





# The



# LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

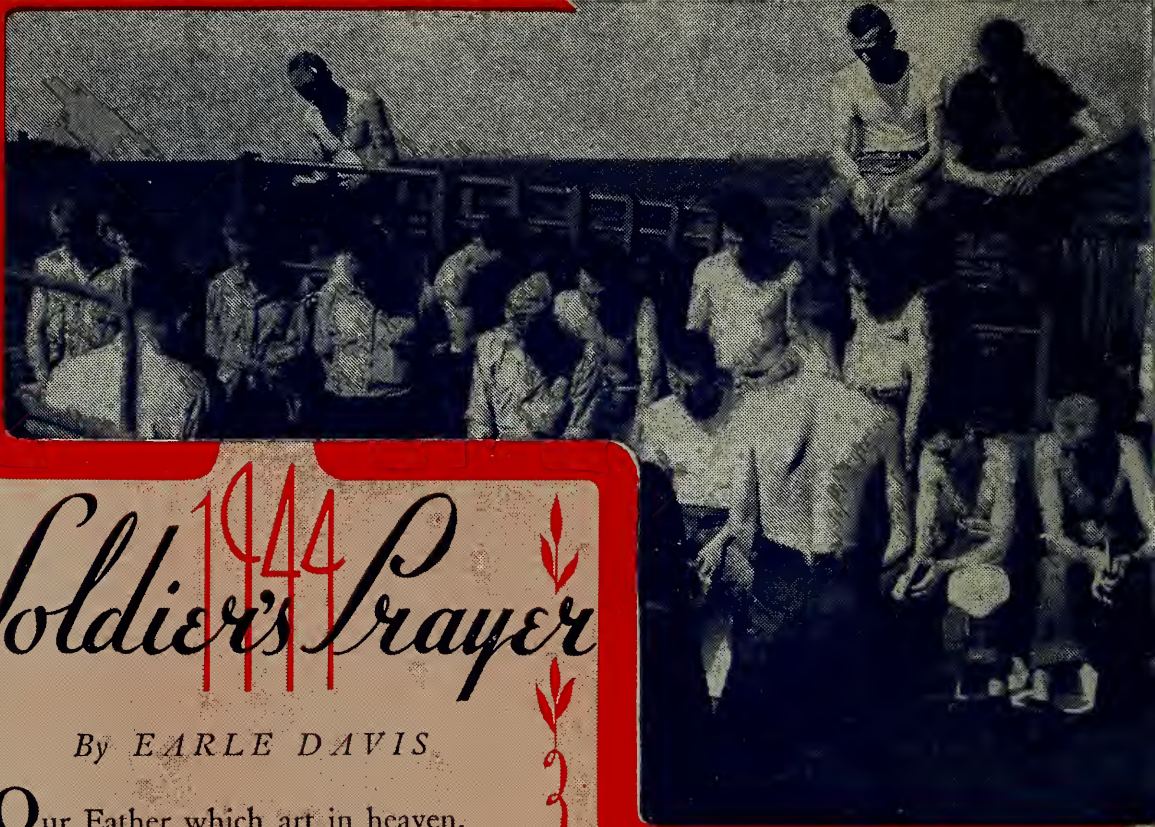


VOLUME 2

*In this issue:*

NUMBER 10

»» THE CHURCH AS YOU SEE IT ««



Official Coast Guard Photo

# Soldier's Prayer

By EARLE DAVIS

Our Father which art in heaven,  
We ask your blessing on our cause,  
for we believe we fight for what  
Christ taught,  
the brotherhood that all men ought  
to feel;

We do not ask that each of us be  
blessed  
with luck while all about us com-  
rades die:  
we ask no selfish boon;

Thy kingdom come in all our hearts  
that we may face the fate that shall  
be ours  
with fortitude;

In time of battle keep our courage high,  
help us to carry on;

And if we fall give us the strength to  
bear  
the agony, the pain that may be ours;

For those of us who die, grant us  
this plea:  
that by our sacrifice the world will  
see  
more clearly what it ought to be;

That freedom and democracy  
will be preserved and understood  
through all the shining years  
ahead;

Blessed Father, pray for us too,  
that in our hours of need  
we may preserve our souls;

For Thine is the kingdom,  
ours the responsibility  
of personal integrity,  
forever and ever,  
Amen. . . .

