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# LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



VOLUME 4

NUMBER 2





## Behind the League Behind THE LINK

*Are These Churches*

Methodist  
Presbyterian U. S. A.  
Protestant Episcopal  
Northern Baptist  
Congregational Christian  
Presbyterian U. S.  
Disciples of Christ  
Evangelical & Reformed  
Salvation Army  
United Brethren  
Evangelical  
United Presbyterian  
Nazarene  
Reformed in America  
Assemblies of God  
Seventh Day Adventist

National Baptist U. S. A.  
African Methodist Episcopal  
AME Zion  
Church of the Brethren  
Colored Methodist Episcopal  
Cumberland Presbyterian  
Free Methodist  
Church of God  
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OF THE  
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**Link** MAGAZINE

CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

# Bible Quiz

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER



Who owned the only sundial mentioned in the Bible? (*Isaiah 38:8*)

? ? ?

How much did Joseph's brothers get for him, when they sold him into slavery? (*Genesis 37:28*)

? ? ?

Which is longer, the middle verse of the Old Testament or the middle verse of the New Testament? (*II Chronicles 18:30; Acts 7:7*)

? ? ?

To what deadly weapon is the word of God compared in the New Testament? (*Hebrews 4:12*)

? ? ?

The word "hats" is used only once in the Bible. What happened to the men who were wearing them? (*Daniel 3:21*)

? ? ?

Everybody knows about the Noah who built the ark, but there's another Noah in the Bible, a woman. Who was she? (*Numbers 27:1*)

? ? ?

What's wrong with this sentence: "Two of Paul's enemies in Cyprus were Elymas and Bar-Jesus"? (*Acts 13:5-11*)

? ? ?

Of all the places mentioned in the New Testament, there are three important ones with names beginning with A. You ought to be able to guess them all. The name of the first one means "City of Minerva." The name of the second one means "Fruit Mountains." The name of the third one means "City of Fast Chariots." (*Acts 17:15; Revelation 16:16; Acts 11:20*)

When American army quartermasters established storehouses in the city of Hama, Syria, the soldiers who were assigned to duty there marvelled at the great water-wheels, nearly fifty feet high, with which the natives lift irrigation water from the river Orontes. The present name of the town is a shortened form of the Biblical "Hamath," meaning "fortress." What Old Testament king had storehouses there, so huge that they were known as "store cities"? (*II Chronicles 8:3, 4*)

? ? ?

What were Paul's first words after his conversion? (*Acts 9:6*)

? ? ?

Whose name occurs in both the first and last verses of the New Testament?

? ? ?

In what city did Paul preach for three years? (Hint: Its earliest inhabitants were the famous Amazons, those legendary female warriors who originally came from the Sea of Azov, scene of bitter fighting between Germans and Russians in World War II.) (*Acts 20:17, 31*)

? ? ?

When Christ was born to Joseph and Mary, did the name "Jesus" come from the father or the mother? (*Matthew 1:20, 21*)

? ? ?

Supply the missing word in the following familiar quotation: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a ——" (*Proverbs 16:32*)

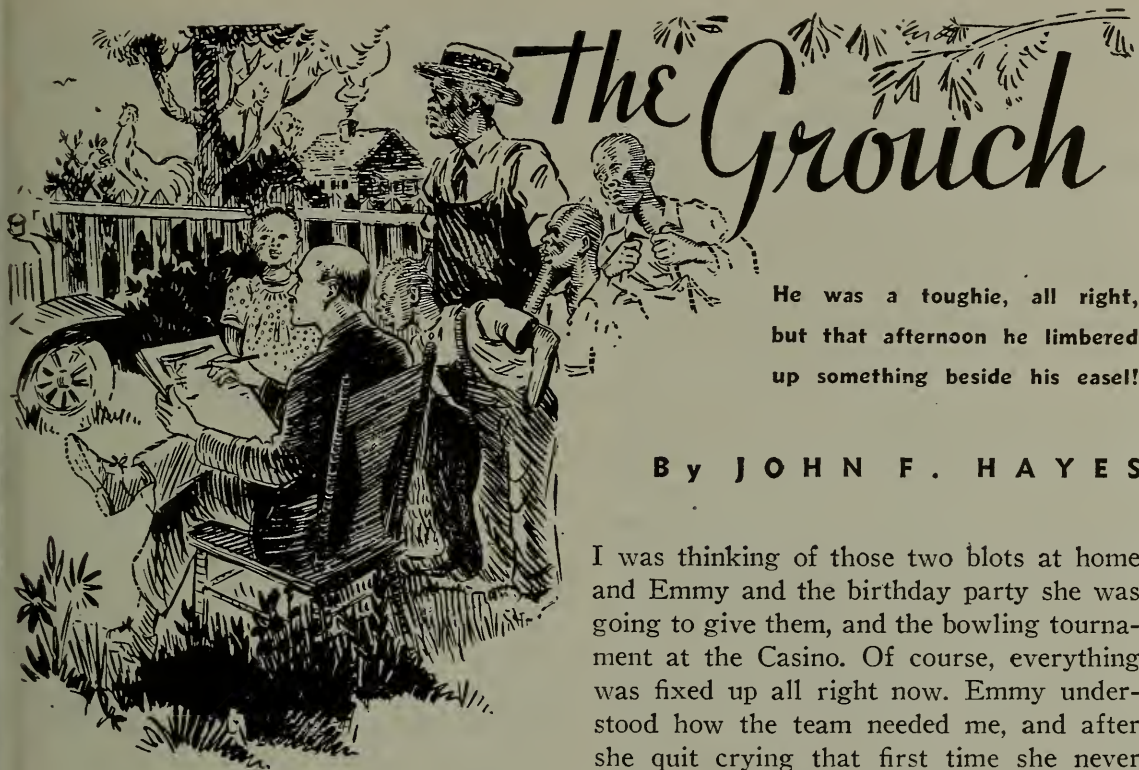
? ? ?

In Old Testament times, was the ostrich considered a clever bird? (*Job 39:13-17*)

? ? ?

Who found a piece of money in a fish? (Hint: He was a brother of Andrew and a partner in the fishing business with John and James, the sons of Zebedee.) (*Matthew 17:26, 27*)





# The Grouch

He was a toughie, all right,  
but that afternoon he limbered  
up something beside his easel!

By JOHN F. HAYES

I was thinking of those two blots at home and Emmy and the birthday party she was going to give them, and the bowling tournament at the Casino. Of course, everything was fixed up all right now. Emmy understood how the team needed me, and after she quit crying that first time she never said one thing more against it. Only it was kind of hard to remember them two kids looking at me while I tried to explain why I wouldn't be at their birthday party.

The colonel unlocked his car door. "Where is this place, anyway?"

I GAVE him detailed instructions. "Factory neighborhood," he decided.

"No, it's not a factory neighborhood. It's near factories, but it's a community of cottages, trees and dirt roads."

"Ramshackle," he summarized. "It's a sad commentary that the rundown and the decrepit are called picturesque. Look on the walls of any studio—fishermen's shacks, sagging livery stables—why do we think things like that are good looking?"

"We don't," I said. "But we look at artists like you to find beauty there and show it to us."

"Rubbish," said the colonel.

He wedged himself under the wheel. "They keep making these cars smaller and

THE colonel already had his car out and was stowing his easel and stool in the luggage compartment. He looked funny in civilian clothes, but there was still that stiff set of his shoulders and the same straight lower lip showing under his mustache.

"Afternoon, sir," I said.

"Hello, Tatum. Don't call me sir. We're out of the army. Glad to see you." He shook hands, not smiling. Nobody had ever seen Roscoe Stone smile. He was a born grouch.

He looked at my civvies, which were beginning to feel natural to me after thirty-five days. "Where's your junk?"

"I have a sketch book and pencils in my pockets."

"Is that all you brought?"

"I shan't do much. I want to learn by watching you."

He scowled. "Might as well learn to swim by watching a frog. Well, we've a nice day. I'm looking forward to it."

"So am I—" which wasn't true, because

smaller," he complained. "I suppose by the time the postwar model comes out you will have to drive lying down with the steering wheel between your knees. By the way, sergeant—Tatum, I mean—are you painting for a living?"

"No, sir. I got enough of that in the cartographic section, sir. No, I went back to my old company and they put me back on the drawing board inside of half an hour."

"Good. No reconversion problem for you. You should be happy."

"I am." I should have said, I *was* happy. Until this morning, when this birthday thing came to a head. Funny, bowling with the company team, looking forward to the tournament tonight—and now—Oh, well, it was all settled. Except that I kept seeing them blots hanging onto my hands.

"For myself," said the colonel, "I find things a little hard. Of course, you have a family to tie to. I'm a lone wolf. And people who come into the studio are so blamed unreasonable. They don't like one picture because the sky's too blue and the next because the beach wouldn't go with Aunt Meniphee's eardrops. It'd sure be a pleasure to tell 'em all where to go, and do something to please myself. . . . Is this where we turn?"

It was. You couldn't fool the colonel when it came to maps and directions. We went across 115th street. At a certain intersection it became 115th Place. He grumbled about that. He thought the politicians should know the difference between a street and a place.

ON 139th Street, after we passed the gas tank, he began to slow down, watching both sides of the road. "It ought to be along in here somewhere," he said. "There are the railroad tracks. Is it a completely Negro community?"

"Plenty dark," I told him. "I've never seen a white man there yet."

We began to pass the houses—most of them unpainted, with sagging porches, dirt yards in front, weeds in back. Windows propped open with milk bottles. On every porch a woman sitting, chin on fist.

Rocky kept looking this side and the other. Behind the bushy eyebrows was an expression keen as the county assessor's. "Just as I thought," he scoffed. "A huddle of shacks. You brought me way out here to look at rubbish."

"One across there," I said, "is new brick. Clean and neat."

He paid no attention. He pulled up under a tree and parked. "Let's get going," he said. "I want to get that house across the way, with the tar paper roof." He sat on the running board and rigged up his easel. He fumbled around for palette and paints, eyeing the house, seeing his painting before he touched the paper. He began mixing colors as though he had only five minutes for the whole job.

A small Negro boy about six years old appeared. He edged closer. Rocky made a few passes with a pencil, put down a dot to locate something, a faint line for the roof, a loop for a tree. Then he began with the water colors.

The Negro boy worked to where he could see the picture, and excitement seized him. "He's drawing my house!" he yipped. "I live in that house right there. That there's right where I live." He turned and ran across the road. "Mom!" In forty seconds he was back with three other kids. The small gathering attracted others, juvenile and adult. Rocky worked on, oblivious.

A tall, brown man in clean white clothes joined the group and looked at the painting for a moment. "You've got the feeling, sir," he said. "I done a lot of that work myself. Yes, sir, you've really got the touch for it, Mister."

Roscoe Stone looked up. "Thank you," he said. "What kind of work do you do?"

"Reckon I does most every kind, Mister."



Lead pencil, pastels, water color, show card, oils. Oil's the easiest there is. But I'm kind of like you, I like watercolors the best. That's a mighty pretty piece of work you're doing there, Mister."

"Well," said Rocky, "as one artist to another, I'll make you a present of it. Here." He ran his knife around all four edges and handed over the painting.

The brown man was speechless for a second. "I sure do thank you, Mister," he said when he could get his breath. "I got a frame home just about right for that. Yes, sir, I'm going to hang that up in the front room." And, I thought to myself, well he might.

A NEGRO girl about ten edged closer to the artist. "Paint me a picture, too?" she said.

Stone looked at her. "Why should I?"

"You painted one for that man."

"But he's an artist."

"I can draw, Mister. I draw in school."

"That's right," said the big brown man.

"This girl's got talent. If I was her daddy I'd encourage her."

Roscoe sighed. "All right," he said. "I'll do one more." Across the field was a little vista—two houses in the distance, a few trees, and a bridge.

He put it down quickly and gave it to her. Immediately a dozen voices bombarded him. "Paint me one, Mister. Gimme a picture, Mister."

"No more," said Rocky, and stood up. "Of course you all want pictures. As long as I'd stay here and paint pictures for nothing, you'd take them. You put too low a value on my work."

They edged away somewhat. A little man in blue overalls and a straw hat was not abashed. He pushed forward.

"Mister," he said, "I'm not asking you to give me nothing, but if I could hire you to come over in my yard and paint a picture of my Ford, I would sure like to have you."

Roscoe's ears went up. I watched that lower lip carefully. For a moment I fancied I detected a smile, but the walrus mustache shrouded it in secrecy.

"Is that your place?"

"That's it, Boss."

There was a luxuriant poplar tree, a weathered house and a black automobile. Stone looked at me. "It's a commission," he said. He marched across the road, the rest of us straggling behind.

Roscoe stood in the yard, paced this way and that, selecting the view.

"I reckon," said the Negro, "I'd like to have the whole house *and* the car. Can you do that?"

"It could be arranged," said the colonel. "If you'd bring out a chair, please."

"Corabelle, go get him a chair," said the black man. A little girl hurried in and brought out a kitchen chair. "Take it back," said the father, "and bring a *good* chair!"

Corabelle came back with a gumwood chair with a red leather seat. Roscoe sat himself down and went to work.

Three boys attached themselves to the back of Rocky's chair. Every time they moved his elbow jiggled. They were about the age of my two blots, who were having a birthday party tonight, only I would be bowling with the team from my company. Rocky turned to the boys. I expected him to blow up, seeing as he was not used to children. But with amazing gentleness he said: "Every time you boys do that it shakes my hand. If I'm going to do a nice picture I'll have to make steady marks. You go swing some place else."

A sudden thought struck me about the colonel. Everybody called him a grouch. He *was* a grouch. And yet, I noticed, the things he complained of were the faults of people who knew better but didn't do better. I had never seen him complain over someone doing the best he could with what he had.

The sun dropped lower. Rocky was ab-



sorbed. One window sill of the house was broken. He came to that point, debated an instant, and drew the sill straight and square.

On the artist's paper the house grew, old and weathered, with soft lights in the wood which other people might not notice. The tree was there. It was green and brown and red in the low sun—the leaves moving a little in the wind. And there was the car the man was proud of, with highlights on the fenders.

The painter's brush stopped moving. He looked at the picture, lifted his brush, and put it down again. "Better quit before I spoil it," he said, and handed it to the owner.

The Negro almost danced. He ran into the house. We could hear his voice. "Dee!" he said. "Look!" There was an exchange of soft voices.

The man came out again with twenty-five cents in his hand. "It is a pleasure to pay you for a beautiful picture," he said.

I watched Rocky's lower lip carefully. There was no sign of a quiver. He took the twenty-five cents.

"Mister," said the colored man, "have you got any big paper with you?"

"No, I haven't."

"I wish you'd paint me a great big picture," he said, "and bring it the next time you come out. Like the one on the third floor at Sears Roebuck's, in a gold frame. Dee," he called toward the house, "what was that picture you liked?"

He went to the window, leaned into the house and engaged in conversation. Returning, he said, "It was about this long and this high."

"Eighteen by twenty-four," said Rocky automatically. "What was in it?"

The Negro's face shone. "There was a pool down in front, and three swans on it. You could see their reflections just as plain. And then there was a bank sloping up and some trees, and on the hill was a mans'on."

