

the **LINK**

July 1959

PRESIDENTS ON THEIR KNEES

THE MAN IN THE DARK

WHAT KIND OF A GOD IS GOD?

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





Prayer for Freedom

America is gracious, kind to me
Beneath her wide protecting
wings I'm free—

Free as the wind to whisper,
speak or shout,

Free as the clouds to glide and
move about,

Free as the moon to circle earth
God's will,

Free as the river to splash and
race with skill

Over and over, again another
day.

Lo, while the river winds, I
watch and pray

Freedom will reach my brother
drawn with chains

Steadily clanking from his grief
and pains.

With faith I pray my brother
will be free.

And have the joy America gives
to me.

—ANNETTE JEAN HERNSTEIN



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A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 17 • JULY 1959 • NO. 7

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COVERS

Front-Back: In imagination, John Crandall takes us back to July 4, 1910—lemonade, romance, sack race, and orator!

Inside Front: Neahkahnie Mt. meets the sea. Oregon Coast. Photo by F. D. Silkey.

Inside Back: Graphic picture of flood victim in Tennessee. American Red Cross. Photo by Vetter.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by John Crandall and Edward John Smith. Occasional spots by Volk.

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“SLOW DOWN AND STAY ALIVE!”

The sign on the country road jabbed at me and I took my foot off the accelerator: "Slow Down and Stay Alive!"

I thought, A mighty message! Burn its way into my heart--and theirs!

Do we realize how much speed kills--on the highway, in the office, in the halls of congress, in the factories. Faster, FASTER, FASTER! What for? To earn a few more hours of leisure! Who for? Will we live to enjoy it?

Kill them off with our fast cars! Kill them off with heart trouble! Kill them off with our mechanized, soul-less machines!

But the Bible says: "Be still, and know that I am God." Wait a moment! Take time to pause, to pray, to think, to get better perspective. We'd better heed! "SLOW DOWN AND STAY ALIVE!"

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald.

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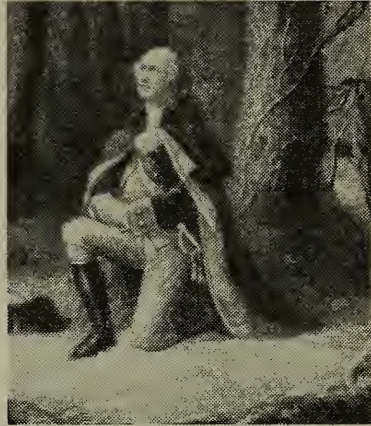
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All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

Presidents on their knees

by Florence K. Frame

From Washington to Eisenhower
our American
presidents have been
praying men



THE thirty-five word oath prescribed in our Constitution by which a private citizen becomes the president of the United States makes no mention of the Almighty. Yet, since ours is a religious country, custom has dictated the addition of four simple words, "So help me God," to make it a president's first official prayer.

If you scan through history, you will find that every president has called upon God to help him in his gargantuan task. President Eisenhower opened his first inaugural address with a prayer of his own writing:

"Almighty God," he prayed, "as we stand here at this moment, my future associates in the executive branch of Government join me in beseeching that Thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng and their fellow citizens everywhere. Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby and by the laws of this land.

"Especially, we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race, or calling. May cooperation be permitted

and be the mutual aim of those, who under the concepts of our Constitution hold to differing political faiths, so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and Thy glory. Amen.”

Even before he was inaugurated, the president opened each cabinet meeting with prayer, an act which re-emphasized how strongly our first citizens rely upon religious guidance to see them through their amalgam of worries and actions.



HISTORIANS agree that of all the tests to which a president of the United States is subjected, those of the spirit are the most severe.

George Washington spoke eloquently to God at the very first presidential inauguration. “It would be peculiarly improper,” he said, “to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to the 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, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to His charge.”

How often Washington prayed in private has never been recorded but it was his custom to seek the seclusion of the forest for these petitions.

Thomas Jefferson ended his first

inaugural address with the words, “And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.”

Later, at the beginning of his second term of office, having by that time realized more than ever the grave responsibilities of the office of president, he again asked for the favor of “that Being in whose hands we are. And to whose goodness I ask you to join me in supplications.”

Abraham Lincoln, elected to the presidency during the nation’s turbulent pre-war years, saw in religion a basis for unity. In his inaugural address he pleaded with his fellow countrymen not to be hasty in their actions but to turn to God for guidance.

“Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty,” he said.

Often, during the war, he called in some member of the clergy to kneel in prayer with him. Later.

when he was formally inaugurated for the second time, he observed that both the North and the South read the same Bible and prayed to the same God.

"The prayers of both cannot be answered," he said. "The Almighty has his own purposes."

But he added, he would continue to hope and to pray that "this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

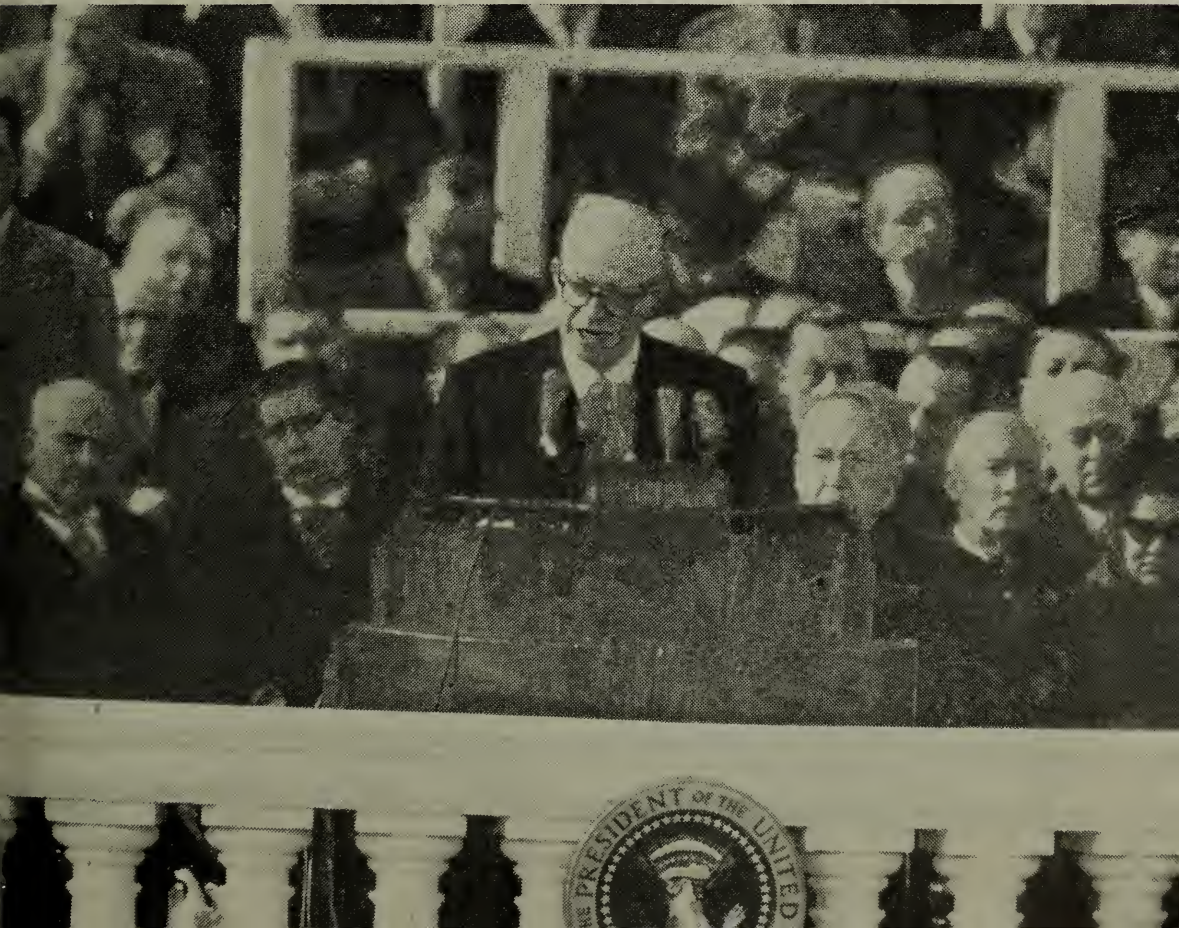
Lincoln became a president of great humanity and stalwart purpose, discovering with the years, unexpected wisdom and strength

within himself which had been nourished by prayer.

MORAL leadership is not only expected of the president, it is demanded by the millions who feel the chief executive must set the standards for his country. To maintain these standards without prayer, according to President Theodore Roosevelt, is an impossible feat.

When you read Roosevelt's life story, you can tell at once that he made outstanding additions to the arsenal of moral leadership. A Chris-

Dwight D. Eisenhower opened his first inaugural address with a prayer he wrote himself asking the Almighty to help him do what would benefit the country most.



tian in the same way that Washington and Lincoln were Christians, he was an unquestioned illustration of the type of man religion helps to build.

"Fear God and take your own part" was Roosevelt's creed. And by fear he meant to respect and revere. Once, while campaigning for the presidency, he could not be located. An associate finally found him on his knees in a secluded place where he was "paying his respects" to God.

Those who knew him well felt he must surely be on intimate terms with the Almighty since he addressed him so often. A political associate who accompanied him on many of his trips once remarked, "Unquestionably he believed in prayer, not only as a means of grace but as a personal help and consolation."

Woodrow Wilson, like Roosevelt, thought of God as a very real being, present everywhere and anywhere. It was his conviction that all things are subordinated to the will of God. When he accepted the presidency, he voiced a desire "to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the heartfire of every man's conscience and vision of the right."

To do so, he summoned all "honest, patriotic, and forward-looking men" to his side.

Born in a Presbyterian manse, Wilson was a devout man, faithful in public and private worship and in daily reading of the Scriptures. All activities of men, he believed, should serve the purposes of God.

In his second inaugural speech

before World War I had been won, he asked each man to see to it that the dedication to a high purpose was in his heart and mind. As to his own task, "I know now what the task means," he said. "I realize to the full the responsibility which it involves. I pray God I may be given the wisdom and the prudence to do my duty in the true spirit of this great people."

When in 1933, our nation verged on a disaster of entirely different proportions, a president again called upon God to help him give the people hope and courage. "In this dedication of a Nation," said Franklin Delano Roosevelt with bowed head at the end of his inaugural address, "we humbly ask the blessing of God. May he protect each and every one of us. May he guide me in the days to come."

With a physical affliction added to the tremendous burden of his office, Roosevelt found a reservoir of strength in prayer. Officially, however, he asked not so much for God's blessing as for "vision to see our way clearly—to see the way that leads to a better life for ourselves and for all our fellow men—to the achievement of his will to peace on earth."

Although three of our chief executives had no formal denominational affiliations, all were believers in the Almighty, seeking his help in good times and bad. They were certain, as you and I are certain, that the ultimate loyalty of any person or country should be to God and to action in harmony with his will.



The concept of an easy-going God lies at the root of much of the easy salvation so popular today.

What Kind of a God Is God?

by Elmer G. Million

POWERFUL engines roared as the giant jet liner settled into the glide path for the "dark alley" at New York's LaGuardia Airport. The fifty-nine-year-old skipper knew this airport well, and, like the other experienced pilots flying for American Airlines, he had no love for "the dark alley." Other runways at LaGuardia were equipped with lead-on lights and altitude instruments, but not this one. So the jet-liner lowered uneasily over the East River, heading for "the dark alley."

An instant later the giant ship

Dr. Million is director for the Department of Schools and Colleges of the American Baptist Convention.

struck water a mile from the runway, spewing passengers and wreckage from its torn body. The cold, treacherous waters of Hell's Gate in the East River revived some of the passengers, and pleas for help filled the air. Frequently heard was the cry, "Oh, God, save me!"

What is it that prompts man to implore God's help in time of danger? The roughest, toughest, most vulgar, "godless" person will in dire emergency forget his vaunted strength and cry aloud to God.

So it is not a question of whether you will believe in and serve God or not, for in the inner sanctuary of your soul you have already enthroned a God. The real question is, What kind of a God is the God you serve?

Many Ideas of God

Different men have different kinds of gods. One of my neighbors, a pilot, acknowledges a God who is like a giant jet motor—great power but mechanical insensitivity to the needs and hopes of man. As a Marine Corps pilot in the South Pacific in World War II this man started to think about life, the universe, and God. As a scientist he was obliged to acknowledge the presence of power in the universe, and he saw that this power has a structure, a form. Hence he must spell the word with a capital—Power. Further he could see no difference between the way war treated men—the religious were wounded and killed just like anyone else. So he concluded that God, who is primarily Power, really does not and cannot care for man. As a jet engine indiscriminately sucks air into

its hungry mouth so man is consumed by God.

Others often have an understanding of God which is the exact opposite of my neighbor's. Their God is all love and no power.

You see, you really can't escape. You are bound to serve some God, and that service is what we mean by the word religion. During a ride into New York by bus recently, my seat companion and I fell into a conversation about religion. He had been "raised a strict Methodist" but now he was beyond all such childishness. While others get up early to go to church, he enjoyed his home—and the newspaper. While other children were being stuffed full of nonsense, his daughter was reading George Bernard Shaw, who "knew more Bible than anyone." Here was a man with his own church (his home) and his own liturgy (get up late, leisurely breakfast, read newspaper, glance out window at nincompoops scurrying to church, supervise reading of Shaw, and "enjoy" his home). He had a savior (Shaw) and an ethic (treating people decently). In the last analysis he was a self-made man, and he worshiped his creator.

From these illustrations we can see that it is important for a person to examine his conceptions of God.

God Is Creator

I believe the Scriptures reveal four great things about the nature of God. *First, he is Creator.* In the beginning he created heaven and earth. He created man. The book of Job says he makes the fishes of the

sea, the hippopotamus, and the hoarfrost. Further, he is revealed in his creation. He speaks to Moses through a burning bush. He manifests himself in "the cloud by day and the fire by night." The universe even now is in his hands, and he can and does speak to people through the beauty, power, and intelligibility of his creation.

God of History

Second, he is God of history. In history he called a people to serve him and him alone, and this he did in order to save the world. This Hebrew nation was established in order to be a light to the Gentiles, i.e., show what it means for a people to serve the living God. We all know that this people, Israel, let God down, and he found it necessary to constitute a new people, the Church, to serve his will.

A Righteous God

Third, God is righteous. He cannot and will not wink at evil. When David committed adultery and arranged the murder of Uriah, he did not get away with it; Nathan, God's prophet, confronted David with his sin and foretold the death of the child of David's illicit intercourse. Ahab and Jezebel arranged the murder of Naboth and the "appropriation" of his farm, but again God caught them; they both suffered violent deaths, as Elijah predicted. This sort of exoneration of God's righteousness is recorded time and time again in the Bible.

But his righteousness still rules us. The man who seduces every

woman he can is the man who will never enjoy real communion with any woman. The person who depends on alcohol for a good time is really a morbid slave. There are no more dissatisfied, lonely people than the "good-time Charlies." Sin and what always and naturally follows from sin constitute God's terrible, righteous judgment. Read Lillian Roth's *I'll Cry Tomorrow* and you'll see what this means.

As a nation we feel God's righteous judgment also. The depression of the 1930's was a judgment on our selfish, short-sighted economic practices of the 1920's. Wars since the 1940's are judgment on our failure to accept the responsibilities of world leadership after World War I. Your being in uniform now is witness to God's righteous judgment. Juvenile delinquency is judgment on a deteriorated home life. Right now we as a nation are neglecting or mistreating education; our judgment will be visited on us in the 1960's and 1970's. Then we will probably lead a more anxious, frustrating existence by far than we now do. Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

God Is Love

Fourth, and last, God is love. This may sound strange coming right on the heels of righteousness. But there is no inconsistency. The Indian brave who insisted that his son expose him-

self to the dangers of the wilderness illustrates the point we are making here. The young lad was required to spend a night out in the open alone, and he was thereby a prey to every wild beast of the forest. But when dawn broke, he discovered that his father had been on watch nearby all the time. Out of love the Indian father one day had to send his son on the hunt alone; only by this means could the son become a brave. Just so with God, because he wants us to "quit ourselves like men." To be a man is to be free, and to be free is to be in a position where we taste both judgment and redemption. Both these eventualities grow out of God's love.

