would wake up during the night and cry. I had never been around babies. I felt sure there was something wrong with him and I would get up and walk the floor with him in my arms. While I was walking the floor, I would stumble over unfamiliar furniture—a playpen, a baby crib, small toys, and the like.

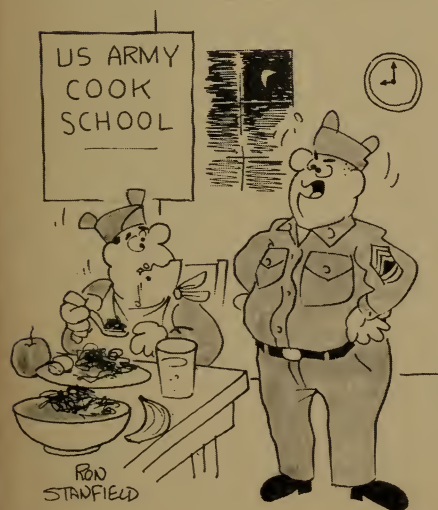
Little chubby brown-eyed Carl Milton soon took his place in our home and hearts. My wife and I finally settled into a new routine and things haven't been the same since.

The story would not be complete without mentioning the youngest member of our family, our second adoption. We heard about her through the Darmstadt Army Post Protestant chaplain—another mother who wanted to place her child in a good home. We agreed to take the child and a few days later a conference was arranged between the chaplain, my wife, me,

and the mother.

Again, arrangements had to be made with the German youth office. Adoption was completed and today we have a beautiful, vigorous, blond-haired, four-year-old girl.

When Sunday morning arrives, Diane and Carl get ready and go to Sunday school at the Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, religious education center. When it comes to saying the blessing at the dining table and many other things which my wife and I sometimes forget, we can depend on Carl and Diane to remind us. We are learning how true the words are, "And a little child shall lead them." ■ ■



"Cramming for exams, huh, Rooney?"

Daily Bible Readings

July

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Exodus	19:1-9
2 Sunday	Exodus	20:1-17
3	Deuteronomy	32:1-14
4	1 Chronicles	29:10-20
5	Psalms	24:1-10
6	Psalms	89:1-18
7	Isaiah	61:1-11
8	Isaiah	64:1-12
9 Sunday	Ezekiel	18:1-23
10	Ezekiel	18:24-32
11	Daniel	3:1-18
12	Daniel	3:19-30
13	Daniel	6:1-18
14	Daniel	6:19-28
15	Jonah	1:1-17
16 Sunday	Jonah	2:1-10
17	Jonah	3:1-10
18	Jonah	4:1-11
19	Matthew	25:14-30
20	Luke	4:31-42
21	John	8:25-36
22	Romans	6:1-23
23 Sunday	Romans	7:15-25
24	1 Corinthians	6:1-20
25	Galatians	5:13-26
26	Galatians	6:1-18
27	2 Timothy	1:1-18
28	Hebrews	12:1-13
29	Hebrews	13:9-25
30 Sunday	1 Peter	2:1-10
31	1 Peter	2:11-25

DIET-HARDS

As those who diet
Will often relate:
Where there is a will
There's a loss of weight.

—Harold L. Taylor

A Day in a Chaplain's Life

By Donald R. Brown

DEAR CHAPLAIN: My husband has been gone almost eight months, and I just learned I'm going to have a baby. I can't write and tell him. Will you tell him I'm sorry and . . ."

"Sir, I'm scared, I can't talk to anyone else about it. What can I do?"

This letter the chaplain must comply with and answer, and the fear of the young soldier he must calm. These activities are just a small part of the day of an Army chaplain in Vietnam. No two chaplains would handle the situation exactly the same, and none has identical situations under which to minister. This is a part of a day of one chaplain, serving with an engineer unit, somewhere in Vietnam.

Early each morning the enlisted men and NCOs find new ways to be certain the officers awake on time. This morning one soldier turned his portable radio on extra loud

just as the disk jockey shouted, "Good morning, Vietnam!"

Breakfast emotions are fascinating to the chaplain. Some men growl at everyone near; others read their future in their coffee cups. Still others are cheerfully eating enough eggs and bacon to satisfy them for the next three days.

The chaplain is in his office at 0700 hours. The first hour, before the assistant arrived from motor stables with the jeep, is used for personal devotions and planning for the day. A phone call could be expected from a member of the staff right at the dot of 0700, almost as if a few had decided to help the chaplain be "on time" to work.

When Dave came to work for the chaplain, he knew the first thing a good assistant does every morning is to inquire: "Sir, the first order of the day is coffee for the Chaplain!"

And the second thing (usually) is to answer the letters, such as the

Chaplain Brown has returned from Vietnam and is now at the U.S. Armor Center, Fort Knox, Ky. 40121

one from the wife, or another from a mother who wondered why her son has not written more often. It is surprising to discover that there is more correspondence to be answered in Vietnam than there was back in the States.

Mothers and wives find it hard to realize that soldiers in a combat zone get very busy and sometimes find it difficult to find time to write. When they do find the time, there is little to write about—one day is very much like another; or that which has been occupying the soldier's time is something he cannot write about.

The morning could bring a call from the Red Cross that a man has an emergency at home—serious illness or death—and should go home on emergency leave (the only type of leave authorized to the States from Vietnam). The chaplain may have to inform the man personally, or go with him to get the message from the Red Cross, or be present when the CO talks to the soldier. It all depends on the desire of the company commander.

If there is time before the noon meal, the chaplain may visit the hospital. Certainly sometime during the morning, he will join the other officers in the mess hall for a quick cup of coffee and learn what's new around the Battalion. The Battalion doctor may have a question about someone he has seen at "sick call." "Has SP4—been to see you? He was real depressed this morning. And I am anxious about the fellow. I wondered if you might know what's bothering him."



Protestant Chaplain (Capt) Lavern W. Gardai conducts worship services for troops under the shade trees in Vietnam.

AFTER lunch, Dave drives the chaplain to the refugee village where a civic action project is under way. (Another day it might be to an orphanage.) The men of the engineer unit are sponsoring the building of a new school building. Money was raised among the troops and from the people "back home" to help the Vietnamese purchase materials to build their school.

USAID provided cement and roofing, the GIs gave some of their rare free time to help on the construction, and the Vietnamese did most of the labor. (Local professional masons were hired to lay the brick walls.)

The project is a joint affair. The village applied through the Viet-

name government, the local District Chief's office coordinated each step, the American troops helped provide the funds for the brick and lumber to be bought by the Vietnamese from their local business people.

At times it seemed the people would never get the building finished, and the chaplain grew impatient. "But the Lord is slow to anger." And the chaplain has learned patience. The people of the village and the priest of the Catholic community began to trust and rely on the chaplain. Through the interpreter, the priest calls him a "Brother in Christ."

As Dave and the chaplain leave the village, the jeep plows through a muddy road to reach one of the job sites. An area for an armor unit soon to arrive in Vietnam is quickly being constructed, and the chaplain visits the hardworking engineers. The area is usually quite safe during the daylight hours, but it is reassuring to the troops to see the unarmed chaplain driving around the area.

It is this particular work site that the young fellow so worried about being scared made arrangements to talk to the chaplain that night. Others were too busy to do more than smile or nod. But he needed to talk about his problem without going through the "chain of command." "Sir, can I come to your office tonight?"

"Sure. Make it about 1900 hours. I have a briefing for the new men later."

After supper, the chaplain listened. Then: "Friend, everyone here is at

least a little scared, if he's at all honest with himself, and has any sense at all. But we can't let it get us down. We can pray and ask to be reassured. Let's claim one of the promises of the prophet Nahum: *The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; he knows those who take refuge in him* (Nahum 1:7).

