









# E LINK

AUGUST 1956

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by Wallace Kunkel

■ A former newspaper man, Wallace Kunkel lives in Oroville, California, where he writes on a free-lance basis and goes fishing (fly fishing, of course!) for trout in the nearby Feather River.

IN our family we'd always been fly fishermen. I wouldn't have been caught dead, at one time, carrying angleworms on a trout stream.

But sometimes, maybe once in a lifetime, things happen to you and you're not the same afterward. At any rate, that's the way it was with me after I'd met the old gentleman—and his granddaughter.

Not that I'm blaming the old man, entirely. It wasn't his fault, altogether. Any more than it was the girl's. Or mine. Or Duke's.

But I do blame Duke, partly, because of his narrow-minded prejudice against worm fishing. And myself,

somewhat, because I'm one of those guys who, if he happens to stumble upon something good, can't keep it to himself.

It started on Butte Creek, in the northern California part of the Sierras, on a late August Saturday afternoon. I'd gone fishing alone, something I rarely did. At that time I hardly ever went anywhere on a fishing trip unless Duke was along. We were both single, and we went out nearly every Sunday morning during the season.

We went very early on Sundays because Duke had a sports goods store on Alternate 40 into the Feather River country. He and his wife still operate it. Saturday was a big day at the store.

Duke said many times that it was just as well that he couldn't get away on both Saturdays and Sun-

days, because he ran into enough fishermen using worms. Duke sold worms at his store, but he handled the rough paper cartons as though they might contaminate him.

When he met a worm fisherman, even in the store, Duke was overcome by a Waltonian zeal to convert him to flies. Especially if the worm fisherman, despite his low estate, appeared to have the inherent genteel qualities Duke contended went with a true fly caster.

I've seen him waste a good hour of late afternoon fishing on a stream in trying to win over a worm fisherman to the pure ecstasy of properly presenting a fly to a trout. Or he'd half empty his fly book trying to start some kid on the high road to fly fishing.

This particular Saturday I'd left town in a hurry. I hadn't even stopped to eat lunch. Instead, I had the cafe, where quite a few of us bachelors ate, put up a bag of sandwiches for me.

When I reached the place on Butte Creek where I leave the car and start walking up to the best fishing, I decided to make some coffee. I carry a coffee pot, coffee, and a gasoline camp stove in the car when I go on a fishing trip. Coffee tastes better to me when it's made on the spot with water from a mountain stream.

I was dipping up a pot of water when I heard wading up the creek. I glanced up without seeing all of him at first. But when I saw that his trousers were rolled above a knobby little pair of no longer young knees and that he was wearing an ancient pair of brogans, I took him in all over.

I've seen some strange fishermen

in my day, but none like him. He resembled a Rip Van Winkle of the trout stream. The pole he was using—it distinctly couldn't have been dignified by the name rod—was unusually long, maybe fifteen feet. It could have been my grandfather's. He wore a peculiar little knitted cap, like a beret.

Over the noise of the stream, I heard the words, "I care not to fish in seas; fresh waters best my mind do please." It was a minute or two before I realized that he was singing the "Angler's Song."

"Morning," he said, with an odd, friendly smile, his hazel eyes like water going over a gravel bed in the sunshine, "a nice morning for trouts." Then he must have noticed the coffee pot, for he added, "And for coffee, too."

"Won't you join me in a cup?" I invited.

"It's very kind of you. Anyway, I'm beginning to get a little short of bait. It's difficult to dig worms in the mountains this time of year."

He made a few more casts, upstream, as he stood in the water talking. He cast almost as though he were fly fishing. His fishing pole wasn't bamboo, I noticed, but some wood in a single piece. Lancewood, probably.

"Have you fished all the way from the road?" I asked, after he'd come to the stream bank where we waited for the coffee to perk. I knew there was another road about a mile and a half from the one on which I'd driven in.

"No," he replied. "We have a tent half a mile down stream. I've only come from there." He looked about him appreciatively. "We've always liked it here. I think we'll stay most

of the summer. The only difficulty is the shortage of angleworms."

While I'd never held with worm fishing, it was refreshing to find someone who practiced it so openly and without any feeling of inferiority.

"Maybe I could bring up a few for you when I come back next Saturday," I said.

"That would be capital of you." He smiled engagingly. "I can scour them in some moss and they'll be ready for the following week, at any rate. It must be wonderful to have a place where you can dig decent ones so easily."

I didn't mention, of course, that I was going to buy them. I didn't tell him that worms come packaged these days like any other mass-production items. He must have been wherever he'd been for so long that he hadn't heard of this catering to worm fishermen.

"I'll look for you here at the same time," I said, as we finished our coffee.

"We'll be here," he said.

I didn't pay any attention, at the time, to the fact that he'd said, "we."

I left him and started up the trail to where I usually begin fishing. He had begun working slowly upstream, tossing out a worm more lightly than I've seen some fishermen throw a fly.

"I've got to keep this guy to myself," I thought. "He's too good to share with anyone, even Duke. I don't want anyone making him over."

Duke asked me next day in the store how I'd done on Butte Creek.

"Not too hot," I said. I didn't mention the old gentleman.

"The bait boys are spoiling the fishing up there," said Duke.

I WAITED UNTIL FRIDAY BEFORE I went into the store again. Friday afternoon Duke would be out getting his weekly haircut.

Young Jim Blevins, one of Duke's clerks, was up by the fishing tackle showcases. He'd always been friendly but reserved. Because of the closeness between me and Duke, I guess.

I had him get me a half dozen Palmers and some leader tippets. Then I said, as casually as I could, "Oh, yes, and you'd better give me a carton of worms."

Jim didn't say anything. He's a good clerk. He just slid the worms across the counter as though there was nothing unusual about my ordering them. But when I started to pick up my things, he tapped a finger softly on the worm box. "Don't you think I'd better put these in a bag for you?" he asked quietly.

Duke believes in putting his money into the product, not the wrapping. Nobody's ashamed to carry out things from Duke's uncovered. But I let Jim put the worms in a sack.

The sack disguised them some, but I felt the way you did during the war when the store manager slipped you some under-the-counter butter wrapped to make it look like something else, which everyone knew it wasn't.

When I came down next morning to the place on the creek where I was to meet the old man, I was surprised to see he wasn't alone. It was the first time I'd seen his granddaughter.

A fellow dreams of seeing a beautiful girl in beautiful, unspoiled and rustic surroundings. But it isn't often the combination falls that way. Seeing her, I suddenly felt different all



over. I couldn't take my gaze from her.

She was thin and a little tallish, with her grandfather's pale pink skin. Her hair was blonde, half long. A light breeze was blowing wisps of it into the sunshine. She was wearing a brown jerkin over a brown gabardine shirt and had on a pair of khaki trousers. They were rolled above her knees, and there was nothing knobby about them.

The old gentleman waved at me and I walked over to them slowly, to make the view last as long as possible.

"Grandpa told me you were bringing us some bait," she said. "You're mighty nice to strangers."

I wanted to tell her that as far as I was concerned, I felt I'd known her all my life, but I only mumbled that I was glad to bring the bait.

She gave me a smile that would have been worth digging worms for, bare-handed, without a shovel.

After the old gentleman had accepted the worms, we talked awhile about the weather and about the fishing. Then they began working their way up the stream.

When I passed them, going along the creek bank toward the place where I usually begin fishing, I told the old gentleman that I was coming up again next week and would gladly bring another carton of worms.

"We'll be looking for you," he said. "Same place."

The girl only smiled, but such a smile.

I didn't realize until I was well up the trail that I was whistling like mad—the tune the old man had been singing the week before.

I DIDN'T SEE DUKE UNTIL THE following Friday, and when I did see him I didn't want to. For some reason he didn't go out to get his weekly hair trim. I hung about the vicinity of the store waiting for him to leave.

Well, he didn't, and I noticed that it was five minutes to closing time. I either had to go in and get the worms, or else go up on Butte Creek the next day and tell the old man—and Vera Mae—that I'd let them down.

I went in. "Hi," I said to Duke, who was in the fishing tackle department. Then, trying to make my voice casual: "How about a carton of worms?"

I thought for a minute Duke's eyebrows were going all the way up to his hair line.

"Did you say worms!"

"Worms. You heard me. For a friend."

He kind of pushed a carton at me, barely touching it.

"These aren't the smelly kind, are they?" I asked.

"What do you care? They're for a friend—or aren't they?"

"Sure."

A look of suspicion came into his eyes. He pressed the glass showcase top hard with his fingers. "Do I know him?"

"No, he's new around here." I almost said "old." Because that's the way it seemed. As old as the hills and the stream. Old and unspoiled. And I was glad of it. Glad he's not yielded to split bamboo, and doubly glad he wasn't acquainted with glass fibre.

It was a good thing, I thought, that the old man had met someone like me, who would protect him from



those who would want to make him over.

TWO DAYS LATER I GOT WORD THAT the paper where I work wasn't to publish Labor Day. This meant I'd have the day off. Naturally, I rushed over to tell Duke, who always closed Labor Day. "It would be just the time for us to go up on the Middle Fork," I said. "They really ought to be hitting up there now."

The cold glint in his eyes chilled me. "On worms?"

By that I was warmed up. "If that's the way you feel, forget it!" I said.

"How do you think you'd take it," he demanded, "if your best friend started holding out on you?"

I knew by the tone in his voice and his look that unless I came clean with him, it would be over between us. You don't lose an old fishing partner lightly.

"All right," I said. "You win. I'll show you the guy I've been getting them for. But it means we won't go on the Middle Fork. He happens to do his worm fishing on Butte Creek."

Even while I was reassuring him that everything was all right, I had the feeling that it wasn't. Though I couldn't have told you why.

We got out of town before day-break on Labor Day. We wanted to get on the creek ahead of the worm fishermen, if possible. I was hoping we'd come upon the old gentleman alone. But you know how it is, you make one concession and something else is thrown in as a bonus.

Vera Mae turned out to be the bonus.

"There he is," I said to Duke when

we saw them wading up the creek.

However, I could see right off that Duke wasn't looking at the old man. His gaze was all for Vera Mae. I watched his expression when she came along in her rolled up trousers and that little brown jerkin. I wondered whether I looked the way Duke did, the first time I saw her.

When I introduced the old gentleman and Vera Mae they took to Duke right off. Both of them. Though I tried to tell myself that it was only because Duke was a friend of mine.

When I finally got Duke started up the trail toward Soapstone Riffle, I said, "Now do you believe me, about the worms?"

I'd never seen Duke before with such a far-off look. "After this," he answered, "I'd believe anything!"

The next time I saw the old gentleman was several weeks later. I hardly recognized him. He had on waders and a fishing jacket. He was using a light bamboo rod and a fly, attached, no doubt, to one of Duke's 2X tapered leaders.

But when I saw Vera Mae I really saw the hand of Duke. I might have forgiven him for making over the old man. But the way he changed Vera Mae! I'll never forgive him that.

She had on a fishing jacket and a smartly feminine cap. The lance-wood pole was gone and she was flicking out a glass rod. She was wearing waders that came up to her armpits and she looked just like any other woman does in them. When she reached down toward the water with her left hand to net a fish, something sparkled at me.

Call it a form of protest if you will. But I've been a worm fisherman ever since.

# Creatures That Shine

Some organisms can produce light by means of bacteria in their bodies

by Thomas R. Henry

■ Mr. Henry is the Science Editor of North American Newspaper Alliance.

NEW findings of some of the world's weirdest creatures—the ones which produce light—have been reported to American scientists.

Students of the phenomenon of auto-luminescence have been told of crabs, squid, and fish which maintain "pastures" of light-giving bacteria within their bodies. We hear of "firefly trees"—actually thousands of insects which flash off and on simultaneously, making trees appear to burst suddenly into blinding yellow flame.

The reports were transmitted at an American conference by Dr. Y. Haneda, foremost authority on luminous organisms of the Orient. Dr. Haneda has just returned to Tokyo where he is associated with Jikeikai Medical College.