Love is a word with many meanings. We begin to understand God's love only as we meditate on the meaning of the crucifixion.

So God is the righteous, redeeming Creator of all things who seeks to establish his kingdom among men. But let us bear in mind that this statement, as is the case with all human statements, is inadequate. We may darkly apprehend what God is like, but we do not see him in his fullness, beauty, and power. Indeed no man hath seen God, but this is due not to any attempt on God's part to hide himself. Rather it is due to the self-centeredness and weakness of man the sinner. In the last analysis we are best advised to listen to God himself and to look at his acts of self-revelation. ■ ■

WELL SAID: The biggest problem facing most wives is the one sitting across the breakfast table every morning.—Ken and Pat Kraft. . . . Anybody who's calm these days probably isn't well.—Franklin P. Jones.



The Man in the Dark

by Robert A. Elfers

THERE'S a train east out of St. Louis that leaves about 11:15 at night, and Atkinson and I finished the job in time to make it. I got us roomettes, knowing he'd like to travel in style, and we split up as soon as we were on board. I told him I'd stop by and pick him up in the morning on the way to the diner. It took me about thirty seconds to get to sleep.

He was waiting when I came by so we went right on up to the diner and ordered breakfast. We were watching the gray and sodden Ohio countryside reel by when the chair

next to mine banged against a table leg. I turned around and saw a smiling man looking at me. His glance slipped from me to Atkinson and quickly back to me. He sat down and said, "Good morning. Mind if I join you gentlemen?"

There were empty tables in the car, but I supposed that the steward had some reason for filling up the ones already in use. "Come ahead," I said. I didn't know how Atkinson felt about it, but after all, the guy was already sitting there.

The coffee was good, sipping hot. After a couple of swallows, I said,

"Paul, what do you think we ought to report about those ducts?"

Atkinson shrugged. "Say what happened, that's all."

He and I were pretty good friends and we joked a lot. I said, "That the best you can figure out? You got no imagination, man."

He just grinned. I could always get a grin out of him.

"You fellows work together?" the man next to me inquired.

"Yes," I told him. Then, because there was something eager about him, I added, "Air conditioning. A plant in St. Louis just installed one of our systems and Atkinson here and I had to go out and iron out some wrinkles for them."

He nodded. "I'm a contractor, so I know a little what you do. Dad and I have our business in Harrisburg. We're building a branch there for Litwitz in St. Louis. Ever hear of the company?"

I shook my head. Paul said, "No, I haven't."

The fellow suddenly held out his hand to me. "Acton Moore."

"Oh!" I took his hand. "I'm Bill Shaul. My friend here is Paul Atkinson."

Moore did a strange thing. He stood up to shake hands with Paul and the expression on his face became serious and intent. "I'm very happy to meet you," he said.

The eggs and the ham arrived, and we ate for a few minutes without talking. Then Moore motioned with a hand toward the rainy scene outside. "This is the life, isn't it? Here

we are traveling fifty, sixty miles an hour, eating a good, hot breakfast, and look at that mess outside. Makes me think of Korea—the contrast."

WELL, I thought, more war stories. You get some guys together who don't have much else in common and sooner or later they'll get around to reminiscing about Europe or Africa or the South Pacific—or Korea. It wasn't taking Moore long to get on the subject.

"I can remember rain like that," he said. "And cold. I've never been so miserable."

Somehow, the way he looked made me believe him. He was well dressed and he carried himself like a young man, but his light blue eyes moved restlessly, the lines of his face were tight and thin, and his hands, nothing but bone, tendon, and skin, traveled from napkin to silver, to cup to face to coat to napkin. He was average height, light and bony.

"You fellows look about the right age," he went on. "You serve in Korea?"

I shook my head. "Not me. I had all I wanted a few years before." Then I remembered that Atkinson had once mentioned being in the army. I was pretty certain it was in Korea. "Hey, Paul, what about you? You were there, weren't you?"

ATKINSON was a fast man with a slide rule, but I had to laugh sometimes at that typical slow way of talking he had. Before he could

answer me, Moore leaned across the table toward him.

"Were you in Korea? Really?"

Paul said, "Yes, I was there."

"When? How about the summer of '51?"

"That would be about right."

Moore's face was flushed. "Ever hear of Dog Leg Creek?"

"Sure."

"What were you in? How about infantry? Was it infantry?" Moore was half out of his chair.

"No. Field artillery."

Moore's body sagged a little. "Are you from Alabama?"

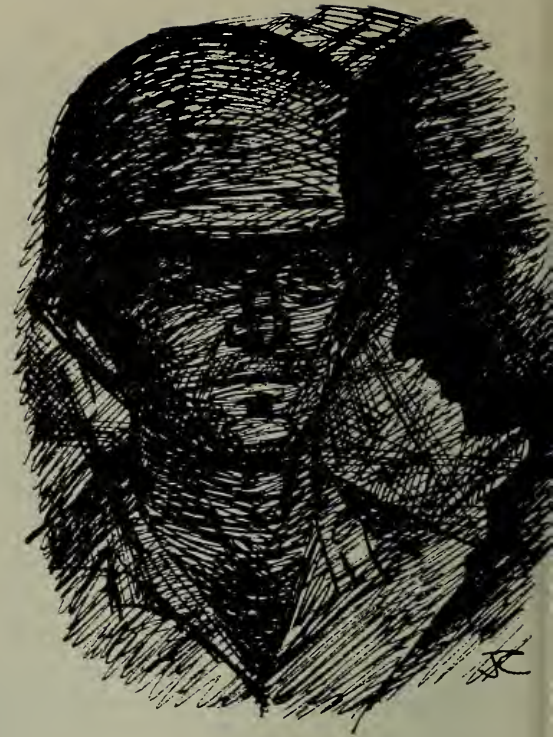
"What has that got to do with it?" I interrupted. It was a fool question to ask Paul. "You know, Moore, this has become a mighty strange conversation."

He sat back. "The name isn't right, either," he said to himself as much as to us.

The waiter brought us another pot of coffee and I filled our cups. For a few moments Atkinson and I looked out the window. Then Moore, reaching in front of me for the sugar, spoke again.

"Well, I was in Korea in '51, in an infantry outfit on the line along Dog Leg Creek. One night we got some replacements. The Commies must have known it. Maybe they'd been planning an attack and thought they would give us an extra dose to take care of the new men. Anyway, the next morning, when it was just light enough to see mist rising on the creek, they opened up with a terrific barrage.

"I got inside a shelter and a few other guys did and we were laying



there scared when a big one hit the entrance. It knocked me out. When I came to, everything was dark and quiet. I couldn't hear or see a thing. Then I realized that I was underground, trapped in what was left of the shelter. At about the same time, I found out that my arm was hurt. I was bleeding a lot."

MOORE had to stop because the waiter wanted his money. The three of us walked back to the next car and sat in the lounge.

"I was pretty sure I'd had it," he went on. "Buried alive and bleeding to death. I guess I must have moaned or something. Anyway, I heard somebody say 'Hey.' It turned out that this guy was in there with me. I mean, he was alive.

"He was a wonder, that guy. The first thing he did was bandage my

arm. In the dark, too, because we couldn't find any matches. He had a bar of candy and I had a canteen of water. He said, 'With this, we can live forever.'

"We found a timber that was loose. He said we ought to work on it but I thought it might bring the whole thing down on us. So we let it alone and just laid there. Air was getting in from somewhere—so we could breathe all right. We just laid there for hours and hours, talking once in a while about our homes and families and things like that. He was from Alabama, I think. You know, after it was over, I couldn't remember some of the details. He told me his name—something like Jenson or Johnson or Johanson—but I'm not sure.

"I began to get weak and pass out. When I'd wake up, he'd pray for us. It seemed like it brought God right in there with us.

"Well, we got out. He made up his mind to work on the timber after all. He'd push it back and forth and I knew he was doing it but I couldn't stop him. What happened was that our men occupied the line again, saw the timber waving, and dug us out."

Moore stopped and gave a long, deep sigh. Atkinson was listening with head bowed. "If I were you," I said to Moore, "I sure wouldn't be a contractor. I'd never go near a hole in the ground again."

He didn't seem to hear me. "But what happened," he went on, "was that I was unconscious when they got us out. I didn't come to until I was in a field hospital. And what

that meant—" he raised his eyes to me and spread his hands "—was that I never saw the guy who was with me. I don't know who he is. I tried to find out what happened to him, but things were all fouled up on the front and I never could."

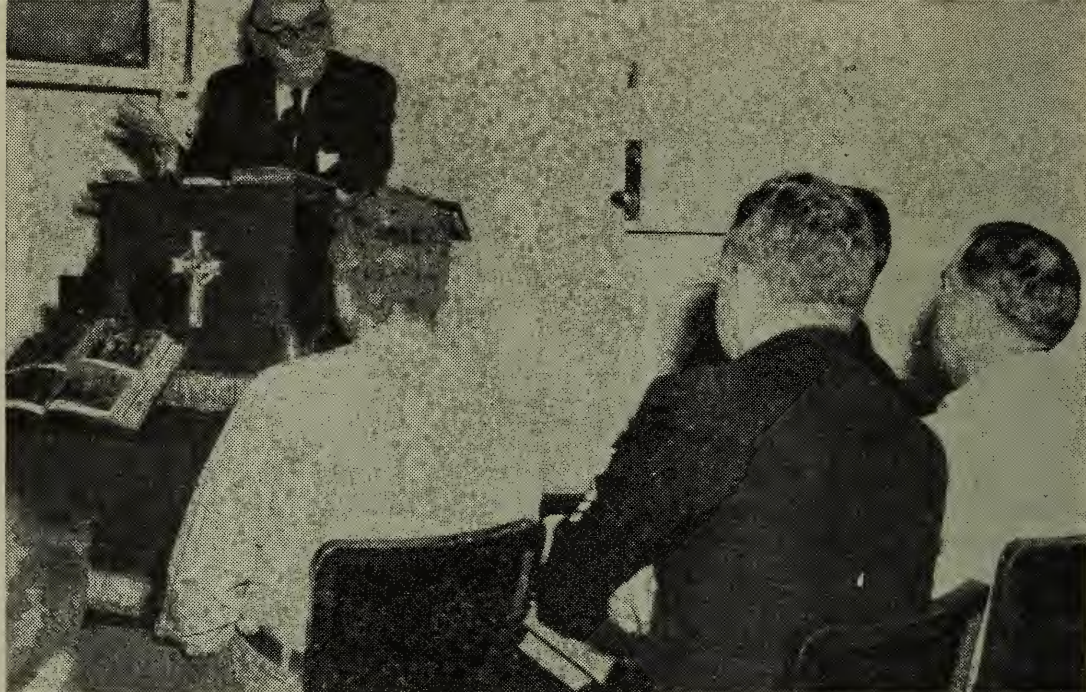
We sat there for a minute or so, listening to the rickety-rick of the wheels. Then Moore laughed. "It's quite a story, isn't it? And I sound a little bit nuts, don't I?" His light blue eyes swung away from me and he stood up.

"There's one thing I did learn about the guy who was with me and it's the reason that I sat down at your table this morning, Mr. Atkinson. It's hard for me to explain." Moore looked down at Paul and Paul looked up at him. "He's a Negro, too, Mr. Atkinson. I learned it when I came across one of the fellows who dug us out. I can't get over it. I never considered myself prejudiced, but you know I never really thought of a Negro as a human being just like me. And that's what he is. He's like me and I'm like him.

"So when I saw you in the diner this morning, Mr. Atkinson, I thought you might be him. Just possibly. I'd like to tell him thanks. That's all I could tell him, but I'd mean a lot more."

He stared at Paul for a moment more, raised his right arm in an awkward gesture between a salute and a wave, and went out.

Paul and I had worked together for about three years. I thought we were good friends. But sitting there in the lounge alone with him, I didn't know what to say. ■ ■



Dr. J. T. Peters of New York City preaching on the *Shenandoah* during mission.

WELCOME ABOARD

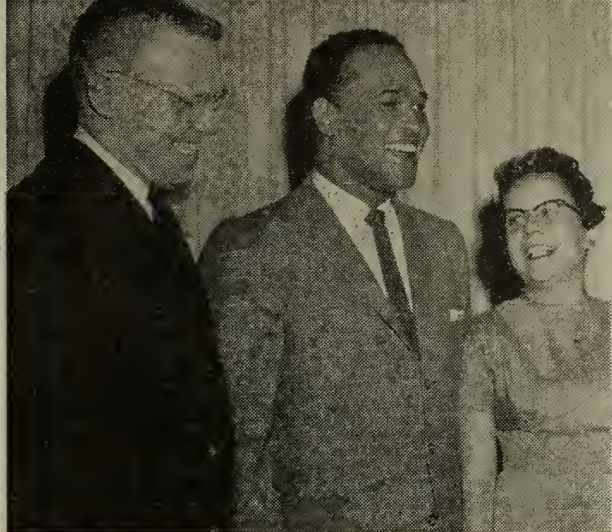
for a preaching mission

SOMETHING new in preaching missions began last March when the USS *Shenandoah* (AD-26) borrowed members of the United Preaching Mission in nearby Norfolk and welcomed them aboard their ship to conduct a preaching mission every day Monday through Saturday.

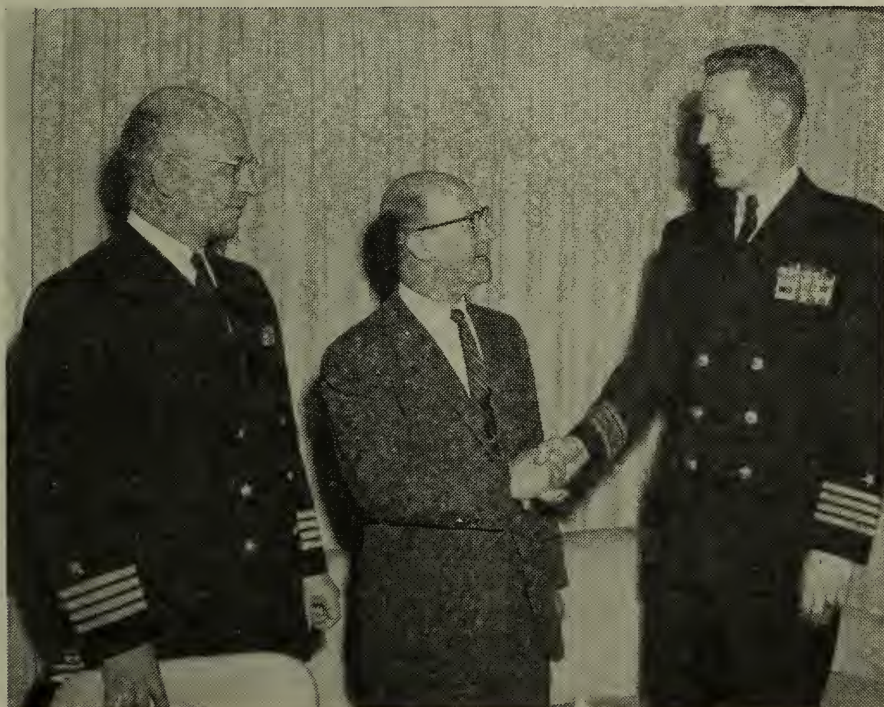
Five distinguished church leaders came aboard: The Rev. Dr. John Newton Thomas of Union Theological Seminary; Rev. C. Shelby Rooks, pastor of the Lincoln Memorial Congregational Temple of Washington, D. C.; The Rev. Dr. Wm. F. Dunkle, Jr. of Grace Church, Wilmington, Del.; The Rev. Dr. M. Ray McKay of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary; and the Rev. Dr. J. T. Peters of New York City.

Each day the visiting speaker was the luncheon guest of the ship's command and was given a brief tour of the *Shenandoah* as time allowed.

Lt. W. W. Odell, Chaplain, host to preaching mission and Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Rooks, Lincoln Memorial Church in Washington, D.C.



Capt. J. F. Dreith, Fleet Chaplain; Dr. John Thomas of Union; and Capt. R. B. Kelly, *Shenandoah* host to preaching mission.



The greatest shortstop in baseball

by Edgar Williams

ONE day last spring a member of the staff of a national sports magazine checked in at the training camp of the Chicago Cubs at Mesa, Arizona, and announced that he had come to get material for an article on the life of Ernie Banks.