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Front Cover: "SISTERS OF THE NAVY." Official U. S. Navy Photograph

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**CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor**



# THE Worst SOLDIER

By HUGH M. BABBITT, JR.

THE sun beat down unmercifully. The desert sand felt like hot coals on the marching feet. Heat waves rose in crazy patterns from the desert floor and seared the perspiring tanned skin of the trainees.

"To the rear, *harch!* By the right flank, *harch!*"

The young colonel's voice, used to speaking in soft modulated tones to anxious patients, was becoming husky as he barked out the sharp commands. Perspiration formed in little beads on his face and ran down from beneath his helmet. There was a note of irritation also in his voice. The platoon was awkward. For three months they had been trying to learn the basic movements, and today the colonel himself was trying to teach them. Mutterings of protest were heard from the ranks, and this didn't improve the colonel's temper.

There was confusion in the rear rank. Lieut. Ryan was always in the rear rank. After a right-flank movement the lieutenant was off across the desert while the rest of the platoon was headed towards headquarters.

"Halt! At ease!"

The colonel was now purple—and not

only from the heat. He glared at the trainees for several seconds and then began to speak, his voice choked with suppressed anger.

"You are all officers and should have a clear idea why we are here. This is war, in case any of you haven't heard. I know all about this being a civilian army, and you came to run a hospital, and not to drill and salute and all the rest. None of you wants to be a civilian again any more than I do, but we've got a long, tough job to do and the first thing is to learn to drill and to take orders."

THERE was a touch of sarcasm in his voice as he continued. "And you call yourselves officers! Any bunch of smart enlisted men could have done this weeks ago. But you're going to learn it if I have to get a sunstroke teaching you. And I mean especially for you, Lieutenant Ryan. You're probably the worst soldier I know. . . . Fall in!"

Had Colonel Thompkins been a lip reader he'd have received the lieutenant's prompt and angry rejoinder. But it was just as well, for one does not speak to one's



colonel in such a manner without dire consequences. Sympathetic glances from the others were directed towards the blushing lieutenant.

The situation was interrupted by the scream of a siren as a dusty ambulance came tearing across the desert to a screeching stop before the admission office. In a few seconds the loudspeaker bawled: "Colonel Thompkins, wanted in surgery, immediately."

The colonel sighed, relieved. "That will be all for today, but we'll continue tomorrow at the same time with these facings, and if you don't understand them I advise you to study them. Dismissed."

**T**HE colonel hurried away. His weary and perturbed platoon strolled off towards quarters to change back into duty clothes.

"Don't take him too seriously, Ryan, he probably had a frustrated childhood." Lieutenant Clarke consoled as they walked off together.

"He doesn't bother me—much—the old crab," Ryan replied. "But I didn't come into this army to 'to the rear march,' now 'to the right march,' now 'to the left march.'" Ryan's voice was bitter. "I came to help take care of wounded and sick boys, not this silly stuff. At least that's what they told me when I enlisted. But, of course, I'm *the worst soldier* in the whole outfit!"

It was several hours later, as Lieutenant Ryan was leaving Ward 6 for supper, that the ward men came trundling down the ramp with the soldier who had been rushed in by the ambulance. He lay very still on the litter. His face was ashen. His breathing was scarcely perceptible. To one with Ryan's training it was easily evident that this boy was desperately ill.

"Put him in the private room," Ryan directed the ward men.

Colonel Thompkins came rushing in be-

hind the patient. His long, white operating gown flowing behind him was stained with blood. His face was strained from fatigue and anxiety.

"Ryan," he spoke quickly, "this boy is bad. Grenade wound in the thigh. He's badly shocked. Get some hot water bottles and some plasma."

"Yes, sir," Ryan replied, and hurried to comply.