In all his searches through the Orient, Dr. Haneda said, his most dramatic experience was finding the trees of fire in dense forests of Dutch New Guinea and New Britain. Without warning, a single tree, or sometimes several in a small area, he re-

counted, would become pillars of light.

The firefly-like organisms have no known means of communication, yet all flash together within a fraction of a second.

Almost equally weird are the "bacteria raisers" described by the Japanese biologist. These are organisms of fairly deep water where there is perpetual twilight. Unlike so many of their fellows, however, these fish, crabs, and squid never have developed ability to produce their own light. Instead the bacteria produce light for them.

So closely associated that the bacteria cannot exist without their hosts, the single-celled plants are kept in special internal chambers.



One fairly large fish occasionally found in deep waters off Japan has translucent muscles on the underside of its body. The bacteria light shines through them. He has also observed fish which maintain flashing blue tail lights, apparently as a means of scaring enemies.

One of the most curious light-producing creatures is a fairly common Japanese sea crab which was of great interest to the biologists studying the phenomena. This crab

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by CATHERINE MAGEE

# GIRL WITH A MASK

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Though this story is not true, it is based on truth. Author Catherine Magee lived in Japan and is acquainted with survivors of the A-bomb blast in Hiroshima. This story might very well be the story of one of the group of Hiroshima maidens who came to the States some months ago for medical treatment of their disfigured bodies and faces.

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OH, I'll go to Hiroshima!" I replied to Ray Sherman's offer of a break in routine. "I'll go anywhere to get away from Yokohama. Romantic Orient! Nobody who lived here ever said that!" Outside the tall windows of the American Consulate, rain came down for the sixth straight day.

My boss explained, "It shouldn't take more than a week, Katy. These American doctors need help in choosing some of the Japanese girls who were scarred by the A-bomb to go to the States for free plastic surgery. We have to send someone to Hiroshima who knows about passports, inoculations, and so on. You're just the one. And I think you need a change. You've been working too hard."

"Well, perhaps you're right, Ray," I answered, "though I'm not sure that what I need is more passports, inoculation explanations, and identification tangles, *ad infinitum*. It will be a change, at any rate. As long as they don't ask me about missing persons, I'll make out."

"I guess these girls wish they'd been missing on August 6, 1945, when the bomb hit. It will be tough choosing only twenty-five. You can't be too soft-hearted."

So here I was on the train nearing Hiroshima, watching for marks of the bomb in the countryside. I sat thinking how ironic it was that American doctors were offering help to the victims of the first A-bomb.

Maybe they only wanted guinea pigs for new methods in plastic surgery, I thought cynically. I'd built up a terrific defense mechanism against assigning good motives to anyone until I knew all the facts. I was sick of seeing men and women ready to lie and cheat for the chance to go to the States. These girls with scars would be honest in their misfortune, at any rate.

My particular headache lately had been the files on persons whose relatives in the United States wanted to locate them, especially the Hakata file. This one had been revived nearly a year before. Mrs. Hakata—Mori was her name now—wrote that



she suddenly "had a feeling" that her daughter Tamiko was still alive. "The prettiest little girl you ever saw," she kept writing, "So pretty!"

I was met at Hiroshima station, completely rebuilt since the bomb, by the usual interpreter, a Mr. Ito. He bowed to me, of course, and said, "Miss Dunlap, I am glad to meet you. The American doctors will be happy that you have come."

We went by midget taxi directly to the hospital where the examinations were to be held.

The portly, gray-haired gentleman in charge wasted no time. "Miss Dunlap? I'm Dr. Mills. We are going over the applications before we see the girls tomorrow. You and your interpreter will check the cards for accuracy and need after the preliminary physical examination we'll give to make sure that the girls can be helped. We'll depend on your recommendations.

"Please keep in mind that we are looking for girls who are badly disfigured, but not so mutilated that they can't profit by plastic surgery. Next, we must consider the financial status of the family. We'll take those who have no hope of getting aid here. And, of course, there are the intangibles."

"Such as what, Dr. Mills?"

"It's hard to put in words. People who are sour and bitter actually have a poorer chance of recovery than do those with an optimistic attitude. Try to find out how they feel about their scars, and about things in general."

"So the girls have to be Pollyannas to have their faces made human again?" I said impulsively.

"Not exactly, Miss Dunlap. Of course, the fact that they are apply-

ing for treatment indicates that they have at least a slight hope of improvement. I think you'll understand when we begin interviewing."

MR. ITO AND I READ CARDS ALL that day. The question about education was usually answered by "none," or "private." This was understandable. The doctors had asked for girls whose scarring was so bad as to keep them from ordinary social contacts.

There was one card that puzzled us. It was signed, "Yoshiko Mimura." Under "education," she had written in English, "Graduate of Hiroshima High School; now attending Kobe College for Women." Beneath the heading, "Description of Scars," appeared, "Most of face; also left arm and hand."

Since Mr. Ito lived in Hiroshima, I asked him if he had heard of the girl. "Surely she couldn't have gone to high school with such disfigurement. If she did, you would have heard about her."

Mr. Ito shook his head. "There are too many here in Hiroshima with scars."

The next morning the applicants began coming, a few at a time, by appointment. Most were accompanied by stolid parents, many of them also scarred or crippled. It was a depressing parade.

Several wore eye patches. Some, burned only on one side, had developed a peculiar sidewise method of locomotion to shield from view the ugly cicatrices on their faces.

A few had painted themselves with liquid rice powder as though for a festival. The uneven skin texture underneath produced a strange mottled appearance. Others held their

heads at awkward angles because of enlarged neck cords.

Hour after hour they came. They waited patiently for their turn to be seen by the dermatologists and radiation specialists who had come 6,700 miles to choose from their number a few to be helped. Those whose cases were hopeless were sent away. The others came to my desk after the doctors had made a cursory examination.

Patiently, Mr. Ito explained to each girl that the treatment might take as long as a year, that as many as a dozen operations might be necessary. No one protested at the idea of so long a separation from family and homeland.

When he added that the girls would be guests in private homes between operations, scarred faces broke into surprised smiles. "*Shinsetsu-na!* Ah, so! What kindness!"

I was too busy checking cards to think about the Mimura girl, but when I looked up to see brown eyes peering at me through holes in a white gauze mask, I knew this must be the one.

Mr. Ito began the routine questions in Japanese, translating when necessary. "Name?"

"Yoshiko Mimura."

"Age?"

"Seventeen." Seventeen! This made the girl one of the youngest we had interviewed. She had been only seven, then, in 1945.

"Present address?"

"Kobe Women's College."

"Address when the bomb came?"

The girl hesitated. "I lived in Koi, I think." Koi, I had learned, was a suburb in the western part of Hiroshima, a rather well-to-do section.

Since we were supposed to find

out if these girls might expect help from their families, the interpreter continued, "Are your parents living?"

The girl stiffened. The knuckles of her right hand turned white—the left was hidden in her kimono sleeve. "I-e. No."

Remembering the well-written English on the girl's card, I took a chance, and said, "Were you living with them in Koi when the bomb came?"

Without betraying any surprise that I had spoken to her in English, she replied, "No. I was with my grandmother."

"Is she living?"

"No. She was killed. I was at school. When I ran home to find her, there was nothing but rubble. Her house, the neighbors' house—everywhere. I ran back to school."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward? It's all mixed up in my mind. People were running and screaming at school; so I ran away from there. I didn't know right away that this had happened to me." She patted the mask gently. "I was in a hospital a long time. Not here—we went on a train. Then I was in an orphanage here in Hiroshima. Then a teacher said I could live with her and go to school if I would wear a mask. I finished high school last year."

"How do you manage to go to college?"

"I won a scholarship. The teachers paid for my railway ticket to come here for this interview."

I was sure she was telling the truth, for I had learned to identify falsehood. Yet I had a feeling that she wasn't telling everything we should know. I felt like a heel to keep prying, but that was my job.

"When did your parents die?" I persisted.

"In 1945," she replied briefly.

"Where?" If she could be brief, so could I.

"My father on Okinawa, fighting. My mother in a Tokyo bombing."

I had been studying her card while we talked. Names, dates, places. "Place of birth: USA." I looked at the word again, puzzled at seeing it in capital letters.

Something impelled me to ask, "Where were you born, Yoshiko?"

No facial expression could show through the mask, but the way she lifted her head was enough. "I was born in the United States of America," she said proudly. "In U.S.A."

A fantastic idea prompted me, though all I had to go on were the birthplace and a few dates that jibed. "Could your mother have been Mitsuko Hakata, and you Tamiko?" I said quietly.

There were a few seconds of silence while the brown eyes probed mine. Then the questions tumbled out. "How did you know? Where is my mother? She's dead, isn't she? If she wasn't killed, why didn't she come for me?" The girl put her good hand on the desk as though she were ready to pound the answers out of me.

"Your mother is not dead, Yoshiko. But she thought you were, when she learned your grandmother had been killed. After the war she tried in every way to find you. She had brought you to Koi from Tokyo to keep you away from the bombing there."

"Yes. I remember." The whisper was barely audible.

"You say you were in school. Your

mother wrote us that she had asked your grandmother to keep you at home with her."

"I had started to school only a few days before the bomb. It made my grandmother nervous to have me at home. I didn't speak Japanese well."

"That may be one reason your mother's inquiries led nowhere. You say you were in a hospital in another town. You must have been too sick to answer questions."

"Everything was a blur for a long time. I couldn't talk for weeks, my lips were so burned. You say my mother wrote. Where is she?"

"She is in New York City, married now to a Nisei importer named Mori. When she could not find you in that autumn of 1945, she began working for the Americans as an interpreter. As soon as she could get permission to return to the United States, she went, sure that you were dead. You probably know that she didn't want to come back to Japan during the war. Your father felt that it was better to accept repatriation when you were all in relocation camp."

"I was seven when the bomb fell," the girl said as though reciting a well-learned lesson. "I don't remember much about the United States. But my mother always spoke in English to me. I think she did not want me to forget. Then when I studied English in high school, it all came back."

"Your mother kept thinking about you. A year ago she wrote to us at the consular office that she felt you were alive. We followed every possible lead. We even advertised in the Hiroshima paper a few months ago."

"I've been in Kobe for a year. No one knows my real name."

... Continued on page 34



*Esperanto:*

# World Language

BENNIE BENGTSON

IF all the peoples of the world had a common language, would that make for less friction and more understanding? If people could understand one another better and more easily, would they trust each other more, and live in peace and harmony?

Perhaps. Many have thought so. A few have created new and artificial languages so designed that they could be easily learned by most nationalities. One of these so-called world or international tongues, the most successful to appear so far, is Esperanto.

Esperanto is the brain child of a Polish physician, Dr. Ludwig Zamenhof. He lived in Warsaw, Poland, during the latter part of the nineteenth century. His childhood and youth had been spent in Bielostok, Russia, where Russians, Poles, Germans, and Jews feared, hated, and ill-treated each other. It seemed to him then, as he studied French and German at school in addition to his own language, that if people of different nationalities and backgrounds only had a common tongue there would be less misunderstanding, fear, and distrust among them.

He studied English and was impressed by the simplicity of its grammar, as compared with other languages. He appears to have learned languages with ease. The idea occurred to him—why not a new language with simplified grammar that would be easy for everyone to learn. It could be used as a “bridge” or second tongue in addition to one’s native tongue. It would be useful in many ways, but especially helpful in reconciling racial antagonisms.

His study of various living languages had shown Zamenhof that there was a high proportion of common or international words. English, for example, had appropriated a great many French words and put them to daily use. The French, German, and Scandinavian languages similarly borrowed from the English and each other. All current languages had lifted words from the Latin and Greek and made them their own.

Designing a simplified grammar, he then constructed a vocabulary out of words which were common to several languages. In only a few instances did he find it necessary to use words current in only one tongue.

Unlike the English and German,

where dictionaries list 100,000 words or more, Esperanto gets along with only a few thousand root words. Two or three thousand are enough to provide a good reading or speaking knowledge.