"How long will you be here?" one of the Cubs' officials inquired.

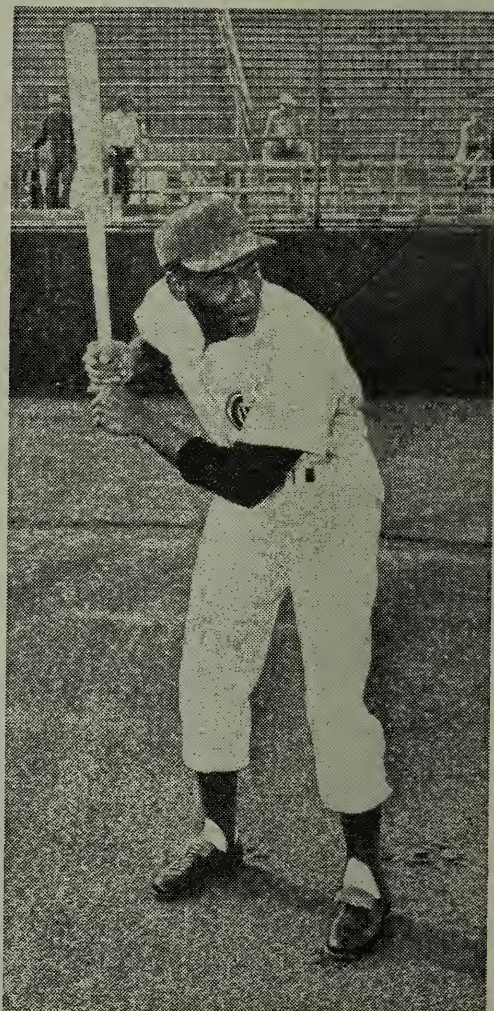
"About two days, three at most," the writer replied. "I have to be back in New York by Friday."

The official smiled. "I wish you luck," he said. "Ernie will be polite and cooperative, I know. But in only three days, about all you'll get out of him will be his name, and maybe his old Army rank and serial number."

Three days later, as the writer was preparing to leave the camp, he met the official again. "How did you make out with Ernie?" the latter asked.

"Man," said the writer, "that's the quietest ballplayer I've ever interviewed. He doesn't say much, does he?"

"No, he doesn't," was the reply.



"Banks isn't a talker. About all he is—well, he's the greatest shortstop in baseball, that's all."

Lest this appraisal by one of the Chicago team's official family be considered biased, herewith is another bit of evidence.

Before the 1958 baseball season began, another National League club dispatched an emissary to the Cubs to talk dollars and shortstops. Even in these inflationary times the talk was astounding, albeit one-sided.

"Would you," the emissary asked, "be interested in three hundred thousand dollars, plus our shortstop, in exchange for Ernie Banks?"

"Positively no," the Cub management answered.

"Well, then," said the emissary. "Suppose we increased the offer to five hundred thousand? A half-million dollars and our shortstop for Banks. Would that interest you?"

"No," the Cub executives said, without so much as one blink of an eye. Ernie Banks simply wasn't for sale.

It would appear, then, that while boosters of, say, Luis Aparicio, the Chicago White Sox shortstop, or of Dick Groat, of Pittsburgh, might quarrel with the "greatest shortstop" tag pinned on Banks, certainly Ernie wears the highest price tag among major league shortstops.

HAD the Cubs made the proposed sale for \$500,000 they would have received approximately thirty-three times as much as they paid for Banks. But then, of course, they no longer would have had Ernie. And when a team is in the rebuild-

ing process, as the Cubs are, a fellow like this is the cornerstone.

Last year, in only his fifth full season in organized baseball, Banks demonstrated what a cornerstone he really is. He led the Cubs to a tie for fifth place, two levels higher than they had finished in 1957. He walloped forty-seven home runs, more than anyone else in either major league. He drove in 129 runs and compiled a .313 batting average.

And when the 1958 season ended, the Baseball Writers Association of America voted Ernie Banks the National League's "Most Valuable Player."

What did Banks do when he heard the news of his election?

"I prayed," he says. "I thanked God for giving me these gifts."

These gifts include a marvelous batting eye and steel-spring wrists that enable Ernie to hit a baseball with much greater power than you might expect of a man who is built along the lines of a ramrod. For at six feet one inch and 175 pounds, Banks doesn't fit the popular conception of a slugger.

Not only is Banks a devastating slugger but he plays shortstop like he invented the position. A graceful athlete who moves lithely, his style of play is seemingly effortless. During a game he rarely shows any emotion. At times, some spectators have mistaken this for indifference. Actually, it is genuine humility.

"I've never heard Ernie make a boastful remark," says Bob Scheffing, the Cub manager. "He has plenty to talk about, but it's just not his way. Even after he hits a homer

with the bases loaded, he comes back to the dugout looking as if he is blaming himself for doing something wrong.”

BANKS is deeply religious, but he doesn't sound off about it. Rather, he “lives” his religion. He lives much more simply than many other sports stars who earn up to \$50,000 a year. Ernie and his pretty wife, Louise, occupy a pleasant but unpretentious home on Chicago's South Side. They regularly attend a Methodist church nearby. Their idea of a big evening is to go bowling or to a movie. Neither Ernie nor Louise smokes or drinks; they don't even take coffee.

“I believe,” declares Banks, “that when a person has been blessed with physical ability, it's his responsibility to take care of it. I've seen some fellows who had everything to make it big in baseball, but they threw it away. I don't intend to let that happen to me.”

Banks is a baseball rarity, in that he never played the game in high school and never spent a day in the organized minor leagues. He came to the Cubs late in the 1953 season from the Kansas City Monarchs, of the Negro American League. The Chicago team paid the Monarchs \$15,000 for Ernie's contract.

It is obvious now that this was one of the best investments in the long history of professional baseball.

To give the story an even odder twist, Ernie wasn't much interested in baseball as a boy. One of eleven children, he was born in Dallas, Texas, January 31, 1931. This was

during the depression, and the Banks family didn't have much in the way of worldly goods. But Ernie and his brothers and sisters were reared in a religious atmosphere.

Looking back, Ernie's mother remembers that he was an almost model boy. “He was regular at Sunday school and church,” Mrs. Banks recalls. “He shined shoes and mowed lawns to earn money for the family. He never gave us any trouble.”

Growing up, Ernie preferred softball to baseball. This didn't exactly please his father, Eddie Banks, who had been a semi-pro pitcher with Negro teams in Texas and Oklahoma. Frequently, the two would play catch, with the father extolling the virtues of baseball all the while. Young Ernie would listen patiently, then take off to get into a softball game.

At Booker T. Washington High School in Dallas, Ernie starred in football, basketball and track. In the summers he played softball with his church team. It was while playing softball that he was spotted by the owner of the Amarillo (Texas) Colts, a semi-pro baseball team, who signed him. Ernie agreed to play with the Colts, not because he had changed his mind about baseball, but because he was curious to learn, if he could, why the sport had such a grip on his father.

He learned. “I found out,” he says, “what a wonderful game it is.” He also played so well that in 1950, after graduating from high school, he was signed by the Kansas City Monarchs. His first time around the Negro American League, Ernie showed that he was a comer.



THE next two years, Banks was in the Army. He wraps up that phase of his life succinctly: "They took me in a private and sent me back the same way." Discharged in April, 1953, he returned to Dallas to marry Louise Ector, whom he had met at a softball game some six years earlier. Then he rejoined the Monarchs.

Ernie's play that summer attracted the attention of major league scouts. The Chicago White Sox had a chance to purchase him, but backed off at the last moment because, it was explained later, that Banks seemed too frail to be a full-time player in the majors. Finally, the Cubs offered the Monarchs \$15,000 for the young man's contract, and on September 14, 1953, Ernie joined the team. Four days later, Phil Cavaretta, then the Cub manager, told him: "You're in there at shortstop today."

In his undemonstrative way,

Banks says that this moment meant more to him than all the awards, home runs, and cheers that have come since.

Ernie has been the Cub shortstop ever since that day, except for a brief period at the beginning of the 1957 season when Bob Scheffing moved him to third base.

It is indicative of Ernie's character that in 1955, even though he had firmly established himself as a star by then, he politely turned down a group of his fans who wanted to stage an "Ernie Banks Day" at Wrigley Field, the Cubs' ball park.

"I appreciate the honor," he told them, "and I'm grateful. But I don't want a 'day.' I don't think I deserve it. I've been up here only two years, and I don't think I've yet proved myself a big-leaguer."

Ernie Banks has long since proved himself a big-leaguer. And not merely as the National League's "Most Valuable Player" or the finest all-around shortstop in baseball. There is, for example, the comment of Doc Schueneman, the Cubs' trainer, when he learned that Ernie had been voted the "Most Valuable Player" award:

"Success hasn't changed Ernie Banks," Schueneman said. "He's as nice a fellow today as he was when he first joined the team. He never makes any demands, and he asks no favors, even though he is the star of the team." ■ ■

The father of six old maid daughters was overheard praying: "Dear Lord, I am not asking anything for myself, but please give six eligible young men six deductible wives."

—Back Bay Breeze



GOOD NEWS? Who Says?

by Milton A. Heitzman

What constitutes the good news? How can this good news best be shared with others?

WHAT is the world really like? This question consumes the time of hundreds of researchers, social scientists, and news reporters. Comic strip artists, dramatists, and poets take a fling at saying to us, "The world is like this!" Then when the montage of their labor is put together the world looks like a community that has been hit by an atomic bomb.

If one wishes to do so, he can make a good case for doom, gloom, and the tomb. On the other hand the sunshine-and-roses, sweetness-and-light outlook can muster a lot of supporters, too.

Finally, however, when one sits

in the ivory tower of his own thoughts and views the world with its wars so numerous they are numbered, and its weapons of self-destruction so powerful they are measured in terms of millions of tons of previous power, one must say it seems more bad than good. In a world that is intent on leaving itself to rock and roll in the clouds of satellite smoke, one can readily believe that the bad news of man's accomplishments may obliterate the good news of man's achievements.

Bad news statistics accumulate when we view the areas of race relations, mental illness, crime and punishment, divorce, suicide, and our newest disease "moto-cide."

Have you ever heard of the lem-

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mings? They are small rodents of the North who periodically start their trot toward the Arctic Sea, plunge in and swim toward the horizon. It becomes a death swim and they commit compulsive suicide. Are humans like lemmings? I trust not.

Greater numbers are going to church. The search in religion causes publishers of popular magazines to present articles on faith and religion. Writers and speakers on the subject of Faith, Theology, and Religion are read and heard in larger and larger numbers. Man wants an answer.

What the Good News Is

What is the Good News? It is the love of God, Creator and Father, released in human hearts. It is the breaking of the chains of human bondage. It is giving oneself back to God. It is a partnership with one's fellow man and an empathy for him. It is a stretching, reaching, extended hand toward God.

This good news is often best seen in someone's life. Each of us has known someone from our childhood who showed the light of God in his own actions.

There was Mr. Gerhart (not his real name—he would be embarrassed) who was my Sunday school teacher, a farmer in a small community. His horny hands, bent with arthritis and whipped with winter's lashing wind grasped the Sunday school books and clumsily turned the pages. His words were poorly spoken and his ideas were clichés, copied, and read and repeated. There was little challenge in them from the book or from the writers

or from his reading. But his life was a challenge.

We knew how he faced the world with its gossip, its disappointment, its troubles. We knew how he faced economic loss and we knew how he faced death. We knew he had the answer. We understood, somehow, that his answers had come when he confronted God and accepted the rough robe of humility. Mr. Gerhart showed us the good news.

We sometimes can get glimpses of good news shining out of the splintered wrecks of humanity. As the bad news and destruction overwhelms a given life and as one sees a person consumed by the search for the negative we also know that here is one who is bitten deeply with the fangs of bitterness. Nevertheless, within that same life there will suddenly emerge a gleaming fragment of the good news. We see a man who has the courage to go on when failure has ruined him. We see the courage to change when cowardice and dishonesty have exacted their toll. We are aware of the forgiving spirit which overcomes the hatred that once dominated a man's life.

Men Around Jesus

Probably some of the best examples of this were in Jesus' own ministry. Hardly any of the characters surrounding Jesus, in his earth-bound march to show the face of God to all of us, were truly and completely redeemed. For them evil mixed with the good.

Peter was weak. John searched selfishly for power. Thomas was "from Missouri" and had to be

shown. Judas crumpled under his own aggressive wish for power and the women were all impatient. This man, who was the Son of God—the Nazarene—was surrounded by those who were the unredeemed, as we say in religious terms. Or in everyday language we say that bad news was their own answer.

You may recall other experiences Jesus had as he walked about his little known countryside. He once accosted a man up a tree with these words, "Zacchaeus, come down. I'm going to your home to eat with you." To this liar and cheat he offered friendship and understanding and the best in Zacchaeus was disclosed. The evil of his materialistic selfishness gave way to forgiveness and retribution.

The woman taken in adultery received no stones; only a challenge to go and allow God's goodness to flow through her.

The men of the hill of Calvary who were facing the death of criminals received forgiveness as they died with the Nazarene. So we have seen that the good news was carried long ago through Jesus to the world about him. In the historical development of the Christian church we see that something happened that was out of the ordinary. These followers of the good news were at the heart of the courage that brought the slaves out of bondage in Rome. In 1200 years' time they left their back room, fear-ridden meetings and became the material power of the centuries . . . from Rome the world was ruled and the church was at the center.

But again the good news changed to bad and materialism ruled the spirit and man was cursed for being man and God was forgotten.

Then came the reformers, the separatists, those who would cleanse the heart. History again shows that courage took the place of cowardice and life replaced death. Many individuals carried the good news.

It was shared. Martin Luther shared it; also John Wesley, John Huss, John Knox, the Puritans, the Calvinists, the Moravians and followers of Erasmus. All shared and the good news was out.

Share the Good News

Sharing this good news is one of the most difficult things to do. Yet when we have heard it and believed it, we naturally want to share it. This is what Christians have done throughout history. In this world of death we would like to bring life.

We are tempted to preach! We have received. We must tell. When we tell we sometimes get on a soap box. There high and lifted up we remove ourselves from the arena of understanding where we could reach out and give help to another "searcher."

Another temptation is to assume the air of piousness. In this we radiate the attitude that "I'm all good and clean—you are bad and uncouth." The redeemed one knows in real humility that except for God's own love and his redeeming power there would have been no cleanness, no forgiveness, no life. We are cleansed but we are still

men; we are not God and we only reach toward him and continue the struggle. Martin Buber calls this the "I—Thou" relationship and it must always be present in our awareness of the good news.

Still another temptation we have is to feel that once we have gained the heights, the depths can never overtake us. Let us not be caught in this snare. Even our Master cried out, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." And then for him, as for us, the real power came. "Nevertheless," he said, "nevertheless, not my will but thine be done."

Sharing the good news is best done through a real effort to stand in another person's shoes. From that vantage point, with one's imagination working, he will without a doubt see how he can share the message of the good news of God.

We can share by abandoning our criticism. We must realize that God's own judgment may be cutting enough. Most persons think of themselves as worse than they actually are. Guilt feelings put a pall of gloom over the hope that lies within one's soul. We, therefore, have only to pour out the healing fellowship of forgiveness as we have experienced it. This will help God to repair the ravages of the wounds of the lonely life. It is not through simpering, pampering, love but through the

strength given by one who carries the long vision, that healing life can be shared. This is our task.

It is also true that in the little events the large things will be known. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it for the least of these my brethren, you did it also for me." When the sick were comforted, when the thirsty got a cup of cold water; when the man in prison received a visitor; when the hungry were fed—these were the simple acts. In them is embedded the great idea of the good news for today. There it is! The good news of God is shared. It is shared through the humble understanding and the deep concern given with love.