Roscoe Stone stood up. "I'm pretty busy," he said shortly. "I couldn't promise anything like that."

WE got into the car. The sun lay on the horizon. Rocky headed toward town. "You don't have any pictures," I pointed out.

"No," he grumbled. "Plan for an outing all week, and when it's over you haven't anything to show for it. Gave everything away. It's a question whether it does these people any good, too. One man said he was an artist—but maybe that was just talk."

He snorted. "If it ever gets around that I sold a painting for twenty-five cents, I'll be ruined professionally. Sergeant, if you spill it I'll bust you down to a private."

"You won't bust me, sir, because I'm a civilian. Remember?"

He nodded. For some reason he stopped the car in Beverly Hills. He fished in his pocket and got an envelop. He looked up at the ridge.

"There's the hill," he said. "And that, certainly, is a mans'on." He made a few marks that meant nothing. Then he threw in a shadow and it came alive.

"A pool down here," he said. "And a swan here. Another there. Shadow there." He put the envelop in his pocket and started the car. "Tatum," he said, "do you mind if I drive past my studio before we go home? I want to pick up a piece of paper."

"Eighteen by twenty-four?" I asked. He nodded. "Colonel," I said. "You're a fraud. You're not tough. You're a pushover."

"I know," he said. "But those folks have so little. If I can help, it's a pleasure. About the only pleasure there is, really." And then he flushed and scowled. "What time is your bowling party?"

"Never mind the bowling party," I said. "I'm going home." We passed an ice cream store. That gave me an idea: I never did see a birthday party that couldn't use a little more ice cream!

# *They Always HANDICAP the BEST BETS!*

By **MAXWELL DROKE**

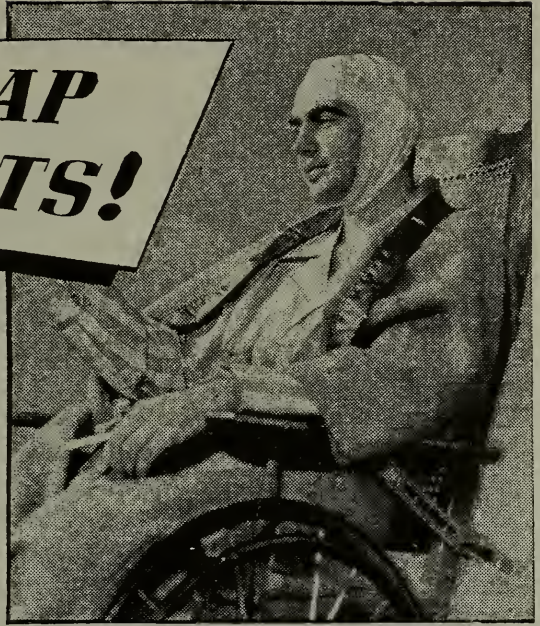
Author of "Good-by to G.I."

**T**HIS message is addressed to fighting men who have had *It*. You have taken just about everything that the enemy could throw at you. And in the scrimmage, you have had Something Subtracted. To put it plainly, you are handicapped.

Well, just what is a handicap anyway?

Webster, with a rather surprising knowledge of the lingo of sporting circles, declares that a handicap is "an extra weight imposed on a superior horse in a race." And we can find a pretty apt parallel in war. Taking it by and large, the fellows who wind up with handicaps are superior men. They didn't hesitate to work their way into spots where there was action. And in war, wherever there's action there is danger. Yes, the superior man—the chap who has proved he can take it—is the fellow who gets hurt. You don't often hear of a goldbrick leaving an arm or a leg on the battlefield. And the rear echelon pursues its way in comparative safety. But the fighting man who has the guts to put himself in a spot where things are happening may get maimed, or killed—and knows it.

Of course we aren't saying that every good man gets wounded in war—or that those who are spared are lacking in courage or initiative. Lots of A-1 warriors worked their way to V-Day unscathed, or with only minor injuries. Others, through no fault of their own, had comparatively little oppor-



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

tunity to meet the full force of enemy fire. But on the average, you handicapped men are definitely on the superior side. You represent the best we had in this war. That's the point I am making.

And it is an important point. It is important to *you*, because you may need to call upon that sense of superiority to restore some measure of your shattered self-confidence. You may have fallen into the very bad habit—bad for *you*, that is—of dwelling upon what you have lost instead of concentrating upon *what you have left*.

## **Consider That Handicap of Yours**

Now, let's turn to a careful consideration of this handicap of yours. What is the real meaning of the condition? To a weakling, a handicap is an alibi; it is a way out, a cheap chance to dodge responsibility and settle down into the mire of mediocrity. For the rest of his natural life he can go around drawing interest on his injury, while his principal of natural ability and resourcefulness slowly ebbs away. Yes, that's the way of the weakling.



But it isn't *your* way. You are a *superior* person. And like the superior horse, you have been handicapped. To a thorough-bred—man or horse—a handicap is a challenge. He doesn't slow down or quit the race because of added weight. On the contrary, he is grimly resolved to win *in spite of* the extra burden.

Have you ever stopped to consider that your handicap may be Nature's sardonic way of making you prove to yourself, and to the world, how good you really are? You never know what you *can* do until you get a good stiff handicap slapped on you. Turn to the pages of history. Read the inspiring life stories of men who have worked their way to the top. Time and time and time again you will find that they were handicapped in one way or another. Mighty few got the breaks in life. Sometimes the handicap was physical. Sometimes it was financial. Rather often it was a combination of the two. By all the accepted rules of the game these men didn't have a chance. So they went out and *made* one. They went out and won because they were *superior* men who couldn't be stopped. Just as you, too, will win because of your own certain superiority.

Oh, no, we aren't saying that you are destined to be a genius or a world-beater. There aren't too many of those in any generation. But with God's help you can be a *man*—and you can play a man's part in a waiting world that *wants* you to win. For it is important to realize that once you have taken the first positive step, the world will be with you all the way. It is human nature to applaud winners, and to help them on to even greater success. And if the winner is one who is making his way despite handicaps, that goes double!

You would be less than human if you had not asked yourself in meditative moments why this affliction had to happen. And, specifically, why it had to happen to *you*. That's a natural line of questioning, even

though it can't possibly lead to any satisfying conclusions. But let's look at it this way: Maybe this thing happened to you, rather than to the other fellow because you are the better man—because you have the guts, the courage and the fighting force to put an affliction in its proper place. In other words you—the spiritual *you*—is far bigger than any calamity that can possibly happen to your mortal body. You can win—and you *WILL* win—where a lesser man might be crushed by what has happened to him externally.

#### There's No Use Pretending—Face It

Now, let's get this thing straight. No one is making light of your injury. And no one is asking or expecting you to subscribe to any silly, frothy Pollyanna philosophy. You have been hit—and hit hard. There's no sense pretending that you aren't going to miss a lot of things because of what has happened to you. Of course you will have your bitter moments—and no one is more entitled to them. There will be times when you will get mad, times when you will rant and rail at Fate's scurvy trick. But regardless of what may be said or done, it comes down to this:

You have been wounded.

You have a physical handicap.

It *has* happened.

It is a *fact*.

And it *must* be faced.

Over a period of years I have had a good deal of experience in working with persons who have encountered some form of physical misfortune. In too many such cases it develops that the real calamity is not the missing limb, the broken body, the blinded eye, but the *attitude of mind* that results from the injury. The individual permits his physical impairment to turn and twist his life until he becomes a morbid, melancholy misfit—a misery to himself and to all who are forced to come in contact with him. Thus what might have become a beautiful,



useful and constructive life is wholly wasted. This is the greatest of all human tragedies. Don't let it happen to you!

Fortunately for all who have suffered injury, the medical profession is rapidly discarding what Dr. George Preston has rather aptly termed the myth of the Headless Horseman and the Cheshire Cat. The Cat, you remember, had no body; the horseman lacked a head. Similarly, medicine for too long a time has been divided into two schools: there was head medicine, or psychiatry, and body medicine, or physiology. Rarely did they work together for the common good of the patient. But we are beginning, praise be, to learn better than that.

As Betsey Barton puts it in her excellent little book, *And Now to Live Again*: "The effort to recover must enlist the mind and heart as well as the body. The effort should combine these three facets of ourselves. For we know now that there can be no purely physical disability, just as there can be no purely mental disability. Due to the interdependence of the body functions, there cannot be."

Miss Barton, by the way, knows whereof she speaks. Her back was broken at sixteen in an automobile accident, and she has remained paralyzed for ten years. Her book is one that you should get and read. It is published by D. Appleton-Century Company, priced at \$1.75.

No matter the extent of your injuries, bear ever in mind that you still have left the thing that matters most—the spiritual you. This thing is far, far more important than limbs, eyes, or any physical aspect. It is the mystic inner force that sustains you, lifts you up, urges you on—the force that will not let you fail. So long as you put your trust in this inner force, this gift of God, you will go on to a great and growing future. This is the force with which you must re-plan and re-build your life. You can give it any name you like, or no name

at all. But do not discount it. Believe me, this force is a reality. Indeed it is the only reality a man can cling to with steadfast certainty in an uncertain world.

And now, in conclusion, let us make this final point: If you are in earnest about making the most of the opportunities that are afforded you, your one solution is to face your handicap fairly and squarely—and then forget it. Yes, *forget* it. Forget it, not by some weird process of delusion and pretense, but by the commonsense rational plan of going on about your business, doing what you can do as best you can, and, like any other normal human being, seeking always to advance yourself through increased usefulness to others. Shun both pity and praise when they come on the basis of your physical impairment. And be doubly chary of self-indulgence on either score. If you stoop to pity or stop to praise, you are only accenting your consciousness of a condition that must be forgotten before it can be fully mastered.

#### Concentrate on Things You Can Do

In accepting your handicap rationally you are doing only what every other successful human being must do consciously or subconsciously. For we all have our hampering handicaps and limitations. Shall we permit these shortcomings to wreck our lives? Certainly not—unless we are very short-sighted, foolish neurotics.

Yes, of course there are things that you cannot do. But there are also things—a great many things—that you *can* do. Because we cannot do *everything*, should we perversely decline to do anything? Concentrate on the things that you can do. Master a few accomplishments within your capacity. Learn to do at least one thing better than anyone else can do it. Set yourself a long-range life program that is within realizable bounds. For in that direction lies the highway to happiness.

# The Civilian Point System for Veterans

By CHAPLAIN ROBERT O. SMITH

Determine your critical score by the number of questions you can answer yes. The more you can answer affirmatively, the better should be your adjustment to civilian life. Fill in the word yes or no for each question and then total your final score. A total score of 18 is excellent, 18-15 good, 14-13 fair, and below 13 poor.

	(No)	(Yes)
1. Do you plan to be worth more to your employer than he will pay you?	_____	_____
2. Will you be independent of special favors and stand on your own resources as much as possible?	_____	_____
3. Are you dedicated to the task of doing all that you can to enhance the security, happiness, and welfare of your family?	_____	_____
4. Do you have some worthy ideals to strive for?	_____	_____
5. Is there someone with whom you can freely and openly talk concerning whatever is on your mind?	_____	_____
6. Will you take time out from the rush of daily activities for meditation, prayer, and worship?	_____	_____
7. Do you plan to join clubs or groups of people who have interests in common with you?	_____	_____
8. Will you carefully avoid the temptation to build yourself up as a hero or martyr of the war?	_____	_____
9. Will your attention be centered primarily on worth-while work, goals, and interests outside of yourself?	_____	_____
10. Will you refuse to allow your thoughts to center around your handicaps, limitations, and disabilities?	_____	_____
11. Will you strive to build your life and work around your assets and the good that you can do for others?	_____	_____
12. Do you plan to take up again your favorite hobbies and sports in so far as your physical condition permits?	_____	_____
13. Will you always strive to broaden your religious knowledge and to increase your religious faith?	_____	_____
14. Will you try to be tactful when civilians fail to understand your present feelings and past war experiences?	_____	_____
15. Will you spend your money so as to insure long-term values for yourself and a balanced budget?	_____	_____
16. Will you try to gain friendships by being a friend to others rather than by forcing yourself upon people?	_____	_____
17. Will you give religion an important place in the life of your family?	_____	_____
18. Will you become a regular member of a church, synagogue, temple or other religious group, and uphold the ideals for which it stands?	_____	_____
19. Will you insist that the veterans' organization to which you may be attached use its political power for the good of all people?	_____	_____
20. Will you insist upon supporting your government and refuse, in so far as possible, to allow your government to support you?	_____	_____
Critical Score (number of questions answered yes)	_____	_____

# A CHRISTIAN

## *...and A Gentleman*



Those terms are synonymous, as witness Gen. Lee, the Apostle Paul—and Jesus

By STUART NYE HUTCHISON

**G**OOD MANNERS are an integral part of the duty of a Christian. His spiritual life has two sides. One is his duty to God and the other is to his fellows. Most of our contacts with others as we journey along through life are small courtesies.

Let us try to correct in the beginning certain misconceptions that seem in some quarters to prevail regarding courtesy and good manners. One is that gentleness and thoughtfulness are inconsistent with strength. The very opposite is true. The strongest and finest characters are always the most considerate of others.

One of the strongest men of his age was Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington and conqueror of Napoleon. His biographer reminds us that he never forgot to be courteous. As he lay on his deathbed the attendant brought him a cup of tea and asked if he would have it. "Yes, if you please," was the reply. Even in his last illness, when speech was difficult, he did not forget that he was a gentleman.

Another misconception of courtesy which rather widely prevails is that it conflicts with sincerity. A man said, "I always speak out just what I think. I know I hurt people sometimes by speaking what is in my mind, but everyone knows I am sincere." Yes, and they also know he is rude. It is good to be sincere, but sincerity is not inconsistent with courtesy.

Paul was a splendid example of Chris-

tian courtesy. It has often been said that he taught the Christian world how to think. It is equally true that he taught it how to act under perplexing and trying circumstances. Everywhere we meet Paul we find him an example of good manners.

To mention just one illustration: Paul was on trial before Festus and Agrippa. His masterly defense is one of the high spots of Christian apologetics. It was the custom then, as now, for the opposition to heckle the speaker, to shake his composure, if possible, by ridicule. In the midst of his speech Festus interrupted: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."

No man likes to be told he is crazy. Paul was no different from the rest of us in this respect. But his answer reveals his Christian courtesy. Gently he made reply: "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, . . . for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him." Instead of a sharp retort he pays a compliment to Festus, which at once disarmed him.

Greatest of all among those who have revealed to us what Christian good manners are is Jesus Christ Himself. He is the Son of God, the Savior of the world. He is the greatest of the world's teachers, and He was also the most perfect gentleman who ever passed this way. If you want a



textbook on good manners under all circumstances, read carefully the four Gospels with this in mind.

One of the greatest gentlemen of all time was Robert E. Lee. His biographer gives us many instances of his rare and beautiful courtesy. Even his enemies in this respect could find no fault in him. When Phil Kearney, the dashing northern cavalry officer, was killed within the Confederate lines, Lee himself gathered together every article that had belonged to his fallen foe and sent them through the lines to Kearney's wife, with a tender letter of sympathy and consolation.

It is also said that Lee was once seated in a train when a poor woman entered.