In Esperanto—and this is most helpful to the beginner studying the language—all nouns end in the letter *o*, as, for instance, *patro*, father. All adjectives end in *a*, as *patra*, paternal. All derived adverbs end with an *e*, as *patre*, fatherly. In verbs, a final letter *i* distinguishes the infinitive, as in *ami*, to like. The ending *as* marks the present; *os*, the future; *is*, the past, and so on. A final *j* marks the plural, as *patroj*, fathers.

Esperanto uses our own alphabet, but omits four letters—*q*, *w*, *x*, and *y*. There are, however, five accented characters. Completely phonetic, each letter always has the same sound. The accent invariably falls on the penult, or next to the last syllable in a word. The vowels are pronounced as in this sentence:

A E I O U

Father made me go, too.

This world tongue possesses simplicity in other ways, too. The particle *mal* indicates the opposite in meaning—*fermi*, means “to shut”; *malfermi*, “to open”; *granda* signifies “large”; *malgranda*, “small.” The feminine is formed by interpolating *in* into a word, as, for example, *frato*, brother; *fratino*, sister; or *onklo*, uncle; *onkline*, aunt. *Eg* enlarges: *domo*, house; *domego*, mansion; and *id* diminishes: *kato*, cat; and *katido*, kitten.

The cardinal numbers from one to ten—*unu*, *du*, *tri*, *kvar*, *kvin*, *ses*, *sep*, *ok*, *nau*, *dek*—bear a noticeable resemblance to the Latin. To obtain the ordinals—first, second—just add

the adjective ending *a*. Fractions and multiples are obtained by interpolating *on* and *obl*, for instance: *duono*, a half; and *kvarobla*, quadruple.

So much for a brief excursion into Esperanto, its vocabulary, and how the words are formed. In 1887, Zamenhof published a small book or brochure entitled *Linguo Internacia de la Doktoro Esperanto*—“International Language by Doctor Hopeful.” The word *Esperanto* signifies “one who hopes,” indicating that the creator of the new international tongue was not too certain of its ultimate success.

For a decade or so its progress was rather slow. It found its first adherents in Russia, where a magazine using Esperanto was issued. It printed an article by Tolstoi, however; so the Czarist government then in power suppressed it.

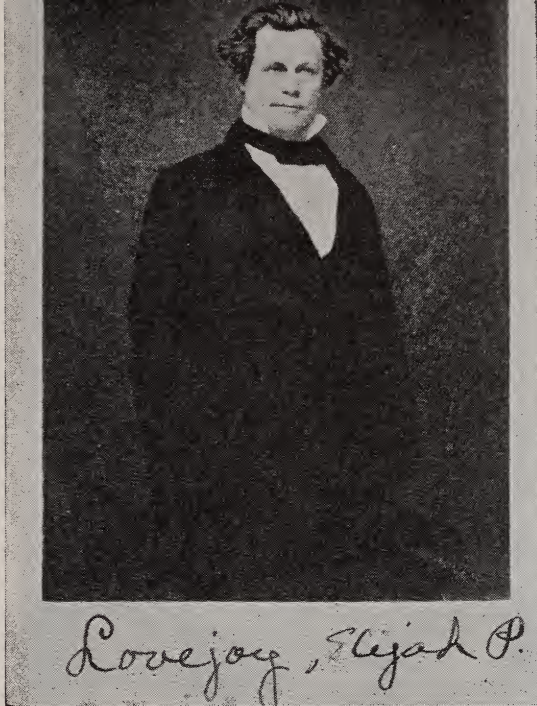
From Russia Esperanto spread to Sweden, Norway, France, and Germany, reaching England around the turn of the century. Some groups had several thousand members. It has been taught in many schools and colleges. In Albania it was made a compulsory subject in secondary and high schools.

At one time, even the University of Peking, in China, offered courses in Esperanto. Many publications and books were issued in the tongue. A number of old classics, like Dickens novels, were translated into the new idiom. It is estimated that today some ten million people or so throughout the world use, write, or speak Esperanto.

“There is no royal road to learning, but what can be done to smooth or shorten the road is done in Esperanto,” said Israel Zangwill.

# Fearless Editor

by Grover Brinkman



He was the first American to lay down his life for freedom of the press.

**T**ODAY we travel so fast in our high-powered automobiles that we scarcely see things of unusual interest alongside the road. Life moves so fast in all fields of endeavor that we simply haven't time to stop and pause a moment to enjoy the beautiful and the unusual.

But even so, one cannot fail to see a unique monument in the city cemetery in the Mississippi River town of Alton, Illinois. The monument is so tall and commanding that it immediately holds our attention. It is the last resting place of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, first American to give his life for "freedom of the press."

Lovejoy was born at Albion, Maine, on Nov. 8, 1802. He was a precocious youngster, and could read the Bible fluently when he was only four years of age. A graduate of

Waterville College in Maine, young Lovejoy taught school in Vermont until 1827. Then he felt the call of the frontier and emigrated to Missouri. At St. Louis he taught school and contributed bits of comment to the local newspapers.

Lovejoy was typical of many of the young men of the East who came to the new frontier country. He was both a missionary, a preacher, and a teacher.

Son of a Presbyterian minister, he returned to the East long enough to graduate from Princeton Theological Seminary. But in 1833 he came back to St. Louis to serve as editor of the *St. Louis Observer*, the far-western organ of the Presbyterian Church.

His new work gave him a voice. He was an ardent crusader against dancing, drunkenness, and intem-





Under this imposing granite shaft at Alton, Ill., rests the body of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, first man in America to give his life to "keep our press free."

joy let the presses remain on the wharf. His enemies, finding he had moved his plant across the river, destroyed the equipment during the night, and threw it into the river.

Lovejoy promptly purchased a second press. It arrived at his office on August 27, 1837. Again a mob broke into the building at night and completely wrecked the new machine. Threats were also posted, warning him of danger to his life.

But Lovejoy was fearless. A third press arrived on September 21 of the same year and was stored in a warehouse in Alton's business section. Again the same thing happened—the press was destroyed, and ended up in the Mississippi.

Still undaunted, Lovejoy ordered a fourth press. Then he appeared at a meeting of his enemies and vigorously defended his previous actions. He talked about what he termed "freedom of the press."

On November 7, 1837, five days later, the new printing equipment arrived at 3 A.M. one cold winter morning. It was stored in the riverside warehouse of Godfrey, Gilman & Co. As rumblings of mob vengeance spread through the city, a company of militia went to the warehouse, presumably to guard the presses. However, some of Lovejoy's enemies were in the company as well. Lovejoy himself, and Winthrop S. Gilman, part owner of the warehouse, were also on hand.

A mob gathered outside and threatened to burn the building. Gunfire began. Soon one of the mob

perance of any nature. He considered slavery an evil and was bitterly opposed to it. But he was not an abolitionist. He called slavery "a blight upon the nation."

Of course he made enemies. As time passed, he became more outspoken against slavery and criticized court actions which he thought favored it. So much opposition was aroused against his paper in the St. Louis region that he was advised to move—for his own safety, if nothing more.

So, taking the advice of friends, Lovejoy had his presses dismantled and moved across the Mississippi River to nearby Alton, on the Illinois side. His new home was only a few miles upstream from St. Louis.

Barges carried his equipment across on July 24, 1836. Because the day happened to be a Sunday, Love-

had been killed. The mob rallied and tried again to set fire to the building. Lovejoy, with several volunteers, came out of the structure and tried to extinguish the flames. They were fired upon by the mob, and Lovejoy was struck by no less than four bullets which instantly killed him. Two of his helpers were seriously wounded. The fire was extinguished, but the mob took the presses and again buried them in the mud of the Mississippi's bottom.

Thus Lovejoy became the first martyr in the United States to the cause of a free press. He was buried on a nearby bluff the following day, on the anniversary of his 35th birthday. Few attended the funeral, and

the grave was unmarked except for a simple oak slab.

Several years later, when a new road was laid, it was found that Lovejoy's grave was in its path. The old Negro who dug Lovejoy's first grave was commissioned to dig a new grave, on a selected site in the city cemetery. The body was removed to its present honored place, beneath a towering monument that can be seen from a great distance.

Lovejoy's tragic death, perhaps more than any other single event, gave impetus to the abolitionist movement. It furnished America with its first martyr to the cause of a free press, something we prize very highly today as part of our way of life.

## CREATURES THAT SHINE . . . *continued from page 6*

can be kept for years as a specimen. Whenever a few drops of water are sprinkled over it, its strange blue light appears. The chemical basis of the light may thus be considered at leisure.

Dr. Haneda described one luminous squid of Japanese waters which squirts a luminous juice when frightened or annoyed. This leaves long, thread-like trails of blue light through the water.

Common around Singapore is a self-luminous snail. A field containing many of these creatures looks like a field of blue-flashing fireflies at night.

Dr. Haneda discovered a similar snail, hitherto unrecorded in scientific literature, on the beach at Hawaii. This creature carries a strong light-producing organ on its mantle. But it only flashes under strong stimula-

tion such as the crushing of its shell.

The Orient contains hosts of luminous fungi. Several new species have been identified recently. They thrive on dead leaves, decayed bark, and limbs of trees. Blue-green or yellow arms of light outstretched in a forest have given rise to many local ghost superstitions.

Luminous worms are quite common throughout the east, the Japanese biologist said. One species, fairly common along Japanese beaches although seldom observed because of its secluded habitat, is more than two feet long. It lives in a tube in the sand. Since it apparently never completely emerges from this tube, the value of its luminescence is difficult to conjecture. Similar but smaller organisms are far from rare over most of the world.



# A Fine State!

IS YOUR STATE AMONG THESE?  
WE WARN YOU—THEIR SIZES AND  
POSITIONS ARE TRICKY!

(Answers on page 21)



1 \_\_\_\_\_  
2 \_\_\_\_\_  
3 \_\_\_\_\_  
4 \_\_\_\_\_  
5 \_\_\_\_\_

6 \_\_\_\_\_  
7 \_\_\_\_\_  
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9 \_\_\_\_\_  
10 \_\_\_\_\_



IF YOU WERE A DIME,  
YOU MIGHT ALSO HAVE A:

# *Dream of Glory*

by *Kaino Thomas*

■ Kaino Thomas, a Canadian, is advertising manager for a large auto supply house in Winnipeg. He's working on a novel.

LET'S have it understood right off that I'm a dime. A 1921 U.S.A. dime, to be precise. My story will be a little hard to swallow at first. That's because every single word is true. You know, it's easier to believe fiction than it is to believe fact. Now we know where we stand. You know that you are a living, breathing person and that I (you'll have to take my word for it) am a 1921 U.S.A. dime.

I'm thirty-five years old, a little thin, but in pretty fair shape for a dime my age. I've travelled extensively in twenty-nine countries—friendly and hostile. I've been in a million or more pockets. This is some kind of a record, I bet.

Some of the years were bad. I've had lots of problems—lots of times when I didn't know where my next pocket was coming from. But there were good years too. Matter of fact, my first recollections, when I was

just a duffer, are kind of pleasant and exciting.

She was a little pink girl of seven in a New York suburb. Her dad, who wasn't exactly one of the idle rich in those days, gave me to her as a birthday present. She held me tightly in her hot, moist fist all morning, while she planned how to spend me in such a way as to get the most for her money. I could feel the electric vibrations of joy in her chubby body as she thought of licorice sticks, jaw breakers, caramels, and Cracker Jack.

Halfway to the candy store she saw an old blind man playing a fiddle on a rainy corner. He tipped his dark, soaked hat to her. "Good morning, child," he smiled.

"Are you blind?" the girl asked.

"I cannot see, as you," he replied.

"Are you sad?"

"No," and the man smiled again, "I have a lightness of heart."

"But—but you're poor," she said, in her child's way, "you have no coat."

"I will, someday."