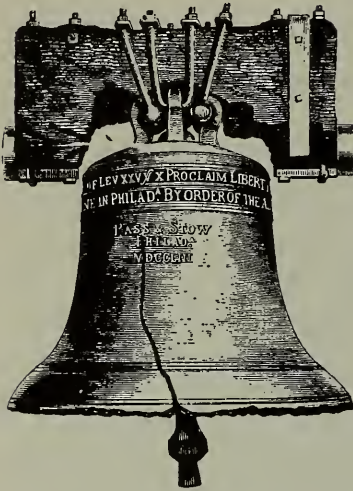
Many of us have a faith that God's way will always go on no matter what dictator or despot may deny him or attempt to crush his church. This is not necessarily so. God's own good news is carried in the hearts of the fragile human frames. Just people, persons now living take the message. It is written only in the books of our times and on the stone pots and other crushables of history. One wrong button and "swoosh"—only the blackened fragments are left upon which to build a future. Thus God's way is dependent on each of us to know, to hold, to carry with trust. Communication depends entirely on us. ■ ■

A RACE TO BE EXCITED ABOUT

There is one race I wish we would get more excited about—the race for souls. When American history is read in the light of eternity, that is the one race we will wish we had won more than all the others.

—Edward Simpson in *Alliance Weekly*

by Frank A. Tobey,
Chief of Chaplains,
U.S. Army



An Emphatic

ONE of the greatest blessings ever given to man is the blessing of freedom. God has so made us that we possess certain inalienable rights; among them is freedom. An individual man, made in God's image, is the most important thing on the face of the earth. A million Americans have died in combat and millions more have suffered in the wars of this Republic to prove it.

We sometimes speak as though our forefathers had guaranteed life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness to all generations of Americans. But this is not so. Freedom can never be guaranteed. Nor can it be imposed. It already exists in the hearts of all men where God placed it. It can be won only when men discover it within themselves, when they determine that freedom must be their own way of life, and then have the courage to act. This courage to act is important. A famous American once said: "There is a rank due to the United States among nations

which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity—it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

These words were spoken nearly two centuries ago by George Washington. He warned that the price of freedom—the price of our security—is adequate preparedness; that weakness invites aggression.

It is our humble desire to provide for the welfare and security of the United States through peace, not war. Our over-all national purpose is to live in freedom, preserve individual liberty, and perpetuate our way of life. Waging peace calls for sacrifice.

We are threatened by an international conspiracy, backed by the largest mobilized armed forces on earth. Communism has increased its

Declaration on Freedom!

Perhaps the greatest danger America has ever faced is before
it now—the possibility that international communism will destroy
the freedom for which our fathers before us have bled and died. . . .

territorial conquests until now it controls most of the Eurasian Continent from the Baltic to the South China Seas. It maintains its grip on these conquests with every sinister weapon in its arsenal—from propaganda to sabotage—and from deceit to outright military aggression.

OF equal importance is the menace of atheism, hate, and intellectual perversion which saps men's moral stamina and impoverishes their minds. The communists know that if they could destroy America, they would end all effective resistance to their plans to capture the world for communism.

Freedom and democracy are steeped in history and tradition. Too many men have lived in freedom ever to abandon it without a fight. It is fascinating to study the battle for freedom through the generations. Freedom came in conflict with old tyrannies and old autocracies. It was often knocked down, but it always

got up to fight again. It would fight, and lose, and then fight again. We read about it in ancient history when Moses stood before Pharaoh and said: "Let my people go." We read it again in medieval times when the barons stood before King John, and the great charter, the Magna Charta, was embodied into laws. We read it still again in the epic of Valley Forge.

When America was born, the hopes of many down through the ages were materialized. Here was a free People in a free Land who had shaken off the tyrannies of the Old World, setting up a government, not of the *elect* but of the *elected*.

The elected wrote laws which would safeguard the rights of men everywhere. Nowhere in human history have political documents embodied so clearly the Christian ideal of human dignity as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. "All men equal before God and the law,

endowed with rights unalienable.”

The rulers and the aristocrats of the Old World were appalled. They called it “mob rule.” They said it could not last. But masses of people everywhere took new heart. It was the concept for which the world had been preparing for thousands of years. The birth of this nation stimulated a new surge of freedom everywhere. The trends in all lands turned in the direction of freedom.

Communism is committed against freedom. Free minds are prohibited in the communist system. It is a system that can function only when people surrender their dignity and right to think. By purges, by use of terror and intimidations, human beings are stripped of their dignity, to say nothing of their rights. This is not for Americans!

THE ability of our nation to stand firm and unshaken in our freedom rests upon our religious strength and stability, our unswerving purpose and our eternal vigilance. The steel of America’s religious spirit will always be her most formidable armament.

The man behind the gun, as well as the gun, is the concern of our Army leaders. The weak, immoral individual handicaps society—civilian and military. “Give us good men,”

the Army says, “and we will keep them good.”

Our goal for preparedness is peace. Our objective is a peaceful, livable world of free peoples. The hand of the aggressor is stayed by strength, and by strength alone.

What can we do for the preservation of freedom? We can strive realistically and imaginatively to prove that a free government is a better system than a dictatorship. Most important, though, we should not take freedom for granted. We must work for it, sacrifice for it, and keep it safe. We are endangering freedom when we sit back and assume no responsibility. We must demonstrate to the world our willingness to fulfill our responsibilities, responsibilities inherent in the dedication to “certain unalienable rights” and inherent in our position of strength.

Freedom is a way of life and a responsibility that is ours. We must see to it that our country remains strong. We must never think that the part we play as individuals is so small as to be of no importance. We can provide faith and teamwork. If these things are done, the sum total can amount to a powerful force of preparedness.

This is the price of freedom and security. The price is not too great for the value received. ■ ■

WORDS THAT LIVE FOREVER

What man says is of little importance, for what a wise man says today, a still wiser man will disprove tomorrow. But what God says is of infinite importance, for while heaven and earth may pass away, God’s words shall never pass away.

—R. A. Torrey in *You and Your Bible*

Letter from Commanding Devil

by R. G. Hutcheson, Jr.

FPO, Hades

CONFIDENTIAL
Security Information

From: Commanding Devil

To: All Duty Devils and Tempters

Subject: Offensive and Defensive Tactics

1. Experience has shown that when Enemy forces take the offensive, whether on a large scale as in the "crusades" of that notorious Enemy agent, Billy Graham, or on a small scale by an individual serviceman in his own barracks or working area, we generally suffer defeat. All Tempters, therefore, must seek to keep individuals assigned to them on the defensive.
2. A follower of the Enemy must be encouraged to believe the following lies:
 - 1) That he is in the minority.
 - 2) That the majority consider him an oddball for practicing his religion.
 - 3) That the burden of proof is on him, to justify his religion.
3. Having persuaded the follower of the Enemy to take a defensive stance, a skillful Tempter may even lead him to become apologetic about his religion. When this state of affairs is reached, we may be sure that he will never take the offensive. We have absolutely nothing to fear from an apologetic Christian!

COMMANDING DEVIL

Miniature of Combat

by Sewell E. Masoncup

I was in my trench home,
and then this cablegram
came saying I was a father

THERE were three of us acting as observers for the mortar platoon, and it was my time to stay back at the emplacements with the crew. We worked it that way for battalion kept two rifle companies on line and one in reserve, and each company commander needed an observer with him on the front.

I had looked forward to this small reward, and though the mortars were dug in only eight hundred yards back of the riflemen, the intervening distance made me feel as if I had been withdrawn from danger. This was not the case, as I soon found out the first afternoon after joining the firing group. While we were not under direct observation and our position had not been pin-pointed, the Germans knew our area, and we were subjected to periodic searching and harassing fire.

To move was out of the question, due to the terrain and the nature of our mission. Another location would either place us at extreme range from the area we would be called to fire upon or would, because of lack of suitable cover, hamper our problem of ammunition supply.

So with the philosophical attitude the infantryman must develop, I accepted my lot and made the best of a disappointing situation and dug in near our left flank, in a stand of small pines.

The hole I dug was a slit trench, a shallow grave-like affair, not as safe as a foxhole, but better to sleep in since it was long enough to allow stretching the body at full length. The bottom I padded with dry needles which had fallen from the trees around the entrenchment, and covered the raw dirt excavated from the hole with other needles and limbs as camouflage against detection from the air.

I then went to earth, like a hard-pressed animal, hunted too hard and eager to rest. I sprawled in the trench smoking, reading the mail which had accumulated, cleaning my carbine—anything to keep a weary mind from dwelling always on the war we must fight and live with.

SEPTEMBER was closing its books and going out of business, and the weather was superb. The days were bright and warm, and the nights were things of wonder with the moon riding high and full, turning the place into a world of silver light, laced with black shadow. Ever-changing shadow, moved by the tiny

breezes which caressed the trees and made our hiding place smell of fragrant pine. But for our purpose there, and the coughing reminder of an occasional mortar, the country was reminiscent of those scenes often seen on calendars. Too perfect to be taken as authentic, but a pleasure to contemplate for its very perfection of detail.

Except for a message over our field phones, or the call for a fire mission by radio from one of the observers with the forward companies, nothing of note happened, and the days and nights went by quietly.

It was in the afternoon of the fourth day, and I was beginning to adjust to the great difference in the life caused by so little distance from where we fought face to face with the Germans, when I received my message. I was lolling in my hole, soaking up the sun, idle and at ease, when the runner arrived. That it was of great import could be seen at once—a special messenger had brought the single piece of bright, yellow paper.

I tore it open and yelled aloud! In brief and impersonal type the cable read: "Your son born at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday. Mother and son well."

I scrambled from the trench and raced down the line, the pride of new fatherhood too great to be confined to either one place or one man. I felt that all of them had to know, and I went from man to man, mole-like in their holes, and dispensed the news.

In my unheeding haste I forgot the time, the place, and the conditions around us. But not the enemy. That was the time he chose to remind us that here was war, and that we stood on disputed ground. A cluster of shells screamed toward us out of the lazy September skies from the direction of Metz and tore into the pines, turning the pleasant, perfumed place into a smoking, hazy, battle spot filled with cringing men, huddled in grave-like holes.

I flung myself into a scooped out place in the ground atop another man and he, glad for the extra protection of my body, made no complaint.

After waiting long strained minutes for assurance that we were not to be targets again, I stood and made my way back to my trench, not jubilant now, but heavy with apprehension.

When I reached my place I was jolted still in my tracks by what awaited me. In the clear afternoon the group of trees around my hiding place in the earth at their roots stood with their tops twisted and torn by the direct hit of a German shell. The resultant tree burst had devastated the area I had picked for shelter, and the hole in which I usually found protection had been gouged and rent by scraps of sharp and jagged steel. No living thing could have survived that tearing blast of steel shards.

My heart squeezed within me. That very day my new-born son had saved my life. ■ ■

It is not by abstract principles that the world is to be won, but by the transforming influence of personality.
—London Yearly Meeting of Friends

the sixth sense

by donna l. romanelli

I CANNOT see Liberty as I see impatient daffodils mock the sun's own gold, but when I see men still rise without hesitation and without command when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, then I can see Liberty.

I CANNOT smell Liberty as I can smell the heavy scent of jasmine as it hangs suspended on the thread of a summer night's breeze, but when I stand at the polls with the crowds and wait to cast my ballot for the man of my choice, I can smell Liberty in the air. It is even more intoxicating than jasmine; it is more exciting than the smell of sawdust in the ring.

I CANNOT taste Liberty as I taste the quick report of spice in gingerbread still hot from the oven, but when a neighbor exercises his freedoms with caution so that he does not trample on my freedoms, then I have had a taste of Liberty.

I CANNOT hear Liberty as I hear the swish-swash of leaves and branches as they submit themselves to the authority of wind and rain. I cannot hear it as I can hear the note of a symphony swell and soar and burst into a

thousand fragments of delight, but when I hear men raise their voices in praise for what they know is right; when I hear them fearlessly condemn that which they know is wrong, then I hear Liberty with ears that are sensitive to beauty.

I CANNOT feel Liberty as I feel the chill response of steel to warm finger tips. I cannot feel it as I feel the warmth of a trusting hand in mine; but when red, brown, white, and yellow hands meet the clasp in agreement, then I can feel Liberty and the pride of being an American.

I CANNOT see, hear, smell, taste, or touch Liberty; yet its presence, like Love, nudges all my senses. Like Love, Liberty was created by God for all men to enjoy. No one man can arrogate to himself that which is not his alone. Liberty is for the poor as well as the rich, the black as well as the white, the meek as well as the mighty. The sense of human dignity makes me want to share it with all who seek. The sense of human dignity is the sense that can make Liberty tangible. It is the sense that will keep America great.





Where do you draw the line?

by Fred Cloud

Is it ever right to "let the bars down" to make friends or to keep them?

ANDY liked people, and he wanted people to like him. His manner was friendly and easy-going, but he had been reared in a "strict" home, in which high moral standards were a must. So when his draft number was called and he left home to serve his hitch in the Army, he suddenly found himself tugged in two directions at the same time.

Though he had made up his mind—before he left home—to live up to his ideals, Andy discovered that his standards of personal conduct were not shared by all the fellows in

his group. Some of them seemed to have quite an easy conscience about drinking, about sex relations with prostitutes, and about gambling. A number of the fellows urged Andy to join them. And being a sociable sort of guy, he wanted to be accepted on equal footing as a part of the group. In fact, a few days after he completed basic training, Andy got higher than a kite on a bottle of Old Scarecrow.

Now, it would be a nice, convenient morality tale if we could say that Andy went from bad to worse until he ended up in the gutter; or that alcohol made him so sick that he resolved never to touch a drop of the stuff again; or that he heard a voice and saw a great light, after which he returned to the straight-and-narrow, never again to depart. But life is seldom that simple. Andy had mixed emotions about his departure from the moral standards he had been taught in the home. Frankly, he liked getting tight; and for several successive weekends he ran around with his gang of new-found friends, looking for kicks out of a bottle.

After the new had worn off this kind of experience, however, the gnawing uneasiness that Andy had felt from the time of his first binge onward grew until he had to come to terms with his conscience. So one weekend he checked into a hotel room in the town near his base, in which he found the familiar Gideon's Bible, and set himself to the difficult task of facing up to himself—his recent conduct and the kind of person he wanted to become.

The Reverend Fred Cloud is editor of *Older Youth Publications* for the Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tennessee.

Should I Let the Bars Down?

Andy felt dejected. He was ashamed of himself, in a way; but he also felt defensive. "Ha! That's a laugh," he told himself. "Defending myself to myself." Yet as he reviewed his conduct of the past several months, he found that he was inclined to make excuses for his actions. . . . He didn't want the fellows to consider him a square, a prude, a goody-goody guy. . . . How can you know about life if you don't "live" a little? But what would Mom and Dad think of me if they knew how I've been acting lately? When and how am I going to get back in line with my own highest standards?

As he browsed through the Book of Proverbs, which he knew contained a lot of wisdom about moral conduct, Andy ran across a verse that hit him smack between the eyes: "There is a way which seems right to a man, but its end is the way to death" (14:12). "Man, that's me," he thought. "What I've been doing seemed right at the time, but I know that if I keep on the way I've been going, I'm headed for trouble!"

Real thinking is hard work, and most persons tend to put it off as long as they can. But by Sunday morning Andy had discovered that it pays off in terms of self-insight. "Who've I been fooling?" he asked himself. "When I let the bars down on my own moral standards I'm not getting away with anything. I'm just hurting myself—and if it gets back to Mom and Dad, it'll hurt them badly, too."

So Andy got out of the sack, showered and shaved, dressed, and

after breakfast went to church. During the service, he listened with only half an ear. Mainly, he was thinking. During the period of silent prayer, he made a resolution: "With your help, Father, I resolve not to scuttle my own moral standards in order to make friends or to keep them." After that, he felt—for the first time since he entered the service—at peace with himself. He felt that he could say no to the next invitation to get drunk, yet without getting on a moral high-horse or sounding as if he considered himself superior to his buddies.

Making Goodness Attractive

Andy's case had a happy—though *not* an easy—ending. It's always harder to carry through with good resolves than to make them. But he found that the post chaplain was always available and quite willing to talk to him. And though he had been irregular about chapel attendance, Andy found that among those who attended were some fellows who had plenty on the ball—persons whom he'd like to get to know better. He soon discovered that, just as it had been easy to begin drinking when he ran around with a drinking crowd, it was considerably easier to be true to his better self among the men whom he met at the chapel than when he tried to go it alone.

There was a fellow in Andy's platoon, named Nick, who had lived a pretty rough life at one time, but who had—in his words—"got religion." Nick was always scolding the fellows in the barracks about their sinfulness, and quoting Scrip-

ture to prove that they were headed straight for hell. The fellows in the platoon were divided two ways in their response to Nick: some of them simply avoided him whenever possible, and gave him a quick brushoff when he got them cornered; the others liked to bait him, trying to get under his skin and also trying to find out if he had some personal weaknesses that he was trying to keep hidden from them.