Every seat was filled, many of them with his officers and soldiers. Not one moved until she reached the end of the car where Lee was seated. He gallantly arose and led her to his seat. Whereupon everyone in that car leaped to his feet to offer him a place. "No, gentlemen," was his answer, "if you cannot give your seats to an old woman you cannot give them to me."

From time immemorial in Christian society it has been considered the work of a gentleman to treat womanhood with consideration, and to accord to her certain conventional marks of respect. When a civilization ceases to respect and honor its womanhood it ceases to be civilization.

(Reprinted from *The Presbyterian*)

*Recommended for*

## TOPIC TALK

**First Sunday  
of the Month**

**Theme:  
On Being Christian**

**CALL TO WORSHIP:** O come let us sing unto the Lord, Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

**HYMN:** "O Zion Haste" (*The Hymnal, Army and Navy*, No. 462)

**PRAYER:** (Led by a service man appointed before meeting)

**SCRIPTURE READING:** Philippians 4:4-13

**OFFERING**

**HYMN:** "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" (*The Hymnal*, No. 291)

**TALK** based on "A CHRISTIAN AND A GENTLEMAN" (page 11)

**QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:**

1. *Is respect for womanhood higher or lower,*
  - (a) *now, or a generation ago?*
  - (b) *in the Army and Navy, or in civilian life?*
2. *What can the church do to raise the standard of good manners and courtesy?*
3. *How does a person acquire good manners?*
4. *What is the relationship between drinking and good manners?*

**HYMN:** "I Need Thee Every Hour" (*Hymnal*, No. 322)

**BENEDICTION:** "Now unto Him who is eternal, immortal, invisible, the only just and all-wise God be glory and honor, dominion and power, now and forever. Amen."



FOR over two months this writer walked at will in and out of one of the largest military hospitals in this country. What he saw there amazed and humbled him. Miracles of medical skill and genius and equal miracles of spiritual and mental rehabilitation, were everywhere present.

One lad, a near "basket case," radiated such *joi de vivre*, such unfaltering optimistic goodwill that the entire plastics ward unanimously dubbed him "Spark-plug." To all of us who knew him his smile was a bead for memory's chain, and his humor was as harmless and as bright as quicksilver. Though he had given both arms and a leg to his country, there was about him no spiritual compromise, no dragging mental discrepancy, to dim the extraordinary power and glory of him.

One thing only could get his goat. That was the occasional petulant fellow who thought that, because he had borne hardships in the line of duty, his country henceforth owed him not only a living but everything else in the book. It was this that turned our tranquil veteran into a caldron of disgust and indignation.

"Just what, after all, is 'patriotism'?" he would challenge wholeheartedly. "Where does it begin? Where end? And who can best gauge the worth of these United States, who best appraise the rare, rare privilege of her citizenship? Is it not such of us as have seen what they call 'liberty' in other lands, and who (praise God!) have been spared to return to the phenomena and the miracle our country represents?"

As for me, I find it impossible to comprehend the type of guy who boasts that, because he has given physical service in her time of direst need, he has nullified for all time his deathless debt to her!

"For with increased understanding comes obligation. Surely that's as plain as the nose on your face!"

Then one day there seeped into the discussion the quiet voice of a newcomer, a flyer who had had the ironic luck to be shot down in flames by his own navy. His voice, through blackened lips, carried well:

*"What is love of land?*

*It is omnipotent like love;*

*It is deep and quiet as the grave,*

*And it awakes*

*Like a flame, like a madness,*

*Like the great passion of one's life.*

*Like the cold keenness of a tempered knife,*

*The great gladness of a wedding day,*

*The austerity of monks when they pray*

*In the dim light,*

*Who pray*

*In the darkling grove:*

*All these, and a great belief in what he deems the right,*

*Creeping down upon us like the overwhelming sand*

*Driven by a December gale,*

*Make up the love of one's land.*

*What is love of one's land? . . .*

*It is something that keeps*

*Very hidden and quiet and still,*

*And then takes*

*The quiet heart like a wave,*

*The quiet brain like a spell,*

*The quiet will*

*Like a tornado; and that shakes*

*The whole of the soul!"*

The poem was ended, but no one spoke. Then, "Who wrote that?" muttered the lad who had boasted about his "rights."

"It was written by Ford Maddox Ford," replied the flyer. "He and Gutzon Borglum and Walt Whitman and a lot of other guys tried to translate patriotism for us. But, when all is said and done, one feels it best *here*." His burned skeleton fingers were pointing to his heart.

—Mark Crane



# They Came Back to CHURCH

Notes on veterans who are taking leadership in their home churches

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nobody has been able to compute the numbers of men and women who entered the service from churches where they were prominent as youth leaders. Now, with the war over and discharges in hand, are these men and women coming back to resume their responsibilities in the local church? Many are. Many, indeed, never allowed themselves to get "rusty," but accepted in the service religious leadership of a very important character. They became chaplains' assistants, official or unofficial; they led or sang in service choirs; they became officers of Service Men's Christian League units; they even took on the duties of chaplains when in outfits or aboard ships where chaplains were not available. In any case, they worked at their religion!

Beginning with this issue we are presenting some of those who have come back to their local churches and have taken up leadership responsibility where their induction into the Army or Navy forced them to lay it down. Those presented here are men and women brought to our attention by their pastors or local church leaders. We would be glad to learn of others whom we might feature in this column. Send full facts concerning positions occupied before induction, their service during the war, and present responsibility now being carried in the local church. Also, a photograph, in uniform, if available.

**S**/SGT. RAYMOND B. RAMQUIST, before his induction into the service, was a member of the choir of the Popular Grove Federated and Hunter Methodist Churches, Popular Grove, Ill. During furloughs home, as prior to becoming a gunner with the 737rd Bmb. Sqdn., 454th Bmb. Group, he made a practice of going back to the home church and there singing and soloing with the choir. That is, he did so as long as he was in the U. S. While overseas, he did his 50 missions, operating out of Italy—but, more important, he was active in his unit's chapel choir and "never missed a chapel service unless away on a mission."



Ray Ramquist

Now discharged, he not only has taken up his old place with the choir, but has

become the director of 18 young people whom he has trained into a first-class singing unit. Says his pastor, Rev. Newton H. Nesmith: "Ray received his training as a choir conductor while in the service. He was, and continues to be, a natural leader in our community."

SGT. NORMAN G. PHILLIPS, a member of the North Dallas Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas, gave four years to the



"Norm" Phillips

service with 34 months overseas (in the Southwest and Central Pacific) as a valued member of the 13th Air Force, 579th Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion. During this time he kept in constant touch with his church through correspondence with his pastor, the Rev. Mr.



Detwiler, and other members of the congregation.

Before induction, he was assistant secretary of the Sunday school, and now is back in his old position, enthusiastically promoting attendance and generally whipping up interest in church and Sunday school affairs.

In the service Norman was a good practitioner of what he now preaches about church attendance. On New Caledonia, Guadalcanal and other Pacific islands he let nothing interfere with his being present when chapel call sounded. Moreover, he skillfully rounded up others to help give the chaplain a worthy congregation.

During his period of service, Norman underwent some pretty harrowing experiences, but, says he: "If a fellow's a Christian, he always has the assurance that, whatever the danger he faces, God is with him. Even persons who do not believe as you do respect your faith—and you—if you work at it!"

EDWARD A. ROE, CMM, is a man who has seen plenty of naval service—eight-and-a-half years of it, to be exact. Seven years of this time was spent aboard the *New Orleans*, which was in Pearl Harbor at the time of the attack. The *No-Boat*, as her crew dubbed her, fought in the Battle of the Coral Sea, at Midway, at Lunga Point and other hot spots.



(For a story of this valiant cruiser's experience, see Chaplain Forgy's book, . . . *And Pass the Ammunition*, published by Appleton-Century.)

When Ed was discharged, he headed straight for Louisville, Nebraska, where his wife and baby awaited him—and for

the First Methodist Church. Says his pastor, Rev. Richard W. Dinsdale: "He has returned home with a faith deeply grounded; his outlook on life, despite all he has been through, has not suffered embitterment. He fully accepted the Christian way of life about two years ago, and as soon as he got home on furlough a year ago he came to his pastor and asked to be baptized and enrolled as a member of our church."

But Ed is no mere pew-sitter. He has plunged heart-deep into church work, has organized and now is vigorously promoting a Young Adult Fellowship in his church. He sees, and is doing his part to fill, a dire need for Christian home background for the youth who will be tomorrow's leaders.

CAPT. HARRY E. CIER was the Sunday school superintendent for Wooster Baptist Church, Baytown, Texas, when the war came on. First of his local church membership to volunteer for service, he saw a deal of action with the Air Forces in England, Africa, Italy and Rumania. He served with heavy bombardment and fighter units, and also put in a stretch with the Army Air Forces headquarters.



Harry E. Cier

When discharged last July, Capt. Cier wasted no time in "getting back into harness," offering his church the full benefit of his wide experience with men and military management. Says Mrs. Lon Perkins, church secretary: "He was again elected our superintendent when new officers were elected for the new church year beginning in October. He is a deeply consecrated man, and is bringing to us much of the logic and knowledge of organization learned while in the Army."

# PITY THE POOR PONIES!

**Horsy people might actually love them if they did not love dollars more--which brings up the whole question of gambling's immorality**



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In a recent issue of *Life Magazine*, the editor took a healthy poke at the hypocrisy, as well as the immorality, of horse racing. We obtained permission to reprint the following selections from the editorial, using it as a springboard to start your thinking on the whole question of gambling. To this trenchant piece we append a meditation on race-track gambling which appeared in the October, 1945, issue of the *Federal Council Bulletin*. There's material enough here for a swell bull session on gambling!

**A** COUNTRY that has just won a war without the use of a single mounted regiment stands in danger of making a hero, or at least a fetish, of the horse. Not baseball, but horse racing, is the hottest sport in America today.

To begin with, it is obvious that horse-racing is not a sport at all, either in the calisthenic or the spectatorial sense. "The turf" was well defined seven years ago by Paul Gallico as a collection of "eager, greedy people, all swept together by trying to obtain something for nothing."

It is true that their pulses sometimes pound in time to the hoofbeats; if that is "sport" so is jumping up and down on one leg in a doctor's office. It is true that a certain amount of fresh air can be absorbed at a horse park, but the increasing numbers who attend the races by telephone or at a bookie's drop do not absorb it.

All true "spectator sports" allow the spectator some mental or emotional participation. He knows the rules, for sees a long pass or a double play, identifies his own sagging wits and muscles with some nim-

bler hero's. But who identifies himself with a running horse? Or even with a jockey? Probably only other jockeys. For the vast majority of track fans it is not one's self that runs or rides; it is one's \$2.

Theoretically, the only reason for a horse race is as a test of "speed and stamina," attributes in a horse which were useful to man in the days when the horse was a real factor in daily life. The correct name of the club that runs the Saratoga track is the "Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses," and every track still pretends, with fluctuating seriousness, that this purpose governs all. The fact is, of course, that the American thoroughbred has not been improved in any visible way for a hundred years, and that the race is now the reason for the horse, instead of vice versa.

Kidded out of the breed-improving argument, the industry points to 881 beautiful U. S. horse farms, their acreage thrice as great as Rhode Island's, which gladly grew so much hemp for the war effort and are so good for real-estate values in peace. There is also the employment argument; indeed, few industries support so variegated a cast of characters, from the jockey's valet who gets a \$50 tip after a good meet to the Pinkertons on whom Belmont spends more than \$2,000 a day. Although a few professional dopers and ringers were made idle



by recent track reforms, the march of technology offset this disemployment with new jobs, such as salva-testing and indexing the profiles and markings by which 5,000 new horses per year can be readily identified at any track.

But why bother to argue? The legal status of horse racing has been put beyond argument by cutting government in on the take. Nineteen states, having legalized pari-mutual machines, now depend on tax revenue from this source to the extent of some \$60,000,000 a year.

There is a matter of public morals involved here not unlike that in Prohibition. Government lotteries are a well-recognized form of taxation, common throughout the

Latin-American world. In the U. S. they have generally been considered bad policy. Yet 19 state governments, in the hypocritical American way, are now accepting the easy tax money in public lotteries without admitting that their standards of fiscal morality have changed at all. They must pretend that horses attract a special, healthy kind of gambling, that the public is really more interested in the sport than in the dough.

If it were possible to popularize the race horse, sports writers would long since have done so. For an example of their perverse sentimentality, we need look no further than the recent obituaries of Exterminator ("Old Bones"). Not only was this aged

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## TOPIC TALK

**Second Sunday  
of the Month**

**Theme:  
Easy Money**

HYMN: "The Lord Is My Shepherd" (*The Hymnal, Army and Navy, No. 212*)

PRAYER: Our Father, who art the giver of every good and perfect gift, and who has placed us in the world as stewards of thy gifts, hear our prayer, and grant us wisdom, we beseech Thee, to see the folly of our ways and to turn again unto Thee, who art the author and finisher of our faith, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING: Exodus 20: 1-17 or Luke 4:1-13

OFFERING

HYMN: "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" (*The Hymnal, No. 358*)

TALK based on "PITY THE POOR PONIES!"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. *Is all gambling wrong?*
2. *Does it make any ethical difference if the stakes are high or low?*
3. *Is it possible to live in a modern society without gambling to some extent?*
4. *Many people claim that the stock market is a form of gambling. What do you think?*

HYMN: "Yield Not to Temptation" (*The Hymnal, No. 452*)

BENEDICTION: "Now may the God of peace, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, Amen."



nag given credit for having sold \$25,000,000 worth of war bonds at Belmont in 1943; his soul was practically observed to wing its way into the body of a small pony which was biting his ear at the deathbed.

The question is, however, has it become a public duty to like horses? Do we not owe it to ourselves to become a nation of horse lovers? For an answer to that, let us turn to the horse himself.

The horse, alas, is a poor witness in his own behalf. Despite the wartime effort to popularize his flesh, it is not willingly eaten. After centuries of "breed improvement," his intelligence remains inferior to a pig's, let alone a dog's. He remains feebly responsive to all but the cruelest stimuli, a yank on the mouth or a kick in the groin.

But while the horse has been standing still, the rest of the world has not. In "speed and stamina," the qualities which are supposed to make up for his low IQ, the horse cannot compete with a 20-year-old Harley Davidson. Farmers as well as generals find him less and less useful, though no less hungry.

As for "the turf," it will remain a colorful front for gambling, an alfresco "numbers game." The dullest eye enjoys Hialeah's flamingos or the sartorial gamut at Saratoga. But when we spectators, or the people who tax us, ask the purpose of this handsome gathering, let us stop telling each other lies. It is far better to be a nation of confessed gamblers than of phony horse lovers.