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF REFLECTION while this girl grasped me even more tightly. But I knew at once—I could sense it—that this was goodbye. My first goodbye. I experienced a sweet feeling of sadness and happiness all at once. She let me slide from her fingers into the blind man's little empty tin cup.

"God go with you," the man said quietly. I remember her slow footfall in the wet distance.

By noon that day I was still the only living thing in the old man's cup. He had not yet eaten. Now, in those days a dime, wisely spent, could go a long way toward filling an empty old stomach. I was traded for tomato soup, soda crackers, and three glasses of water.

I stayed at this cafe all day and late into the night, after the rain had stopped. The owner, an old Greek, handled his money swiftly and carefully, with much experience. He had worked day and night for many years. This cafe was the realization of a hope he'd shared with his wife and son years ago. They were both gone now—taken by famine and fortune. The old Greek plodded on without much light or dark in his life.

At closing time a young man came into the cafe. He was a rough, stooped, dark-looking young man. He kicked the door shut and turned the lock behind him.

"Okay," he said, looking around. His hand was in a bulging pocket. "Let's have what's in the till, pop. Don't make no noise or you'll get it."

The old man was calm. "You would rob me?" he asked. "Why are things so bad for you that you must do this?"

"What's to talk?" The boy was impatient. "I said fork it over. Hurry!"

"I cannot do it. You are in danger—there is a policeman nearby who will pass the window any second now. Sit down for a coffee. Pretend you are a customer."

The youth brought his hand up. There was a gun in it. "You're gonna—so help me you're gonna get it—"

"Put the gun away! The officer is coming."

A heavy step on the slick pavement outside. The young man hesitated.

The Greek came from behind the counter. "Do as I say, boy! Sit down at a table, quickly—"

The young man, shaking, shoved the gun into his trousers waistband and sat down as a coffee was shoved in front of him.

The officer paused, looking into the window. The Greek raised his hand and waved. The officer passed.

"Why did you do it?" The boy's dark face had turned white.

"I—I don't want to see a young lad in trouble. My own boy was always in trouble." He took a bill from the cash drawer. "Here, take this and go quickly."

"I—" the young man faltered. "Thank you—thanks. 'I'll pay it back; honest I will! I'll get a job—"

"Perhaps you will, someday." The old Greek smiled.

The next morning a big, sun-tanned truck driver picked me up in change at the cafe. I jingled along with him through eleven states. Then I ended up being traded for a pack of black cigarettes in the sweet, spicy



air of New Mexico. There were other dimes with me on that trip. They were the first of my brothers I'd ever been acquainted with and we swapped a lot of stories. Some of the dimes were old and worn thin; they had lived. Others were new and still eager, like myself. I often wonder what happened to those guys.

I SAT IN THIS NEW MEXICO CAFE for a week or so, sweating, before I was taken by a priest. He was a poor man in a poor parish, yet I knew he felt no poverty. With a handful of other change—all he had—I was given to a workman who had a large family and no job.

"You don't have to do this, Padre," he said.

The priest was still young. "Would you not do it for me?" he asked.

"I do not know. Yes, I think maybe I would for you," the workman said humbly.

"Well then," the priest closed the man's hand over the coins, "enough is said. I'll come by again tomorrow."

Two hours later the workman greeted his wife and children with a

bagful of groceries. And I was on the road again.

This was the beginning of my fly-by-night period. A Chicago business man, on a holiday, took me to Montreal. There I eventually helped pay for an oriental dinner. Then an old Chinese couple got me onto a ship. I don't want to do that again. After a hideous voyage I arrived in the clamor and heat of Hong Kong.

That same day I started to England with a young merchant seaman who kept flipping me head over tail. Called me his lucky dime. We stuck together like glue through all this chap's travels: Norway, Australia, New Guinea, Japan, Africa. Just name a place—any place, and I've been there.

This wandering life continued for ten years, almost to the day. When I finally managed to roll out of my owner's pocket one night in Jamaica, it was a great hour of triumph for me. It's not that he was a bad sort, or poor company. But I just couldn't get used to ocean travel, even after ten years. The sooner we parted company the better, as far as I was concerned.

I came pretty close to cashing in, down there in Jamaica. I was lying face up on a clean white beach where the sailor dropped me. It was a boiling hot, hazy day. I lost my breath staring at the fantastic blanket of brilliant blue sky.

A man approached, limping. He stopped and picked me up, gingerly. He was a bitter man, an angry, lost man, on that white Jamaican beach. He had been through life's school of hard knocks, and back again. His pockets were empty, and his beard was thick. He read my inscriptions and studied my gloss as he flipped



me. He thought of buying a drink with me and licked dry lips.

"The devil with it," he said aloud even though there was no other soul for miles. "It's time I straightened myself out—if only I'm just not too late." He looked at me again, and his grey eyes were moist as he thought of home. Then, no longer hesitant, he stretched a thin brown arm and threw me far out into the warm sea.

**R**OUGHLY, I FIGURE IT WAS FIVE years I lay there, thinking, in seven fathoms of green water.

One morning early, a sleek, dark, marlin scooped me up and followed the warm current of sea, looking for more food. All this fish ever did, I found, was look for food. He never rested. He was old, but still fast and wise, as his victories proved. It was many years before he was caught by man, and it didn't happen easily.

What a fight that was! Six solid hours of savage battle my fish fought. The annoying hook gleamed right next to me, deep in his insides. I've seen all kinds of fights and all kinds of fighters. I've been buffeted with small boys on the grass. I've clinked in the pocket of the world's middle-weight champ. I've witnessed the awesome violence of judo. But this was more. This was six steaming hours of a fight for life itself—a fight of muscle and cunning, bone and steel.

When the sportsman heaved my fish over the bright gunwale at sunset, he had to go deep inside to extract the hook. That's how I got out. The cheers on deck, I remember, faded to a kind of awed mumble as the sportsman rubbed me on his

sweaty trousers and looked at me in disbelief.

Right then, for the first time in my life, after all I'd been through, I wished I could talk. I just wished like *anything*.

He was a big, rich-smelling, sun-burned man. After showing me around the town that night, he dropped me into his pocket with a bunch of other American money. I thought then that, with luck, I would be going home soon.

To my immediate disappointment I wasn't to reach New York. Later this proved to be a lucky thing. This wealthy man, driving home from the west coast a few weeks later, inadvertently traded me for a Coke in one of the midwestern states. I wouldn't have minded that in itself so much. It's just that he traded me at a carnival, a second-rate carnival at that.

I guess everyone reading this has been to a carnival or a circus at some time in his life. You remember what it's like: the noise and the thin music around you, the smell of hot dogs and mustard, and wet sawdust, the wonderment of the children. You know the feeling I mean.

But just try for a moment—I'm serious, close your eyes—and try to imagine being a dime in chaos like that. I'm telling you, there's nothing I've ever done that can equal the experience for sheer, stark horror. Within twenty minutes I was flipped onto a metal board where I got an electric shock, traded for a sloppy hot dog, played Bingo with, dropped by mistake into a cone of candy floss, used for a ride in the Tunnel of Love, taken for a hideous ride on the Tilt-a-Whirl, traded for another sloppy hot dog, and dropped into an

old man's pant cuff. This was the toughest twenty minutes of my life. I was just about ready to throw in the towel and hit the showers.

**R**IGHT HERE I'D LIKE TO MENTION something that will surprise you. Most people just laugh when I tell them this. I hope you don't laugh.

It's just this: through all this adventure and misery and through even the little shreds of happiness, ever since I was young, I've had a kind of dream. I don't know how other dimes feel or if they have this kind of an urge, but, boy, it was surely strong inside of me. A dream of glory, that's what it was. Someday I wanted to be something—not just any dime, but *the* dime. You get what I mean? Anyway, it took time, a lot of time.

I had my ups and downs for another two years. If I had time I could tell you a few of the highlights. There was the time in Oregon when I fell out of the handbag of a lady driver when she was driving fifty miles an hour. She bent down to look for me on the floor mat. Her husband was right there with her. While she was looking for me she roared across a railway intersection about an inch and a half ahead of a freight. When she'd found me her husband was gone. He'd jumped out—imagine, actually jumped out of a car going fifty miles an hour.

But anyway, one day shortly after this incident I ended up in a dusty bookshop in Seattle. The place was kind of out-of-the-way. I didn't move for a week. But that was all right; I needed the rest.

I don't know how you feel about

premonitions, but sitting in that dark drawer in the tiny bookshop I began to have the strangest feeling that everything was going to be okay. Several times the proprietor had me in his hand, but he'd always drop me back and give the customer another dime instead. It was as if someone was right beside me saying, "Don't worry, pal, sit tight." I felt my old dream even stronger, like a promise, bright and near.

**A**ND ONE DAY IN THE AUTUMN IT happened. Not very spectacular, but it happened. A young Canadian came into the store, browsed for a while, and walked out with two magazines, a book, and me.

We travelled light, he and I. We drove through a vast, hot stretch of mountains and prairie to his home, thousands of miles away. One night, months later, he placed me on a table, with a watch and a ring. Then he inserted a white sheet of paper into a typewriter. And then he wrote a story about me. It poured out of his machine as I unfolded detail after detail.

Now I'm mounted in a simple frame and hung over his desk and this is glory; this is what I've waited for.

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#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 16

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Vermont      | 6. Arkansas     |
| 2. Connecticut  | 7. Pennsylvania |
| 3. Rhode Island | 8. New Mexico   |
| 4. Indiana      | 9. Delaware     |
| 5. Montana      | 10. Alabama     |



FINNISH MISSIONARIES

# Saga of Bishop Henry

by **GLENN D. EVERETT**

**F**INLAND has issued a set of stamps to honor the 800th anniversary of the landing of the first Christian missionaries in that northern land in the year 1155.

Finland was the last country in Europe to be Christianized. Conversion of the Finns brought to a successful conclusion nearly 900 years of missionary work that carried Christianity from the old Roman Empire on the shores of the Mediterranean out to the farthest reaches of the European continent.

On this Finnish stamp we see an

old Viking ship. It was such a vessel that brought the pioneer missionaries to Finland's coast.

The story of Bishop Henry, leader of this mission band, is one that every Finnish schoolchild knows. But it has never before been translated into English.

Little is known of Henry's background, except that he was born in England and became a monk. He won fame as a preacher and undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On the way, he stopped in Rome and was persuaded by Cardinal Nicholas (later to be Pope Hadrian IV) to go on a mission to Scandinavia.

The Swedes were so impressed with Henry's eloquent preaching that they prevailed upon him to remain and become Bishop of Uppsala.

Eric the Holy, a very pious man, was king of Sweden at this time. He was gradually leading his people into peaceful, Christian ways, after long centuries in which the very words "Norseman" and "Viking" had struck terror into the hearts of other Europeans. However, peaceful Swedish trade and commerce was being disrupted by the depredations of Finnish pirates from across the Baltic Sea.

Bishop Henry told the king that if the Finns could be Christianized, they, too, might give up their Viking ways and settle down to be peaceful neighbors. The king is reported to have opposed taking the bishop along on his Finnish expedition. He pointed out that, while many Christians had gone into forests of Finland, none had returned. Henry ignored the possibility of death and insisted on going to Finland.

King Eric's military operations were soon concluded, for Finland



was sparsely populated and had no regular army. Bishop Henry built a church and set about evangelizing the inhabitants.

According to the Finnish saga, the following winter the Bishop was traveling across the frozen fields and stopped at the house of a prosperous farmer named Lalli. He found only the farmer's wife at home. She gave the bishop and the driver of his sleigh warm food and drink and accepted their generous payment.

She was a selfish woman, however. When she saw the pieces of gold left by the bishop, she decided to keep it a secret from her husband, so that she could spend the money for finery.

When Lalli returned, he saw tracks of the bishop's sleigh and asked who had been there. She told him that a strange foreigner, a bishop of the new faith, had stopped with his driver. Lalli asked where the money was that he had left, and she lied, saying he had refused to pay.