After his "found weekend," Andy had to make up his mind about Nick. For Nick quickly noticed the change in Andy, and just as promptly took personal credit for his transformation. Yet Andy frankly didn't like Nick's open parading of his religion. It seemed too "put on" to be real. In fact, Nick's pitch sounded vaguely familiar.

One day when he was reading in the New Testament, Andy found the reason why Nick's "goodness" sounded so familiar. The words in Luke's gospel (18:9-14) sounded strangely up-to-date, for Jesus was talking about persons "who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others." He read on: "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, 'God, I thank thee that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even like this tax collector.'" Why, all you have to do is substitute a few words and it applies to Nick's attitude toward our platoon, Andy thought: "God, I thank thee that I

am not like these other G.I.'s, gamblers, drinkers, adulterers, or even like this lazy gold brick." Then he noted Jesus' conclusion: "Every one who exalts himself will be humbled, and he who humbles himself will be exalted."

There it is! Goodness that parades itself for inspection and approval gets brickbats rather than bouquets thrown at it. But the Christian who lives up to his convictions without making a big production of it wins the respect of his fellow men.

Strength for the Long Haul

Though we, like Andy, must come to personal decisions based on moments of insight, we must learn to carry through with our high resolves or we will never grow into the fullness of Christian character. The good golfer gets distance by careful follow-through of each stroke; and the Christian achieves spiritual stature by daily follow-through of the teachings of Jesus. In this personal enterprise, we can pray for—and expect—the assistance of God himself. As the prophet Isaiah pointed out: "The Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth . . . He gives power to the faint, and to him who has no might he increases strength . . . They who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint" (40:28-31). ■ ■

WELL SAID: Girls who go around with punks should expect fireworks.
—John J. Plomp. . . Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he'll point out how wrong you were.—Frank Lawrence.

Letter from Home

by Minnie May Lewis

Dear Johnny:

Words, like pebbles tossed in a pool, echo endlessly through time. Sometimes, scarcely heard. Sometimes, making tremendous, remembered impact.

The summer I was twelve, foolhardy and adventurous, a neighbor boy and I set forth to conquer the face of an unscaled cliff near our home. Wiry and sure as mountain goats, we may not have run into trouble if his two smaller sisters and my younger brother had not chosen to follow us.

Soon, we were all hanging on to jutting crags and stunted brush, the younger ones sobbing in terror. Fortunately, an old miner spotted us in the lens of his telescope.

A frantic group of villagers gathered at the base of the cliff, shouting advice and encouragement, while strong men, with ropes, climbed the gulch behind the cliff and gained the top.

I'll never forget the stern confidence, mingled with love, in the voice of my father as he directed the rescue.

To this day, whenever confronted with the seeming impasses of life, I never fail to hear the clear, quiet confidence of that beloved voice echoing down across the years. Rich, meaningful, family "Words to Live By." Words, like pebbles, that I, in turn, toss into your pool of consciousness; "Steady child, hold tight. Don't look back, keep looking up. You'll make it!"

Love,
Mom

How did the 21-gun salute come about? And what does it mean?

The 21-Gun Salute

by Mollie Somerville

WHEN you raise your hand to your hat, or forehead, in a salute you are continuing an old custom of showing respect, courtesy and friendliness. By your action, you are honoring the receiver of your salute. But originally there was another, and very important, reason for this custom. A person in the act of saluting could not, at the same

time, use his sword or any other weapon. While saluting, he was in an unarmed position and virtually in the power of the saluted.

This was true of the hand salute and the salute by gunfire as well. While a gun is firing a salute, it cannot be used for offensive or defensive purposes. In Henry VIII's time, when it took over half an hour to

Diorama at Yorktown showing George Washington firing the first gun at the siege of Yorktown, Va., 1781. This began a bombardment of eight days.



prepare a gun for a second shot, a ship that remained disarmed for all the time needed to fire a number of shots in salute, declared that the nation represented by that ship was a friend rather than a foe.

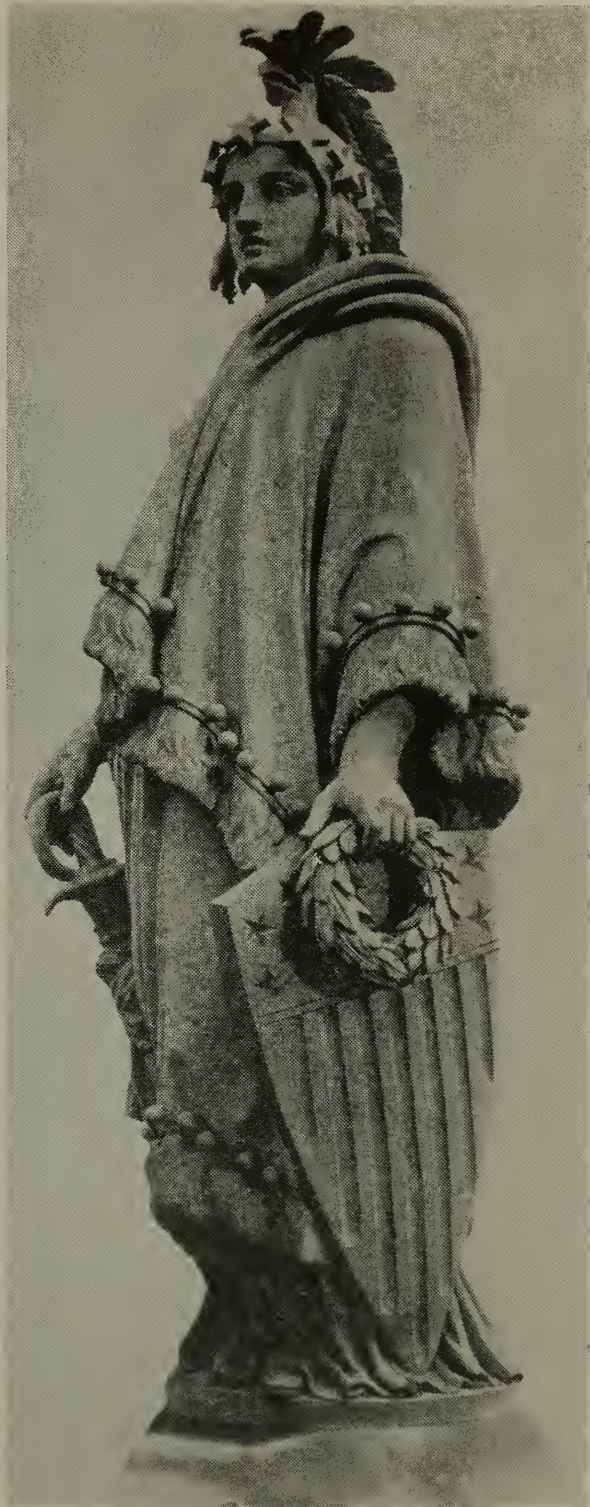
Long ago stronger nations, such as the British, compelled weaker nations to fire the first salute and thereby disarm themselves. The British ships fired a salute of seven guns in those days, and other nations adopted the same number. Because forts could keep powder more easily on shore than ships could at sea, forts fired three shots for every one fired on a ship. This is how the twenty-one gun salute came about.

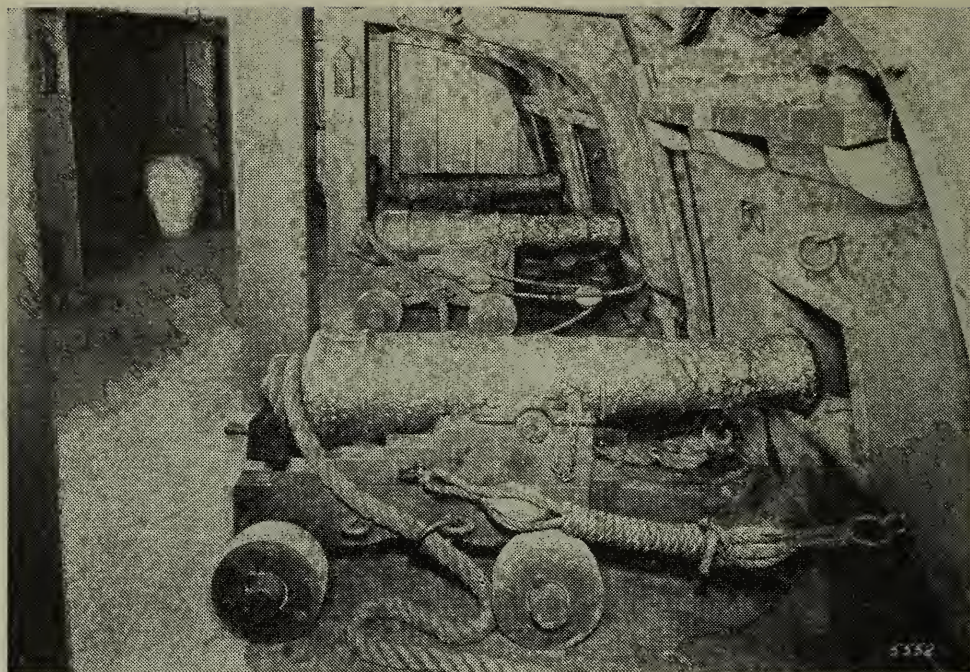
Gunners today use blank shots in firing salutes but this wasn't always so. Live ammunition was used when Queen Elizabeth I ruled, and one day a low shot from a salute fired in her honor came very near blowing her head off. She changed the regulation.

After the British adopted the twenty-one gun salute as the highest national honor, some of the other nations followed this custom. But there were differences of opinion between monarchies and republics—the monarchies thought that they should receive more guns in salute than the republics. As a result, there was much confusion between the maritime nations. Finally, the British government proposed a regulation which the United States adopted in 1875. By this regulation, the international salute is twenty-one guns.



The Statue of Freedom on the Dome of the Capitol in Washington, D.C.





Reconstructed interior of a British man-of-war, American Revolutionary period.

And by common agreement, all nations have now adopted the twenty-one gun international salute.

IN addition to being the international salute, the twenty-one gun salute is the salute to our national flag, to the president of the United States, to an ex-president, to the sovereign of a foreign country, and to the members of a reigning royal family. The regulations governing salutes indicate the number of guns to be fired for cabinet members (19), for other specified ranking officers (17), on down to a vice consul (5). In each case the salutes fired are given in odd numbers. It is said that it is an ancient superstition that gun salutes should be fired in odd numbers. But we do

have an exception to gun salutes in odd numbers, which will be explained later.

In saluting, the gun is fired at five-second intervals. The gunner must time the shots and keep track of the number of guns fired. Here's one way he does it in a twenty-one gun salute: the gunner will hold twenty-one beans in his hand and will say to himself, "If I wasn't a good gunner, I wouldn't be here. Fire!" This takes five seconds to say, and when the gun is fired, the gunner transfers a bean from one hand to the other. He continues in this way until all twenty-one beans have changed hands.

Before the United States adopted the twenty-one gun salute as the international salute, in 1875, it had

been our custom to salute by firing one gun for each state. The first time that we, as a nation, saluted a foreign power we fired thirteen guns. This was in 1778, when John Paul Jones saluted France, and each gun represented one of the original thirteen states.

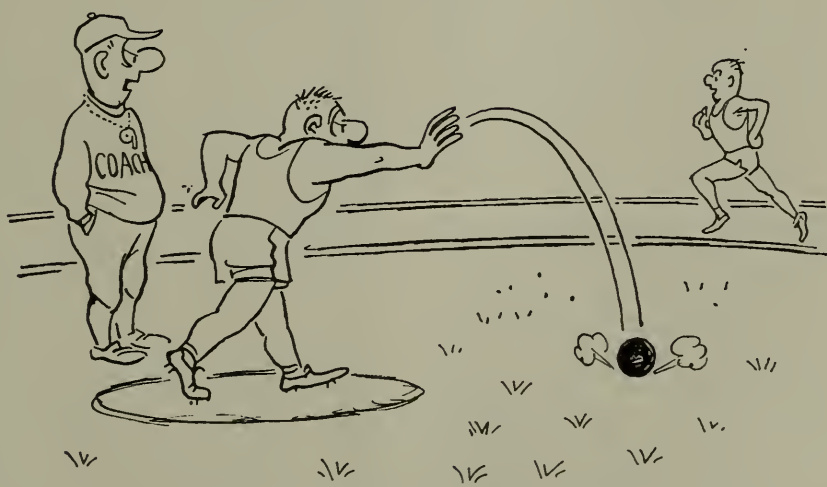
Almost a hundred years later we were still following this custom of firing one gun for each state. In 1863, when the Statue of Freedom was placed on top of the Capitol dome, an impressive ceremony took place in Washington. At noon on December 2 the fifth and last section of the statue—the head and shoulders—was raised from the ground and placed in position three hundred feet above the crowd of thousands of people. When this section of the statue was bolted in place, thus completing the Capitol of the United States, the American flag was unfurled over the statue's head. At this signal, the field battery on Capitol Hill fired a thirty-five gun salute. The last gun from this salute

was answered by a similar salute from each of the twelve forts surrounding the city of Washington. In 1863 there were thirty-five states in the Union.

And later, in 1901, when ex-president Benjamin Harrison died, a forty-five gun salute was fired, representing the number of states in the Union at that time. The regulation pertaining to the death of a President now calls for a forty-eight gun salute.

An extra special occasion when a fifty gun salute is fired occurs every year throughout the United States. On the Fourth of July, at noon, every military post fires a fifty gun salute, one gun for each of the states in the Union.

This salute sounds like a pretend battle. But imagine listening to the deafening noise created by a salute honoring the members of a reigning royal family when they all board a ship together, and each individual receives a twenty-one gun salute.



“That’s what I call putting it mildly.”

BEAT-UP OR UP-BEAT?

by John R. Fry



What are the characteristics and attitudes of the so-called “beat generation”? Has the church failed them? What can we do to win them?

THE “beat generation” calls everyone else “square.” The people who think of themselves as “beat” have stopped living with squares, and more significantly have rebelled against the old square games of making money and making politics. Who is a square? A phoney. What is a square? The conventional, lifeless doing of what everybody else does just because everybody else does it.

“Beat” or “Beaten”?

Jack Kerouac first employed the term “beat generation” to describe a circle of friends in New York City who got together for kicks and for talk. His first novel, *The Town and the Country*, tells about these people, what they did for kicks, what they

talked about, and of more importance, what they thought about the sterile, joyless post-war world in which they lived. His next novel, *On the Road*, investigates the clusters of the beat generation in Denver, San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans, and other cities. A further novel, *The Subterraneans*, deals with the intimate life of some of these people on an hour-to-hour, thought-by-thought, feeling-after-feeling basis.

What Kerouac wrote about exists in all the major (and most minor) American cities. For a fact there is a generation of Americans that does not act American at all. They don’t work unless they are forced to. They don’t work in order to become successful. They don’t eat or sleep regularly. They don’t talk a lot of

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“corny” ideas about ideals, values, honesty, patience, hard work, endurance. This is, to them, very phoney—square—because the squares who talk this stuff don’t really believe it. They are supposed to. But don’t.

The beat generation are in this sense *beaten*. They have tried it the square way and have failed. Many of them have come to the conclusion that marriage doesn’t work. Alcohol doesn’t work. Work doesn’t work. They have gone to college and have been awarded degrees only to find them useless except for getting a job in which this education must not be used. They have hit the line for old Alma Mater, bought national brands in the supermarkets, viewed terrible movies that were billed “sensational,” listened to double and often triple talk, seen the mushroom clouds darken every human hope, read the slick magazines, and had all the thrills life offered. Yet, they ask, what does it add up to? Answer: A big zero—nothing—because these activities have no relationship to the inside cravings, the great horrible personal life of the actor. They are absurd activities. They are just plain square. The squares apparently can do all of these things and not be bothered. “Live and let live,” say the beat generation, “but we’ve had it.”