Later in the evening, the chaplain is finishing his part of the briefing when automatic fire is heard in the distance. He reassured the new men. "That's just someone clearing his weapon. No sweat; we're in a secure area." He wondered if that group would ever believe anything he ever said.

Later, he hustles to the Officer's Club 10 to learn if the fireworks is anything more than he had said. The Battalion S-3 came in just as the chaplain arrived.

"I think there's something cooking over there at the ammo storage dump. Chap, I hope it's nothing serious. Let me buy you a Pepsi."

The chaplain had the Pepsi in his hand, took one sip and the whole area was illuminated by a red, eerie light. The Major (S-3) yells, "Hit the deck!" and everyone does. A tremendous "boom" shook everything. The chaplain found himself outside, lying in a shallow ditch, thinking "I don't think I spilled a drop. Sounds just like birds in the trees in the Fall back home... Lord, please protect the men... don't let any be killed, or even injured... if it is your will."

Thus we see the chaplain as a man of prayer—praying habitually and in moments of need.

WHERE should the chaplain be at a time like this? At the aid station! There he finds that only one man suffered anything serious. The doc filled him in. "This fellow has been hit in the leg and we're having a hard time stopping the bleeding. The bone is broken, perhaps in two or three places."

"Say, Hap, is that you? It's the chaplain. What's going on? Are you 'gold-bricking' on us?"

"Wish I were, Chaplain."

"Hey, let me fix that pillow. In fact, if you don't mind, I'll just sit here on the floor. Okay?"

"You bet."

"Much pain? How would you like to hang on to my hand for awhile?"

"If you don't mind. It might help to hold on to something."

For a while—maybe 30 minutes, maybe 2 hours, the chaplain sat there and returned the frantic squeezes of the young boy as the splint was placed on the leg, and pressure was applied a few times to stop the bleeding.

An officer who bunked next to the chaplain stopped by. Perhaps he was anxious about the chaplain—no one had seen him after he went through the door of the club. "So there he is—like I figured, hiding!"

That unit learned the truth of Nahum—"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." The CO told them how fortunate they had been. A shell hit the EM club, but everyone had cleared out. A piece of shrapnel came through the Major's bunk, five minutes before he planned to go to bed. Nearly a hundred shells landed here and not one in a tent. They were not armed, and couldn't explode on impact. "Chaplain, you must have been praying!"

Others agreed. "We are the most fortunate outfit in Vietnam. We could be in real bad shape today."

"The Lord is patient with us, and good to us. He's a stronghold in the day (or night) of trouble. Remember that at church time on Sunday!"



QUOTES

I find the pain of a little censure, even when it is unfounded is more acute than the pleasure of much praise.—Thomas Jefferson.

Human existence is strewn with the wreckage of sin. Despite it—on the basis of it—new life can arise, begotten by the divine mercy, nourished by human penitence, crowned and fulfilled by the gifts which man can trust God finally to bestow. This is the Christian faith and the Christian hope by which Christian character gains its strength, resiliency, and power.—John M. Krumm.

The speed and power of the new cars help to bring places together—like this world and the next.—Gene Yasenak.

Two Fourth of July Gentlemen

By Vincent Edwards

“While I breathe, I shall be your friend,” wrote John Adams to his old comrade, Thomas Jefferson

AMERICAN history affords no pleasanter spectacle of an old-age friendship than that enjoyed by John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in their sunset years.

It came about rather curiously in a way. Though the two men had led off the drive for independence in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, each took a different turn when the government under the Constitution began to function. John Adams stood fast with the Federalist group, while Jefferson assumed the leadership of the new Democrat-Republican party.

Things came to a head in the election of 1800. The Massachusetts patriot smarted so under his rival's triumph that he would not stay in Washington to attend the new Executive's inauguration. His rejection by the voters stung him so

deeply that it seemed he could not get out of the Capital fast enough to return to his Quincy home.

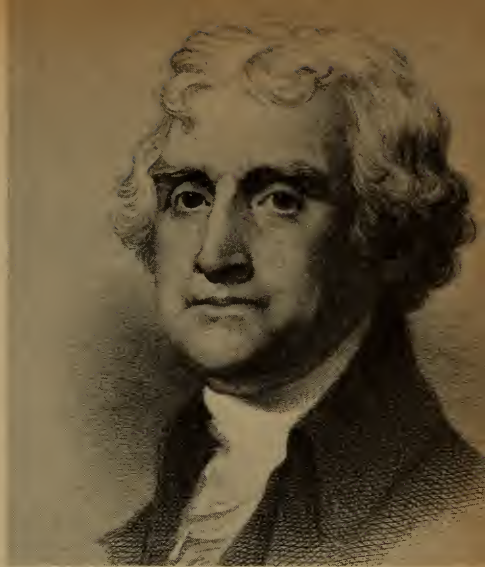
For more than ten years the pair had nothing to do with each other. But then as both advanced in years, a mellowing influence set in. A close friend tried to get Adams to resume his correspondence with his old comrade of the Revolution.

The patriarch of Quincy refused, but he showed he was in anything but a vindictive mood. He gave as his reason: “I have nothing to say to him, but to wish him an easy journey to heaven....”

But only a week later, Adams broke down. Did kindling memories of those memorable days in the old Philadelphia State House come back to him? It could have been. Jefferson had then been as brilliant in writing as he himself had been



JOHN ADAMS. Photo was made from a painting by Gilbert Stuart.



THOMAS JEFFERSON. Photo was made from a painting also by Gilbert Stuart.

convincing in the debates. They had been a great team, no doubt about it.

Adams took his pen in hand and wrote Jefferson that he was sending him "by post a packet containing two pieces of homespun lately produced in this quarter by one who was honored in his youth with some attention, and much of your kindness."

The "Sage of Monticello" seemed delighted by the gift. On his part he was happy to have their old friendship restored. In a genial letter of acknowledgment, he recalled the days when they were "fellow laborers in the same cause, struggling for what is most valuable to man, his right of self-government. . . ."

That was the beginning of a correspondence which remains the historian's delight. Ten years of

silence and estrangement were past, those days were gone, and now, as these great Americans looked back, it seemed that the links that had bound them together were stronger than ever.

Often the mail was slow in coming. It sometimes took two weeks for a letter to travel by sloop and stage-coach from Virginia to Boston, and the return transit was just as long. But when one of those neat, hand-written holographs was delivered to the front door of the plain old Puritan dwelling in Quincy, or visa versa, to the imposing mansion in Albemarle County, the eyes and heart of the recipient—so it can be imagined—glowed very warmly.

Well past seventy-five, Adams was still taking his daily walks, often three or four miles before he

returned home. He went out on horseback as well, but "rarely more than ten or fifteen miles." As for Jefferson, ten years younger, he was accustomed to spend three or four hours daily in the saddle; he liked nothing better than to ride up to Poplar Forest, ninety miles away. . . .

No longer were they entangled in the hurly-burly of politics. Both had settled down, and now showed considerable curiosity and wanted to know what the other was doing in his retirement. The result was that small personal happenings often took on large dimensions, though when Adams' son, John Quincy, was elected President, Jefferson was outspoken in his joy.

AS THE correspondence continued, the letters became almost like philosophical treatises. Jefferson was still sure that the new nation would fulfill the dream of man's last great hope on earth, but Adams persisted in a more realistic sizing up of the democratic experiment. Sometimes it appeared that the Virginian was more of a Puritan than his friend in the North. There were few subjects which the two friends did not bring up for comment, even the most serious—religion, death, immortality.

There came a time when some political hotheads tried to fan anew the flames of their earlier discord. But Jefferson would have none of it. His words of wisdom and reassurance must have been comforting to his old comrade. He wrote Adams: "And if there has been, at

any time, a moment when we were off our guard, and in a temper to let the whispers of these people make us forget what we had known of each other for so many years, yet all men have seen also those passions subsiding with time and reflection, restoring to us the sight of all things in their true shape and colors. It would be strange, indeed, if at our years, we were to go to an age back to hunt up imaginary or forgotten facts to disturb the repose of affections so sweetening to the evening of our lives."