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### *A Meditation on Race-Track Gambling and Relief*

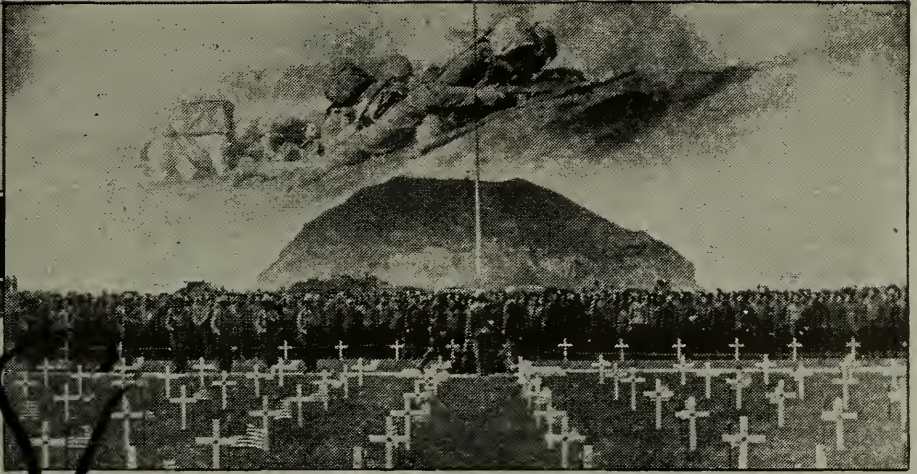
WE glanced at the sports page of the evening paper to see how the baseball teams stood in the pennant race. In place of the usual baseball cartoon was one on the horses. A record had been broken—a betting record. Not knowing what the terms meant, we turned to the "New York Times" of September 23rd for details. We could not appreciate the fine points, but the first few lines provided enough to think about: "A crowd of 49,614 that scattered its money right and left, established a world record betting total of \$5,016,745. . . ."

Perhaps the reason why the figure of five million plus was arresting was that earlier in the day we had heard the American Secretary of the World Council of Churches ask the Director of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction whether the American Protestant Churches would probably be able to raise more than five million dollars for the churches' relief program in Europe this winter. The answer was, "Probably not."

We wonder what the hungry people in Europe would think if they should read about the new American record. We rather hope they won't see the report—at least that they will not realize that the record was for one day at one among numerous tracks.

Our arithmetic shows that the average amount wagered by each person at Belmont Park that Saturday afternoon was about \$101.12. In addition to that amount we assume that it cost something to get to Belmont and something for admission. Now we do not pretend to understand the ways of these people. But we assume that—on the average—they were prepared to get along without being deeply disturbed by returning home with upwards of \$100 less than when they left home, though they calculate on the chance that they will return with more money. Many of them doubtless cannot afford to lose \$100; that is one of the evils of gambling. The point is that those people could have given \$5,016,745 to relief without sacrificing to the point of hardship.

Such thoughts would be dismaying to many millions of people in the world today. They should be sobering to us. We Americans have wealth and power. How are we going to use them? Some of our church people are giving sacrificially to help those in distress. But which is the characteristic American—the Good Samaritan or the spendthrift gambler?



The

# Skipper's SON

**W**E were receiving casualties from the beach at Iwo Jima. The word had been coming over the P.A. system all day: "Stand by to receive casualties coming alongside." Four at a time we hoisted their stretchers to the deck on a salmon board. A fifth was hoisted on a single sling at number two davit.

Toward evening, one of our own boats came alongside bearing a single stretcher. The news quickly spread. On that stretcher was our captain's namesake and only son. Wounded just an hour before, he had begged the beach doctor to be sent aboard his father's ship.

Tenderly he was hoisted aboard and as tenderly as a brother the men carried him into the receiving area for the doctors to examine. He was hardly recognizable. Both his legs were gone. One arm hung lifeless and his other hand was a mass of torn flesh. His face was cut and he had a brain concussion, in addition to other injuries.

But it was the same twenty-one-year-old Marine sergeant we had come to know so well since his father had become our "Skipper" just

nine months before. We had met him before the invasion of Saipan. We had come to know him better while he recuperated in Pearl Harbor from a minor wound. Only two days before he had made his way out to the ship to see his father, covered with the dust of volcanic ash and showing evidence of sleepless nights.

I bent over his one good eye. "Hello, Sarge, this is the chaplain. Can you hear me?"

"Hi ya, chaplain. How are you?" (I winced at that.)

"Boy, they sure got me this time, didn't they?"

"Sure, fellow, but we'll pull you through," I said hopefully.

The doctors were fighting desperately to stave off death. Morphine, plasma, glucose and penicillin were administered. "Hey, Doc, those lips are sunburned," was his only cry to the doctor trying to clean the cuts on his face. "Take it easy."

The captain had controlled himself well. The ship had gotten underway for night retirement and he was at his post on the bridge. When he

By

CHAPLAIN

JOHN D. WOLF



came down his son was resting in a clean bed wrapped in clean, white bandages.

"Hello, dad. Whose quarters am I in?"

"You're in sickbay, son," his father answered.

"I wanted to be with you tonight, dad."

"I'll be here. You just take it easy."

"Don't let it worry you if I have to throw up some. We had some 'T' fish for lunch."

During the night his condition became worse. By morning it seemed only a matter of time. The "Skipper" was by his bedside all the time, bearing his deep pain and grief so well that only those who knew him could tell how deeply he was affected.

About 1945 that Sunday morning the sergeant passed quietly away. His father placed a kiss on his bare chest. Then the captain, the senior medical officer, and the chaplain knelt in prayer to Almighty God:

"Our Father, who knows the anguish of a father's heart because Thou art the Father of us all, receive unto Thyself the soul of Thy departed servant. His life has been very dear to us. We are thankful to

Thee for every day of his life; for the joy he brought to his parents and friends; and for the qualities of manhood he displayed.

"Care for his father and mother who will miss and mourn for him and comfort them in the assurance of eternal life.

"Bless those who carry on the fight for our great cause. Be with his buddies who fill his place, and may none of us ever forget those who have sacrificed their lives for us. Amen."

Usually our captain is in his regular place at divine services, but I did not expect him that morning. Before the 1000 service began I announced to the congregation the passing of our captain's son. I had just finished when the captain appeared and walked slowly to his accustomed seat. Never had the Holy Spirit been so close to us as that morning. "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee" we sang together, while only a quarter mile away scarred Mt. Suribachi towered over us. Below it we could see a long file of Marine reserves going up the sloping beach and into the battle.

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"**G**OD is in the dark corners." One of the American airmen recently released from a Japanese prison camp made the striking statement that while he was in solitary confinement during the early days of his imprisonment he had "discovered God." He went on to say that for three months he was confined to a cell about five feet square without a bed or window or any means of sufficient ventilation. While going through this harrowing ordeal he somehow realized that he must reach beyond himself if he were to survive. He did and the result of his reaching was his "discovery of God."

That discovery is, of course, the most important discovery a person can make. When someone asked Sir James Simpson the renowned English scientist what his greatest discovery was, he immediately replied—"God." But apart from the discovery itself is the unusual circumstances under which this young man came to find God. And yet as we read history and particularly the Bible we find that God has been found more often in the unusual and abnormal experience of life than in the usual and normal. We have read much since the war began of men finding God in a fox-hole, on a life raft, or in a prison camp. All these experiences betoken something unusual for our generation. God can be found when the "going is rough." If we can absorb that truth then come what may, we shall be ready to face it. Prophets, saints and martyrs have continually witnessed to that.

—Chaplain James H. Williams



# Batting the Breeze



## "Amiable Wolf" Barking

By JESSE BEERS, JR., SM 2/c

✓ I SHALL probably sound like a wolf barking amiably in sheep's clothing, after the very wholesome, sound and singularly single-minded letters you seem to receive from service men elsewhere. But in "This Is Your League," in a recent issue, someone brings up the idea once again of unity in the Protestant church.

Every time I hear this plea for unity, with its companion idea that disunity is weakening, I look next for the person's credo. Generally when someone pleads for unity, they do not mean they are willing to compromise their ideas with another denomination to effect unity, but are saying in effect: "Let's stop being stupid now; you know you are wrong. Come over to us, and let's be one church!"

I for one admire and like this disunity. It shows a healthy state of mind; it proves that people are thinking. So long as religion remains discernible by revelation only and not by inductive reason, and so long as revelation continues to be a debatable point, you will have diversity.

## The Vets Say "Yes!"

By CHAPLAIN JAMES S. SPEESE

✓ THE QUESTION of continuation of the SMCL, or some similar organization, into postwar days has appeared frequently in

THE LINK. The real core of the matter centers around the question as to whether or not a sufficiently large number of servicemen are interested enough to join and support such an organization now that the war is over. Do they want it? The answer can only come from the servicemen themselves.

Recently I gave a "religious attitude questionnaire" to some 800 servicemen representing a typical cross-section of the Army Air Forces. They stand for all types of religious backgrounds, and had seen all types of service in all the different branches of the Army, although all were then assigned to the Air Force. Their answers should be representative of army opinion as a whole.

One of the thirty-six questions was, "Are you in favor of a postwar, church-sponsored servicemen's organization?" This is right down the SMCL alley and may aid in making its postwar plans.

The majority replied "Yes"—strongly, emphatically and clearly. I was very much surprised when the results were tabulated. Here they are: Out of a total of 541 Protestants, 313 voted yes, 134 no, and 94 gave no opinion. Catholics were not quite as strong on the question, but still gave an emphatic affirmative. Out of 207 voting, 113 said yes, 51 no, and 43 expressed no opinion. Jewish votes were 14 yes, 11 no, and 1 no opinion. Of the 29 who gave "no

religious preference," surprisingly enough 10 still voted yes for the church-sponsored organization, with only 8 against, while 11 gave no opinions.

Those questioned ranged from university graduates to those who had not gone through the fifth grade. Enlisted men and officers, those with overseas service and those yet to go or disqualified, thought pretty much alike on the matter. 259 Protestant enlisted men voted yes, 88 no, while 59 gave no opinion. Officers were not quite as overwhelming in their votes, but the affirmative still had a large majority with 54 yes, against 46 no, while 36 had no opinion.

The total opinion of all religious preferences gave the staggering weight of opinion in favor of a church-sponsored servicemen's organization with 450 in favor as against 204 opposed, while 150 expressed no opinion. The 450 is still a considerable majority over a total of 354 who either gave no opinion or were in opposition.

If these conclusions are typical of the prevailing opinion of servicemen everywhere, and I see no reason why they should not be, then I believe the Protestant Church has a great opportunity and responsibility to plan immediately for such an organization. There is definitely a need for it so that the united voice of Christian veterans might be heard as they band together to lend the weight of Christian conscience to the many veterans' problems. Its viewpoint should not be that of the unrestrained play-boy, the greedy bonus-grabber, or the sinister political lobbyist, but rather that of a sincere Christian.

### **There Are Christian Men!**

✓ IN THE October, 1945, issue of THE LINK I was quite surprised to read Pvt. John Caragazian's letter intitled "Decency the Exception?"

I am sorry to hear that we have units in our American Army that are made up

almost entirely of non-Christians with little or no morals. How disappointed the commanding officer and chaplain of such a unit must be!

He says: "When I go to the chapel twice a week, I am laughed at; when I refuse to gamble, I am abused; when I refuse to drink or smoke, I am referred to as a softie."

Since I have been in the Army I have met many soldiers, and never yet has one of them criticized my regular attendance at chapel services or my refusal to gamble or participate in other vices that present themselves to men in service. On the contrary, I have been able often to take to chapel services with me men who never attended church at home.

The field on which I am stationed has three Protestant and three Catholic services every Sunday morning, followed by an additional Sunday evening service for each faith, and services for one or the other every night, with the exception of Saturday. There are also regular services for the Hebrews.

Our services are always well attended. The one which I attended last Sunday filled the chapel, and the men had to be turned away and asked to return to the next service.

It is my belief that if John would have a talk with his chaplain, the latter could arrange for him to meet large members of Christian men, and John would soon find out that our Army is not made up completely of non-Christian, non-moral men. In fact, I feel sure that such men do not hold the majority. The majority of the men in my barracks attend services frequently, if not regularly, and there aren't a dozen men in my barracks who gamble.

It has upset me, and I'm sure every chaplain and officer in the entire Army likewise would be upset terribly to know there was a single man in our great American Army in John's position!



### Moral Education in the Army

By LT. (jg) DONALD J. GRANT

✓ I note many letters in your publication calling attention to the general low moral tone among service men. I have observed this for three years now. I also know that the poor boy away from home, lonely and bored, is a much easier mark for indecent entertainment than normally he would be. And I note that the services make no effort officially to decry the worse types of entertainment on *moral grounds*. Of course they do tell men to avoid bad women so as not to contract disease. They also pass out prophylaxis kits on the gangway at liberty time—practically implying that the seventeen-year-olds, as well as the old-timers, are going to look for bad women at the first opportunity.

The armed forces want universal military service, and among the young. I think that they should be required first to adopt a program of moral education against evil, and second to use their undoubted influence to close indecent shows, newsstands, and of course houses of prostitution in service towns.

### The Power of Prayer

By PFC. CHARLES J. HALDEMAN

✓ PRAYER! A little word with a big meaning, for it means a lot to us. The soldier in the foxhole knows the meaning and the power that prayer has! More power than the tank or plane, for it comes from the Lord and is generated in our souls. When death is near, or one is in trouble, prayer always helps. I know that I have prayed hard, oh so hard, when death was stalking nearby; I prayed more than I ever did before, yet I was an ardent churchgoer both at home and in camp.

He heard my prayers and delivered me several times from death. When I was wounded during the Normandy campaign with my outfit, the 30th Division, I still

prayed and thanked God for saving me, as I don't see how I was saved from a fatal wound. Three ME109s had strafed our column, and I, being in the middle of the road, only received a leg wound and concussion. . . .

When out of danger or trouble, we are apt to forget the Lord, and the strife from which He delivered us. "In life we are in death" to quote the Bible verse. We must pray for ourselves, our people and friends, and even our enemies, make them to see the Light and to be guided away from their sins and to help make this a better world for everyone to live in.

### A Catholic Friend

By SGT. JOSEPH T. HEPPLER

✓ WHEN I walked into the U.S.O. this morning after a big Saturday night in a small town some 25 miles from here, my eyes were not too tired to see THE LINK on one of the tables. I can't begin to tell you all the happy hours I spend with your little book since I came in on June 16, 1941. But what I wish to say is, Thanks for a swell book. And this comes from just one of your Catholic friends.

### Orchids to Mr. Dana

By JESSE BEERS, JR.

✓ I FEEL I should let you know how much I have admired Mr. Dana's article "Let's Talk It Over" (LINK, November, 1945, page 20-22).

It is a sound article, written with no creaking rhetorical devices or pseudo "bob-by sox" lingo. I felt I had really been told something even by a man who was well informed, not only on his subject but on religious and moral matters in general.

The article is well thought out, and contains no distracting side excursions. It is paced nicely, illustrated without triteness or self-magnification. May I present orchids then to Mr. Dana.





(ABOVE) Service Men's Christian League unit of the Marine Air Group 94, in the Pacific.

(BELOW) Some of the members of the SMCL at the Air Transport Command's Oahu Base, with Chaplains R. L. Blaisdell and J. S. Swenson.