Thus far we have half the story. The retreat from Squareville into the lonely realities of immediate existence has a terrific significance. The beat generation feels that it has “the beat” and in another sense feels that it knows in a “beatific” kind of

vision what life is really all about. They live thus in close proximity to cool jazz—that is, jazz without a message, without standard (square) harmony and tempo, played in small ensembles of ruggedly individual stylists more or less in the same tonality (if not key). This jazz has *the* beat, portrays the rhythm, pictures the dissonance and harmonies, and occasionally breaks into the ecstasies which go on in the myself-knowing-myself kind of existence. Knowing means, in their language, digging, swinging. Being with it or being far out in “never was” indicates that such boiling personal feelings cannot be translated at all into square language.

Those who dig the beat of things confess to having something like a personal peace, as though the final issue of life is to live cool and crazy, and as though they have faced that issue in a final way. They stay away from all other issues; they cut off deeply personal involvements that are so apt to get “hot,” and in which they might, like the squares, get “hung up.” Their aloofness is the result of deliberate withdrawal into the silent coolness of their own personal reflection—a beatific condition that may or may not be arrived at through the use of narcotics and alcohol. How they get the beat of a great big swinging universe is not greatly important (for the squares “how?” is the only thing important). *That* they dig the beat is—“crazy, man, I mean, like. . . .”

A Church Under Judgment

The church for the most part has

not had much contact with the beat generation and consequently has not said very much—for a very good reason. These people have dropped out of the conventional society in which the church exists and to which it ministers. However, individual ministers and laymen have from time to time pointed long fingers at the cool cats and called them “immoral,” “perverted,” or “decadents.” Perhaps in these instances the individual judgments were correct, but no further generalizations ought to be made by the church of a group of people who have defiantly thumbed its nose at the church as the “squarest” of all American institutions. Such generalizations would be inaccurate and plainly unfair.

The church’s ministry to “all sorts and conditions of men” includes, then, a ministry to these very people no less than to the adjusted, normal, well-to-do folks. What that ministry consists of has to be left to the gracious good sense of churches in neighborhoods, but in every instance it must include understanding. A good many of the beat generation are sick, and the whole movement exhibits some very sick features about which “sick jokes” are often

made. To the extent that the church backs away from them as moral lepers, the church will have proved itself incapable of understanding. In the degree that the church seeks to discover what’s going on with and inside them, the cats and chicks will have found some squares who know the score and still want to get very much involved, “real hung up” with them.

The beat generation is a powerful judgment on the church—for not being the church. Perhaps the church should listen carefully to that judgment and look deeply within itself. The church, perhaps, is more deeply committed to the American way of life than it is to the gospel. The church, perhaps, has acted like a moral policeman rather than a herald of good tidings. If it hears the judgment, repents, and dares to face those people through whom the judgment has come, it may find a generation which knows already in profound ways the meaning of suffering and is thus prepared to dig the good news of redemption. The possibilities are certainly more immediate than with the squares who, by definition, spend all their time and money in an effort to *avoid* suffering.



The Church and the "Beat Generation"

HOW can the church win a generation that doesn't work, doesn't talk a lot about "corny" ideals, doesn't eat and sleep regularly, doesn't have much use for traditional religion? Does the church have a message for these "cool cats"? These are some questions Mr. Fry's article provokes. Here are some suggestions toward an answer. What do you have to add?

1. We must not isolate them, ignore them, pass them by. Yes, they are sinners. So are we. We are all bound up together in the bundle of life; and we have all neglected God's laws—the squares and the beats.

2. We should remember they represent only one segment of society and it is doubtful if that is large. Witness the high ideals of the youth who attend our summer conferences; that are active in the work of our churches. This generation has a larger proportion of young people who are alert to the gospel message than any generation. And they are the church of tomorrow—and we can have great hope for it.

3. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever; and he can redeem any person—square or beat. Our task, of course, is to bring these two together. The problem is ourselves—we are the intermediaries, and we are so full of sin and so inadequate, that we often miss the mark. But if we could ever get the real Christ and the beat together, Christ would appeal. Did not Christ say, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"? The trouble is we lift up ourselves instead of Christ.

4. If the beat generation is honest, and they are searching truly for life, they will find it in Christ. "I am come that men might have life and have it more abundantly." If in the church we have held up a lot of prohibitions and "Thou shalt not's" and have not presented the true picture of Christ, we ought to beg God to forgive us and then dedicate ourselves to the presentation of "the good news" as the real answer to the quest the beaters are on.

—LARRY FITZGERALD

HE WAS NAILED DOWN

A pastor was trying to persuade a woman to teach a class in the church school. She was well-qualified and had time for it. She declined, saying over and over, "I don't want to be tied down to things." Finally, the pastor had all of that he could take. He looked her in the eye and said, in a kindly voice, "You know we serve a Master who was willing to be *nailed* down to things. He was nailed to a cross."

—Halford E. Luccock in *Christian Herald*

Farmer, priest, Jose Morelos went on to become a fighter and help to win independence for Mexico

The Mexican statue of liberty

by N. Wells

LOOK at a map of Mexico and locate Guadalajara and Mexico City. Halfway between them, seven thousand feet above sea level, you will see Lake Patzcuaro. Here, on a tiny island called Janitzio, is Mexico's Statue of Liberty—the enormous, hollow statue of Jose Morelos, liberator of Mexico.

Morelos was born in Valladolid in the state of Michoacan—a poor boy in an even poorer country. First a farmer, later a priest, he very early realized that the Mexican people must not forever bear life under the Spanish feudalism that had held them slaves for three hundred years. And so, in 1810 he gave up his church work and led them into revolution.



Statue of Jose Morelos, one of the liberators of Mexico, at Janitzio.

He was a short, round little man, never free of the agony of migraine headaches, yet for The Cause he became one of the boldest, most ruthless generals in Mexican history.

He fought for liberty and for the return of the Mexican soil to its own people. He began with a handful of Indians and farmers who carried clubs instead of guns, and he ended with an army of nine thousand and enough arms and ammunition for all of them and more besides. He fought for four long, dreary years, and then, when things seemed the brightest he lost everything in one ferocious battle outside his home town. Two years later he was executed for treason.

Morelos' life was over, but he had

opened the doorway to freedom and through this doorway for the next six years the people took potshots at their Spanish tormentors. In the end they were free at last.

The ashes of the hero Morelos were borne to Mexico City to rest in honor in the capitol. Valladolid was renamed Morelia. An entire state was given the name Morelos. And many years later the then-President Cardenas ordered that an even further honor be done him.

“What would be better than a giant statue of this man?” he asked. “And where else should it be but in Michoacan, his home state? And where in all of Michoacan is there a more beautiful, more often visited spot than Lake Patzcuaro? And what better place on all that huge lake for the statue than on the island called Janitzio, Place of Protection?”

And so it was to be. The famous sculptor Ruiz was commissioned to do the statue itself. Canal, the painter, was ordered to do a series of frescoes for its interior depicting the life of Morelos from birth to death.

It was finished at last, and today it pushes boldly into the blue Mexican sky. One hundred and fifty-six feet high, taller than our own Statue of Liberty, it dominates the lake, the Indian villages that lie scattered around it, even the volcanic mountains that close it in on all sides.

ONE must hire a guide and a motor launch to see the statue close up, but it is well worth the few pesos charged. First there is the boat ride itself, with the launch coughing and sputtering as it forces its way

through orchid-pink water hyacinths and tough tule reeds. Then there is the cautious approach to the ancient landing place at Janitzio. And then there is the village itself, and the climb to the statue.

It is tiny, this village, but it is most picturesque. Brightly costumed Tarascan Indians are on all sides, mending their fishing nets or hanging them out to dry, cleaning their tree-trunk canoes, making baskets and mats for the tourist trade. Sloe-eyed, dark-skinned children dart in and out of the foot traffic and make the air surge with their songs and their high-pitched shouts. Stubby haired, twitching eared burros clog the narrow streets. And lining these streets are sun-beiged, tile-roofed adobe houses, made richer and gayer by cascades of purplish bougainvillaea and brilliant geraniums and the ever-present coppery-orange parasitic plant of Mexico.

There is a tiny church to be passed—San Geronimo—with untended grass sprouting from its shapely dome. And there is a cemetery, lying white and immaculate in the slanting sun. And there are benches at intervals for the use of Indios and tourists alike when the rare air and the rigors of the climb make rest essential.

One winds up and around the cobblestoned streets, twisting and turning until at last the heights flatten onto a broad grassy meadow. And here, rising from a huge granite base, is the symbol of Mexico's freedom—Morelos, towering, one pudgy fist grasping a conqueror's sword, the other clenched and raised in supreme defiance of the world he

knew. He wears priestly robes, but the stern lines of his face and the belligerent thrust of his jaw, and the rigidity of his backbone stamp him as the warrior he became.

A door nestles in a fold of his robes and one may enter and stare, dazzled, at the multi-hued paintings that spiral and rise to the very tip of the statue; or one may tackle the dizzying circular stairs and go up, up, up to stand tired yet exhilarated inside the clenched fist to look out the windowed knuckles at the countryside.

The view here is tremendous, breath-taking. There are the volcanic mountains, the glistening horseshoe lake, dwarfed villages with ant-like people and animals walking in them. There are clouds drifting close enough to almost nudge the statue as they pass. There are lush farms in the distance, and dark dots that are horses and cattle browsing. And everywhere is the Mexico that Morelos died for.

A guide put it simply. "Morelos was a great man. He was like what's-his-name 'Washington.' He liberate the people. He set them free of the Spaniards."

He leaned close, as though afraid we would not hear what he had to say to us. "I was born on Janitzio. I fish in these waters when I was a boy. Then I learn English and make many pesos as guide. I leave my island and live in the hotel on the mainland. At first I am much afraid—but always there is the statue for me to look up at and remember it is right and good for me to do as I wish."

He leaned back. His mustache quivered. Then: "Always there is the statue to give me courage. It is good—good!"



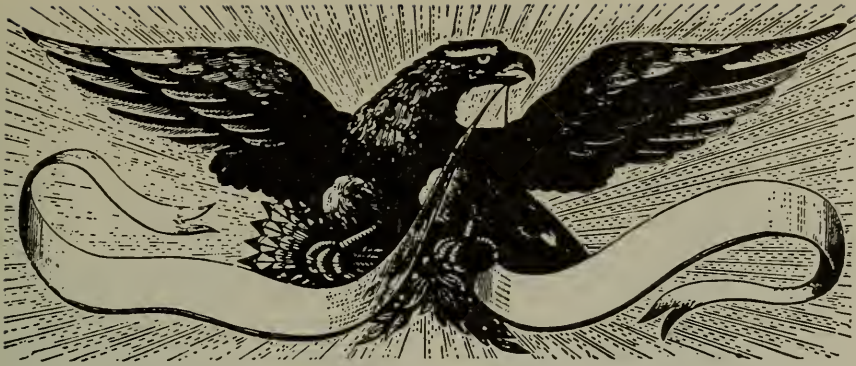
Did you ever wonder how the great Carl Hubbell of the New York Giants was given the title "King Carl"? He earned the title, believe me. Beginning in 1936 and continuing through the season of 1937, Carl hurled and won 24 games in a row!

THE SLAVE AND THE FREE

He who works because he must
Is the slave of necessity;

He who works for love of work
Is a happy man—and free.

—DAWN FLANERY PARKER



THEY ALSO SERVE

by Frank L. Remington

The vice-president—an insignificant office? So they used to say. But in recent years this office has been coming more and more into its own

A NEWSPAPER reporter, the story goes, conferred with his editor on the writing of an obituary. "I find," he said, "that the deceased once served as vice president of the United States. Shall I point that out in his death notice?"

"No," replied the editor. "Mention only his important accomplishments."

Although the vice presidency is the second highest office in the land, it has been held in great disdain from the earliest days of the Republic. Except for the ten vice presidents who later became presidents, those who have held the office have passed quickly into limbo. Who, for instance, remembers Hannibal Hamlin, Charles W. Fairbanks, or James S.

Sherman, who filled the office under Presidents Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft?

John Adams, the first vice president, deftly epitomized his feelings toward the position in a letter to his wife. "My country," he wrote, "has contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." And of the vice president's annual stipend of \$5,000, Thomas Jefferson, the second to hold the office, remarked: "It's hardly enough to live on." Of course, the salary has risen over the years until the present. Richard Nixon draws \$30,000 a year plus an expense allowance of \$10,000.

Despite the scornful attitude to-

ward his office, the vice president holds a vital position. Indeed, seven vice presidents have stepped into the top position upon the death of the chief executive, and three of these, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Harry Truman, later were elected president in their own names. Three others, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Van Buren, were nominated and elected to the White House after completing their terms as vice president.

A vice presidential candidate, unfortunately, is chosen by the national convention not so much for his qualifications as for his vote-getting proclivities. Generally, he must come from a different geographic section than the presidential nominee, thus offering the voters a balanced ticket. Little wonder, then, that with such geographic restrictions and with so few top-flight men coveting the position, that the vice presidential candidates are often mediocre.

After election, the vice president has practically only one duty: to preside over the Senate. This accounts for much of the unpopularity of the position. "I have nothing to do," complained Thomas Jefferson, when he held the post, "except to sit and listen to endless speeches." It is, perhaps, paradoxical that as heir apparent to the highest office in the land, the vice president should have practically no responsibility in the government. Of course, Mr. Nixon has changed much of that. With more duties and responsibilities than any of his predecessors, he's the busiest vice president ever to hold the office.



"The thing I hate about summer is that fall comes right after it, and right after that Christmas hits us."

THE Constitution makes no provision for a replacement in case of the death of the vice president. In such a contingency, the Senate elects a chairman pro-tem from among its own members and the line of succession to the presidency passes to the Speaker of the House.

Strangely enough, our country has been without a vice president on fifteen different occasions—seven times because of the death of the White House occupant, seven times because of the death of the vice president, and once by resignation.

John C. Calhoun, the seventh vice president and one of only six to be re-elected to that office, was also the only incumbent to resign the position. When the voters rejected Henry Clay's bid for the presidency, the great statesman reputedly remarked: "I'd rather be right than president."

Upon hearing the remark, Calhoun, who had just been elected vice president, commented: "Well, I guess it's all right to be half right and be vice president." Calhoun resigned to take the Senate seat of Senator Hayne, who had been elected governor of South Carolina.

William Rufus King was elected vice president but never served in that capacity. Suffering from tuberculosis, he retired to Cuba in an attempt to throw off the disease. Unable to attend his own inauguration, the vice-president-elect took the oath of office in Havana by a special act of Congress. Soon thereafter death overtook him, and although history records him as the thirteenth vice president, William Rufus King actually never took the office.

Altogether there have been thirty-six vice presidents compared to only thirty-three presidents. George Clinton, the fourth vice president, was the first one to be nominated for the position. During the first three elections and prior to the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, the presidential candidate receiving the second highest number of votes automatically became the vice president.

The tenth vice president, John Tyler, was the first one to succeed to the presidency by the death of the chief executive. With the demise of President William Henry Harrison, Tyler moved into the top spot and encountered unprecedented opposition because of his unique situation. Various government officials insisted that he call himself the "Acting President" and that he

should neither accept the salary of the president nor live in the White House. Tyler, however, settled the question for all time by consulting the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who ruled that an "accidental" president had the same privileges and authority as though he had been elected by the voting constituents to the office.

Many of the vice presidents have served with little or nothing to mark their rather obscure terms of office. George Mifflin Dallas, the eleventh vice president, for instance, is little remembered today. Few know that the great Texas metropolis was named in his honor. His contemporaries regard Henry C. Wilson, the eighteenth vice president, as a radical because he believed in and fervently advocated an eight hour day.

Mr. Nixon is the second youngest vice president. John Cabell Breckinridge, the fourteenth man to hold the office, was the youngest, being only a few months over the legal age of thirty-five at his inauguration. Most of the Senators over whom he presided were old enough to be his father. Alben Barkley was the oldest one to hold the office, being seventy-one when he took office. Levi Persons Morton, the twenty-second vice president, was the longest lived of any of them. He died in 1920 at the ripe old age of ninety-six. Charles Curtis, the thirty-first vice-president, was a quarter-breed Kaw Indian and the only incumbent with the blood of the original Americans coursing through his veins.

WHILE visiting his father's home in Plymouth Notch, Vermont, Vice President Coolidge received the news of President Harding's death. The jangling telephone awoke Colonel John Coolidge in the middle of the night to announce the tragedy. Hastily the Colonel awakened his son. "Calvin! Calvin! You're the president," he shouted. Then, as local Justice of the Peace, Colonel John swore his son in as the thirtieth president of the United States. He administered the oath in the lamplight of the living room and used the old family Bible for the ceremony.