John Adams was touched by such understanding. Not long afterward he found himself facing a physical break-up, due to age, but he did not forget his ancient crony, for he paid Jefferson this moving tribute: "The little strength of mind and the considerable strength of body that I once possessed appear to be all gone—but while I breathe, I shall be your friend."

Of course, nothing goes on forever—and it was true of these letters. Came July 4, 1826. Fifty years to a day, the famous pair had seen their mutual hopes fulfilled when the Declaration of Independence had been adopted amid all the excitement of that assemblage of patriots in Philadelphia. But now John Adams lay dying. In those last hours, as his mind wandered, his family heard him say: "Thomas Jefferson still lives." But he was wrong. On this same day, in his Virginia mansion more than a thousand miles away, death had come to the author of the Declaration eight hours before! ■■

Blessing in Disguise

By Carl W. McGeehon

PASSING the door of a fellow-chaplain one day, I overheard a remark made by a man to his chaplain. The snatch of conversation I caught was this: "It was a blessing in disguise."

It would be interesting to know what experience in that man's life prompted that remark. Something had happened to him which had the appearance of evil. It may have been a bitter disappointment. Perhaps a girl had turned him down, or a long-sought door of opportunity had been slammed in his face. Or his remark may have referred to an accident, a period of ill health, or some other experience which he looked upon as a bad break. Then, in the course of time, that experience which had promised to be the source of irreparable harm turned out to be the best thing that could have happened.

For any experience to be a blessing in disguise, it must at first sight appear to be evil. Then, as time goes on, in the providence of God, it turns out to be a great good.

"God Meant It for Good"

The life of Joseph in the Old Testament illustrates how adversity can pave the way for blessing. As a young lad Joseph was cruelly sold into slavery in Egypt by his brothers. This dastardly deed, however, opened the way for him to become a trusted servant in the home of Potiphar, high-ranking military officer. Then, when things seemed to be going well for Joseph, Potiphar's wife turned her seductive wiles in his direction. His refusal to compromise himself caused him to be thrown into prison. Here he gained a reputation for interpreting dreams. Eventually, this peculiar ability brought him to Pharaoh's attention. He won favor in the king's eyes and was made a sort of economic administrator in the government in charge of the food supply for all Egypt.

Joseph's life, you see, was a series of "bad breaks"—each of which paved the way, in God's providence, for "good breaks."

During a famine in the Near East,

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Joseph's brothers, who years before had turned him over to the slave traders, came down to Egypt to buy grain. After Joseph had made himself known to them, the brothers, their families, and their aged father, Jacob, moved down into Egypt. When Jacob died, fear sprang up in the hearts of the brothers. "Now," they reasoned, "Joseph will take revenge on us for selling him into slavery." But Joseph allayed their fears. Their cruel act, he told them, had turned out to be a blessing in disguise. "You meant evil against me but God meant it for good."

God still overrules evil with good. He brings triumph out of tragedy in the lives of those who will let him. Thwarted plans or a heavy heart may be—and can be—the prelude to the greatest blessing life has to offer.

The Apostle Paul who had more than his share of suffering and adversity said, "We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him." This is not to say that God sends evil or adversity upon us; but when it comes, whether because of our foolish choices, or by reason of circumstances beyond our control, God can use those experiences for good.

Life's bad breaks, whatever their cause, may not be God's ideal will for us. The point is he will see us through. God stands at our side, sharing our suffering and sorrow and ready to work with us to make the best of our condition. "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil."

God's Presence

Only in adversity are some men brought to God. Even with practicing Christians, trouble deepens the sense and reality of God's presence.

Two men were discussing why the stars cannot be seen in the daytime. One man said he had heard that if a person were to go down into the earth and look up he could see the stars even in the daytime. They determined to experiment. One man was lowered into an abandoned well on a rope. When he was let down a little way he was asked by those holding the rope if he could see the stars. He answered, "No." Still further down they repeated the question and received the same answer. Then, when lowered to a greater depth, he called out excitedly that now he could see the stars in the daytime!

God may allow us to be lowered into a well of trouble, and then uses that experience to reveal to us more clearly his radiant presence and abiding love. Is any price too great to pay if that experience leads us to the place where we can say:

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Any experience which brings us closer to God and deepens our faith in his abiding presence, painful though it may be, is truly a blessing in disguise.

God's Purpose

These unwanted experiences of life may also be used by God to reveal to us his purpose. One of the basic teachings of the Christian gospel is that God has for each of us a purpose—a destiny to fulfill. It is easy to lose sight of God's plan for us, and he may use trouble or adversity to bring us back to the place where we can see what he wants us to do and be.

A motorist drove up to a modern service station and asked for ten gallons of gas. Three station attendants sprang into action. One wiped his windshield, another checked the air in the tires, and a third put water in the radiator and checked the oil. The driver thanked the man, paid for his gas and drove off. A few minutes later he came back with a puzzled look on his face. "Did you put gasoline in my car?" he asked. The three attendants went into a huddle and found to their dismay no one had pumped the gas. They had been so busy with the incidents that they had overlooked the chief purpose for their being at that place at that time.

Like the gas station attendants we become so engrossed in the extraneous details of living that we lose sight of God's will for us.

Sometimes it takes quite a jolt to get us back on the track of his

desired purpose. God is trying to make us the kind of persons who are fit to live together here and now and in eternity with him. If he used adversity to bring us into a relationship in which he can work out his purpose for us, the price we may have to pay will not be too high.

Did you ever stop to think that while the greatest tragedy in the world was the death of Christ on the cross, the greatest triumph was his resurrection! The blessing in disguise that God worked in his Son, he is able to work in the lives of those who will let him.

Man's extremity is often God's opportunity. What he cannot do with us in *peace*, he may do with us in war. What he cannot do with us in *health*, he may do with us in sickness. What he cannot do with us in *success*, he may do with us in failure. For those who will allow him, "In everything God works for good with those who love him."

It becomes us as Christians, when suffering, sorrow, failure, or adversity comes to us, to say in faith, "Now let us see what God can do with this." If we have the faith that God can overrule any experience for good, and if we are willing to be guided by his Spirit, then the promise is unconditional—he will turn any experience into a blessing in disguise. ■ ■

Convenient Divorce. Army Warrant Officer Franklin Delano Boggs of Decatur, Ala., had too many dependents (wife and two children) to qualify for helicopter school. Divorce was the only answer to his desire. Now, after completing his training, he has remarried his wife and is reunited with his family again.
—Reported by Eva Kraus.

The Point of Caring

By W. Benson Mack

An American PYOC project in Taiwan

THERE has been a lot of talk about high school dependents overseas. Some favorable; some unfavorable. It is not to be denied that teen-agers face unique problems on top of the usual pressures confronting every young person in the states. But youth are not all problems by any means. There is a *big heart* in most of our teen-agers these days; perhaps this has not yet been discovered by some parents and other adults.

I was privileged to see that heart opened in a needy area of Taipei, Taiwan. The Taiwan Christian Service, our local representatives of Church World Service, had shared the concerns of their work with our chapel high school group. Immediately, our young people wanted to get involved. But what could they do? That is a "key" question for all Americans overseas. It's not always easy to answer. There is plenty to do, but often we



Five people sleep here. It's not easy to clean out underneath. But the hard work the high school dependents did on this project proved to be a way they could show they cared about people. Too often people are forgotten or cast aside.



TOP: These walls have never seen paint before. But soon there will be new cheer and pride among the twelve family members who live in this 9 × 12 space.

BOTTOM: There is plenty of help with the tools. Although these children are eager to work, most of them have never had any tools to work with or play with. Their enthusiasm thrilled the American young people.