This made the farmer very angry. While it is an unwritten law in Finland that every household must give hospitality to a stranger, it is also the law that the stranger must pay for whatever he takes. Lalli did not like the new faith. He determined to use this excuse to do away with the bishop.

Across the frozen fields Lalli raced on his skis until he overtook the bishop crossing the ice of a frozen lake. The bishop protested his innocence, but in vain. Lalli slew him with an axe. Then he put the bishop's mitred hat on his own head and went home.

When Lalli entered the house wearing the bishop's hat, his wife was conscience-stricken. She realized

that her lie had cost an innocent man his life and made a murderer out of her husband. From that moment on, tradition says, terrible misfortunes befell the Lalli family.

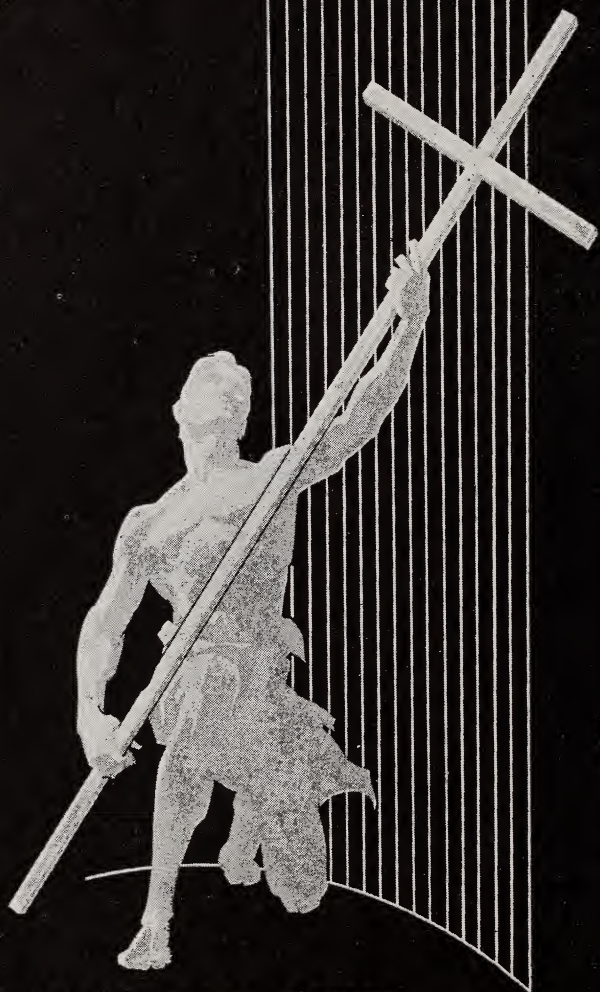
Meanwhile, the bishop's body was sadly borne back to his church at Abo. The populace realized that he had been a good and righteous man who had been willing to risk his life in a hostile land to bring them the Word of God.

Subsequently, the Finnish people came to have extraordinary reverence for Bishop Henry. For centuries there was a strip of green grass through the fields of southern Finland. This was called the "Bishop's Path," and commemorated the route he supposedly took to his death. Churches were erected at the places where the horse-drawn sleigh stopped coming back with his slain body.

The Finns, once a wild and pagan people, became one of the most devout and peace-loving nations of the world. Finland is famous in America as the one country of Europe that insisted scrupulously upon paying every cent of its indebtedness to this country after America had helped Finland win its independence in 1918.

Today if a person travels about in rural Finland, he sees houses with the latch always open. Even if no one is at home, the stranger is welcome to come in and help himself to food in the kitchen. But he must leave money to pay for it.

Though the bishop lost his life, the Christian faith he planted grew strong and endured. In the folklore and sagas which the Finnish young people learn, no one has a greater place of love and honor than he.



**“THE HIGHEST GIFT ...  
TO SPEAK THE MESSAGE OF GOD”**

*Copyright 1955. United Christian Youth Movement*

■ This is another in a series of interpretations of the five symbols developed by the United Christian Youth Movement to represent each of the five program areas of the Youth Fellowship. Mr. Eller is editor of *Horizons*.

# TO SPEAK THE MESSAGE

by *Vernard Eller*

THE symbol speaks of Christian Witness, that area of program and activity which deals with four great concerns: evangelism, stewardship, churchmanship, and Christian vocation.

The color is red. We speak of blood red and of flame red. Christian symbolism recognizes both of these, and goes on to make them more specific.

The blood that is red is, of course, the blood of Christ shed on Calvary's cross for the remission of our sins. However, by derivation the church has expanded the symbol to include the blood of the saints who have been martyred in company with their Lord and for his sake.

The flame that is red is the fire that fell at Pentecost. A holy visitation impelled the church out into the world to tell all men of the salvation that was theirs through faith in Love's Great Sacrifice.

Our Christian witness is dyed with both the blood and with the flame. We witness to the blood. We tell men about the sacrifice that was made for sin, testify to its power in

our lives, and invite them also to appropriate its benefits.

But in another sense, witnessing draws blood. One cannot preach Christ and live Christ without rousing the enemies of Christ. And those enemies tend to be almost as rough on the witness as they were on his Lord.

Only witnesses are eligible for martyrdom. Though it is not so often now that a witness pays with his life blood, yet it remains very true that one must put up a rather high entry fee in order to qualify for the holy company of Christian witnesses. The author of Hebrews considered it a fault of faith that his readers in their witness had not yet resisted to the point of shedding their blood." (Hebrews 12:4)

"But if Christian witnessing involves blood—my blood—then why should anyone want to be a witness? Why should anyone invite self-sacrifice?"

The truth is that no man becomes a witness through a desire to see his own blood flow. No, a man becomes a witness when he is touched



by the red flame of the Spirit. Once touched, he can no more keep silent about the new life he has found in Christ than the fellow touched with the flame of a hot-foot can keep silent about his experience. The flame-touched witness is so taken with the Lord to whom he witnesses, so thrilled over the good news he has to tell, that he cannot remain silent. He is so delighted with the opportunity of helping other men find their Savior, that he scarcely notices that he is being martyred in the process.

The conservation of his own blood supply becomes the least of his worries.

So the red of this symbol is a unique shade, a fine mixture of blood red and flame red.

The words are: "The Highest Gift: To Speak the Message of God." (I Corinthians 12:31 and 14:1-5). Paul is careful to define what he means by speaking the message of God. He specifies that it must be for the "up-building and encouragement and consolation" of men (14:3). The true witness must take care that his pentecostal flame burns under control. But if it does, then Paul guarantees results: If all Christians prophesy (that is, make a controlled witness as against engaging in uncontrolled speaking tongues) and an unbeliever or outsider enters, he is convicted by all. He is called to account by all. The secrets of his heart are disclosed. Falling on his face, he will worship God and declare that God is really

among you (14:24-35). Surely this is the highest gift: to bring a person to such a declaration. Have you attained it?

This symbol, like the other four, displays strong vertical stripes of white in the background. They speak of God's presence. He is the content of our witness. Rather, it is the flame of his Spirit that motivates our witness. It is in the power of his grace that we endure the hardships of witnessing.

In common with the other four symbols here is the unclothed human figure. It is unclothed for a purpose—in order that it might represent all men, not just those who wear a certain style of clothing. The highest gift, the gift of Christian witness, is available to all; it is your privilege and responsibility. The posture of the man is significant. He bears a cross. He knows what is at the heart and core of the Christian witness. Christ said, "I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself" (John 12:32). The man on the seal is doing his share of lifting, in order that Christ may be seen and, once seen, he may save.

It is not an easy job, this lifting. Our subject is well aware that witnessing requires effort and exacts a price. But his attitude, though that of strain, is not that of defeat. It is in the power of God that he witnesses. No one can look upon him without declaring that God is really at hand.

**There is no excuse today for an uninformed Christian and church member. It has been said that "He who can read and does not is no better off than he who cannot read at all."**

*—William Thompson*



Richard Ellsasser at the console of the four-manual organ, John Hays Hammond Museum, Gloucester, Mass. This is one of the finest and largest organs in the world.

## *Organist-Preacher*

by *Aubrey B. Haines*

TWO things are worthy of note in the career of Richard William Ellsasser. At the age of nineteen he was the youngest organist in history to have memorized the complete organ works of Bach—236 in all. And today, at twenty-nine, he has made more long-playing recordings than any other concert organist in the world. "I am trying to get the organ accepted once again as a concert instrument, as it was in the

seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries," he says.

Today Dick finds himself with a most profitable recording career and is also in national television work. He spent the summer of 1954 in his home city, Hollywood, preparing for the filming of thirty-nine half-hour, coast-to-coast television shows in color.

At twenty-one he became organist



and choir director of the Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles. Ellsasser's chief contribution in this position was the innovation of one of the outstanding church music programs in the United States.

Each Sunday evening throughout the year programs of music, drama, lectures, and films were presented. Noted American organists performed. Charles Laughton and William Farnum recited poetry and drama. John Jacob Niles sang folk songs, and various speakers addressed the church. In the social hall of Wilshire Church "Naughty Marietta," "The Mikado," and Debussy's "The Prodigal Son" were staged.

It was no accident that in 1945 he was commissioned by the Methodist Church to write the incidental music for its national pageant, "Only the Valiant." A year later Dick won the \$500 award from the Henry Levitt Foundation of New York for his musical score to "Greenwich Village"—judged the best American ballet of that year.

Later he made an organ arrangement of this suite and occasionally plays it at his concerts. At first it seems to evoke an occasional raised eyebrow but manages to end up by sweeping audiences along with its dissonant chords, surging rhythms, and compelling emotions.

Richard Ellsasser is one of the few musicians who practice the almost lost art of improvising on a submitted theme. Frequently he includes such a performance in his recitals. The theme, generally from four to eight measures, is handed to him in a sealed envelope as he goes to the organ console. Then at sight he begins to embroider and embellish it into a concert piece.

Though Ellsasser no longer serves as organist and choir director of the Los Angeles church, he has not turned his back on church music, religion, or his theological training. He studied for a master's degree in theology at the University of Southern California, but he did not graduate.

On the contrary, Dick has the almost newly-arrived-at conviction that, if talent is given to a person, it must be shared with as many people as possible.

"In church work alone," Ellsasser observes, "you can do this in only a very limited way. You can do it sparingly in such traditional organ recitals as the playing of all-Bach works. But it can be done most magnificently and effectively through the television media and through light concerts and recordings. I don't believe that one has to cheapen his standards to do this."

Dick's recordings, as well as his concert appearances, contain much of the best of organ music. On the other hand, he performs some of the compositions of Leroy Anderson, George Gershwin, and Fritz Kreisler.

"To please the greatest amount of people without cheapening my work is the direction towards which I aim," he notes. "It is essentially the same thing that Helen Traubel and Marguerite Piazza have done. Not a relaxation of standards, it is rather a re-direction."

Nor is this to say that Ellsasser has given up on church music. "I am still as vitally interested in it as ever, and the same applies to my interest in theology." Whenever the opportunity arises and he can oblige, Dick helps churches, leads music conferences, and preaches.



As a musician Richard Ellsasser had the blessing of inheritance. Born in Cleveland in 1926, he was the son of the head of a local music conservatory and a member of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under Sokoloff.

Before the boy was two, it was discovered that he had perfect pitch. At three he was playing from memory any hymn or ballad he heard. But his father, not wishing him to play merely "by ear," insisted that the youngster learn to read music. That this was imperative became all the more certain when one day his astonished parents found him giving piano lessons to the maid.

For Ellsasser to have chosen any other profession than music would have put him in the position of a fish taken from water. As a boy Dick frankly admits that he had no hobbies.

**I**N THE SUMMER OF 1954, WHILE preaching in North Hollywood, he took as his general theme "Three Steps Towards Life." Breaking it down into the subheadings of recognition of God, conversion to God, and endurance with God, he chose as his sermon titles "There's a Man on the Cross," "Look, the Church Is Burning!" and "I Came to Spend the Night."