Thomas R. Marshall, the twenty-eighth vice president, made some humorous comments on his office. He called himself "His Superfluous Excellency" and to the secret servicemen detailed to guard him he laughingly remarked: "No one would ever take the trouble to shoot a vice president."

Marshall often told the story about two brothers: one was elected vice president; the other ran away to sea. Neither was ever heard of again. Marshall is also credited with the time-worn platitude: "What this country needs is a good five cent cigar." Reputedly, he muttered this sentiment to a clerk at his side while presiding over the Senate during a particularly boring debate.

Those statesmen and politicians who regard the vice presidency disdainfully might well profit from the

experience of Daniel Webster. His burning ambition was to be president, yet he could never secure the nomination. Twice he was offered the vice presidential nomination: once with William Henry Harrison and once with Zachary Taylor. He refused both times, commenting that "I do not propose to be buried until I am really dead and in my coffin."

Ironically, Webster would have succeeded to the presidency had he humbly accepted either offer. President Harrison died only a month after his inauguration and President Taylor succumbed after sixteen months in office.

Today, there are three living vice presidents—Garner, Wallace, and Truman. John Nance Garner considered his office "The no-man's land somewhere between the executive and the legislative branch." Once he wrote to a friend: "A vice president may move into the presidency and be a great president. A great man may become vice president but he can't become a great vice president." Mr. Truman, incidentally, holds the distinction of being the only living person formerly to hold the two highest offices in the land.

History books seldom point up the vice presidents. The spotlight of attention focuses on the chief executive. Yet, the vice presidents also serve—quietly, faithfully, and usually with little thanks.

■ ■

WELL SAID: Life isn't a bowl of cherries; it's a bunch of raisins—raisin' heck, raisin' kids, or raisin' money.—S. S. Biddle. . . . By the time you know your way around, you are fed up.—*Wm. Feather Magazine.*

A TWISTED RULE

by Paul E. Carson

SOME people chafe under rules and regulations. A few folks would like to get rid of them entirely. They could practically accomplish this if they would sincerely observe one rule in particular.

That is what I told PFC Andrew Smith who thought he had a better way. He was constantly getting into trouble with his superior officers until he was spending more time in the guardhouse than out.

Smith was very polite when I went to see him. After a few preliminary remarks I said, "Why is it that you are always getting into the guardhouse?"

"That's simple, Chaplain," he smiled cynically. "There are too many rules and regulations. Rules are made only to be broken."

"Don't you think you are too critical in your conclusion?" I asked.

"No, Chaplain!" he was emphatic. "We have courts, and judges, and lawyers because there are a lot of people who think the same way I do. You cannot legislate people into being good."

"I'll agree with that last statement," I said. "Being good must come from a desire within you. Our Lord understood that when he said, 'So whatever you wish that men would do to you, do so to them; for this is the law and the prophets'" (Matt. 7:12).

"I know your golden rule, Chaplain, and I practice it in the modern way. Do to others as they would do to you, *and do it first!* People are going to *do* you for everything they can, so I get the jump on them."

I suggested that for a month he try sincerely to treat other people the way he would *like* to be treated *and do it first.*

He grinned a little at my emphasis. After some hesitation, he said, "Well, Chaplain, seeing that I've had so many trips to the guardhouse, it would seem only fair that I give your proposition a chance. I'll try."

He did try. Four weeks later his Captain said to me, "What has come over PFC Smith? His behavior is almost perfect."

"He has learned that observing *one* rule is far superior to chafing over a lot of rules. He is also finding out that as he puts this rule into practice most of his suspicions regarding other people fade away."

The rule is this—Whatever you wish men would do to you, do so to them—*and do it first!*



Only a lover's quarrel? Or something more? Mei Wong finds the answer

Justice of Mei Wong

by Charlotte and Dan Ross

A PELTING midnight rain lashed against the windows of Mei Wong's Bombay Art and Curio Company. The stout antique dealer hunched over his desk in the hot, humid sixth floor office of Bombay's Hotel Imperial. Before him were several small golden bowls of oriental design. Under a brilliant desk lamp in the otherwise dimly lit room, he carefully polished one of the bowls.

All at once there was the sound

of hurried footsteps coming down the hall and as he raised his head the door was thrown open and a lovely girl in native costume rushed in.

"Help me!" Dainty hands were raised in appeal. "There's a man—he's close behind!"

Mei Wong stepped toward the girl and recognized the pretty face as belonging to a featured dancer in the cabaret downstairs. Impressed by her urgency he pointed to a Red

Dragon screen in the far corner. "There!"

The girl had only gotten safely out of sight when a young man appeared in the doorway. He was thin with a dark, intense face and carried a gun which he now pointed at Mei Wong. "Let's have no nonsense," his voice was hard, "I know she came in here."

The art dealer faced him like an impassive Buddha, a striking figure in his immaculate white suit. "I do not quite understand," he said.

The man came into the room and still covering Mei Wong with the gun closed the door behind him. "The dancing girl—where is she?"

Mei Wong's broad features broke into a smile. "If you will not be so impulsive," he suggested, "and surely that weapon is unnecessary. I am a simple old man quite unarmed."

The dark-haired stranger hesitated then returned the gun to the pocket of his rumpled linen suit. "My fiancée," he said, "we had a silly argument downstairs. I followed her up here."

Mei Wong nodded. "The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love." He padded across the room and said: "Perhaps it would be better if you came out."

After a moment the girl stepped fearfully from behind the screen and stood close to Mei Wong. The old art dealer took a second look at the Eurasian girl's striking features—her coffee-colored skin and wide blue eyes.

"Sali!" The man moved toward her. "What made you do such a crazy thing?"

She clutched Mei Wong's arm. "Please!" she said. "Have him go away and promise not to bother me again. I'm—I'm afraid of him!"

"You see?" The man turned to Mei Wong with a gesture of despair. "And just an hour ago we were discussing our marriage plans."

Mei Wong glanced at the girl for an explanation.

Sali faced the dark man, panic in her voice, "That was before you told me about her—your wife! And what happened!"

"More nonsense," the man said wearily. "I'd been drinking and must have made some remark she misunderstood. I mentioned that my wife died in a motor accident."

"It was no accident," the girl exclaimed. "I can never believe that after what you said—the expression on your face when you told me. I think you killed her."

The young man grinned sardonically at Mei Wong. "These half-castes are all madly jealous. When I admitted my previous marriage she became upset. Had hysterics." He turned to Sali, "But I understand and forgive you, darling. Let's go along and not bother this gentleman any more."

Sali shrank from him, her body tightly pressed to Mei Wong's so that the art dealer could smell the sweet musk of her perfume. "No. It is all over between us," she said.

Anger crimsoned the young man's sallow features. "We can discuss that later—and alone."

Mei Wong seeing that the intruder might resort to violence spoke in a soothing voice. "I am sure this

misunderstanding between you can be settled. And as a lonely old man it would please me to have a part in it."

Sali glanced at him with frightened eyes as he stepped to the desk. "I suggest you follow the ancient Chinese custom of settling your differences over tea."

The art dealer went to a table behind him on which a glass container of amber colored liquid sat over a small spirit stove. Lifting it from the flame he filled one of the small golden bowls with tea. "It would give me great happiness to know that I have helped. Since fate brought you to my door."

"Tea isn't my favorite drink," the young man said, then to Sali, "but if you're willing to go through with it so am I."

THERE was a long moment. Mei Wong eyed the troubled girl. "I believe you would be wise to do as I suggest. We Chinese are great believers in the Goddess of Fortune. Perhaps all this was meant."

Sali stepped forward to the table and the art dealer handed her the golden bowl. Hesitantly she lifted it to her lips and drank.

When she had finished, Mei Wong took the bowl and offered it to the intruder. He drank and Mei Wong watched Sali's eyes meet the young man's. She was still emotionally upset, but the old Chinaman could see that she desperately wanted this man's love.

"I have still another token for you," Mei Wong said and, taking a key from his pocket unlocked one



of the desk drawers and brought out a long velvet box. "In my country it is customary for the bride to have a dowry. Since I presume this young woman has none and, because I am wealthy beyond my needs, I will make her a present of three of these."

Sali stared at them in stunned silence.

"Generous of you!" the young man gasped, his eyes devouring the gems greedily.

A smile crossed the face of Mei Wong as he closed the box and laid it on the desk. "An old man's whim! But there is a condition. I must be assured of your true happiness together. So the gems will not be given to Sali for one year. Tomorrow I will place them in a special deposit box at my bank with instructions they be surrendered to her then. If you are still enjoying a good marriage."

Tears of joy and gratitude filled Sali's eyes and she was about to tell Mei Wong of her feelings when the young man spoke, "Those conditions don't suit me," his face was hard with avarice and something more frightening. "Why should I marry her and wait a year for three emeralds when I can have them all right now?" He whipped the gun from his pocket and pointed it at

them. "Why let a fat old Chinaman and a dancing girl stand between me and a fortune?"

He reached forward with his free hand and snatched up the jewel case. "I won't mind finishing you two. It's not my first time!" Stuffing the case in his pocket he backed a few feet from them, his finger poised on the gun's trigger. And then a sudden glazed look spread over his face. His grip on the gun slackened and it clattered to the floor. Knees bending under him, he quickly crashed down after it.

Sali looked at his sprawled figure.

"His tea was drugged," Mei Wong explained.

"But I drank the same tea!" she said.

The art dealer stood by her. "The drug was in the golden bowl—not the tea. A secret chamber carefully hidden by our ancient craftsmen. Only this evening I prepared it. An old man's insurance against violence. Before handing it to him I released the dram of powder."

Sali fell weakly against him. Sobs racking her small body. Mei Wong awkwardly sheltered her with a huge arm. "Now I will call the police. He is a murderer as you suspected. Better a few minutes of pain than a lifetime of uncertainty and sorrow." ■ ■

LIFE IS OVERCOMING

It is a hard rule of life, and I believe a healthy one, that no great plan is ever carried out without meeting and overcoming endless obstacles that come up to try the skill of man's hand, the quality of his courage, and the endurance of his faith.

—Donald Douglas in *Forbes*

Let Us Pray

O God, who makest cheerfulness the companion of strength; grant us so to rejoice in the gift of thy power, that being freed from all fretfulness and despair, we may glorify thee in word and deed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we live in a dark world and are guilty of walking in darkness—the darkness of sin, of superstition, of ignorance, of unbelief. Forgive us and let the light of Jesus Christ shine into our hearts bringing truth, righteousness, faith. We humbly pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The morn breaks and we turn to thee in the opening hours of the day. We are grateful for the rest of the night, for the renewal that has come to us, for the physical strength we now have for the meeting of the tasks of the day. Give us, O God, a sense of thy direction for this day's labor; be a boon companion to us; open doors of opportunity. And as we journey through the day, Our Father, grant that our lives shall inspire those we meet to a closer fellowship with thee. And may our work be done so well that when the tasks of the day are finished, thou wilt say to us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The evening shadows fall and the night is approaching. As we come to the end of the day, our Father, we thank thee that thou hast brought us through another day. We have walked with thee this day, and we thank thee for thy rich fellowship. Yet there are times when we have transgressed thy laws and disobeyed thy holy will. Forgive us. If we have anything within our heart that is wrong—envy, ill will, jealousy, malice, wrong desire—take that from us so we will not "let the sun go down" without thy divine forgiveness, without thy holy cleansing. We dedicate ourselves again to thee now and pray that tomorrow will be a better day of service than was today. We ask in the name of Jesus thy son, Our Savior. *Amen.*

Our Heavenly Father, we have been too busy. We have rushed through this day and we find ourselves rushing through life. Help us to pause, to think, to take time for prayer, for worship, for rest, for friendship. Restore unto us the joy of the quiet time; the peace of the restful moment; the new insight that comes when we are still. Give us many moments in the coming days when we will heed thy words, "Be still and know that I am God." In Jesus' name. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska

"The Protestant Voice," newssheet of the Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska, tells of busy Protestant activities. A Couples Club is helping the Nunamiut Indians this year and hears a talk about them and sees some slides. A Senior High Fellowship group sets up tables and serves at a pancake supper. The chaplains have out a new brochure entitled "The Chaplain Program" which sets forth the six-point program of the chaplains.

Truth of the Bible Our Hope

In speaking of Christian colleges, Dr. E. Fay Campbell of Philadelphia said some time ago: "Our colleges are working hard to teach the truth as revealed in the Bible, and this is the best hope we have in our time." Dr. Cecil Lower of McCormick Seminary says: "Learning must be related to and under the Christian disciplines, must result in man's resolving the deeper problems of tensions between races and nations."

Hurricane on Island of Niue in South Pacific

Geneva headquarters of the World Council of Churches reports that a hurricane that hit the Island of Niue last February generally devastated the island. Three mission schools, three pastors' homes, and other church property were "severely damaged." The island has a population of 5,000. Donations of money are coming into the world office to help repair the damage done.

Call for Missionaries

The Methodist Church has 817 specific openings for missionaries in its home and overseas field during this year, so announced the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church through its Office of Missionary Personnel, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

Chapel at Idlewild

Plans have been announced for the first Protestant chapel to be built at a commercial airport in the United

States. It will be built at Idlewild International Airport, New York. Contemporary in style, the chapel will be in the form of a Latin cross. The horizontal frame will house reception rooms, offices and counseling areas, while the vertical frame will provide worship facilities for more than one hundred people. The chapel will cost \$250,000. It will be served by a full-time minister and staff.

Young People Reject "Beat" Label

At a meeting in Washington some months ago, representatives of the United Christian Youth Movement said: "We are neither 'beat,' 'lost,' nor apathetic. . . We believe that Christians are bound together by the grace of Jesus Christ and have the responsibility of providing in their common life and fellowship the kind of community God wills in the world."

Christian Witness in Japan

After a visit to Japan—and to International Christian University—Dr. Ralph Sockman of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City says: "We have an unusual opportunity. I think the opportunity is limited only by our response. How Japan maintains eighty million people in that little bit of cultivatable terrain that she has, I do not know. But when we see that they are doing it, we know that Japan has a great, almost immeasurable, future in some line.

"One of the things that has lingered with me is a remark that Dr. Troyer made. He said that our army of occupation did not quite

appreciate the vacuum that was left in the Japanese mind when the Emperor 'de-divined' himself. It left them with a spiritual vacuum—a kind of lack of a driving idealism and goal.

"I do not believe Shintoism is providing this force. . . Now with that vacuum, and with the power that the Japanese people possess, we can see the need of a Christian university. . . I cannot help but think that we are seeing in ICU a principle that I hope soon will be more recognized in the Christian enterprise. It is that almost inexplicable power of a nucleus to pervade a group life. I have been in homes in which just one member of the family was a Christian, and yet that member changed the climate of the family—as he lived actually the Christian way."

Highest Award for Red Cross

Did you know that? The Austrian Red Cross Society has awarded the American Red Cross a gold medal—its highest honor—for assistance given in the Hungarian relief program of 1956-57.

Church World Service Kit

Elizabeth Allstrom, well-known writer in the field of Christian Education, has prepared for Church World Service a Children's Kit to help boys and girls understand what the church around the world is doing to provide food for the hungry, the sick and the needy. The kit includes background information for teachers on the relief ministries of the churches, services of worship, stories, lists of resource ma-

terials, songs and singing games, stories, and things to make. Sample copies may be obtained free of charge from Church World Service, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. or CROP, 117 W. Lexington Ave., Elkhart, Ind.

Oregon Churches and the Indians

Oregon church leaders met with Indians and government leaders last January to discuss "The Forward Look in Indian Affairs." Dr. Mark A. Talney of the state church council in Oregon said: "Indians have justly complained through the years that whites seem vastly more interested in Indian property than Indian people. Oregon church people are dedicated to the principle that Indians get a fair deal." The Conference came up with several suggestions: Amendments to the congressional bill to terminate Indian tribes; the setting up of a permanent Indian Committee in Oregon to safeguard Indians' rights and the state economy.