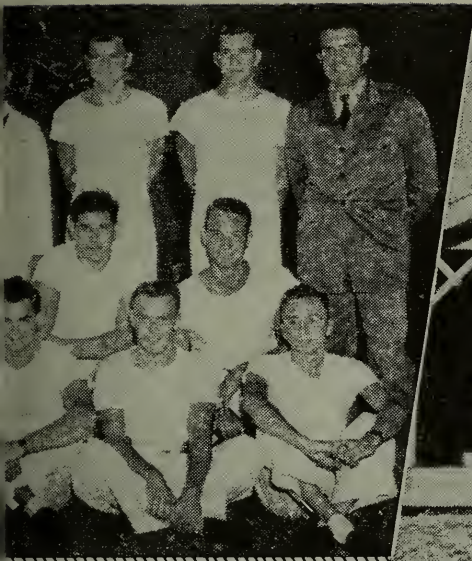


Some of the lively members with Chaplain S. G. Wa

# *IN LEAGUE*







he SMCL on Puerto Rico,  
visiting Chaplain Dutton.



(ABOVE) A group of chaplains, all of them SMCL boosters, get together in the Marshalls.

**WITH US!**

(BELOW) An SMCL unit composed entirely of Steward Mates who work at the U. S. Naval Academy. Ch. W. H. McCorkle is sponsor.

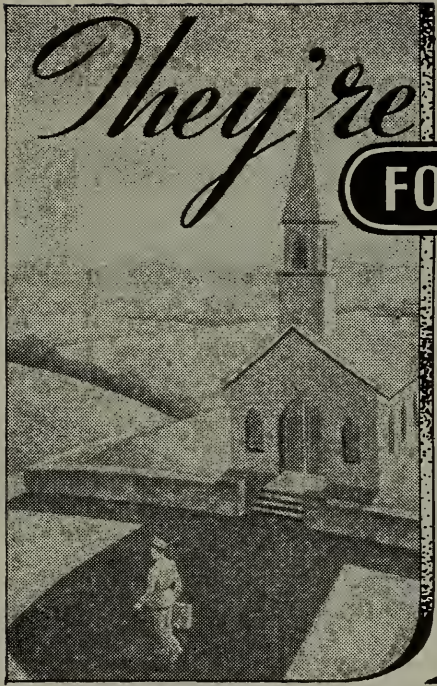




# They're Ready

## FOR YOUR HOME-COMING

by T. OTTONALL



A VETERAN of the North African and Italian campaigns was speaking, and the other young people were listening closely. They knew that he had a Purple Heart, awarded after a painful experience before Cassino. They knew that he had been through the adjustments that must be made when a wounded veteran returns to his home community, and besides they liked him.

There on the campus of Adrian College, in southern Michigan, Paul Berger had been willing to head the Demobilization Committee as the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship fell to discussing problems, and charting programs, and outlining projects for a year's work, and more. He was ready to extend the consideration to all types of persons affected by wartime experiences—men and women in war industries, fellows in the civilian public service camps, Japanese-Americans interned in the relocation centers, even those in prison for conscience's sake, as well as those who had worn service uniforms.

"Let us recognize that the needs and desires of demobilized people are the needs and desires of all men and women," Paul was saying. And he went on to explain that there are individual differences and group differences that set apart those who return to their home communities after some sort of war experience. These differences are oftentimes due to removal from home, separation from friends and family, change in social and environmental standards, anxiety and exhaustion, shock and injury. They are differences that may be overcome only as the person who returns and the people to whom he returns work together on common problems.

### Returnees Not Problems But People

After some hours of discussion in the Little Theater and out under the campus trees, the committee came up with a report that was heard with great interest and adopted. It is founded on this idea, so strongly advanced by the young veteran, that people coming back are not problems but people. They are individuals, worthy of intelligent and understanding interest—not mere "returnees."

"We condemn and warn against apathy or a spirit of criticism on the part of either those who are returning or those who receive them," the report said. "Therefore, we suggest that definite steps be taken to give those returning to the community a feeling of security and acceptance, and an opportunity to participate and to serve."

It may be that Paul Berger, remember-



ing some of the comments he heard as men in uniform were "batting the breeze" in barracks and camps, did a little prodding. At any rate, the young people became very definite.

"Because the primary concern of the demobilized people is that of securing a good job at a good wage, we give the following suggestions as a plan of action for the Demobilization Committee, as well as the entire church membership:

"The Church should be concerned with the total welfare of all people and realize that the assurance of a steady income at a suitable job produces a sense of security, a sense of dignity, and contributes toward better citizenship and a Christian way of life."

According to the plans this demobilization committee, made up of youth and young adults and other interested representatives in the church, is to help interpret the laws guaranteeing service men and women a right to their former jobs, if they had any; to put the veterans in touch with the placement agencies; to get suggestions

from church members who might give apprentice training to those who wish it.

The report added: "If the service man or woman prefers a new kind of work, or has not been employed before, encourage adequate opportunities and placement by discussions in the group, in private conversation and in the community, guarding against resentment of returned employees. Get copies of the GI Bill of Rights and distribute to church members."

#### Speaking Out Against Discrimination

Before leaving the matter of jobs, the Committee at the National Conference had its say on the problem of discrimination:

"We are responsible to see that war workers, conscientious objectors and other civilians, as well as returning service personnel, have opportunities for good vocational guidance, training and placement, regardless of race, creed, or sex, by studying cases and conditions in the community, molding public opinion, and working for the adoption of Fair Employment Practices Committee laws."



Paul Berger (extreme left) meets with a group of West Coast representatives at the National Council

Wages should guarantee a decent standard of living "in spite of the elimination of wartime overtime, incentive pay and bonuses," in the opinion of this group of young people representing some 1,500,000 Methodist youth. They urged church members to work for better minimum wage standards, to study the family budgets suggested by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and their relation to prevailing wages and living costs in various communities, to become familiar with related legislation, and to urge equal-pay-for-equal-work laws.

"We must work toward the extension of state and federal laws on maximum hours, working conditions, and special regulation for women and children, by being familiar with conditions in local situations, and by becoming acquainted with the program of the women's and children's agencies of the Department of Labor."

"Full employment" won their hearty support. "A public works program must be planned to meet any lag in employment. Public roads, buildings, increased educational, recreational, health and housing facilities would be involved." And they suggested that plans for such a program could be pushed by church young people sponsoring discussions in their church and community, by distributing information and by writing to congressmen.

#### **Adequate Unemployment Compensation**

They favored adequate unemployment compensation, the extension of social security to cover groups not now benefiting, and providing medical insurance for all, the maintenance of price controls and rationing "as long as necessary to prevent inflation and make possible a fair distribution of goods."

Turning to special tasks in the Church the Committee counseled: "Most people who have been accustomed to doing things will not be satisfied to sit by when they return. It is imperative, therefore, that

these returning people be given as much responsibility as they are willing to accept on the official board, the board of education, in the choir and Church school, in the leadership of youth and adult organizations. Those who have visited mission stations abroad should be encouraged to share their experiences with the churches back home. We must make every effort to have veterans take part in the activities of schools and colleges."

#### **Committee's Statement**

It may be that talking with Paul Berger, who was later elected vice-president of the National Conference, prompted the Committee to make this statement:

"Youth now must resume their careers at ages two to four years older than normal. Many wish to resume a place in youth groups but their maturity will make it necessary to give special attention to their particular needs, else we may lose them.

"Therefore, we ask that serious consideration be given to dealing with the needs of this group—ages twenty-one to twenty-five—on the local church level. This may necessitate the organization of a fellowship group of older youth and younger young adults. . . .

"New ministers may send letters to their service people, with pictures, in order to establish acquaintance before their return home. Regular contact with the home church is valuable for those making the home-coming adjustment.

"Because emotional adjustment is so closely related to religious experience, belief and practice, we urge that most careful study be given to the relation of religious experience to personality growth. We urge the recognition that, as personal sense of security develops, man becomes capable of experiencing new insights in religion, that such growth is a matter of patience, understanding, and concern for one another."

Yes, they're ready for your home-coming!



# Jobs for GIs

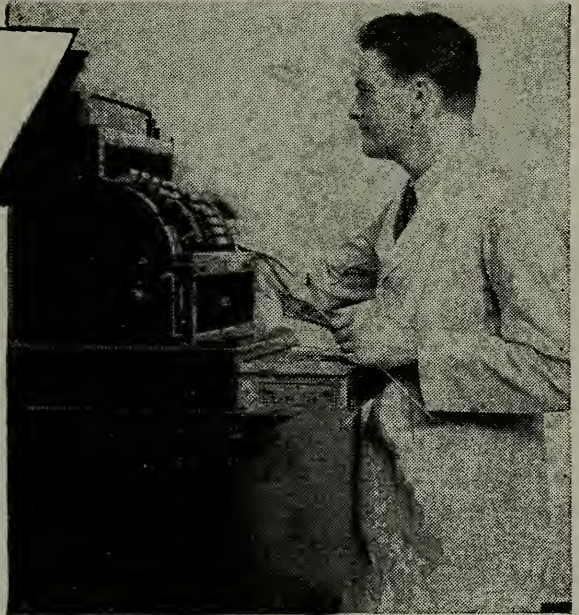
How about being your own boss, with the old cash register ringing for you and you alone? Let's look at some of the pros and cons

## IX. *Small Business*

**W**HY go into business on your own? Right now your main object may be to provide a job for yourself, one that will give you the sort of independence you have not had for many moons. On the other hand, providing jobs for others is a point you should consider which includes the responsibility that will land on your young shoulders the moment you start handing out a pay check to another fellow. For it is a small business indeed that offers a job only to its owner. That's why we urge you to think long and earnestly before you leap into a business of your own. If you go into business you owe it to yourself and to your employees to do everything in your power to stay in.

"In normal times," says the writer of *Facts Veterans Should Know Before Starting a Business*, "more than 1,000 new concerns open their doors each business day and about an equal number close. One out of three new concerns do not survive the first year; two out of three close their doors within six years."

Studies made all over the country show that these facts are true. However, if mortality statistics leave you cold, think with me for a moment of the past. Remember that vacant storeroom on a side street in



H. Armstrong Roberts

By M. R. LINGENFELTER

your home town, and the day activity suddenly began around it—painters brightening the interior, window-cleaners on the job. What speculation there was until large letters appeared over the window—"Murphy's Market"—"State Cleaners"—or words to that effect. And on opening day baskets of flowers in the window flaunting bright "Success" ribbons to help launch the new enterprise.

What happened next? The chances are, according to those hateful statistics, that this store folded up in a year or two—or, at best, lasted less than six years.

Don't think for a minute that we are trying to discourage you from going into business for yourself. Far from it! We need you today as never before in our nation's history, *but* we want you to know the risks ahead so that you can prepare yourselves to *stay* in business. A university vice-president, in an article titled *Young Man, Be Your Own Boss*, insists that fear of insecurity which stops men from taking



business risks is the worst enemy this country faces. He urges you to ask yourself this question, "Will I be a better man working for myself or for someone else?" and adds that "the better you are in someone else's business the stronger the arguments are for getting out." He points out that on your own you will wish for a 30-hour day and 10-day week which will make you keener and smarter. There will be, moreover, the maximum incentive to do your best.

"The flunky in a great corporation can't possibly take the pride in his business," insisted this writer, "that the corner grocer takes in the business he built himself."

Here is what another writer points out concerning the dangers. First is the fact that one out of every seven servicemen have the same idea, and that war workers plus the usual number of civilians have the urge to be their own bosses. He insists that a wave of half-cocked business ventures can only result in a wave of bankruptcies and personal tragedies. He adds, too, that even a sound business under sound management faces many difficulties in government regulations and high taxes. In this article by Leo Cherne (which appeared in *This Week* magazine, April 1, 1945) is given an eight-point test which you would do well to try. Mr. Cherne says you had better think twice if you can't give yourself a perfect score on this test.

#### A Few Reasons Why Some Fail

Here is a list of causes or occasions for failures: Business depression, insufficient capital, bad-debt losses, decline in value of assets, too rapid expansion, losses from speculation, buying too much on credit, unfavorable changes in trading area, inefficient management, adverse domestic and personal factors, competition, dishonesty and fraud, excessive overhead expense, poor business location, excessive interest charged on borrowed money.

Now a few questions we'd like you to consider before you make the fatal leap. Are you the person for this field—or would you accomplish more by using your abilities for someone better fitted than you to meet the dangers that have been mentioned? Have you the personality, habits, and special knowledge you will need? Have you—or can you get—the necessary capital? But, most important of all, are you willing to secure the required preparation?

We know, only too well, how you are rarin' to go. How you would say: "Why waste precious time? I want to get in on the ground floor before all the other millions get back who want to be their own bosses."

#### It's Smart to Take Your Time

Okay. There is much to be said for that but, sure as guns, if you do not have adequate training and experience, your "Success" flowers will hardly be faded before you follow them into the discard. It's smart, too, to take your time—studying at Uncle Sam's expense for six months, a year, two years as the need may be—so that you will be ready to reopen the closed doors of a doomed business and make it really hum.

"*Experience in business and managerial ability* are two prime requisites for the veteran to make a success in business," again quoting from *Facts Veterans Should Know Before Starting a Business*. "If he doesn't have experience, the best course is for him to get it by working for someone else before going into business for himself. . . . Management ability includes full knowledge of financial requirements, both as to invested capital and working capital." This experience and ability will be checked carefully before you will receive a Government guarantee of a loan.

If you are in doubt about the line of business you want to enter we suggest that you turn first to Uncle Sam. In an earlier article we told you about help given by the

Farm Security Administration to veterans who choose agriculture. Similar assistance may be secured by consulting the Technical Advisory Service of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. This Service is organized to obtain non-confidential information, advice and know-how from many sources in industry, business, government, universities and colleges, laboratories and research centers. Mr. Paul Scherr of the Philadelphia District office showed your author a sheaf of letters from veterans and gave me copies of reports sent out in response to questions from servicemen and veterans. For the serviceman considering going into the soft drink business, general and technical advice was given by outstanding firms such as Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola Company, etc. A report on prospects in the manufacture of venetian blinds gave opinions of leading men in the field, including the president of National Blind Association.

Where to locate your business may be your chief worry, and here again we suggest experienced advisers. Go to your Chamber of Commerce, if you want to start in your own home town. The Technical Advisory Service mentioned above can help you on that point, too. Just look for their address in the telephone directory under U. S. Government-Smaller War Plants Corporation. The U. S. Department of Commerce is another excellent source.

#### **Is the Home Town Too Tame?**

Some of you who have tasted life in far places may feel that the home town may be too tame or you may not want to risk failure there. For such adventurers we suggest Alaska as a place of future business opportunity. The Technical Advisory Service is establishing a district office there and has found many fine possibilities for the establishment of new small businesses. Airplane travel has now given the small Alaskan business man his chance for a place

in our national sun. Expansion of small business in Alaska will be of great value to the nation not only economically but from a military viewpoint as well.

The fact that Alaska—a third the size of the United States—has only the population of an ordinary city indicates that returned veterans can find the pioneering opportunities there which were open to the grandfathers or great-grandfathers in the U. S. A. of the past. The southeastern area is recommended especially for its temperate climate.

#### **Qualifications for Retailers**

Since a large percentage who want to be their own bosses choose retailing, we'll discuss this line first. Here, above all, you must have the right qualifications plus preparation of the sort that will keep you from joining the ranks of failures. A pamphlet issued by Dun & Bradstreet states that "the first requisite for a retailer is a merchant instinct. Back of that instinct should be the character, ingenuity, and stamina necessary to fight competition and adversity that may come with the changing times or changing neighborhoods." It is pointed out, too, that the merchant instinct includes desire to please, an agreeable personality, and a community interest. "Stick-to-it-iveness" is another essential trait. The ideal storekeeper is expressive without being gossipy, neighborly without being nosy, and pleasant without fawning.