Perhaps Ellsasser, having learned technics in selecting organ works, has carried over his discoveries into preaching. "This, I think, is my most important sermon technique," he says. "Get the people so inquisitive that they will want to come to know what you are talking about and will sit attentively until you explode the

reason for your sermon topic, usually in your closing sentence."

It is interesting to see how he deals with the many kinds of mixed congregations to which he preaches. "In exposition," he says, "I stay as far away from theological differences as I possibly can. Two years ago in South Carolina I was asked to do a sermon about Martin Luther on Reformation Sunday. Instead of dividing the Roman Catholics and Protestants who were present, I think that I served to bring them a little closer in understanding by showing what Luther and, therefore, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism of that day had in common and why there would perhaps not be a Protestantism today if some men had not gone off the deep end."

Many times on his tours Dick takes a musical subject as his theme. One of his favorites is from the words of the 137th Psalm, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"This is a text," Ellsasser says, "which is very applicable today in the strange atomic and hydrogen age."

Almost never does he preach without employing a series of anecdotes on experiences he has just had on his tour.

In a day when music and musicians are exploited for their virtuosity and showmanship, it is gratifying to know that there are those whose abilities are being used to reach the masses for the glory of God. When, like Richard Ellsasser, the organist can preach, his abilities can be used in two mediums to help make life more meaningful for others and give them impetus to Christian action.

# Daily Rations



BY JAMES V. CLAYPOOL

Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society

THEME: "The Soul Is Dyed the Color of  
Its Leisure Thoughts"

1	Repentance Comes First .....	Mark 1:1-21
2	Productive Soil .....	Mark 4:1-25
3	Self-Denial Becomes Rebirth .....	Mark 8:27-38
4	Consecration Means Dedication .....	Isaiah 6:1-8
5	How Not to Spend Your Time .....	Isaiah 5:11-23
6	A Time for Everything .....	Ecclesiastes 3:1-13
7	The Accepted Time .....	2 Corinthians 6:1-18
8	Are the Days Evil? .....	Ephesians 5:8-20
9	Salvation Is at Hand .....	Romans 13:7-14
10	The Signs of the Times .....	Matthew 16:1-4
11	Seek and Find .....	Isaiah 55:6-11
12	Using What You Have .....	Matthew 25:14-30
13	Rich But a Fool .....	Luke 12:13-21
14	True Treasures .....	Luke 12:22-34
15	The Love of Money .....	1 Timothy 6:6-12
16	Reaping What You Sow .....	Galatians 6:1-10
17	Let Your Deeds Glorify God .....	1 Corinthians 6:9-20
18	A Cheerful Giver .....	2 Corinthians 9:6-15
19	Friends Beyond One's Family .....	Mark 3:24-35
20	How to Help Make Friends .....	Isaiah 26:1-12
21	For Brethren to Dwell Together .....	Psalms 133:1-3
22	Friends in Adversity .....	Proverbs 17:1-17
23	Friends Show Friendliness .....	Proverbs 18:19-24
24	How to Be a Friend .....	Matthew 16:21-28
25	Are You His Friend? .....	John 15:8-14
26	Making Things New .....	Mark 2:14-28
27	The Birth of Light and Joy .....	Isaiah 9:1-7
28	A New Song .....	Psalms 40:1-11
29	A New Creature .....	2 Corinthians 5:14-21
30	The New Man .....	Colossians 3:5-11
31	All Things New .....	Revelation 21:1-7





● At an international dinner party held in Washington, D.C., in honor of the visiting CAP cadets, a U.S. cadet meets two famous persons, General Carl A. "Tooney" Spatz and the "Angel of Dien Bien Phu."

## HANDS ACROSS THE AIRLINES

**T**HE elder statesman of the U.S. Air Force, General Carl A. "Tooney" Spatz, recently wrote:

"Throughout the world today one links the airplane with war and the destruction of mankind. There is, however, a silver lining to the cloud which casts its shadow over the world. Aviation can and should be an even greater force for peace and brotherhood than it is for war."

The first chief of staff of the Air Force had something special in mind as he wrote. He went on to explain in detail.

"The International Cadet Exchange, of the Civil Air Patrol, is a prime example of how the airplane can become an instrument of community living among the nations of the world. Since its inception eight years ago, much progress has been





● Civil Air Patrol cadets from more than a score of nations visit the Security Council of the United Nations.

made toward the dream of world understanding. This annual exchange of aviation's youth between the free nations has made no small contribution to the realization of this dream."

From a modest beginning in an exchange of cadets of the U.S. Civil Air Patrol with cadets of the Air Cadet League of Canada, the International Cadet Exchange has grown into a healthy, robust, annual program embracing, in 1955, twenty-one friendly nations.

Young men of the Civil Air Patrol cadet corps, teen-age members of this civilian auxiliary of the Air Force, are chosen from the ranks of some 51,000 on the basis of honor. They trade places for four-week periods with their youthful counterparts from aviation organizations abroad.

Transports of the Air Force carry the CAP cadets to the far corners of the world—South America, Canada, Latin America, Europe, and the Near East. The same planes return laden with eager young men repre-

senting nearly all the major creeds and religions.

Actually taking part in the 1955 edition of the International Cadet Exchange were Brazil, Belgium, Canada, Chile, Cuba, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Greece, Israel, Venezuela, Italy, Mexico, The Netherlands, Norway, Peru, Portugal, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, and Turkey.

Twenty-five young men are exchanged each with Great Britain and Canada. Five are exchanged with each of the other nations.

The foreign guests are entertained in this country by the Civil Air Patrol. Our cadets are the guests of the aero clubs, military air arms, and other organizations sponsoring the exchange in the various countries. This adventure of a lifetime costs nothing but personal spending money to the young men involved.

Maj. Gen. Lucas V. Beau, the national commander of the Civil Air Patrol, and one of the founders of

the exchange, has this to say about this international program:

"Each successive year more young men learn the lessons of international brotherhood through meeting and living with their foreign counterparts. These young men learn something of the traditions and customs of those countries. They learn to understand and respect the points of view of others on international problems and relationships.

"The young men who have participated in past exchanges have returned to their native lands convinced that world peace, based on freedom for all mankind, is entirely possible. These same young men are destined to become leaders of tomorrow.

"As such they will be prepared to continue the harmonious associations which began with their experiences in the International Cadet Exchange. I have had an opportunity to witness tremendous strides towards a goal which men have sought since the beginning of time—world peace.

"In this exchange we have made progress through associations of young men banded together through their mutual love of flying and brought together through use of the airplane.

"I know that there is a long path ahead of them, and many difficult hurdles to overcome. However, I sincerely believe that the youth of the world, if given our support and guidance, can accomplish that which we of earlier generations have failed to accomplish—permanent peace throughout the entire world."

However commendable the aims and purposes of this great international program, the appeal to the young men who participate is prin-

cipally in sampling for themselves air-conditioned adventure.

FOR FOUR WONDERFUL WEEKS THEY live the lives of world travelers. They are feted like VIP's wherever they go. Typical of the experiences of the cadets who travel abroad are those of Bill Clift, Knoxville, Tenn.; Alfred Cook, Fort Worth, Texas; Jack Greve, Washington, D.C.; Don Rein, Flushing, N.Y.; and William Welborn, Jr., Evansville, Ind. They went to Sweden this year.

As if the air trip aboard huge C-118's across the broad Atlantic and a thrill-filled week cruising the fjords of the Swedish coast were not enough, the five American travelers were personally received by His Majesty Gustav Adolph, King of Sweden, at the royal palace in Stockholm. The experience was one they will be telling their grandchildren about in 1985.

Similar thrills and adventure punctuate the other experiences of the visitors from abroad. The U.S. tour arranged for the 1955 delegation from Brazil set the pattern for each of the twenty-one foreign groups.

After a whirlwind tour of Washington, the nation's capital, Luciano Pinheiro, Luiz Siqueira, Luiz de Motta, Sergio Costs, and Luiz Memzel boarded a C-47 Skytrain for St. Louis. There for the next ten days they were the guests of Colonel Francis J. Fabick and the men, women, and cadets of CAP's Missouri Wing.

Following a gala welcome at St. Louis the boys were flown to Colonel Fabick's "Bubbling Spring Ranch" near Rolla. They had two days of "resting up" with such relaxing



activities as an Ozark barbecue and square dance, fishing for the elusive mountain trout, and riding through 1,800 acres of lush pastures and woodlands.

At Van Buren on the famous Current River they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKinney at the Big Springs State Park. Mr. McKinney is park superintendent. At Jefferson City Governor Phil M. Donnelly invited them for luncheon at the governor's mansion. That evening they visited the "Corn Cob Pipe Capital of the World" at Union.

The color and glory of the old riverboat days unfolded for the youngsters from the coffee bean country as they paddled slowly up the Mississippi on the "Island Queen."

The theme of the exchange is basically aviation. The Air Force, Navy, and McDonnell Aircraft Corp-

oration joined forces to show the young Brazilians U.S. air might.

At Scott Air Force Base they saw the USAF's Air Training Command in action. At the McDonnell plant the Phantom, Banshee, and Voodoo jets held their attention. NAS Lambert Field unfolded for them the story of naval aviation and rounded out a thrill-packed ten days.

The visit to Washington and tours in twenty-one different states doesn't complete the exchange itinerary, however. All 145 boys join forces again in New York City for four days before returning to their homelands.

These four days are a dizzy whirl of sight-seeing, parties, and tours. They put a suitable finishing touch on a program which with each succeeding year establishes a firmer and friendlier foundation for international aviation and world brotherhood.

## **GIRL WITH A MASK . . .** *continued from page 10*

"Why did you change your name, Yoshiko?"

**T**HE GIRL PASSED HER RIGHT HAND in front of the mask as though to erase what lay beneath. "I saw myself in a mirror before I left the hospital. I was only eight, but very old inside. I decided that when I could talk I would be another person.

"Yoshiko Mimura was a girl I knew in Tokyo. Before she was killed in an air raid, she used to play with me, so I took her name. When people asked questions, I made up what I did not know about her. But always I was proud that I was born in the United States. I let people think I meant the Japanese town when I wrote 'USA,' but I knew."

"And now you may have a chance to go there," I said. "Even if the doctors don't take you, your mother will send for you." I knew how complicated such a case could be, with the need for proof of citizenship added to the routine difficulties.

"Please let me go with the other scarred ones," she pleaded. "Let me have the operations before my mother sees me. Please?"

"Your mother won't care how you look," I said, hoping that was true. "However, I am going to recommend that you go with the doctors. And I won't inform your mother until you are in the United States."

"Thank you," she breathed. "It is a miracle for me that you came."



UNITED

FELLOWSHIP



## DON'T

A STREET CORNER near the Capitol has eight signs to regulate pedestrian traffic. Invariably when I come up to the corner on my noon walk, seven of these signs say "DON'T WALK" in red neon letters. I stand there and chew my fingernails while I wait for the "don't" to go out, and my order to "walk" to shine forth.

But the one sign is different—it's broken. When I come up to it, this sign just says "DON'T." When this word goes out there is no order—just a blank sign. I scuttle across the street because I guess maybe it is time for me to go.

This sign is a parable of the way most of us deal in moral and social guidance. Part of the time when questions concerning moral and social behavior come up, we cast no light upon them. Our approach is as dull, dark, and useless as this broken sign. The people who ask the questions are left to guess at an answer and dodge the hazards of social traffic as best they can.

The rest of the time the light we cast takes the form of a bright, red "don't." Sometimes it seems to children and young people that every way they turn they are confronted with a blazing "don't."

Guidance that answers our honest questions with "don't do this" and doesn't come through with an alternate of "do this," is as badly broken as a sign that says "Don't" but never says "Walk."

—Joe Dana

★ **SECOND PRIZE ENTRY**

# Community Service Projects Contest

*THE CHRISTIAN YOUTH FELLOWSHIP*

**11th Airborne Division**

**Fort Campbell, Kentucky**

*Sponsoring Chaplain: Clifton E. Land*

## **MISSION TO OUR NEIGHBORS**—————

**S**INCE February 1955, civilian and military personnel from Fort Campbell, Kentucky, have been carrying out the great commission of our Lord: "Go ye therefore into all the world." In nearby communities, particularly Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and Clarksville, Tennessee, they have been promoting good will and a religious atmosphere.