Volunteers for UN

A file is being prepared by the UN of volunteers from all over the world who are willing to serve one or two years in a United Nations Voluntary Service Corps at subsistence pay. They will work in international teams in a crusade against hunger, illiteracy, poor health, and misunderstanding. The Corps has not yet been established, but prior to its establishment volunteers are being placed in projects staffed and financed by VUN Projects, Inc. When the file has grown

sufficiently large, it will be presented to interested officials at the UN. If you are interested, write to File of Volunteers for the UN, Box 179, Cambridge 38, Mass., United States of America.

New WCC Hq

The World Council of Churches will break ground for its new headquarters in Geneva in the Fall of 1959. The extremely modern-stylized structure will have 236 rooms. About one-fifth of the \$2,500,000 cost is being provided by sources in the United States of America.

AMONG OUR WRITERS

Charlotte and Dan Ross, who have written several Mei Wong stories for us (Justice of Mei Wong, page 54), are a husband and wife writing team who have sold their mystery stories both here and abroad. They live on the shore of the Bay of Fundy in Lancaster, Canada. Frank L. Remington, who wrote the article ("They Also Serve," page 49) about the dilemma of our No. 2 men, is a full-time free-lancer who has contributed 600 articles to national publications and religious journals in the past eight years. Robert A. Elfers ("Bob") who wrote the fiction piece, "The Man in the Dark," is Adult Editor for Friendship Press. A former G.I., he knows how to write dynamic stories for men readers.

PHOTO CREDITS

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The Link Calendar

JULY is the seventh month, called July in honor of Julius Caesar, has thirty-one days, the birthstone is ruby and the flower is larkspur or water lily.

You won't believe it but it is National Ice Tea Time, National Picnic Month, and National Hot Dog Month. The picnics don't "show" me much, as the teen-agers put it, but hot dogs and baseball—now there's the fun!

The big day, of course, is July 4. Independence Day. Our 183rd anniversary. Comes on Saturday this year. This whole issue is built around America's heritage of freedom. We have much to celebrate; and yet we need to ask God to guide us in these complex and difficult days so we'll know how to use our freedom not for self-glory, but for the glory of God and the benefit of all mankind.

July 5 at 2 A.M. the earth reaches Aphelion, that place where it is farthest from the sun—94,556,000 miles. Which reminds me of the story of the little girl who asked her mother, "How far is it to the sun?" The mother replied: "Ninety three million miles, my dear." Then the little girl went on to ask, "Do you mean from upstairs or from downstairs?"

Four other countries celebrate independence day this month: Venezuela, July 5; Argentina, July 9; Colombia, July 20; Peru, July 28. July 21 is Liberation Day in Guam.

COMING EVENTS around the world:

July 6-11, International Christian Endeavor Convention, Philadelphia, Pa. The Hq. of the International C.E. is 1221 East Broad St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

July 1, Henley Rowing Regatta, Henley, England. 3-5, Jazz Festival, Newport, R. I.; 2-6, Pennsylvania Dutch Festival, Kutztown, Pa. July 4-Aug. 15, Berkshire Musical Festival, Lenox, Mass. 7, All-Star Big League Baseball Game, Pittsburgh, Pa. July 10-Aug. 30, Shakespeare Festival, San Diego, Calif. 7-12, Western Open Golf Championship, Pittsburgh, Pa. 14, Bastille Day, Paris. 17-26, Aquatennial Festival, 10,000 lakes, Minneapolis, Minn. 20-26, Bach Festival, Carmel, Calif. July 20-Aug. 31, Wm. Tell Pageant, Interlaken, Switzerland. 22, Golden Days. Re-enact the gold rush, Fairbanks, Alaska. July 25-Aug. 31, Salzburg Festival, Salute Haydn Year, Salzburg, Austria. July 27-Sept. 5, Shakespeare Festival. Four plays. Ashland, Ore. July 31-Aug. 1, Centennial Fiesta, Denver, Colo. 1859 costumes in vogue.

MANY RELIGIOUS RETREATS WILL BE HELD THIS MONTH.
How about getting into one?

Helps for Lay Leaders

Congratulations to Armed Forces Chaplains Board on the beautiful and useful new hymnal: *Armed Forces Hymnal*. In the Protestant Section, beginning page 119, you will find a lot of lay leader helps: Order of Worship, Calls to Worship, Litanies, the Apostles' Creed, Prayers, Responsive Scripture Selections, and, of course, Hymns.

Here are your helps for the month. They are simply helps. The total effectiveness of your service depends on what *you* put into it.

1. What Kind of a God Is God? (see page 9)

The Main Idea: Stress upon God's love may lead one to suppose that God is not also a God of justice. The concept of an easy-going God lies at the root of much of the easy salvation so popular in our day. The biblical concept of a God of holiness who pronounces judgment upon sin must be brought into the picture.

Bible Material: Amos 5:8-24.

Discussion Questions: What truth is there in the statement, "Sin and the natural consequences of sin constitute God's judgment?" What is meant by "your being in uniform now is a witness to God's righteous judgment"? How does the love revealed on the cross differ from other kinds of love?

Hymns: "Holy, Holy, Holy"; "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy"; "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go."

2. Good News? Who Says? (see page 22)

The Main Idea: What constitutes the "good news?" How can it best be shared with others? These are the basic questions of this study.

Bible Material: Luke 19:1-10.

Discussion Questions: Tell of some occasions of good news you've received. How do these compare with the "good news" of the gospel—that Christ died to save us from sin and this salvation is ours if we accept it? How did Jesus share "the good news" with Zacchaeus? Suggest the best ways we can employ in sharing "the good news" with others.

Hymns: "Jesus Calls Us"; "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"; "O Jesus I Have Promised."

3. Where Do You Draw the Line? (see page 34)

The Main Idea: Is it right ever to "let the bars down" to make friends or to keep them? Discuss the real meaning of friendship. Is the sanctimonious spirit Christian or unchristian? These and related ideas are discussed in this study.

Bible Material: Luke 18:9-14; Isaiah 40:28-31.

Discussion Questions: Use questions under "The Main Idea." Here are two more: How can a Christian live by his personal ethical standards without acting morally superior to others about him? How can a person find strength to live a Christian life in the midst of temptations?

Hymns: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"; "God of Grace and God of Glory"; "Take the Name of Jesus With You."

4. Beat-up or Up-beat? (see page 42)

The Main Idea: What are the characteristics and attitudes of the so-called "beat generation"? Does their attitude indicate that the church has failed them? Why or why not? What can the church do to win the "beat generation"? These are some questions dealt with in this study.

Bible Material: Matthew 17:9-20.

Discussion Questions: See "The Main Idea."

Hymns: "Give of Your Best to the Master"; "Lead On, O King Eternal"; "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Books Are Friendly Things

The only America many people know is the America of the morning newspaper; and with all credit to the newspaper—that must be a distorted picture. For America is yesterday as well as today. The dreams, the hopes, the ambitions, the struggles, the wars, the ordinary life of ordinary people. And it is fascinating and informing to read about this America. And it gives you a background which makes you appreciate America today more.

The thoughtful person discovering the thousands upon thousands of volumes sometimes wishes, "Oh, if I had only a whole lifetime to do nothing but read!" Obviously that's a hopeless thought. So, the best thing to do is to read as much as one can and select the best.

We're not making a plea always for the pocket books. Sometimes you ought to do more. But it happens that there are many inexpensive books that you can read quickly that will help you to become better informed about the country in which you live.

Here are few suggestions this month of July, our 183rd birthday!

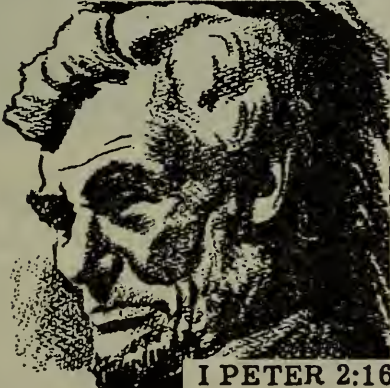
1. *A History of the United States* by Wm. Miller. 1958. Dell. 75 cents. From the four worlds of the fifteenth century to the one world of the twentieth century, we watch America being settled, we join in the contest for North America, learn of the American way of life, see the struggle of North and South, as well as the modern struggle of big business. Here in 512 pages is an informative and useful book on America.

2. *A Stillness at Appomattox* by Bruce Catton. 1958. Pocket Books 50 cents. The man with the facile historical pen in our day is Bruce Catton, editor of *American Heritage*. He has dug down into original sources and shown that the Civil War was not just a clash of arms—but a clash of people, hoping, suffering, and dying. We see the carnage, the evil, the loneliness of war; men being moved by forces instead of moving forces; and yet out of the struggle something arising to mold America into a more solid nation!

3. *The American Heritage Reader*, edited by Bruce Catton. Dell. 1956. 50 cents. The immense popularity of the history magazine in book form called *American Heritage* shows that there are many people interested in history not from the angle of politics and the wars, but in the same way the editors state their purpose: "The belief that our heritage is best understood by a study of the things that ordinary folk of America have done and thought and dreamed since first they began to live here." This book is a selection of material along that line.

4. *The World in Space* by Alexander Marshack. Dell, 1958. 35 cents. And just to show you that we are up-to-date, we call attention to a little book that describes without mathematical formulas or obscure terminology, not only what American scientists are doing through the International Geophysical Year but what other scientists from sixty-four nations are doing. From this we see that America has entered a new era.

BIBLE VERSE



I PETER 2:16

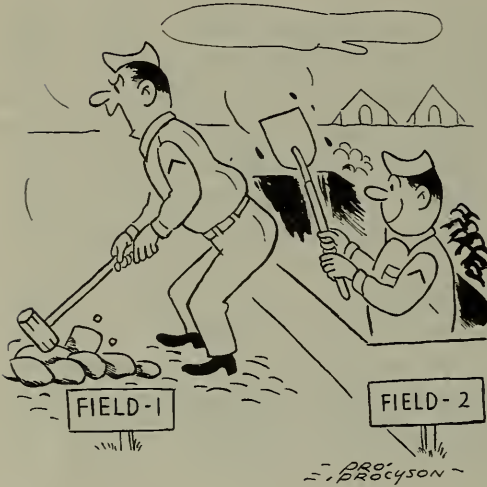
As free, and not using *your* liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.

To be free does not mean "to be free and easy." Freedom demands discipline. The train is not free to leave the track and take off through the woods. It is most free when it stays on the track. So we are most free when we recognize God as our Father and Jesus Christ as our Savior. When Christ releases us from the bondage of sin and we become his captives, we are most free. Here's a great verse for July and for all time.

Freedom of speech too often seems to mean "free to say what you please as long as you please enough people."

—Frank J. Pippin in *Ethical Outlook*

At Ease!



"I fell for the line, 'The Army trains you in one or more fields of work.'"

The Russian government had a plan to improve the yield of potatoes. After having followed the recommendations for a season, a farmer was being interviewed by a government representative. "Why, I tell you," commented the farmer, "if I piled all the potatoes in one big pile they would reach from here to God."

"Don't say that so loud," replied the government man. "I don't want to have to turn you in. You know there isn't any God."

"And there aren't any potatoes either," said the farmer.

—*Pourquoi Pas?*

Junior highs are always finding double meanings to words. Thornydyke and Barnhart are preparing a dictionary for junior highs. Apparently each word is to have an illustrative sentence so there will be no mistaking the meaning of the word. Barnhart illustrated "passionate" this way: "The early fathers of our country were passionate believers in freedom." Said Barnhart: "They'll find no double meaning in that." A reader of the *Saturday Review* wrote back: "No? How about this: 'The early fathers of our country were passionate, believers in freedom.'" You can't win.

A steeplejack was high atop his ladder, cleaning the face of the old church clock, when Jackson came by. He came to a halt, looked up and remarked: "Boy, is he near-sighted!"

"So I told the boss I was late to work because there's eight in our family and the alarm was set for seven."

Mr. Watson of IBM was famous for his insistence on having signs commanding "THINK" plastered all over his palatial premises. Nobody ever discovered the identity of the miscreant who penciled "OR THWIM" on the bottom of all of them after the staff had gone home one night.

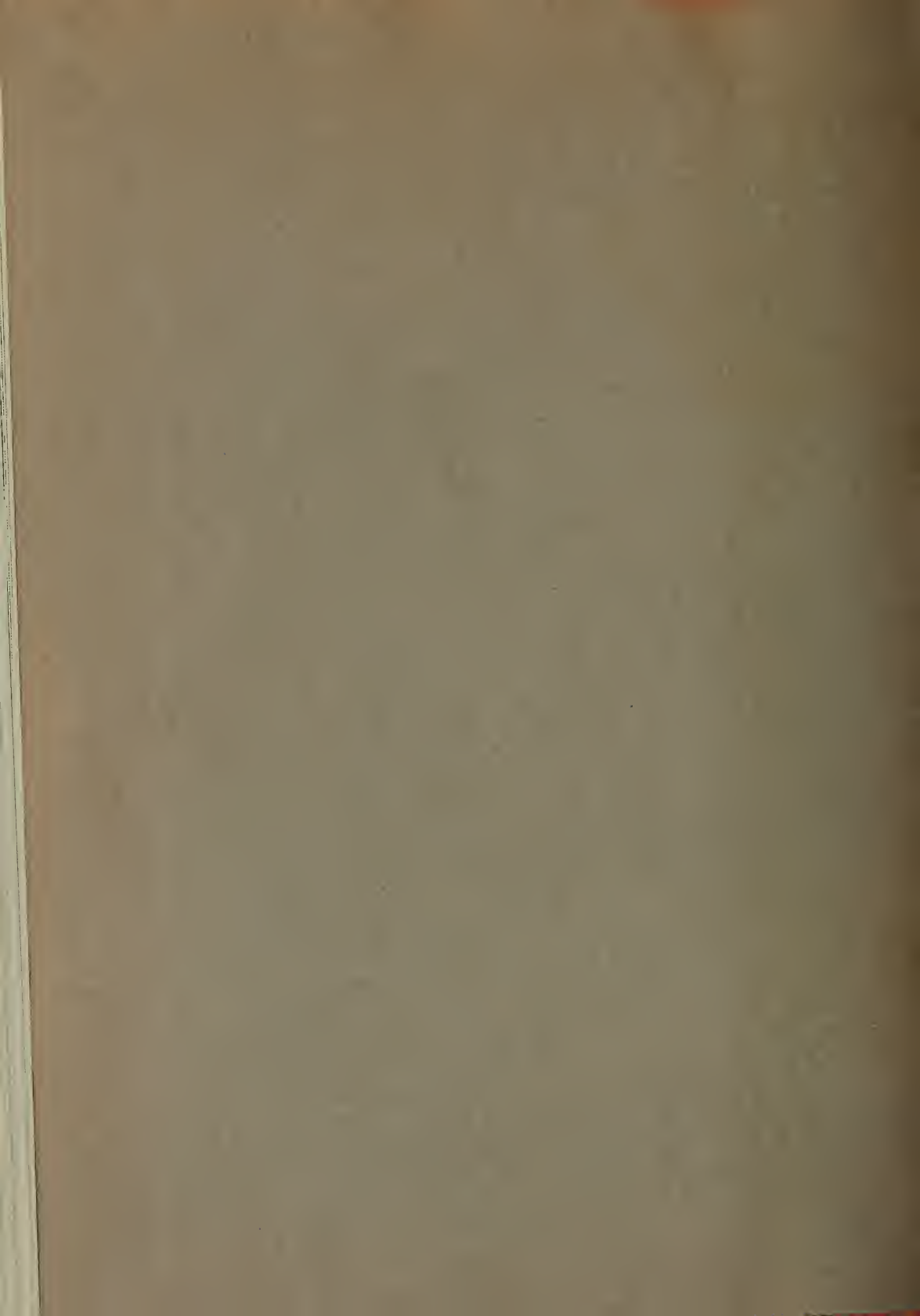
—Bennett Cerf
in *The Life of the Party*

Don't strive to be normal—it's abnormal.—C. R. Smith.



In spite of the tragedy shown, this picture is tremendous. Vetter of Red Cross Photography staff has caught a dynamic character in the old Tennessean victimized by flood waters and poverty. And always as usual, there is the lovely Red Cross girl to offer aid. In 1958 in 313 disaster relief operations, 79,500 people received mass care (food, shelter, clothing, medical) during the emergency phase, and 10,150 families got Red Cross grants to rebuild and repair shattered homes and disrupted lives. God bless the Red Cross!





DATE	ISSUED TO

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