TOP: A smile can mean many things. Anyone would smile at seeing these teenagers at work in the slums of Taipei. He might smile to find them hard at work; or he might smile to see the dirt and grime on them; or he might smile with delight to see them helping others.

BOTTOM: Clean sheets for tonight? No, maybe never. But this Taiwanese family has seen what Christian young people can do—and will do. Hopefully, they will come to wonder about the love of God demonstrated through these American teenagers.



don't know how to get started.

Taiwan Christian Service provided the answer. One of their social workers met with members of our high school group and suggested that our group spend a day on a work project in a slum area of Taipei. Questions about this were encouraged—fears and anxious feelings dealt with. The social worker promised to do “ground work” among the squatters who lived on her alley. They would be encouraged toward “self-help” and be given a voice in deciding the work we would do.

Finally the day arrived (right at the end of Christmas vacation). Off we went to the Wan Hwa area of Taipei city. This is the “point of entry” for the many people of rural areas who come to the city to improve their living. Often their dreams never materialize. Their average income is \$27.00 dollars a month with two or more of the 6.5 average members per family working.

Work assignments were made. The boys were to dig a drainage ditch for the sewer; the girls were

to wash and paint the inside of two homes. When the work began swarms of native children chattered excitedly as they watched—ultimately becoming involved in the “fun” of work. A strange sight these teen-agers smiling and at the same time putting their hands in the filth that this kind of abject poverty can create.

What was the result of this day? Was much really accomplished? More than we will ever know! Oh, the paint on these few walls was like a “drop in the bucket.” Cleaned areas will soon be dirtied—what else could be expected when twelve people live in a 9-by-12 foot area? Sewers drained a little better, but still stood beside the scrapwood homes with all their disease potential.

What was done? Ten teen-agers tried to show forgotten people that someone cares. And even though that care was limited to one day, the spontaneity of it helped us to understand God's love in a *new way*—a love which is freely given without trying to make any points except the point of caring! ■■

LINES FROM THE U. S. A.

If you are a visitor to New Albany, Indiana, and you park illegally, you get a ticket which reads: “Welcome to historic New Albany. You have violated one of our traffic regulations. However, as a visitor, won't you exchange this card for a cup of coffee?”

John M. Thomas, a retired barber living in Kisse Mills, Mo., believes in sharing. Since his retirement last year he is helping the war on poverty by giving haircuts to his neighbors in his home, thereby saving them a trip to the nearest barber shop, seven miles away.—Reported by Eva Kraus.

The Heavens Declare

the Glory of God

By Harold Pluimer

FOR centuries man has gazed into the heavens and wondered with amazement at it all. Of all the wonders of nature, none is more awe-inspiring than the Milky Way. Seen from an area far from the lights of cities, it appears as a faint band of light spanning the sky. This galaxy of stars, the home of our sun, is so frighteningly immense that our feeble minds cannot possibly comprehend or even appreciate its majesty and beauty.

The systematic and organized study of the heavenly bodies is astronomy, the oldest of the sciences. This highly respected field of research is rather restricted in numbers as there are only about 1,000 active professional astronomers in the United States today. Despite this, the impact of their painstaking work is tremendous for they are revealing a concept so inspiring and sublime that man is forced by this testimony of God's greatness to

realize his place in the creation and order of things.

It is rather remarkable that, after several hundred years of the development of the optical telescope as one of the primary instruments for observing and studying the heavens, man has achieved within a few short years two entirely new techniques for the exploration of outer space. These are rocket-launched probes and satellites and the radio telescope. These scientific tools have opened "new windows" to observe and record the wonders and mysteries of creation.

In a sense, the description of our universe is one of remarkable simplicity, according to which every complex object in the universe is constructed out of just three fundamental building blocks: the neutron, the proton, and the electron. The

From a scientist's point of view



The heavens are telling the glory of God;
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork.
Day to day pours forth speech,
and night to night declares knowledge (Ps. 19:1, 2).

neutron and proton are bound together very tightly by powerful nuclear forces into a compact atomic nucleus. Electrons revolve around the nucleus, bound to it by electrical forces. The combination of the nucleus and its associated electrons forms the atom. These atoms, cemented into matter, constitute practically all of our material universe. The structure of our universe, from atoms to galaxies, is determined by the three basic forces, nuclear, electromagnetic, and gravitation.

It should be realized, however, that this apparent simplicity does not imply a thorough understanding, for our ignorance is enormous.

We now know that we are living on a tiny speck of cosmic dust called the Earth. This little speck spins at about 1,000 miles per hour on its axis (25,000 miles in 24 hours at the equator). In addition, our planet revolves around the sun at approximately 65,000 miles per hour, completing one orbit every 365 days.

Our sun and its family of planets, really an insignificant part of our galaxy, with about a hundred billion other suns, revolve around the center of the Milky Way. Our solar system is located near the outer edge of the galaxy and at a velocity of hundreds of thousands of miles per hour requires more than two hundred million years to complete one journey.

Who can fully appreciate the magnitude of all of this? The psalmist David tried to when he wrote, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament

showeth his handiwork" (Psalm 19:1).

Based on the laborious and diligent efforts of the astronomers, the emerging pattern of our galaxy is almost beyond belief. Speeding towards some distant point in space, our system is composed of about a hundred billion suns in a sort of "pin-wheel" configuration. The diameter of this enormous system is about 100,000 light years and the thickness is about 30,000 light years.

These fantastic distances mean that when we look out into space we see nothing more than a ghostly image of the past. This is true because of the finite velocity of light (186,000 miles per second). In other words, we here on the Earth will never know what is "out there" right now, as the light image that reaches us has been on its way for centuries. For example, nature forbids us to know if the North Star (Polaris) exists at this moment. If it is visible tonight it merely means that it was there about three hundred years ago, as it took that long for the light to reach the Earth.

What can be said of these things? Again the psalmist speaks with reverence and relevance,

"When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast established;

What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

(Psalm 8: 3, 4).

Professor John DeVries in his book *Beyond the Atom*, beautifully expressed man's mental confrontation when he seeks to explain every detail of the vast universe as follows:

To hope to achieve an explanation of every detail of the creative process is folly since the necessary evidence is not obtainable. It can only lead to confusion of thought, and faith itself, if we suppose that the history of creation requires human science to explain its teaching.

This of course does not imply that man must cease in the quest for knowledge and understanding, because one of the few human activities really worthwhile is the search for knowledge. It should also be noted that the closer we get to an understanding of creation the closer we get to our Creator. We should make maximum use of these God-given talents to appreciate, as much as possible, the meaning of omnipotence and man's place in the grand design of creation.

Our sun—an average, run-of-the-mill star, is really a gigantic fusion (H-bomb) type nuclear furnace. Its dimensions, for what they are worth, are as follows: about a million times the volume of the earth, weighing more than two octillion (two billion, billion, billion) tons. We know its mass from the gravitational pull of the sun on the earth, which can be measured by the curvature of the earth's orbit. This vast swirling cauldron of violently hot gases consists mainly of hydrogen and helium.

Deep in the core of the sun, under extreme pressures and temperatures, the conditions necessary for fusion are present. Incidentally, these extraordinary circumstances can be created here on the earth in the form of atomic bombs. It is this A-bomb that serves as a fuse,

or trigger, for the hydrogen, or thermo-nuclear bomb.

To make a long story short, the hydrogen in the sun is fused into helium. About 600 million tons of hydrogen are converted into helium each second. During this conversion process a "small" amount of matter is changed into energy, and this energy is radiated in the form of light and heat throughout the solar system. This small amount of matter that is lost, called mass defect, amounts to four and one-half million tons of sunlight each second! No, this is not a misprint—four and one-half million tons of sunlight a second. Even at this prodigious rate of producing energy a star like our sun can shine for nearly two billion years by expending only about one percent of its supply of mass, or fuel.