With swift and sure movements, born of years of training and experience the colonel worked. His strong and steady fingers slid the intravenous needle deftly into the boy's veins and the life-restoring plasma commenced to flow.

"Keep him warm, and when he rouses give him a little fluid. I'm going to change my clothes."

"Yes, sir," Ryan replied.

Supper was forgotten as the lieutenant watched the steady flow of the plasma. The boy's skin was cold and moist. After what seemed an interminable time, a little color stole into the ashen skin. The boy's lids flickered a little and then slowly opened. He gazed about wearily and then slowly closed them again.

"You'll be all right, soldier," Ryan said gently.

The tired eyes opened again. "Will you write to my mother?" he asked.

"Sure I will. Now you rest a little more and I'll be back when you are stronger and we'll write that letter."

"Don't be too long," the boy pleaded.

**R**YAN called the ward man and gave instructions about watching the plasma flow. "I'll be back later," Ryan said.

Lieutenant Clarke came in the room as Ryan was washing up.

"You'll have to hurry, Ryan, or you'll be late for the dance at the officers' club."

"I'm not going. I feel too tired."

"You certainly look it—but come on, it'll do you good."

"Not tonight. You run on with Mercer and the others—next time."

The lieutenant could not banish the picture of the drawn face of the wounded boy up on the ward. This was the reason they had entered the army. The colonel could have his "by the right flank" and all the other crazy terms, but this was their true duty. It gave one an exultant thrill, thought the lieutenant—just as in the old days.

Ward 6 was dark and still as Lieutenant Ryan walked down the long aisle between the rows of beds. The heavy, regular breathing was assurance that most were well. A dim light shown from the sick boy's room. The night man stepped out softly.

"He seems better," he whispered. "He's been asking for you."

The lieutenant nodded. "I'll stay with him for a while."

The patient's eyes opened as the lieutenant entered. A faint smile of recognition stole across his face.

"Will you write my mother now?" he asked.

"Sure, soon as I get some paper."

When the paper was found and the light adjusted, the boy began slowly to dictate. "Dear Mom: I had a little accident today, but don't worry—" He droned on slowly and carefully, choosing his words. Simple and commonplace words they were, yet words that would bring hope and joy and assurance to those waiting at home. The War Department telegram, "Your son is seriously ill," is so coolly efficient.

"Tattoo" sounded over the camp, followed by the plaintive notes of "taps." The letter was at last ended and the boy quickly

dropped off to sleep. There was more color in his cheeks as Ryan smoothed the bed-clothes, and his breathing was soft and regular.

Quick footsteps were heard coming down the ward. They stopped before the patient's room and the door softly opened. The colonel stood in the doorway. He was immaculate in his freshly pressed uniform. Ryan's hurt feelings were replaced by one of pride for the C.O. The colonel had been to the dance, but he also could not forget his patient. He stepped over to the bed and quickly and carefully examined the patient. A smile of satisfaction spread over his face; he completely forgot his military bearing. Once again he was just a doctor, worried about a patient who was not doing so well.

He motioned for Ryan to follow as he walked from the room. Outside in the corridor, he turned toward the lieutenant. The dim light revealed the thin set lips and the determined jaw. All his military bearing had returned.

"Lieutenant Ryan, it's past midnight and you have to be on duty at seven o'clock."

Then his face softened as he looked down tenderly into her eyes. His strong hands took both of hers and held them tightly. "Miss Ryan—Alice—you are probably the worst soldier in this whole army—but *the best nurse I know.*"

She wasn't afraid of him now as she looked up at him. Neither did she try to hide the admiration which shown so clearly in her eyes. "And you're probably the meanest colonel in the whole army," she hesitated—"but the best doctor I know—*darling.*"



**W**HEN man loses faith in God, he loses faith in himself; when the sense of the immortal life grows dim, his inalienable rights as a person fade too. For unless man is something more than an animal, he has no rights that anyone is bound to respect, and there are no limitations upon his conduct which he is bound to obey. This is the foundation of liberty in the only sense in which it can endure.—**Walter Lippmann.**