It is vital to know how to buy, sell and manage and how to avoid such dangers as going in too deeply on expenditure for fixtures, overstocking or buying the wrong kind of merchandise, over-optimism on anticipated sales. Your success will depend also upon having the necessary working capital, upon selection of the right location and knowledge of your line of business.

Knowledge of a line of business includes stock of merchandise, usual terms of sale, pricing, sources of supply, customer usage,



selling seasons, and inventory records. You who are not experienced in the line of your choice would do well to take a job in such a store and, if they are available, take after-work courses in vocational schools. Or you may start a degree course in business administration at a university or city college.

The Dun & Bradstreet pamphlet includes tables which indicate the amount of capital needed for each type of store. A millinery store needs \$2,500, a grocery \$3,000, a shoe store \$3,500, delicatessen \$4,000, while \$4,500 is needed for grocery and meat, men's wear (haberdashery), hardware, women's dress shop. A drugstore without fountain needs \$5,000 but with fountain must have \$6,500. For furniture and house furnishings \$7,500, for men's wear (clothing) \$10,000, and a small department store \$25,000.

#### Magic "Know-How" of Manufacturing

If you choose manufacturing you must acquire business training and experience that will give you the magic "know-how" we heard so much about in war production. In a pamphlet issued by the Smaller War Plants Corporation is a section called *How a New Industry Gets Started*: the story of how a new carp canning industry started in Minnesota. The enterprise began operation the last of June, 1945, employing an average of 34 workers with a daily production of 1,500 cans. By mid-August there were 60 workers and a daily production of 4,500 cans. Now this small company plans to erect a permanent plant at a cost of \$100,000 and an employment of 100 persons with estimated production from 10,000 to 20,000 cans a day. Thus a business may grow up and you must be prepared to grow up with it. Or you must have what it takes to face failure and begin again.

In a later article we'll give you information concerning various types of service businesses which you may enter and, after learning the business, open a shop of your own. Here, however, we'll call your atten-

tion to a series of helpful pamphlets which are available free from the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison 3, Wisc., while you are still in the service and for a small sum from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., after discharge. Especially important is No. 19—*Establishing and Operating Your Own Business*. Three others in this series are off the press with others promised shortly. These three deal with establishing and operating a metal working shop, a small sawmill business, and an apparel store. Forthcoming titles will include: automobile repair shop, retail bakery, beauty shop, building contracting business, dry cleaning business, electrical appliance and radio shop, grocery store, hardware store, service station, heating and plumbing business, laundry, painting and decorating contracting business, real estate and insurance brokerage business, restaurant, shoe repair business, variety and general merchandise store.

If there are any questions that you may have that are not answered, write to the Industrial Reference Service of the Bureau for Foreign and Domestic Service, U. S. Dept. of Commerce, Washington, D. C. Or, better still, call at the nearest regional office for personal advice and assistance.

Now, let's consider what the word "Success" can mean to you if you stay in your own business and progress in it. We're convinced, chiefly by the earnest tone of the letters you write, that any reader of this magazine will want his success to be more than a bright ribbon on a basket of flowers; to consist of more than private, material gain. First will be the fact that you will aid full employment by joining the ranks of creative men and women who are needed to open up new businesses and thus maintain jobs and purchasing power. Think of the satisfaction you will have in assuring happy, secure lives to the families of your employees. Future leaders of our country may be among the children in those homes



## Getting Behind Anti-Semitism

By WILLIAM C. KERNAN

Director, Institute for American Democracy, Inc.

ANTI-SEMITISM is not the whole program of the anti-democratic forces. Anti-Semitism is but the *means* by which the foes of democracy gather a following for their assault upon freedom. Anti-Semitism is not only a form for attacking the Jews. It is an attack upon the Jews first—to be followed by an attack upon Christians and everyone else who opposes the tyranny of the anti-Semite.

The Nazis—enemies of Christianity, democracy, and freedom—stood for nationalism and dictatorship. The way to get what they wanted was to unify their followers on the basis of anti-Semitism. Austria had its Soyss-Inquant, an anti-Semite who betrayed his country to the Nazis; Czechoslovakia had its Henlein, an anti-Semite who was pro-Nazi; Poland had its Col. Beck, an anti-Semite who collaborated with the Nazis. France had its traitors who, in most instances, were anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi. Holland had its Mussert, head of a Dutch Nazi party, and an anti-Semite; Belgium had its Degrelle, an anti-Semite who admired the Nazis; Norway had its Quisling who sold out his country to Hitler, and he was an anti-Semite.

No matter where you turn up the nationalist, anti-democratic plot, you find anti-Semitism which is always employed as a means of getting at the real objective of the Fascists. That objective is the destruction of freedom—everybody's freedom, every religion's freedom, every nation's freedom, every race's freedom.

Whenever, therefore, you spot an anti-Semitic movement you may be sure that you are dealing with a movement that is the enemy of all people's freedom, and that agitation against the Jews is only the beginning of it, not the end.

and, indirectly, you will share in contributions they may make to our world of tomorrow.

The following agencies, listed alphabetically, are interested in helping you. Many of these have regional or local offices in addition to national headquarters. Call on all of them, if you are within reach, or write to the address given here: Committee for Economic Development, 285 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; educational institutions offering courses and providing information on business administration and research; libraries; local Chamber of Commerce; Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, United States Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C.; local Veterans Service Center; U. S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison 3, Wis.; Veterans

Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

By the time this reaches you an excellent new book on this subject will be available. The authors are Gustav Larson, Information Specialist in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and Walter M. Teller, formerly Small Business Analyst in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Descriptive material may be secured from the publishers, Prentice-Hall, 70 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y. This book, written in popular and readable style, surveys all fields of small business, pointing out ones that are most promising. It covers farming as well as business. The authors know their subject from long experience and have thrown out many ideas for readers who are looking for a chance to be the boss of their own enterprise.



# *The Raft and the Paddle*

By CHAPLAIN ROBERT A. UPHOFF

**They learned about missions—and more—  
from a native of the Solomons who knew  
all about the winds and storms of life**

**T**HERE are countless examples in the services today where enlisted men, not having the service of a chaplain, have organized their own services of worship. Among these are hundreds of self-generated units of the Service Men's Christian League. I can recall a group of Navy men in the Fijis who did this and had an attendance of nearly 150 every Sunday evening. They took turns preparing the order of service and delivering the sermon.

Three of my own men were helping another soldier with his lay service in an artillery unit located some distance from ours. It was impossible for a chaplain to lead the service, but every help was given the "lay-leaders" in the way of hymnals, Testaments and other devotional aids. The men were deriving a great good from these services and talked about them freely.

On Sunday noon these three men were on their way back from a service. They were walking along the coastal track talking about the service. They were so intent upon their conversation that they paid no heed to a little party of natives ahead of them. Finally it was evident that at least one of the party understood some English, and was interested in the conversation of the three soldiers.

Presently, when the native could contain himself no longer, he left his fellows and dropped back to speak to the soldiers.

"Are you Christians?" he asked in broken English.

"Sure are!" came the quick and confident reply of the lads in khaki.

"I'm a Christian, too," the native said proudly as he reached into his ditty bag. He pulled out a very worn edition of the King James version of the Bible. It showed not only the inevitable weathering of the tropical rain and sun, but the wear that comes with much handling and reading.

Delighted, the soldiers began to overwhelm the native with questions.

## **Native Tells His Story**

The native grinned broadly, and told his story. He had been born on the near-by island of Mailita. The second son of a tribal chief, he had lived his boyhood years in the tribal village on the shores of a blue lagoon. As soon as he was old enough, he had been sent by his father to Guadalcanal to work on a coconut plantation. There he had met his first missionary. Much impressed by the stories the missionary had told, he had determined to go to school.

In a few years he had freed himself of

the working contract his father had made with the plantation owner and set his face north-westward to go to school. There he learned to read and write English, devoting himself to all his subjects with avid interest.

But, best of all, his soul was stirred by the message of Christ. He was converted and baptized. He then began theological studies in preparation for ordination as a native minister. When they were finished, he went back to his people as a bearer of good tidings.

He told his story simply and quickly, for he was most interested in the point the soldiers were discussing while he had been walking ahead of them. The topic for the church service that morning had been "Faith and Works." Sensing his interest, they asked him what he thought about

that subject. He spoke eagerly and quickly and they gave rapt attention.

He began by quoting a passage from the Scriptures—without reference to his Bible. It ran thus: "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have no works? Can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." (James 2:14-18.)

The native then gave this illustration for

*Recommended for*

## TOPIC TALK

**Third Sunday  
of the Month**

**Theme:  
The Power of Salvation**

**CALL TO WORSHIP:** This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.

**HYMN:** "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" (*The Hymnal, Army and Navy*, No. 180)

**PRAYER:** Led by the Chaplain

**SCRIPTURE READING:** Matthew 19:13-22

**HYMN:** "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" (*Hymnal*, No. 319)

**TALK** based on "THE RAFT AND THE PADDLE"

**QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:**

1. Which is more important for a Christian—"faith" or "works"? Which did Jesus consider more important? Illustrate from His life.
2. Can a person who has never heard of Jesus Christ be saved?
3. What does it mean "to be saved"? Can you explain in non-theological language?
4. What can be done in the armed forces to bring more people to salvation?

**HYMN:** "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" (*Hymnal*, No. 426)

**BENEDICTION:** "Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen."



his belief: Pointing to the channel which separates Guadalcanal from Mailita, he said: "I start across that water in my native canoe. It is not the best for such a long trip, but is the best that I have. When I am in the middle a great storm comes up and my canoe is beaten by the waves. They break over the side and fill it. The canoe sinks and I am left alone to struggle in the angry sea. As I fight to keep life I know I cannot win. Then I see one of the American rubber rafts. I make my way to it and get on it. I am safe, for it will not sink in the storm as did my native canoe. But now I drift aimlessly between the islands. There is no direction to my raft. It simply goes in whatever direction the wind and current takes it. But as I drift I make a wonderful discovery. In the bottom of the raft is a paddle. Now I can give direction to my raft. I can go against the wind and reach the shore. I am safe."

As he paused, the three soldiers started to speak, but with a gesture he stopped them. Swiftly he applied his story: "Do you not see? The canoe was the religion of my father; it could not stand up in the storms of life. The rubber raft was faith in Jesus Christ. But even that was without meaning until I had found the paddle of works to give my faith direction."

The men were awed by the wisdom they had just heard uttered by an unimpressive-looking Solomon Islander.

This story was the topic for the next meeting of our Service Men's Christian League. As it was told us we agreed that truly Christ is a power unto salvation. We knew that color, background, and appearances have no bearing on salvation of mankind. We have the raft and the paddle, but are we using it? That's the question—for us as well as for any sincere child of God.

The churchman relates that at a Sunday meeting of a men's class one member rose and said to the teacher, "Will you please tell me how far in actual miles Dan is from Beersheba? 'I've heard, all my life, the familiar phrase 'from Dan to Beersheba,' but never have known the distance."

Another member jumped to his feet. "Do I understand," he asked, "that Dan and Beersheba are the names of places?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"That's one on me," he laughed. "I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."



The grammar teacher wrote on the blackboard, "I didn't have no fun at the seashore."

Then she turned to the class and asked, "How should I correct this?"

A bright youngster quipped, "Get a boy friend."

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. All went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command:

"Fire at will!"

Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun.

"Which one is Will?" he asked.



Wisdom—A wise woman is one who makes her husband feel as though he is the head of the house when actually he is only chairman of the entertainment committee.

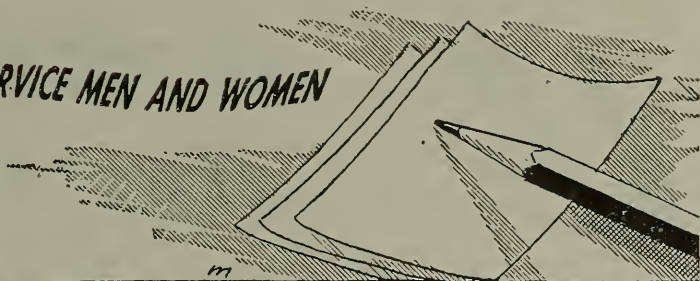


Sergeant to a GI, at a Separation Center: "Now that the war is over, I guess you'd like to spit on my grave."

GI: "No, Sarge, you're wrong. Now that the war is over, I'm not going to stand in line for anything."

# Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



NOW there can be no question about it: that picture of the boys pushing up the flag on Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima is a knock-out! It is a knock-out as a sample of photographic art, as an action shot, as immortalizing the blood, sweat, pain and bitter loss of the battle for Iwo Jima.

But it is I who aches to take up cudgels and to play the fife and the heavy drums for all the obscure flag-raising on other islands, in other lands, where—because of the absence of a strategically placed lens—the boys got no applause at all.

Perhaps one of the things which makes this internationally acclaimed picture remarkable is the over-ruling of one of the basic truisms of this whole mysterious business of living and dying: *There is seldom a camera about, or a band, or a crowd when poor human nature is at its finest!*

We write speeches, delete, polish 'em up, trim 'em down till we and they are letter-perfect, and behold, when the curtain goes up, we are tongued-tied or the words won't come in ordered procession, or the occasion itself has been cancelled! We practise imagined proposals, to top all proposals, to the gal of our dreams only to find when the great moment arrives that we are inarticulate with the sheer weight of our love: that the eloquence we fostered so zealously eludes us completely, nay—that we are suddenly besieged by an attack of hiccoughs!

No, the greatness of human nature and human endeavor is seldom caught by a camera, a painter's brush or a talented author's stencilling pen *at the time it happens*. And I rather fancy that the men who took part in that flag raising on Iwo Jima were scarcely aware of their own greatness. For the God I believe in is the same God who, in the face of terrible effort and awful danger, compassionately cloaks the participant in a saving objectivity, a sense of dream-like unreality, as though this effort and this danger were happening to someone else, not to him, that this is a play he is watching, a movie-scene only, a tense and ghastly nightmare.

But the greatness is there. And the eternal individual soul of the man is there, whether a photographer is near or not. It is for the latent greatness of the human soul everywhere, and under all conditions (obscure or publicized), that we give thanks.





# ON ~~HATING~~ Our ENEMIES

Warning against a poison that can destroy men's best hopes for lasting peace

By **CHAPLAIN RUSSELL C. STROUP**

**W**HAT shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what shall it profit us as a nation if we achieve a final victory over our enemies in this war and in so doing sacrifice the spiritual values which alone make us in some measure the children of God? This is our present peril; a peril all too apparent as we read a mounting flood of vicious, hate-poisoned attacks on the Japanese, not as a nation but as men. This soul-searing spirit will surely destroy us as it has destroyed those against whom we fight if we permit it to gain the ascendancy over us, for always we fight not against principalities and powers alone, but against spiritual wickedness. Therefore, to become infected by the fatal malady of bigoted prejudice is to forfeit all we may hope to have gained from the sacrifices we have made. A permanent peace depends upon the spiritual unity of mankind bound together by the bonds of understanding. To hate the Japanese is not so much to hurt them as to harm ourselves and to defeat our hope for a future freed from the horror of war.