Our earth, basking in the light and heat of the sun at a distance of 93 million miles, receives only one two-billionth of the energy the sun emits.

Oh, what is man with his puny H-bombs and intercontinental missiles!

At the present time astronomers take a very dim view of the universe. This is much more than a figure of speech because, to view the heavens, one must first look through a restless and dirty atmosphere. Much important information about the sun and stars does not reach the earth because it cannot penetrate our dense atmosphere. In a sense, it is like being able to hear one note from a standard piano keyboard. Many ingenious techniques have

been employed to gather enough light to expose photographic plates. Some exposures require many hours of painstaking work.

The proper analysis of starlight will reveal much information about its parent. For example, the temperature of a star can be determined, the size of the star can be measured, and the exact chemical composition can be ascertained. As a matter of fact, the element helium was discovered on the sun before it was found here on the earth. In addition, the motion of the star, its velocity, and direction of movement can be defined.

It is almost a tragedy that this precious starlight, with its wealth of information, after traveling thousands of years on its journey to the earth, is lost during the last thousandth of a second in our turbulent atmosphere.

Certainly man's quest for knowledge has reached staggering proportions. It seems as though the more we learn the more there is to learn.

If the ancient psalmist could look into the starry night and proclaim the glory of God, how much more can we make that declaration. Science, rather than diminishing the majesty of God, has given us a greater revelation of the Almighty, for all that is revealed by reason, intuition, observation, or authority discloses the one and absolute Creator. ■ ■

Everyone admires the young man who strikes out for himself—unless he happens to be a ball-player.—Anna Herbert.

The Surge of Ecumenism

The "sudden changes in the ecumenical climate has been bewildering to Protestants and Catholics alike," declared Dr. Ed Espy, General Secretary of the NCC. He shared the speakers' platform at a general assembly meeting of the Illinois Council of Churches with the Most Reverend John P. Cody, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago. Several thousand Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox churchmen attended the meeting.

Opportunities for Summer Service

The Board of National Missions of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027) is now offering both adults and youth opportunities for voluntary summer service in interfaith and interracial programs. Write for detailed information.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Sign in a small park in Chicago: "No ball playing. No bicycle riding. No pets. Remember: This is your park!"

The Great Indian

WHEN WE mention the word "Indian" in sports we automatically think of the outstanding Sac warrior, Jim Thorpe. This great athlete who participated in the 1912 Olympic Games in Stockholm astounded the sports world by copping the grueling pentathlon with such a high score that it matched his nearest rival almost double! He then won the decathlon with four firsts and finished high in the other six. The King of Sweden was so overwhelmed with his prowess that he presented him with a special trophy of his own, a beautiful Chalice in the shape of a viking ship. The discouraging part of these games was when he had to return the trophies he had won because a sports writer from Massachusetts discovered he had played semi-pro ball in the summer of 1911. His victories, although stricken from the official Olympic records, are still compared with those of modern victors.

This super-athlete alone could have been a star in the thirteen various sports that he had mastered. In football he had no equal; he was twice named on Walter Camp's All-American teams (1911 and 1912). In more than thirty college games that he played in he never needed a time out! In 1912, his last year at Carlisle he scored twenty-five touchdowns and amassed 198 points!

He was such a good all-round baseball player that, before his college career was over, there were five major league ball clubs bidding for his baseball talents. Believe it or not, he was purchased by the New York Giants in 1913 for only \$4,500! McGraw, the manager, and a hard man in baseball, could not foresee the talent in Jim and used him mostly in pinch-hitting roles. However, his excuse when Jim was sold to the Boston Braves in 1919, was that Thorpe could not hit a curve! Jim proved this statement to be false because in the sixty games he played for the Braves he batted .327.

Jim played in sports until he was over 41. Forty years after his playing days were over he was chosen the Greatest Male Athlete, Greatest Football Player, and took second honors as the Greatest Track Performer . . . and if he had been given the right chance many sports authorities would have chosen him as one of the Greatest Baseball Players.

—Mario De Marco

Why Go To Church?

By Raymond M. Veh

IN COLONIAL Philadelphia there is old St. George's Methodist Church, and historic center. In one room is the picture of Captain Thomas Webb. He was a British soldier who became one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers of the eighteenth century. John Adams heard him preach and said that he "reaches the imagination and touches the passions" and expresses himself with great propriety,"—always commendable traits in a preacher.

When Captain Webb put in his first appearance at a Methodist meeting in New York, strong men trembled, as well as they might: they took him for a British spy. With his portly bearing, a black patch over a missing eye, his snapping-turtle jaw, he looked more like a pirate than a parson. It was when he began to preach that you forgot these things. And you were bound to listen, for Captain Webb had a

characteristic way of beginning a sermon: he would open the pulpit Bible, draw his trusty sword out of its scabbard, and lay it across his text. As long as Captain Webb's blade was on the Book, that preacher had an audience with its attention riveted on him. No one dared to move.

They have that old sword of Captain Webb at St. George's. When we saw it, we wished that it might be placed across the Scriptures in multiple sanctuaries each Sunday morning. It would say to us that the church is tough.

The Church Is Tough

It has endured for twenty centuries. Today we don't talk of it in terms of toughness. Compared to the obvious power of the state of the Army, the church appears to be utterly helpless. But in truth there is something in it which is upheld by all the might of the universe, and

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O come, let us worship and bow down,
let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker! (Ps. 95:6).

its foundation goes down to the rock-bottom absolutes of life.

There is something about Jesus that finds men, even when they try to escape him. In spite of all our denials and pretensions, everything that is good in us responds to him; so the church of Christ, even when most derided, can no more be topped over than Jesus can be destroyed.

A man once said to Carlyle: "Did you know that Christianity is on its last legs?" And Carlyle replied, "Christianity is always on its last legs." The church always seems to be living precariously near to destruction, but it lives and it grows, because it is tough.

Going to church aligns us with all the forces of righteousness furthering the extension of God's kingdom in the world. The truth is that the world is not a bit anxious to have

that kingdom come. That is the evident theme of history. There are other powers which have an interest in this world also and which are trying to keep their hold on life. It is a tremendous struggle which has been going on for years. It makes our human wars small and inconclusive by comparison.

Read through several of the hymns of the church some time and see how frequently they begin with the sense of a great conflict. For too many people, religion is just a matter of their personal thoughts about God and a Christ who died as an example to be followed within reasonable limits. That misses the mark completely. Look at Christian young people in East Germany today. They are up to the top of their heads in conflict for God. They know what the army of God is.

There is no easy victory. There is no compromise—no truce with the world.

Wherever the church becomes weak, lifeless, and uncaring, wherever the warmth of life and love are withdrawn, freezing forces of evil wait to push in. It is a great conflict. The task is immense but to meet it there is "a noble army men and boys, the matron and the maid," with God in the midst offering himself as a fortress. Go to church because you see it is a beachhead in this titantic struggle and you are a sentinel at the very place where the enemy would love to breach the wall.

The Church Is a Fellowship

Go to church because it is the fellowship of all those who are Christians either in a certain community or in the world as a whole. They have certain characteristics which distinguish them as a part of this fellowship, and as members of the church. They are people who believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. They have so believed in him that they have repented of their sins and have announced their faith in him publicly. This faith and repentance have been expressed in the action of baptism. Because of this surrender of themselves to Christ, they have now become children of God and brothers and sisters of one another. Thus they are joined together in the fellowship of believers which we call the church.

God wants a family. He wants a family in which his love and goodness will flow freely from life to life. He wants a family where people will

live together sharing the pains and pleasures, the problems and laughter of a dedicated household. That's why you can't be a Christian alone. God will not allow it. The very fact that you are a Christian is evidence that you belong to a family. You have been given a name, a destiny, a position. You belong. You love. You share. You contribute.