# Photo Bluejackets CAN'T BE WRONG!

Navy Chief of Chaplains,  
returned from tour of in-  
stallations, speaks enthusi-  
astically of League program

By JACOB SIMPSON PAYTON



Chaplain Robert D. Workman, points out to his traveling companions, Chaplains Boslet and Goldberg, some of the stops on their 25,000-mile tour. (Official U. S. Navy Photograph)

WHEN I called to interview for THE LINK Chaplain Robert D. Workman, Director of the Chaplains Division of the United States Navy, I encountered no starchy officer of the type sometimes associated with those who have reached the buzzer-presser stage here in Washington. He remains a Christian minister with an unfathomable devotion to the 2,000 and more members of the Navy Chaplains Corps who carry the cross and its message to officers and men. It was his interest in their welfare that had taken him on a visitation covering more than 25,000 miles to the Caribbean, South America, North Africa, Italy, the Holy Land and England.

Asked about the Service Men's Christian League, Chaplain Workman said that he never failed to inquire about it and received favorable replies from Protestant chaplains. "Everywhere the men feel that the SMCL is for them," he continued. He pointed out that while it is not the policy of the Navy Department to recognize organizations by name aboard ship or on shore installations, the League nevertheless has its

study groups. Foremost in their organization and encouragement are the chaplains.

Chaplain Workman is no vacuous optimist, but his confidence in the officers and men of the navy is boundless. He believes that the one specific for the world's ills is religion, and he is for the Service Men's Christian League because it is making vital religion available to men in uniform. He did not claim that the heavenly virtues always shine in all of them, but during his whirlwind tour covering sixty days he saw favorable evidences among the 40,000 bluejackets with whom he worshiped.

He mingled with them in Oran, Casablanca, Bizerte, Algiers and Palermo. He was in ports humming with talk and work such as Naples where the "dock wallopers" were shipping the supplies to the Anzio beachhead. He talked with young sailors who had been trundled into hospitals from some stretch of sea that had changed from

blue to red. Whether in the battle zone, with all its attendant confusion and adversity, or in lonely stations, he found American youngsters possessed of the same irrepressible buoyancy which expressed itself not only in wisecracks and banter but also in quiet courage born of faith.

As I talked to Chaplain Workman he did not wring his hands over this fighting generation. He who in his youth had enlisted as a marine, risen to sergeant after four years, and had declined an officer's commission to resume the educational preparation required for ordination as a minister, knows from experience that these American youngsters will not return home with their religious convictions diluted and their best ambitions atrophied.

What he had seen during his extensive visitation only confirmed the truth of the saying that "Those who cross the seas may change their skies but not their hearts." Of course, grouching is endemic to the navy, just as it is to the army. The boys are eager to run down the whole pack of biped wolves that a few years ago began preying on the poorly constructed sheepfolds of the democracies, and to hear the order to "up anchor" and sail for home. Chaplain Workman expressed unbounded praise for the SMCL which, during the meantime, is throwing about young servicemen in places of peril and temptation its protective influence, and providing education for Christian citizenship the world round.

To the question, "How about Christian literature, Chaplain?" he replied, "I saw THE LINK everywhere." And then he related how he had observed men reading it in ports blanketed in heat in North Africa, within sound of the dull throbbing of the guns in Italy, and in hospitals in England. The navy's chief chaplain takes no stock in the claim that it is as difficult to induce bluejackets to read religious literature as to get iunior to eat his spinach.

He attributed the popularity of THE LINK not alone to the fact that it adds to the pleasures of the intellect in the navy, a place which no bluejacket has yet been heard to describe as a paradise of pure enjoyment, but that it makes former ideals, influences and associations recoverable. And that is about the best lift that can come to a lad in the doldrums of homesickness. In this war men with the fleet and on shore duty are like those frontiersmen of whom Theodore Roosevelt said, "They had to be good and strong—especially strong." In the opinion of Chaplain Workman THE LINK is a ration that furnishes vitamins for both needs.