Throughout the year, from six to thirty-four people of all faiths have gone from Fort Campbell into the Western Kentucky State Hospital, the Montgomery County Jail in Tennessee, the Queen City Nursing Home, and the Clarksville Nursing Home with its two separate houses.

In the mental institution 165 personnel attended our presentation. Sessions at the jail have reached twenty-five to thirty persons each trip. Many visits to the three nursing

homes have been made. One home had about sixty-five persons, and each of the others had twenty-five.

It is estimated that thirty-four trips have utilized 686 man-hours for the actual conduct of these missionary activities. That does not include planning and transportation time.

The programs were simple in content and presentation. Yet they met the needs of the group attending. The program was not strictly planned beforehand. A certain flavor was given to the services by the spontaneous selection of songs by everyone. The persons who gave the devotional talks were adequately prepared. On each trip we distributed tracts, devotional literature, Scripture portions, and Testaments.

The activities included group singing, solos, duets, quartets, devotional talks, prayers, poems, stories, and testimonies. Many personal interest items were presented throughout the evenings.

In the jail services Christ was presented simply, followed by an invitation to accept Christ. Personal workers counseled with those people who seemed to be interested in ac-



■ Fort Campbell personnel.

cepting Christ as Lord and Saviour. The greatest interest was shown by the prisoners in their repeated requests for personal Testaments and to have the Scriptures read to them. These requests were met in every way possible.

At the Western Kentucky State Hospital, a mental institution, a forty-five minute program of religious music and Christian witnessing was presented to the inmates. From all visible signs the program was well received.

At Christmas a basket was sent to each of the nursing homes and the jail. Also there were many cards exchanged between members of the Fort Campbell group and the people of the nursing homes.

Tape recordings of the singing and talks were made at one of the homes for the residents to hear during the following days.

In the group from the post there are persons who are entering the ministry, the ministry of music, the field of religious education, dramatics, Sunday school teachers, and those who just simply enjoy the fellowship. Participants from Fort Campbell have felt that these activi-

ties were visits and a time of fellowship with those about whom we are concerned, and not a program of talent.

Those military personnel who have transferred to other stations have written to the old folks' home, and to personnel in the Fort Campbell group stating how much they miss these activities. They try to keep in touch with the friends made through these endeavors. Many persons comment that this reminds them of being home and the community service that they would attend with their relatives.

We sincerely believe as did the Apostle Paul—"I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase" (1 Cor. 3:6). Only God can know the end results of our labors. But this we know: God has richly blessed our hearts and lives. We, as future leaders of our world, will be much stronger in our faith and convictions. We count it a blessing that we have just briefly passed this way.

—MARIANNA WADE, *Director*



■ These are some of the patients entertained by Fort Campbell personnel as part of their Community Service Project.



## A SERVICE OF WORSHIP

### I Am the Living Water

*Marion Van Horne*

**THE INVITATION TO WORSHIP:**

Ho! Everyone that is thirsty,  
come to the waters,  
And he that has no money,  
come, buy and eat!  
Come, buy grain without money,  
And wine and milk without price!  
Why should you spend money for  
what is not bread,

And your earnings for what does  
not satisfy?  
If you but listen to me, you shall eat  
what is good,  
And shall delight yourselves with  
rich nourishment.  
Incline your ear, and come to me;  
Listen, that you may live!  
—Isaiah 55:1-3 (Smith-Goodspeed)

**THE INVOCATION:**

Come, O Lord, like ocean floodtides,  
Flowing inland from the sea;  
As the waters fill the shallows,  
May our souls be filled with Thee.

**THE OPENING HYMN:** ..... "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"

**THE SCRIPTURE:** ..... John 4:1-15

**THE MEDITATION:**

Thirsty? Everyone is for something. For fun, for fame, for fortune. But there is a thirst that lies deeper, much deeper. The Psalmist expressed it thus, "My soul thirsts for God, for the living God" (Psalm 42:2). The waters of this world never quench that thirst. Jesus pointed this out when he said, "Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again." But when we take Jesus as our Saviour, when we acknowledge him as God, our lives are filled with a fulness which makes it possible for us to overflow and touch the lives of other people.

Before Christ can flow through us, however, we must be clean channels. Just as water rarely spills from a cup which is half full, so does Christianity seldom spill from one life to another unless the vessel is filled to the brim with Christ. It would be hard to keep such a life from overflowing with the message and spirit of One who is himself the Living Water. If we wish to share Christ with others, we must drink deeply so that we may become springs welling up into eternal life.

But that is only the first step. For what does it profit us if, having the Living Water, we fail to quench the thirst of the parched world. It isn't easy to overflow, for everything seems to say, "Keep what you have, you will lose the spring if you give it away."

We are reminded of Sidney Lanier's matchless poem, "Song of the Chattahoochee." The river must flow out of the hills where it started, down the valleys where it journeyed. The rushes cried, *abide, abide*. The little reeds cried, *stay*. The trees tried to hold the stream from its purpose. Beautiful stones lured it. But it went on to water the plain, to follow the call of duty, to nourish the flowers, and at last to lose its small life in the great ocean.

Our lives are like that stream and only those purposes for which we live, those convictions to which we have dedicated our all, will keep us from turning aside when the lesser things of the world say *abide, abide*, and the cheap and tawdry say *stay, stay*. Will we who have drunk deeply of the Living Water turn aside from the cries of those who thirst?

THE POEM:

When Thou wouldst pour the living stream,  
Then I would be the earthen cup,  
Filled to the brim and sparkling clear.  
The fountain Thou and living spring,  
Flow Thou through me, the vessel weak,  
That thirsty souls may taste Thy grace.

THE PRAYER:

Our Father, we thank Thee that we are the channels by which a little of thy living water reaches the thirsty folk of the world. Help us and strengthen us when we are tempted to keep the water selfishly for ourselves. May we always refuse to be stagnant pools or intermittent fountains. Instead may thy living water flow through us fully and freely to the end that we may become wellsprings of thy life-giving power. In Christ's name. *Amen*.

THE CLOSING HYMN: ..... "Rise Up, O Men of God"

THE BENEDICTION:

O Holy Spirit of God, as we rise from these acts of devotion, let us not return to evil thoughts and worldly ways, but let us be clean channels for Jesus Christ. *Amen*.

*Bible Study for the week beginning August 5, 1956*

## Using My Time

FREDRICK D. SUNDLOFF

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Proverbs, Chapter One

### PURPOSE OF THIS LESSON:

1. To get on common ground to discuss the using of time while in the military.
2. To survey the problem of the best use of duty time.
3. To survey the problem of the best use of off-duty time.

■ No one knows better than you do that military service takes time. It takes a lot of time. It takes two to four years of time. The younger you are, the longer each year looks.

Because you are so well acquainted with this fact, you can't afford not to ask, "Four years from now, August 1960, will I be just four years older, or four years ahead?" For better or worse, you must live out the answer to that pointed question.

Your chaplain knows only too well what you and your friends face. You're thinking about schooling, a career, getting a car, finding the right girl to marry, helping the folks at home who aren't so well. Many of your friends are already married and

raising children. Some of them are in service, and some of them, who didn't get called, aren't.

A lot of you are overseas, serving in little forgotten spots of creation, doing sea duty, out on maneuvers, or holding that almost forgotten line in Korea. All of you are facing temptations that most of your parents could never believe are possible. They call you boys, but you live with men, and are treated like a man. You are expected to act like a man, and if necessary to die like a man. You are a man.

As a man you sometimes feel that the military is robbing you of years of your life, cheating you of what is yours alone. Somehow, God just doesn't seem to fit into the picture anywhere.

In the barracks on Saturday night or Sunday morning, God seems like someone you left far behind in that familiar little church. He just doesn't seem to have a place in the military and the reality of service life. I say

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*Fredrick Sundloff, MATS Chaplain at Washington National Airport, is a Presbyterian. During over three years in the Air Force, he has served at Lowry Field, and on lonely Iwo Jima. He was the only American chaplain in Indo China during the crisis days of the fall of Dien Bien Phu.*



this after talking with hundreds of men who repeated the same story: "I always went to church at home, but since I came in service, I haven't been to church at all. I just never seem to get started."

Admitted, it takes extra effort to see where God fits into military life. Admitted, you face new problems you never faced at home with quite the same freedom. Admitted, it sometimes seems all a waste of time.

That doesn't mean you are the first Christians to face such problems. It surely doesn't mean that you have been forgotten, or that your problems aren't understood. Don't think that you can't make valuable use of your service time. You and you alone must determine whether it will be one of the most valuable experiences of life or total loss. It can be either, but it can't be both.

The careful reading of the first chapter of Proverbs will direct your thoughts to wisdom, a holy reverent respect for God, and the foolishness of folly. It's all pretty much "holy common sense." But "holy common sense" can give a lot of help in considering how best to use one's time.

Apply some of that Biblical common sense to the subject of duty time. You are wearing the uniform of your country and you have a job to do. You will serve God, yourself, and your country best by giving that job everything you have. You won't help anyone by complaining, shirking, gold bricking, passing the buck, and failing exams. In fact, by such action you hurt everything you should stand for, including Jesus Christ, since you call yourself a Christian.

A lot of you have jobs you don't like. You feel that your duties are beneath you, or above you, or at least aren't suiting you. Any good noncom will explain that the military comes first, the man second. It has to be that way. If you don't like your job, just remember: a lot of veterans didn't like their work any more than you do. But a lot of men died doing their duty from Pearl Harbor to the beaches of Normandy. Our complaints mock their sacrifice.

God knows you are in the service. God knows the job you have. God knows whether it is good or bad for you. If you want to do God's will in your life, trust him and serve him by doing whatever job you have in the best possible way. Set an example, work for promotions, be sharp. Prove yourself and your faith before others. Make yourself a worthy representative of Christ. When the going gets hard, just remember: Christ didn't have a picnic on the Cross.

On the other hand, there is off-duty time. Again, apply the Biblical common sense of Proverbs to your thoughts. Wisdom cries out for you to listen and heed. We all know that your base or post is well equipped to help you use your leisure time to the best advantage.

Your military service can't possibly be a waste of time if you just begin to use what you have at your fingertips. Set a goal for yourself to meet just about the time you finish your enlistment. Set it high, aim high, and take God into your plans. With his help, you will be surprised what you can accomplish. For example:

Plan with your Chaplain to study your Bible systematically.

Take the high school and college G E D tests. You can get credit for them at most schools.

Take some extension courses offered by the government. Go visit your education officers.

See how many worth-while books you can read.

Get an off-duty job.

Take educational tours wherever you are. I had a general advise me to see Washington. He had neglected to during four years at the Pentagon.

Make the right kind of friends.

Do plenty of worth-while dating that doesn't cost a fortune. There are fine girls everywhere. Visit local churches and get acquainted.

Get into the organized athletic program.

Read the bulletin boards for information.

It's all there, and God will help you make your military years some of the finest years of your life. But your attitude and spiritual outlook determine half the battle. If your life is committed to God, how can you help but use your time to glorify him. Thus, military time, off-duty time, a lifetime—is God's.

#### *Questions for Discussion*

1. Is Christianity supposed to be easy?
2. If a man doesn't like his assignment, how can he change it according to regulations?
3. What can you add to the list of activities for off-duty time?
4. How much are we responsible for seeing that we use our time as God's time?

*Bible Study for the week beginning August 12, 1956*

## Spending My Money

FREDRICK D. SUNDLOFF

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Proverbs, Chapter Three

### PURPOSE OF THIS LESSON:

1. To consider the responsibilities involved in possessing money.
2. To consider ways to invest money.

### ■ Is my money mine?

Not necessarily. This is like asking if your life is yours. The answer

again is, not necessarily. The United States government has already decreed that your possession of money is in part a public trust. You must pay taxes on what you earn. Beyond that, the law doesn't allow you to use your money for everything you might want to. It makes certain uses

of funds illegal—such as investing to defraud, or illegal gambling.