Go to church because no other organization, lodge, or whatnot in your community stands for the high ideals and purposes for which the church stands. It teaches men to love one another. It knows no class or class distinction. It tells you that you are your brother's keeper.

The Church Calls to Worship

The church calls you to worship. Deep within you there is something which feels the need to worship God. And yet it is easy to forget that need, to push it aside for other activities which press into your busy life. Be glad for the church because its bells ring out to remind you that this is the Lord's day.

Go to church because you are admonished in the scripture to attend church regularly. The Apostle Paul knew the value of regular church attendance and he urged the early church to be faithful in assembling themselves together for worship. If Paul could speak to you today, this would be the burden of his message: "Not neglecting to meet together, as is the habit of some, but encouraging one another, and all the more as you see the Day drawing near" (Heb. 10:25). Go to church because the church belongs

to Jesus Christ. It's his church. "...on this rock I will build My church" (Mt. 16:18). The church has no earthly owner.

Its ownership is in heaven. It belongs to Christ. If you really love Jesus Christ as you should, if you

are a Christian, you will not neglect any service of his church when it's at all possible for you to attend.

The Church is the knot holding together the whole concept of Christian belief and life. Keep that knot tight by your loyalty to it. ■ ■

Operation Big Heart

By Jerry Poppink

MEDIA FEATURE SERVICE, HQ. MAC, SCOTT AFB, Ill.—It was a warm May morning in Athens as the black American Embassy car slowly picked its way along the rutted dirt road toward Ano Peffki, an outlying suburb. The Embassy driver, George Hadjigiannis, stopped again to count mailboxes.

He hailed a passerby, and after a short exchange in Greek, turned the



The magic tablets LaCour used to make soft drinks made him a wizard to Magda and her friends. It was fun to have such a good drink.





Magda (left), Elizabeth, and Lt. LaCour enjoy a happy moment together. Magda's support, through Foster Parents, costs the squadron \$180 a year. Divided among the 160 squadron members, the cost per "father" is only \$1.12 a year. A small cost for so much good.

car around and retraced his route among the helter-skelter assortment of pastel houses that lined the road.

"So many mailboxes this way, so many houses that way, back and forth, back and forth," the driver commented. "Is it worth it, Lieutenant?"

The crew cut Air Force lieutenant grinned. "I've come five thousand miles to see my daughter. I don't intend to give up now. Let's try again."

Finally, after more than two hours of searching, backtracking, asking questions and counting mailboxes this way and that, the car pulled up in front of a ramshackle, partially completed bungalow. A young Greek girl sitting on the stoop,

jumped up and ran back in the house. She emerged moments later with her mother.

"Magdalini Goudouna?" George Hadjigiannis asked in Greek.

The eight-year-old shied away, but the older woman stepped forward. "Yes, this is my daughter, Magdalini. Lieutenant LaCour?"

"Yes, this is Lieutenant LaCour," the Greek translated, "One of Magdalini's new fathers. He's come all the way from America to meet his new daughter."

The girl came forward again, beaming broadly and formally shook hands with the young American. Her words were foreign, but LaCour knew they meant "thank you."

FOR Harold LaCour, the little Greek girl in Ano Peffki was the end of the rainbow. LaCour, along with 160 other members of the 31st Military Airlift Squadron at Dover AFB, Delaware, became fathers the same day, when they officially adopted eight-year-old Magda—as she is called—through the Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

LaCour had stumbled upon the idea the summer before, when he took a shine to an eleven-year-old street urchin in the Philippines.

The boy had been shining LaCour's shoes, while other youngsters were tossing their shoeshine earnings in a native game of chance.

"Why don't you play with the others?" LaCour asked.

"I can't," said the boy. "My sister is sick, and my family needs the money very badly. I bring it all home."

LaCour spent the next day with the boy (Eduardo), sightseeing and shopping. He met Eduardo's family and was moved by the poverty in which they lived. Impulsively, he left the family twenty dollars, and to this day, Eduardo writes regularly, telling of school activities and family happenings.

It was with what he later described as a "need to share this sense of self-satisfaction," that LaCour proposed to his fellow squadron members that the entire outfit chip in and sponsor an orphan. They decided on Greece—since the

How many young children remember their first coloring book? For American tykes, it will possibly be at age two or three, but for Magda, eight years old, it's a brand new world of color and creativity. Her clothes, donated by squadron members, were shipped to Magda prior to LaCour's visit.





Magda (right) plays ball with friend Elizabeth, outside the Goudouna home. LaCour brought the ball with him on one of his visits.

31st regularly flies transport missions through Athens—and dubbed the project, “Operation Big Heart.”

Through volunteer contributions, the squadron quickly raised the necessary \$180 and asked the Foster Parents’ Plan to find them a Greek child.

THE PLAN, founded in 1937, currently operates in Greece, Korea, Vietnam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Since its inception, it has helped more than 76,000 children of 30 nationalities, through the generosity of more than 600,000 “foster parents.” Of the fifteen dollars pledged each month, eight dollars goes directly to the child in cash. The remaining money is used

to provide new clothing, blankets, linens, medical care, school supplies, and tuition.

In February, the Plan reported back that they had selected Magda as the squadron’s new adopted daughter.

“We are delighted to learn that members of your squadron fly to Athens once a month and will have the opportunity to visit with the girl and bring her gifts. We know she will be delighted,” wrote Katherine B. Slevin, the Plan’s assistant director. “Please convey our gratitude to all who share in providing Magdalini with a measure of comfort and well-being and a hope for the future.”

In Athens, LaCour finally met Magda.

"With Mr. Hadjigiannis translating, Magda's mother explained that they lived on a total income of \$21 a month, ten of which went for rent," LaCour explained.

"Magda's father, a war veteran, had died in 1959 of tuberculosis, and her mother suffered from a crippling disorder of the spine which prevented her from working.

"Inside the house, there was a bed, a table and a lamp," LaCour continued. "There was also an ice-box, and although they had no ice, it was used for food storage. Cooking was done on a single plate kerosene stove, and a cold water spigot served the kitchen sink.

"Magda, of course, was very excited about the visit, since I had written before coming. She brought out all the clothes we had sent ahead and spent some time modeling them!"

After a short visit, Magda, Mrs. Goudouna, LaCour, and George Hadjigiannis drove to a large park in downtown Athens, where the eight-year-old had her first banana split. What excited her even more was her first ride in an automobile.

THE following day, Lieutenant LaCour again found his way to the Goudouna home in Ano Peffki—this time by city bus—as he did the next four days. Since there was no interpreter present during subsequent visits, communication was a small problem.

"But children the world over understand laughter and kindness," LaCour said, "so the language barrier was no great problem. And

each day I brought along another gift.

"I brought paper dolls, coloring books, rubber balls and the like, but she liked "Fizzies" the best. She was amazed at these "magic tablets" and called all of her friends in the neighborhood to see water turned into soda pop. They came to regard me as some sort of a wizard. Then we got all the children together and built a kite. It actually flew, too, much to my amazement!"

It was a tearful farewell in Ano Peffki, when LaCour finally had to leave. But he assured Magda that other squadron members would be visiting her and bringing her gifts from time to time—whenever a 31st squadron aircraft touched down at Athenai airport.

"When I got back to Dover," LaCour reported, "the ball really started to roll. In addition to our monthly pledge of fifteen dollars and the presents we had sent, the squadron wives got together and began collecting clothing for Christmas and for Magda's birthday on February 25th.

"What's more important, the wives decided to raise enough money to send Magda to a private school where she would learn English. As far as our 'daughter' is concerned, this is just the beginning of a brand new life—a chance she might never have had."

Eduardo, the eleven-year-old shoe shine boy in the Philippines, and Magda Goudouna will never meet, but yet they share much in common. Through the intervention of an Air Force lieutenant—and the

generosity of his fellow workers—two more youngsters will have an honest chance in the world.