It is not going to be easy for us either to understand or to love the Japanese. They have by their deeds of cruelty and dishonor offended too deeply the conscience of mankind. Too many among us have suffered irreparable personal loss at their hands in loved ones sacrificed to their insane lust for power. We cannot explain

away, we dare not condone what they have done and been. To do so would be to compromise with evil. It is not self-righteousness which causes us unequivocally to condemn their ruthless disregard for decency and their flagrant inhumanity. We too have fallen far short of the glory of God but in some measure we have ever sought that Good which these by word and deed have wantonly denied. For the sins which they have committed there must be a judgment not only before the throne of God but before the offended justice of mankind. Yet somehow in our condemnation we must remember the mercy which tempers the judgment of God, and we must be reminded that the purpose of punishment is not the destruction but the reformation of the wrongdoer. Redemption must follow retribution, for the only way one may ultimately defeat an enemy is to transform him into a friend.

### Much Good to Build Upon

To doubt the possibility of redeeming the Japanese people would be to blaspheme against the saving power of the love of God. Moreover there is within these our brothers-in-conflict much good which may be the foundation upon which to build new men in Christ. It is this good which we must seek to find and extend. I have seen the Japanese in combat, which means I have seen them at their worst. I have known at firsthand their fanatical cruelty. I have seen the evidences of their barbaric savagery. There have been times when I have felt that here were men so utterly devoid of the instinct of our com-

mon humanity as to be beyond hope of redemption. But when I most despaired, God in His mercy gave me glimpses of His spirit deep in the souls of these His erring sons.

### A Fundamental Kinship

I have buried the bodies of many Japanese, and before I laid them in the graves which I had dug I searched their pockets for possessions, as it was my duty to do. There I have found mute but eloquent testimony of our fundamental kinship. Next to their hearts they carried, even as you and I, the precious pictures of their loved ones. It might be the wrinkled face of an aged mother waiting so patiently in far away Japan for a son who would not return. It might be the flower-like beauty of a wife now widowed by the tragedy of war. It might be the innocent loveliness of little children who had been the joy of a father who would nevermore hold them in his arms. With the pictures there were always the letters from home, read and re-read to help assuage the awful loneliness of a soldier separated from all that he held dear. I recall with feeling a scrap of paper covered with the colored crayon drawings done by a little child and cherished by her father as a priceless work of art. Seeing all these I would remember that this strange, fanatical enemy of mine had also been a son, a husband, a father with a heart attuned to tenderness and love.

We did not take many prisoners in the Southwest Pacific, but there were some and these I tried to reach across the barriers of language and culture. Some were sullen and angry, some were sad and bewildered, and all were terribly afraid. But there is one means of communication common to all men, even those so schooled in hatred as to be almost illiterate in the language of love, and that is kindness. I remember one lad who fought like a wild thing and would allow no one to come near him,

although his feet were rotten with ulcerated sores. It was only when he was exhausted from struggling that I could touch him, and even then he feebly beat me with clenched fists. But as I bathed his painful wounds, treated and bandaged them, I saw anger change to wonder in his face, and wonder to gratitude, as he struggled to stand on his pitiful aching feet and gravely bow his humble thanks. I have seen the eyes of hunted animals become the eyes of hurt but confiding children as I put canteens of cold water to fever parched lips. I have known the saving power of the Christian counsel which admonishes us to feed our enemy if he hungers and if he thirsts to give him drink. There were some, of course, insensible to such approach, but from my limited experience I would say these are few. Men who could not be broken by force are defenseless before the power of love which breaks all barriers down. Even these men can be won by the love of God made living in ourselves.

### One Japanese Medic

The stories of Japanese atrocities are many—and, alas, all too true—while the stories of their mercy are few indeed. But if God would spare a city for the sake of one righteous man perhaps we may look more kindly on a people for the sake of one Japanese medic at Hollandia who ministered to a wounded American, remaining with him until help came and losing his life in the end because he would not desert his charge. This story I had from the lips of the man he saved. In the otherwise brutal saga of the Pacific war there are incidents like that. I wish I might say they are typical, but I know they are not. Still I shall treasure the ones I know for they help me not to hate.

Not when I think of the Japanese will I ever allow myself to forget that I have Christ and they have not. Again and again I have reminded myself, "There, but for the



grace of God, go I." I can look into my own heart and find such latent cruelty, selfishness, bigotry and pride that I am appalled. If these do not have complete dominion over me the victory is not mine but Christ's, who gave His life in battle for my soul. How then can I fail to have pity on those who have lost the moral struggle because they fought alone—if we can say that the moral struggle is ever wholly lost so long as men are men and God is God?

The armed might of America has crushed Japan. The constant surveillance of our forces will seek to prevent her future aggression. But to us who are Christians God gives the longer, harder task of bring-

ing redemption to this people through the gospel of Jesus Christ. We must win them from the Son of Heaven to the Son of God, that the fanatical attachment they now have for the emperor may become sacrificial devotion to the Prince of Peace. Only so can we bring an end to the armed truce which for generations will threaten new hostility involving our children's children in future wars in Asia. It will not be an easy task, but it must be accomplished. We shall never attempt it if hatred poisons our hearts. Love alone will give us the will to work with God to win this people for our Christ, and love alone will give us the ultimate victory in His name.

(Reprinted from *Presbyterian Outlook*)

*Recommended for*

## TOPIC TALK

**Fourth Sunday  
of the Month**

**Theme:  
Brotherhood**

**HYMNS:** "Fling Out the Banner" (*The Hymnal, Army and Navy*, No. 465);  
"Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus" (*Hymnal*, No. 443)

**PRAYER:** (See page 41; select a prayer by G. A. Cleveland Shrigley)

**SCRIPTURE READING:** Galatians 3:21-29

**HYMN:** "Be Strong" (*Hymnal*, No. 449)

**OFFERING**

**TALK** based on "ON HATING OUR ENEMIES" (*Page 38*)

**QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:**

1. *If it is right to hate evil, how can a Christian love people who are doing evil things?*
2. *The talk today tells us to love the Japanese. Do you agree? If not, why? If you do, list the things you should do to show your love.*
3. *Discuss not only loving the Japanese, but also loving the members of groups in the United States who belong to a different race or have a different creed.*

**HYMN:** "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life" (*Hymnal*, No. 512)

**BENEDICTION:** "The Lord bless you and keep you; The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen."

Prayers designed for private  
and public devotions of men  
and women in the armed forces

# LET *us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

Compiler and author of "Prayers  
for Men in Service," "Wartime  
Prayers for Those at Home,"  
"Prayers for Women Who Serve."

## TO THE GIVER OF GIFTS

● GOD, THE GIVER OF ALL GIFTS, grant that we may learn from the suffering and insecurity of these times the wisdom of abolishing extreme inequalities of wealth and the tyrannies and false teachings of the many or the few who misuse the bounties of Thy earth. Help us to devise methods whereby the good things freely given by Thee or cultivated by man's efforts and made by his ingenuity and industry may be distributed for the service and enjoyment of all. Show us how we may fairly and honestly reward those who work by hand or by brain that all may lead lives of usefulness and produce their best. Give us patience and perseverance in abolishing unemployment and poverty and in settling disputes over material and management. With Thy help may we all consistently do our full share in banishing undue anxiety and insecurity from the lives of our brothers and ourselves. Amen.

## FOR A WORLD COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

● FATHER OF ALL MEN, grant that we, effectually learning from Thy Fatherhood, may at last establish the family of nations on earth so that mutual understanding and brotherly co-operation may prevail throughout the world and arbitration and policies of construction may take the place of wars.

Give us wisdom to preserve what is good and to correct what is faulty in our international institutions and to create whatever is further necessary to safeguard the abundant life. Make us unselfish in bringing about a unity of action among nations for our common interests, and make us resolute in empowering the steadfast in preserving whatever world commonwealth will best protect and serve us all.

Raise up once more, as in times past, leaders with vision to plan unselfishly and to establish firmly those agencies which will guarantee justice and freedom and promote amity and progress in all worthy human endeavors.

Inspire all rulers and peoples faithfully to support our international institutions that righteousness, prosperity, and peace may under Thee be the portion of all. Amen.

## FOR CHRIST IN OUR HEARTS

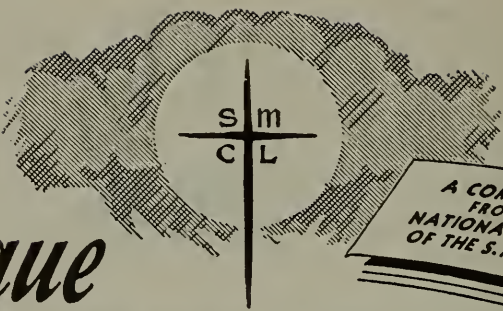
● O GENTLE CHRIST, who hast said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," enter once more into the fastnesses of our hearts and our world, long locked against Thee. Break down our barriers, and banish our fears and sins which have shut us away from our life with Thee and made us captive in our prison of hate and greed. Overthrow our walls with Thy truth. free us from our chains with Thy love, and shed light into our darkness with Thy radiance. Heal our broken bodies with the touch of Thy hands, and bind up the wounds of our souls with Thy words of life and cheer. Lead us into the liberty of Thy Kingdom, where love conquers fear and all bondage is broken and Thy service is perfect freedom and Thy reign is eternal peace. In Thy dear Name. Amen.

## FOR INCREASE IN RELIGION

● ETERNAL GOD, in these stern days of war, show us how in times past we have failed to worship Thee aright by our lack of devotion and good living and how we have wandered from Thy paths. Bring us back to Thee that we may know Thee, learn of Thee, and follow Thee. Lead us to rededicate ourselves to Thee, and give us sorrow for all our sins against Thee and our neighbors. Inspire us to seek Thee by more fervent prayer, more constant reading of Thy Word, more regular attendance at church and chapel, and more frequent use of Thy helps and sacraments. May we listen to Thy ministers and observe Thy teachings. By a new birth of Thy Spirit in our hearts, our minds and our souls, may we more faithfully practice Thy laws in our lives, bring Thy glad tidings to others, and establish Thy Kingdom on the earth. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



# This Is YOUR League



A COMMUNIQUE  
FROM THE  
NATIONAL OFFICE  
OF THE S. M. C. L.

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

*General Secretary, Service Men's Christian League*

**F**EBRUARY is brotherhood month. It is so recognized because in it are the birthdays of two great Americans who extended the frontiers of democracy toward a strong and lasting brotherhood, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting for us to celebrate these birthdays by practicing brotherhood wherever we may be.

There are SMCL units composed of Japanese-Americans, and others composed of people whose ancestors not far removed belonged to a different national or racial group. In Christ these barriers of race and creed are broken down, and people achieve importance because of their own worth and not by the accident of birth. In Christ there can be complete brotherhood, and it behooves us to practice what we preach.

## *Brotherhood and Missions*

Stories are pouring into the office about the League units which are meeting with the natives in some of the lands now occupied by U. S. forces. Thousands of dollars have been and still are being contributed to missions by GIs everywhere.

**Roy E. Fires**, president of the SMCL unit of the Service Troops, 3rd Marine Division, reports an interesting meeting which the League unit had with a native missionary, Mr. Sablan, born in Guam and educated in the States. The report says:

"He spoke tonight about the Jap occupation of Guam, the freedom enjoyed by our democratic peoples, and the greater freedom in Christ. The congregation was the largest ever attending a service in our compara-

tively new chapel. . . . The Third Division has raised over three thousand dollars for Protestant mission work on Guam and tonight we saw evidence of the work that has been done and can be done.

"Our League has stressed the importance of mission work, the Brotherhood of Man, and the necessity of knowing more about the other fellow's faith. We are going to discuss definite plans for organizing a League in our home town, for we have seen what can be accomplished by such fellowship and interdenominational understanding. One laborer in each town can organize these Leagues and through THE LINK we can further the Kingdom of God and the Brotherhood of Man as stressed by Jesus."

**Chaplain Claude L. Chilton** is in a battalion that is scattered over an area 110 miles long, so it is difficult to maintain a League unit. However, the group of devoted men in his care might well serve as an example to League units everywhere. This is what they did.

"Many of the Protestant men of an aviation engineer battalion in Burma recently demonstrated in a practical manner interdenominational good will and co-operation. Led by the chaplain, who is from the Church of the Nazarene, the plan for taking on a definite project for foreign missions was developed. Since the chaplain was preparing to visit his own missionary fields in India, it was felt that it would be appropriate for him to take a cash offering with him to be used in the erection of a church or chapel, needed by a Nazarene

congregation in India. The result was that about 100 men from 26 states of the Union, and representing 21 different Protestant denominations, gave in cash a total of \$710 for this purpose. This is surely a striking example of Christian fellowship and harmony."

Speaking of Brotherhood with a capital "B," we must mention the SMCL unit of the 364th Infantry under the supervision of **Chaplain Elmer P. Gibson**. This League unit is interracial in membership, and when we received the report about it there had been an attendance of over 500 officers and men for the last two Sundays. Congratulations, Chaplain Gibson!



*Ch. Wm. McClurg and members of the SMCL unit at Amarillo Army Air Field*

### *SMCL Unit in Germany*

There are many League units in Germany but we have space to reprint only two communications. The first is sent to us by **Marilyn Knowlton, Pfc., WAC**, who is the secretary of the Heidelberg Chapter. The membership of this unit comes from 14 denominations and 12 states, and the other officers are **Louis Fing**, president; **Pete Hickok**, membership chairman, and **Virgil Dorsett**, program chairman.

"Meetings," Miss Knowlton writes, "are held Friday evening at 7:00 P.M. in the Gemeinde-Saal, the church hall of Provi-

dence Church. . . . The chaplains have shown much interest and have participated in the discussions, and have given résumés of the discussions. Following the meeting, a social time is held at the Red Cross with coffee and doughnuts and coca-cola. **Colonel Edward L. R. Elson** is the chaplain at the present time, and comes from the Los Angeles Presbytery."

The second report is from **Chaplain W. D. Kuenzli**, located in Berlin. In addition to sending a check for \$100 which the men of his units contributed to THE LINK, he added this interesting paragraph.