So also, your life is in part a public trust. You were called upon to serve your nation in the military. Even as a private citizen, your life is not wholly free. You are expected to obey laws that guarantee to all persons, not total freedom, but equal freedom.

Something else must be said about your money. It is the Christian belief that all good things come from God. In a true sense, all that we have is God's. He gives us life, health, and the capability of earning money. Our money is really God's money. We are responsible to God for our use of it. In a Biblical sense, we are stewards, managers of God's gifts to us. We must eventually give account to God of our stewardship.

With this in mind, read the third chapter of Proverbs and let that "holy common sense" pervade your thoughts. God has always had a lot to say about how we should use our money. Jesus made many references to it.

Perhaps Christ's most striking reference to its significance in life was his comment that "where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also." Always, God refers to material wealth as a holy trust, a high responsibility which must be accounted for in due time.

Obviously then, our money in service or out of service is not to be wasted. It is to be handled wisely. Personally, I feel that money is not to be spent; it is to be invested.

There is a vast difference between spending money and investing money. Money that is spent is gone

never to return. Money that is invested not only returns its value; it often doubles or triples in value. Any man who is in service should quickly grasp this significant distinction.

To illustrate, money is invested when you buy just enough food to nourish body and mind. When you overeat, you just spend money. Money is invested when you buy a car to get to work. When you buy a car for drag races or prestige you are spending money. Money is invested when you buy necessary clothes. It is spent when you buy too many clothes. This distinction can be applied in a thousand ways. It makes the difference between having financial security fifty years from now and having nothing but Social Security.

Here then, are some sound ways to invest your money as a Christian.

Invest in the Kingdom of God by giving to the church. It has always been proved, you can't "out-give" God. The more you give, the more you will possess to give. Cast your bread on the waters; it will return.

Invest in your own future. The buying of good books or the investment of money in school tuition is commendable.

Invest in recreation. Don't be afraid to take worth-while trips, especially if you are overseas. Some people save for a lifetime for just such trips. Invest in trips home to visit the folks. Home ties are worth more than gold.

Invest in systematic saving. This doesn't mean just putting money in the bank. I know some men who are young and single who are already buying homes, land, stock.



Invest in aiding needy relatives, especially parents. For long life, honor thy father and mother. This is the first commandment with promise.

Invest in friendship. Don't be afraid to entertain with discretion. With such manifested generosity a man wins the heart of a girl, the affection of a buddy.

If you are married, invest in your family and their well-being.

Above all, always invest in life's necessities first—luxuries last.

If you invest your income in any of the above ways, always with dis-

cretion, you will find yourself far ahead in years to come. Money still makes money if you use it with wisdom. God gives wisdom to those who seek it. If you use and budget your money wisely, you will find little remains for gambling or squandering, for wise men don't take risks.

*Questions for Discussion*

1. Is it a sin to be wealthy?
2. Should a Christian try or expect to be financially secure?
3. How does one lay up treasures in heaven?
4. Suggest other ways of investing money.

*Bible Study for the week beginning August 19, 1956*

## Finding My Friends

FREDRICK D. SUNDLOFF

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Proverbs, Chapter Four

**PURPOSE OF THIS LESSON:**

1. To sense the necessity of broad friendship.
2. To understand which friendships should be cultivated.

■ A friend in need is a friend indeed!

This has a particular meaning in the military. Every serviceman should take his oath with his mind open and alive. He should thereafter always remember that though we are not involved in either war or a shooting police action today, such is always a possibility.

If this should happen, and you should move into combat with your outfit, the fellow in the next bunk may hold your life in his hands. In the service, the men you train with, eat, live, and go on leave with, and share danger with must be your friends. You can't afford not to be their friend.

A chaplain friend of mine tells his men to hold each other in high respect and treat each other fairly because as they train together, they may have to fight and die together.

Every man in your organization

should be your friend regardless of race, creed, or personal taste. You needn't agree with him. But you should see him as God does, and as a Christian, love him. You may need each other.

The suggested scripture this week is Proverbs, the fourth chapter. It turns you back to God in your considerations. When you think of friends in the military, it is vital to remember that there is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother"—God himself revealed in Jesus Christ.

The highest wisdom is that which motivates the cultivation of friendship with God himself. When it comes to cultivating friendship, you should start with God. Never neglect to study your Bible, to pray, to attend worship, and to enlarge your faith and outlook.

Next to God, you should cultivate friendship with other Christians. They will think as you do. They will give you strength to live up to your convictions and you will likewise help them.

The Church is God's appointed place for Christians to find fellowship. The church is where we grow in the faith, where we hear the Word of God preached, and where the sacraments are administered.

Start with the chapel on base. Get to know your chaplain and the activities he sponsors. That is where other Christians will go.

Then, visit churches in town. Churches that welcome servicemen will advertise in the chapels, in USO groups, in YMCAs, and almost every place servicemen gather for organized recreation. In the civilian churches you will meet young women

who believe as you do. This will provide an opportunity for mixed friendship.

It is important not to cut yourself off from either the local churches or the chapel. You need them both. Every Christian has a responsibility to his local community. The post or base is a community, and the chapel is part of it.

The men who gather at the chapel to worship need your interest and weight. You need the local strength of mutual fellowship on the post which will be found in groups such as the United Fellowship of Protestants.

You also need the mixed company of a civilian group. Attendance at both will certainly give you the basis for making many worth-while Christian friends.

A final consideration is worthy. Christian men should be on the offensive and never just crawl into a corner and stand on the defensive. Christianity is an "outgoing proposition."

Christian men should be constantly permeating the organization with the spirit of Christ by their smiling, confident, successful example, and leadership. By their purity of language, certainty of purpose, consistency of action they should be constant reminders of the life that all should live.

In other words, Christians should unite as a fellowship and group, and then so live that the danger of their being led astray into evil is practically erased by the magnetism of their own lives, which captivates and leads other to Christ.

By being on the offense in a

friendly manner, you will not only find Christian friends, but you will make friends Christians. So live your faith that others will want what you have.

*Questions for Discussion*

1. Should a Christian criticize the language, stories, and actions of the men in his barracks? If so, what

should be his method? If not, does silence mean consent?

2. Should a man confine his civilian contacts to churches of his own denomination?

3. How can a Christian help the chaplain on his base or post?

4. What experiences have you had in being accepted by civilian youth groups? What is the best plan of action to gain entry?

*Bible Study for the week beginning August 26, 1956*

## Avoiding the Ruts

FREDRICK D. SUNDLOFF

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Proverbs, Chapter Six

**PURPOSE OF THIS LESSON:**

1. To understand that a rut is a mental attitude.
2. To discover how the very nature of Christianity discourages ruts.

■ A man has to know why he is living. He has to have an over-all purpose for being. He has to be going somewhere. Only then will he have a basis for avoiding the ruts.

The Christian finds his meaning in Jesus Christ and God the Father. His over-all purpose is to glorify and to serve God by extending his own depth and breadth of faith, and by seeking to win the world for Christ. The Christian should be moving toward a time of reunion with his Maker, and a time of judgment and accounting.

All of this keeps him on his toes. Of course, it must be more than just black words on white paper. It must be burning truth with eternal meaning and stirring motivation. The Christian must have the devotion and purpose of a revolutionist. Only then will he be willing to "suffer the loss of all things," if necessary, to accomplish his purpose of winning the world.

He must be a man with a sense of commitment to the greatest cause on earth. His commitment reaches out beyond this life for complete fulfillment. Thus, he can never reach his goal this side of eternity. Yet he never retires from the battlefield.

You should be this type of man. God is not calling someone else to this life, he is calling you. God is



not saying: "Wait until you get out of service to begin." He expects you to begin now, where you are.

If you respond to this call of commitment to Christ, there is much work to be done. You must prepare yourself by schooling and study, including Bible searching, to meet the challenges of a demanding, questioning society. You must accept the necessity for self discipline, the necessity for receiving orders and carrying them out.

Your military service certainly is valuable for this kind of training. You must train your ability in expression and communication, in speech and writing. You must learn to utilize each day, week, month, and year for constructive progress and purposes, even in leisure time recreation. Thus, you will fit yourself to become a worthy servant of the mighty God.

None of this will be easy. No goal worth attaining is ever easy. The champion athlete trains rigorously to win over his competition. The student works for years to achieve his degree. The routine work of preparation can become as dull as doing nothing. The temptation to quit hounds all who embark on difficult tasks.

But turn your eyes back to the Cross, and hear the commands of Christ to go out and win the world. If you are committed, the kindled fire will be fanned again into a burning flame that will warm your heart and renew your purpose.

The call of Christ transcends our every-day tasks. Whether you are a soldier, an airman, a shoe salesman, the owner of a department store, or a farmer is secondary. The all-

important thing is to do God's will where you are. This will keep you busy, happy, and progressive. It will keep you out of ruts.

In the final analysis, a rut is pretty much a thing of the mind. A man can stay with one company thirty years and not be in a rut. He can get up, go to work, come home, and go to bed every day at the same time for thirty years and not be in a rut. During these years, he may have moved from clerk, to president, ever being alive, eager, ambitious.

This comes closest to the battles a serviceman faces. His times and duties may remain similar day in and out. But if he works hard, makes promotions, and rides above his job, he isn't in a rut. Attitude makes the vital difference.

It's still true that mud can be dirt on your shoe, the cement that seals bricks together in a wall, or the material of a beautiful statue. It all depends on what you do with it.

So also is military service. It has problems. But most of them you would also face in civilian life. If a man wants to make his service years a success, he can and will. If he doesn't he won't. No Christian should dare to desire not to succeed.

If a Christian uses his time right, invests his money wisely, and chooses the right friends, he will be treading the highway of faith.

#### *Questions for Discussion*

1. Why do many Christians get in a rut?
2. In what ways is the military life like the Christian life?
3. What, after all is said, is success for a Christian?



Patient: "I dream every night about baseball."

Psychiatrist: "Don't you ever dream about anything else—girls, for example?"

Patient: "What—and miss my turn at bat!"

—*Watchman-Examiner*

Hear about the street cleaner who got fired for day-dreaming? Couldn't keep his mind in the gutter.

—*Hollywood Reporter*

Sergeant Rowf had been an infantry sergeant for years. Transferring him to the cavalry didn't make him any easier to deal with. One afternoon as he addressed a new group of recruits he concluded his little talk by grimly adding, "And let me remind you Joes just once again about walking up to a horse from behind. *Don't do it!* Always speak to the animal as you approach him—don't sneak up on him and scare him or the first thing you know you'll get kicked in the head and we'll have a lame horse on our hands!"

—*HOWIE LASSETER*

The aggressive wife of a meek little man was hauling her hubby

over the coals for having made a fool of himself when some friends called. He sat in dejected silence. "And don't sit there," she shouted, "making fists at me in your pockets either."

—*MLCU Call*

"It looks like rain."

"Not here in California."

"Look at those clouds up there."

"They don't mean a thing. They're just empties coming back from Florida."

—*Watchman-Examiner*

The visitor in town paused after the sermon to chat with a regular church-goer. "Yes," he said, "I liked the service in your church very much. But one thing puzzled me: why does the congregation hurry out so quickly after the benediction?"

"Well, sir," replied the native, "the sexton makes them leave their umbrellas in the vestibule, and those who get out late haven't much of a choice."

—*Arkansas Methodist*







## AUGUST COVERS

**T**hrough the branches of the sturdy evergreen on the front cover is Mt. Hood (elevation 11,245 feet) in the Oregon Cascades. The back cover, also an Oregon scene, shows Haystack Rock off Cannon Beach. Above is the New York City skyline, viewed by teen-agers visiting this country through the Civil Air Patrol's International Cadet Exchange (see page 22).