Perhaps "Operation Big Heart" was best summed up in a recent letter from the Foster Parents' Plan: "Your generosity bolsters their morale and lifts their spirits,

making the next day a little more bearable."

(Editor's Note: For those interested in learning more about the Foster Parents' Plan, Inc., their international headquarters is 352 Park Ave., South, New York, N.Y. 10010. They'll be happy to hear from you.

Lift Up Your Heart

Whitewashing the pump won't make the water pure.—Dwight L. Moody.

In striving to become "men of the times" we may succeed too well and cease to be "men of the Kingdom."—C. S. Lewis.

The old news (news of the Gospel) is the new news and the good news.—Tennyson.

If we are going to talk about being relevant, we had better talk about being relevant to God. The modern mood will change before He does.—Louis H. Benes.

To hear some people talk you'd think that in advocating faith in God we were recommending a return to childhood. The truth is exactly the opposite. What we're trying to do is to get people to throw away the childish and the inadequate, to look away beyond the destructive and false values of this world and to rediscover the Living God.—J. B. Phillips.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is a fact—the most stupendous fact in history... If Jesus did not resurrect from the dead, then in the new tomb of Joseph there is a clump of bones and a small portion of dust. In that tomb there is a dead Christ and a dead religion, because it is the resurrection story that gives Christianity life and vitality.—Gerald B. Winrod.

Brief News Items

Faith in Young People

At a Christian education meeting in Dallas earlier this year, various speakers defended today's young people. Edgar Friedenbergsaid: Those who think of modern American young people as "loose, decadent, on the way down, are dead wrong." He called them "one of the more moral generations to come along in a long time." Howard Moody declared: "It would not be possible for youth to be pushing us older people on such issues as peace and racial justice without a deep residue of moral feeling." Malcolm Boyd spoke of "the underground church," and reported that young people are ignoring official structures in their search for "the whole church of Jesus Christ."

Bibles for Service Personnel

The American Bible Society reports that it has been giving the Scriptures to the Armed Forces since 65 Bibles were distributed to the *John Adams*, a US naval corvette of 24 guns, 150 years ago. Today the ABS gives approximately 1 million Bibles, New Testaments, and Scripture portions to the Armed Forces of the U.S. each year.

One-day Retreat for the 815th

A one-day religious retreat for

prayer and rededication was held on February 27, 1967, for personnel of the 815th Engineer Construction Battalion. It was tri-faith, consisting of special addresses, periods of personal counseling, and a banquet in the evening at which Chief of Army Chaplains (Maj Gen) Charles E. Brown, Jr. spoke. More than 700 persons heard his address on "Message to Real Men."

It was a long time ago now but here is a lovely scene from a pageant, *The Gift of Christmas*, produced last Christmas by the Sunday school pupils of the Carlisle Barracks Chapel. Shepherds were portrayed by (l to r) Ronald Ursano, Mark L. Browne, Jr., and James McMinn. Mary was Cynthia McMinn. The pageant was directed by Ruth Stotsenburg, director of religious education.





Groton, Conn., area civilian clergy meet with CDR. Robert W. Odell, CHC, USN, Staff Chaplain, COMSUBFLOT TWO, to discuss what more the churches can do to help young people going into military service; also how to develop better ties between the churches adjacent to military bases and the military personnel on the bases.

“A Man for All Seasons”

The Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches (Protestant) and the Roman Catholic Bishops’ Committee for Motion Pictures have given a joint award of excellence to the film “A Man for All Seasons,” produced and directed by Fred Zinneman. The film depicts the story of the Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More.

After the War—What?

The churches should begin planning now for a united effort to provide rehabilitation services for Vietnam when the war closes. This is the call from Dr. Howard F.

Schomer, executive director of the NCC Department of Specialized Ministries. Help will be needed with homeless refugees (now numbering 800,000); with the sick and maimed; with rebuilding; and the like.

Inductions Compared

It is interesting to compare current inductions into the armed forces with those of other years (during WWII, Korean War, etc.):

Year	Total
1940	18,633
1941	923,842
1942	3,033,361
1943	3,323,970
1944	1,591,942 ...
1949	9,781
1950	219,765
1951	551,770
1952	438,479
1953	471,806 ...
1959	96,153 ...
1962	82,060
1963	119,265
1964	112,386
1965	230,991
1966	382,010

(Figures from *The Reporter*, March, 1967.)

Accidental Death

The National Safety Council reports that accidents killed 112,000 persons in the U.S. last year to remain the nation’s fourth leading cause of death. Chief factor was the nation’s traffic toll of 52,500. Motor-vehicle deaths made up 47 percent of the 1966 accidental-death toll; falls, 18 percent; fires, burns,



FREEDOMS FOUNDATION AWARDS. Dr. Kenneth D. Wells, President of Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, congratulates some of the military winners of awards. From left to right, first row, Lt. Everett G. Hopson, USAF; Maj. Walter J. Kane, USAF; Sp5 Carol A. Howland, USA; Dr. Wells; RD1 John S. Parker, USN; left to right, 2nd row: JO2 Robt. F. Reilly, USCG; LCDR Maynard L. Sisler, USN; Pfc Johnnie B. Walker, Jr., USMC; A1C Marcel H. Warner, USAF; Capt Richard Wennberg, USA; 1 Lt. Thomas Whittle, USA; Howard Callaway, Chairman of Trustees, Freedoms Foundation, looks on. Sp 5 Howland was awarded an Encased Geo. Washington Honor Medal and \$1,000; all others received Geo. Washington Honor Medal and \$100.

and deaths associated with fires, 7 percent; drownings, 6 percent. All other types accounted for 22 percent.

The economic loss for 1966's accidents was estimated at about 19.5 billion dollars. Disabling injuries numbered about 10,800,000, including 420,000 that resulted in some degree of permanent impairment.

Separation of Church and State

A statement issued by Americans United for Separation of Church and State, points out: "Religion thrives best without the financing or management of the state, and no government has ever prospered when it began to tamper with re-

ligion." Protestant and Roman Catholic leaders alike were urged to "desist from political posturing and to concentrate on the spiritual needs of men which loom larger today than ever before."

Billy Graham in San Juan and London

Billy Graham's 90th Crusade took place in the 21,000-seat Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan, Puerto Rico, from March 19-26. Later, in June, Graham returned to England for an All-Britain Crusade which linked 27 major cities of England to London for closed-circuit television meetings.

The Link Calendar

JULY begins the second half of the year. It is the 7th month. Named July in honor of Julius Caesar. Caesar was born this month and fixed its number of days—31.

July 1. Birthday of the 1st U. S. postage stamp. Stamp collecting is found to be an interesting hobby by many people.

July 1-8. Let's Play Tennis Week. One of the best games of all.

July 1-Sept. 30. Athens Festival, featuring Ancient Greek Drama.

July 2. Independence Day Sunday. 7th Sunday after Pentecost.

July 2-8. Safe Boating Week. Watch your oars! Your boat. Be safe.

July 4. Spend some time thanking God for this great country. And stay home to celebrate; it's safer.

July 5. Farragut Day. Commemorates the birthday (1801) of the first Admiral, U. S. Navy.

July 5-9. Laramie Jubilee Days, Laramie, Wyoming.

July 6. Commemoration Day of the Burning of John Hus. Czechoslovakia.

July 9. 8th Sunday after Pentecost.

July 9-Aug. 6. Hans Christian Anderson Festival, near Odense, Denmark.

July 10-14. National Cherry Festival. Traverse City, Mich.

July 11. John Quincy Adams' birthday. 6th President of the U.S. Born this day in 1767.

July 13-18. American Indian Exposition. Anadarko, Okla.

July 14. France. Commemorates capture of Bastille on this day, 1789.