"We have organized a GI Seminary



*Executive Committee of the SMCL unit aboard the "U. S. S. Alabama" in Tokyo Bay discuss plans for the future with Ch. C. Leslie Glenn*



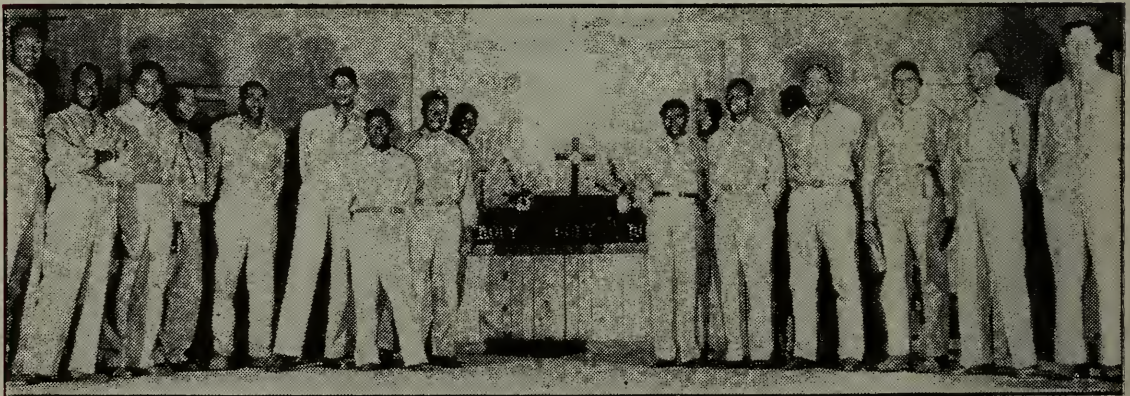
here in Hitler's hometown. (By the way, we worship in the 'Kaiser Wilhelm Church,' located in the Adolf Hitler Barracks area on Fincklestein Allee!) This 'Seminary' meets daily for an hour of singing, Bible-study, and Christian fellowship. Our group has taken two tours of Berlin. We visited Niemoeller's church, a handsome modernistic structure that is undamaged except for shattered windows and a leaky roof. We also saw the Olympic Stadium and the Chancellory where Hitler worked and supposedly died. Tonight we are going to hear one of the leaders of the Confessional Church. We have also met and talked with Bishop Dibelius, newly elected leader of the Protestant Church in Eastern Germany. He is a close friend and co-worker with Pastor Niemoeller."

### *It's a Tongue Twister*

(See photo on page 45)

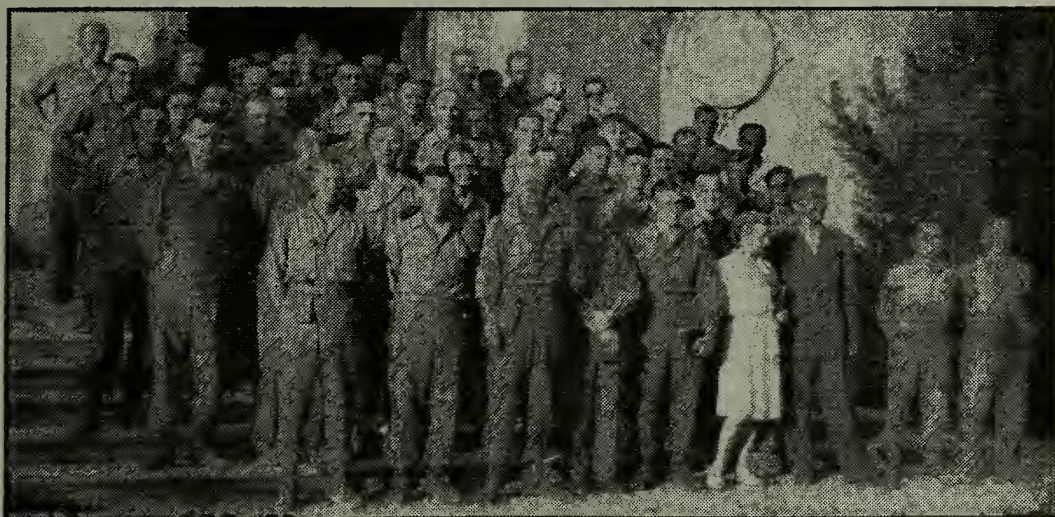
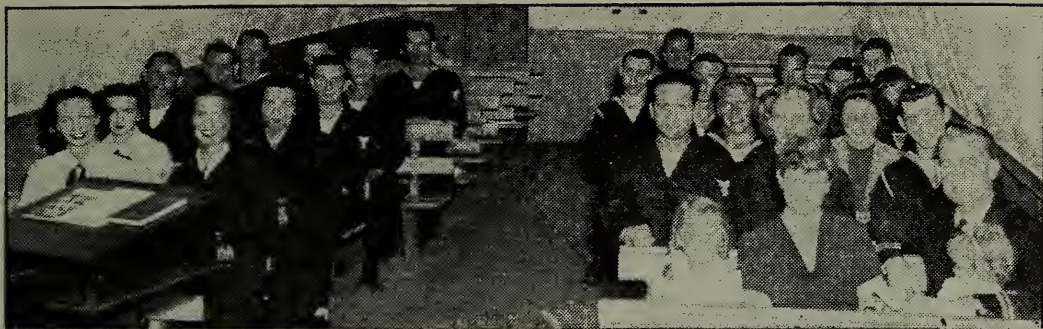
We are intrigued by the name of an SMCL unit in California. It is called the Beach Buster Unit at the Naval Landing Force Equipment Depot in Albany, Calif.

The program as reported by **Roberta Bristol, SK 3/c**, the secretary, shows that this unit is alive and up to date. Here is her report: "It was on 15 July, 1945, that we officially organized by electing officers, though previous to that time, a group had been regularly meeting under the leadership of **Chaplain Alger W. Geary**. Our first corps of officers were as follows: **Armand Thierry, Y 1/c**, pres.; **Maynard Hammond, S 1/c**, vice-pres.; **R. Bristol, SK 3/c**, secty.; **W. Nance, F 1/c**, treas.



(ABOVE) This splendid SMCL unit at Camp John L. Knight was organized under the able leadership of Ch. Spurgeon J. Mayfield. (BELOW) At Liberal Army Air Field (Kans.) Sgt. H. C. Riley is president of the League unit; Cpl. C. E. Leavell, secretary; Cpl. O. M. Henderson, vice-president; Pfc J. W. Strong, treasurer; and Ch. Wm. O. Lindsey is sponsor.





(TOP) League unit of the Beach Buster Unit at the Naval Landing Force Equipment Depot in Albany, Calif. (BELOW) SMCL unit of the 361st Infantry Reg. poses for a picture in front of Protestant church in Gorizia, Italy.

"We have divided the membership into three working units which in turn have charge of one meeting a month. The fourth meeting is reserved for the showing of a religious film. Since our membership is constantly changing, a part of the first meeting of each month is devoted to a candlelight consecration service for the reception of new members. So that we might study God's Word Chaplain Geary began a Bible Study Class during the hour preceding the regular League service."

### *Evangelism and the Ministry*

Chaplain George C. Patterson has a unit of the SMCL in England, and writes that a gospel team has emerged from the unit. The members of this team hold youth

rallies and evangelistic services in many civilian churches in this section of England. They have had fine crowds and a remarkable response. This sounds good, and THE LINK would be interested in hearing of other SMCL units carrying on similar activities.

From a League unit on Okinawa comes the report that three officers of the unit are studying for the ministry. They are, **Private Ira Sapp**, pres., **Private Wilbur Ford**, vice-pres., and **T/5 Ed. B. Hester**.

### *If You Have What It Takes!*

When we hear of a group of men or women who take the initiative in holding religious services where there is no chaplain around, and when holding such services





SMCL unit of the 238th Gen. Hosp. group while in a staging area in France. (L. to r., front) Cpl. H. A. Harris, Sgt. M. Colglazier, T/5 D. C. Ackerman, Pvt. F. B. Libby; (BACK ROW) Pfc. R. Mathieu, pres.; Pfc. H. Gurley; Ch. Gene Stone; Lt. D. E. Jones; Pfc. Roscoe K. Nelson; Pfc. D. W. McConnell; Pfc. L. M. Booth.

means bucking the existing nonreligious atmosphere, we take our hats off to them.

Such a group composes the SMCL unit on the *U. S. S. Duncan*, with **Jack R. Munsee, PhM 1/c**, president. Following are portions of Munsee's report:

"The members of the SMCL aboard the *U. S. S. Duncan* extend their greetings. We're new League members and not exactly listed in your books. Since the first week of June, 1945, we called ourselves members of the organization which publishes *THE LINK*. The first call for those interested in forming the League unit brought together six of us men. The enthusiasm shown at the meeting indicated the group's firm intention of carrying on.

"On Wednesday of the second week in June we met again in an engine room. Without a chaplain we felt that undertaking to conduct divine services would be no mean task. The services were to be informal, reverently carried out with responsibilities well distributed among the members. We also decided that considerable variety should be used in our Sunday programs. It was found subsequently that lack of time for

preparation often forced us to cling to the following form of presentation:

"The prelude, which is usually an opening hymn or prayer. Sometimes an invitation to worship is given by the presiding League officer. Then a well-known and appropriate hymn is sung by the assembly. The Scripture reading follows and is related to the message. A prayer by a League member is offered after the reading. The Apostles' Creed and Doxology are often included at this point in the devotions. Announcements are next in order. Then the congregation joins in singing led by our vice-president who also directs the newly formed choral group of the League. The message of the service follows. Another hymn succeeds the talk and then the benediction is given. The entire service lasts about three-quarters of an hour. Surprisingly the number of the crew attending often exceeds our expectation. We consider an assembly of forty of the crew to be a good representation."

While we are on the subject of carrying out a religious program without benefit of the chaplain, we should mention the activi-

ties of **W. F. McBride**, RM 2/c on the *U. S. S. Begor*. The SMCL unit on this ship had its ups and downs. After leaving Pearl Harbor the attendance was 40 or 45, but it dwindled to about 15 after several Sundays. Then when new men came aboard, the membership went up again. All through this time, McBride was the person who kept the interest alive.

In closing this Communique we want to give a special honorable mention to **Chaplain Arthur W. Parker**. Chaplain Parker has long been a friend of the SMCL. He now holds an enviable record. He has been responsible for 30 different SMCL units.

### *A Memorial Chapel*

From **Chaplain John Eastwood** comes a picture and story of a chapel in southern Italy. It must be one of the finest overseas. "In the rear of the chapel is office space, and on one side is a reading room and library," he says. "Both are nicely furnished. The buildings were constructed of native stone, the floors and roofs are of tile. In an old factory we found stained glass for the windows. Above the front entrance is a marble dedication plaque which reads, 'Dedicated to the glory of God in loving memory of those men in the 464th Bombardment Group who gave their lives for peace and righteousness.' The total cost of the buildings and their furnishings amounted to \$3,271.98. The entire sum was voluntarily donated by the men in the group. The first offering was \$2,689.31. By bringing in chairs from the reading room we have seated as many as 319.

"Last week the SMCL members distributed clothing to the poor in a near-by village. The men of this League unit had written to their homes and churches for the garments."

It is indeed thrilling to know that members of the SMCL are sensitive to the needs of the people around them, that they would write home for clothing to give to the poor. That is the spirit of Christ, and such action fulfills a purpose of the League.



### BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

*Selected for you by Francis Carr Stifler  
President, American Bible Society*

#### PERSONAL HABITS

1. An unruly tongue. **James 1:26**
2. Laziness. **Proverbs 6:6-11**
3. Intemperance. **Proverbs 20:1**
4. Purity. **Proverbs 5:3-5**
5. Disrespect. **Proverbs 17:5**
6. Profanity. **James 5:12**
7. Singleness of purpose. **Matt. 6:24**

#### SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS

8. Family. **Proverbs 10:1**
9. Peaceableness. **Romans 12:17-19**
10. Women. **Proverbs 6:24-26**
11. Confession in Prayer. **James 5:16**
12. Parents. **Exodus 20:12**
13. Greater love. **John 15:13**
14. Common worship. **Heb. 10:25**
15. Charity. **Matt. 6:2**
16. Social service. **James 2:15, 16**

#### BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

17. Unfailing integrity. **Eccles. 10:1**
18. Religion in business. **Eccles. 12:13**
19. The Golden Rule. **Matt. 7:12**
20. Taking counsel. **Prov. 12:15**
21. Hold your temper. **Prov. 15:1**
22. Honesty. **Prov. 16:8**

#### RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES

23. Begin right. **Eccles. 12:1**
24. Toward government. **I Tim. 2:1, 2**
25. Use of Bible. **II Tim. 2:15**
26. First things first. **Matt. 6:33**
27. Finding God. **John 14:8-10**
28. Pure religion. **James 1:26, 27**





Guard: "Sailor, are you going to kiss that girl?"

Sailor: "No, sir."

Guard: "Then hold my flashlight."



Navy psychiatrist to new recruit: "What do you do with your social life?"

Recruit: "Just sit around."

Dr.: "Don't you ever go out with girls?"

Recruit: "Nope."

Dr.: "Why?"

Recruit: "My wife won't let me."



Doctor: "I don't like the looks of your husband."

Wife: "I don't either, but he is good to the children."



Prof.: "You don't know the first thing about syntax."

Student: "Don't tell me they're taxing that, too!"



Chief: "For months I couldn't discover where my wife was spending her evenings."

Boot: "How'd ya find out?"

Chief: "One evening I went home, and there she was."



Sailor: "Have you any four-volt, two-watt bulbs?"

Medical supply clerk: "For what?"

Sailor: "No, two."

Clerk: "Two what?"

Sailor: "Yeah."

A couple of Marines during a lull were talking of what they would do when they got home. One of them said, "The only souvenir of this war that I want is my rifle."

"What on earth do you want with a rifle?" asked his companion.

"I'll tell you," said the other dreamily. "When I get home, I'm going to get me a house. The house will have a little window that looks out over a garden. I'm going to plant my rifle in the middle of the garden. And when it rains, I'm going to sit by my window, and watch the rain come down on that rifle, and I'm going to say, 'Rust, you son of a gun!'"



Two little sardines were swimming aimlessly in San Diego bay. One suggested, "Let's go up to San Francisco for the weekend."

"Oh, no," objected his companion, "It's much too long a swim."

"Well, we could go by train," ventured the first sardine.

"What! And be jammed in like a couple of soldiers!"



A Scotchman had to send an urgent telegram, and not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (10 words.)

The Scotchman who received it immediately decided it was "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it, and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (19 words.)



"Well, nurse, how is the patient?"

"Oh, I'm giving him the figs you ordered, Doctor—but all he wants is dates."



Barber: "Haven't I shaved you somewhere before?"

Sailor: "Nope, I got that scar in the battle of Lingayan Gulf."

# Biblical PIN-UPS

## No. 2 . . . . Rachel

Continuing our series of features on famous women who are prominent in the Bible's gallery of personalities . . .



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**W**HEN it came time for Jacob, Rebekah's youngest son, to marry, she urged him to visit her brother Laban.

Laden with gifts to his kinsman, Jacob set out on his journey to the east. At a well where he stopped to rest and water his camels, he met Rachel, beautiful and well-favored.

How Jacob served his uncle, Laban, for seven years to gain the hand of Rachel, and how, according to the custom of the East at that time, her sister Leah was given to him instead, and how he served Laban faithfully for another seven years to win Rachel, is told in the Book of Genesis, chapters 29 and 30.

For long, Rachel had been childless. On this account, though enjoying the supreme affection of her husband, she envied her sister Leah. Conscious of her superior beauty, she could not brook the thought that Leah should have children and she none.

But at last Joseph was born, and he was her only son when they arrived at Canaan. Pilgrims in the land which had been promised them, they found no place to settle. During the wanderings of the Patriarch and his wife, Benjamin was born and Rachel died. Jacob buried her on the way to Ephrath and set up a pillar. In that desolate spot he left her, and pursued his way, in all the bitterness of sorrow.





Esck Hopkins, Commodore of the Colonial Navy, greets General George Washington aboard the "Alfred" as Capt. Samuel Nicholas and his

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