July 16. 9th Sunday after Pentecost. Also All-Texas Jazz Festival.

July 16-22. Captive Nations Week.

July 20-23. WAVES 25th Anniversary Convention. Write LCDR Norma M. Batchelder, P. O. Box 1468, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.

July 20-Aug. 15. Munich Opera Festival, Munich, Germany.

July 21. Music and Drama Festival, World Assembly of Choirs, Tel Aviv, Israel.

July 22-Aug. 7. Pan American Games. Winnipeg, Canada.

July 22-Sept. 9. Oregon Shakespearean Festival. Ashland, Oregon.

July 23. 10th Sunday after Pentecost.

July 23-28. International Exposition of Professional Photography. Des Plaines, Ill. 60018.

July 25-30. Frontier Days, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

July 26-Aug. 5. Flint Olympian Games. Flint, Michigan.

July 26-Aug. 31. Salzburg Music Festival. Salzburg, Austria.

July 30. 11th Sunday after Pentecost.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. **"I Pledge Allegiance"** (page 7)

Biblical Material: Matthew 22:17-22; Acts 21:39

What is patriotism? Is it out-of-date? What does responsible citizenship call for? How is the Christian a citizen of two worlds? How does a military person work for peace?

2. **Friendly Northern Neighbor** (page 17)

Biblical Material: Matthew 28:16-20

What does this article tell you about Canada that you did not know? Why have Canada and the United States been such good neighbors? What lessons do we learn from Canada's churches? In what ways have the churches been moving toward ecumenicity? Do you believe in the union of churches? Why or why not?

3. **A Day in a Chaplain's Life** (page 30)

Biblical Material: Titus 1:5-9

According to Titus 1:5-9, what are the qualifications of a good minister? How do chaplains meet these qualifications? A small pamphlet says: "Meet Your New Pastor—the Chaplain." How is this true? In what ways can the chaplain help military persons?

4. **Blessing in Disguise** (page 37)

Biblical Material: Genesis 50:15-21

How did the "bad breaks" which came to Joseph pave the way for "good breaks"? What are some of the blessings you have received "in disguise"? How does adversity bring us a sense of the reality of God? Does God have a purpose for every life? How does one find that purpose and work toward achieving it?

5. **Why Go to Church?** (page 50)

Biblical Material: Matthew 16:18; Hebrews 10:25

What are some of the excuses people give for not going to church? How reply? Give five good reasons for church-going. Why has the church continued through twenty centuries? What does the church mean to you? How is the military chapel related to the church?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Sacred Sixty-Six by Rolf E. Aaseng. Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. Fifth St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415. 1967. \$2.95.

An attractive title and a good book—"introducing the books of the Bible." It is not a profound book, was not meant to be; it is for the beginning student who would like to know more about each of the 66 books of the Holy Bible.

What Jesus Proclaimed by Ray W. Ragsdale. Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. 1967. \$3.50.

12 excellent sermons by the pastor of the Catalina Methodist Church in Tucson, Arizona, based on the fundamental truths Jesus proclaimed. Simply yet profoundly, the author amplifies what Jesus taught—that God is like a father; all men are brothers; people have value; character is primary; service is supreme; prayer is essential; faith is fundamental; possessions are perilous; God's will is central; love is unbeatable; life is eternal; and discipleship is demanding.

Letters from Vietnam. Edited by Bill Adler. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 201 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. 1967. \$3.95.

The Letters of Pfc Richard E. Marks, USMC. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. 1967. \$3.95.

There has been much discussion on Vietnam—by politicians, by opposition groups, by correspondents. But how do the military personnel who are there—and who are giving their lives, some of them—how do they feel? These letters will tell you. Bill Adler's selection is from many servicemen representing all the armed forces. The letters of Pfc Marks present a vivid picture of one Marine—from boot camp to his death.

Official Sports Record Book 1967. Compiled by *the New York Times*. Bantam Books, Inc., 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1967. \$1.00.

What happened in all sports during the year '67; also a listing of all-time records. A lot of book for a dollar.

Hitler and Nazism by Louis L. Snyder. Bantam Books, Inc., 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1967. 60 cents.

We are prone to forget the past, especially when it is displeasing. Professor Snyder's brief but comprehensive biography of Hitler reveals the Nazi leader as the crazy man he was; and we see again all the unbelievable horrors perpetrated upon the world by this megalomaniac.

Sound Off! *(Continued from page 4)*

Enjoys THE LINK

Our congregation enjoys THE LINK. It meets our needs in a very direct way.
—LCDR Lee L. Davis, CHC, USN, Box 35A., Naval Air Sta., FPO New York 09593

Proud

We are especially proud of your publication, THE LINK. The servicemen of Turley Barracks enjoy the many fine articles which appear in your dynamic magazine. Enclosed is a check for the renewal of our subscription.

—Ch (Maj) Jack S. Parham, Bn Chaplain, Samuel F. Turley Chapel, Hq. 181st Tran. Bn, APO New York, 09166. AETZEF-CH.

An Order from Vietnam

I would like very much to tell you that I really enjoy reading THE LINK. I am stationed in Vietnam. Your magazine has helped erase many "blue" moments on this tour . . . Enclosed is a money order. I would like you to send a year's subscription to my wife. I'm sure she will enjoy the magazine as much as I do.

—Sgt. Rileu Sullivan, somewhere in Vietnam.

Wants a Pen Pal

I was reading your February LINK and ran across the letter of a boy who wanted a girl's name to write to. I wish that you would send me a name or two because all I have is my mother to write to.

I read your magazine every day. I enjoy it very much. It gives me a spiritual uplift . . . I hope you will send me a name while I'm over here in Germany because I don't know what is going on in the States . . . Besides, I am lonesome. . .

—Pvt. John L. Curless, RA 16894128, 104th TC Co., APO New York, N.Y. 09166.

(The organization that handles pen pals for military personnel is: Letters to Vietnam Campaign, Miss Barinetta Scott, The Students' Assn., Union Bldg., 323, University of Texas, Austin, Tex. 78712.)

Change of Address

I have received two copies of THE LINK and sure enjoy reading it. My church has given me a year's subscription. I am writing you to let you know that I have been shipped to another station.

—PFC Harvey M. Peterson, RA 16971391, AADCP Section Box 78, APO Seattle 98701

(Individual subscribers should let us know well before their changes of address because we publish in advance; and we don't want anyone to miss any copies.—Editor.)

At Ease!



Lady Astor was no admirer of Winston Churchill. "There are two things I don't like about you," she told him one day years ago.

"What are they?" Churchill asked.

"Your politics and your moustache," she answered.

"Dear Madam," Churchill replied, "don't disturb yourself. You are not likely to come in contact with either."—*Parade*.

A famous actor was having dinner at a restaurant. During the meal a waitress, who had been eyeing him from the time she took his order, asked the actor, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

With his most charming smile, and trying to appear modest, he answered, "Perhaps you've seen me in the movies."

"Could be," she replied, "where do you usually sit?"—*Catholic Digest*.

An auctioneer asked his audience, "What am I bid for this bust of Shakespeare?"

A voice from the back of the store, said, "That isn't Shakespeare, that's Robert Burns!"

The auctioneer stammered, "The joke's on me. That shows how much I know about the Bible."—Jack Herbert.

Ask Any Hostess

Guests who eat and run can make
A hostess rave and rant,
But still they're not as bad as those
Who eat until they can't.

—F. G. Kernan

A mother, on her son's first day at school, sent along this note: "The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his mother's side of the family."—*Quote*.

Sir Thomas Beecham was listening to a singer who was auditioning for the role of the toreador in "Carmen." The man's harsh voice sounded like a bellow when it crossed the footlights.

After a few minutes, the conductor decided to leave. He turned to his assistant and said: "Tell him if he wants the role of the bull, it's his."—*Milwaukee Journal*.