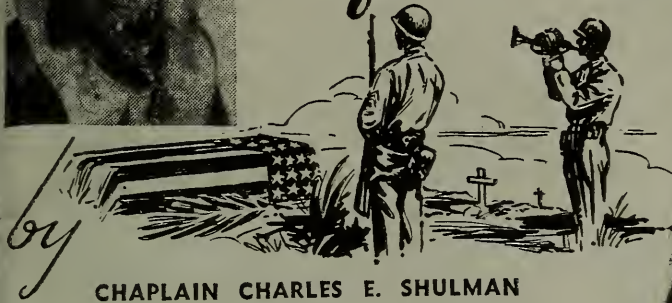
There was once a theologian and a philosopher (who was also somewhat of a wit) who proposed the following pledge for admission into membership of his denomination: "Will you be a diligent reader of at least one of our official church papers?" with the answer, "I will, the Lord being my helper." Chaplain Workman reported having seen no instance of any reader of the official paper of the SMCL being driven to such an extremity!

And so my interview with this veteran chaplain, who had only recently seen through observant eyes multitudes of officers and youngsters in blue in many distant ports, came to a close. His impressions were a tonic for all such sallow pessimists as prate about American lads being unable to maintain their Christian faith even through an ordeal as heinous as war. His praise for chaplains, and for the organization that bands believers into units and furnishes wholesome reading for the sailor on the most distant sea and isolated naval station, was warm and sincere.

The substance of the navy boys' regard for this magazine, as he saw it evidenced on this tour, may be summed up in a sentence: "Forty thousand bluejackets can't be wrong!"

# Equal

## BEFORE GOD



by  
CHAPLAIN CHARLES E. SHULMAN

Jewish chaplain, participating in a memorial service for Christian flyer, sees "a true definition of democracy"



IT WAS a simple memorial service that was held at Camp Endicott, the large Seabee base in Rhode Island. But it was a deeply moving experience. It was not so much what was said as what was felt that made the occasion memorable.

An hour before my own regular Friday night Jewish service was scheduled to begin, the beautiful chapel used by the Navy personnel of all faiths was filled. A young Navy flyer, Ensign Robert Cyril Werntz, had met death in action off an aircraft carrier somewhere in the Pacific. His father, a lieutenant commander on active duty at the advance base depot which adjoins the camp, had received the news a short time previously, and the station personnel of both areas were gathered in token of sympathy.

Robert Werntz was unknown to me before

*Symbolic of the brotherhood between faiths are the three chaplains in the photo at top of the adjoining column. Chaplain Shulman, author of this article, stands between Chaplain W. A. Alexander (Protestant) and Chaplain John Woloch (Catholic). In the inset above is Ensign Robert Cyril Werntz, whose death inspired this piece.*



I entered the chapel. He was to become part of my life and thinking because of that hour of devotion. In civilian existence, a tragedy is usually attended by the particular religious faith of the stricken family. In the military service it is often shared by other faiths through personal expressions of sympathy, respect and friendship. All of us came because we had lost a shipmate who symbolized so poignantly the sacredness of the human being made in the image of the Creator. There were both Christians and Jews in the assembly, but they were indistinguishable in that Navy building. On the holy ground of sorrow they stood equal before God.

The service itself consisted of a few prayers to God, the Father of all men, on behalf of one of America's fallen children. One Christian chaplain spoke words for the

repose of the soul of the dead and gave thanks to the Creator for the unselfish spirit that had moved in our midst and had given itself up completely to the nation. Another read solace from the Holy Scriptures, the 90th Psalm which Jew and Christian alike have recited since time immemorial when grief overwhelmed the spirit. The whole congregation recited in unison a memorial prayer composed for the occasion.

Touched by the universal spirit of grief that engulfed us all at the moment, I found myself whispering the Hebrew words of prayer, "El Molai Rachamim," which my people have uttered for a hundred generations when one of their loved ones is taken from their midst. No one heard my prayer, for I was not in the pulpit. It was my tribute to a Christian child, and it rose from the shared emotions of the hour. I do not doubt that the Jewish officers and enlisted men present felt what my words said: "O God, who are full of compassion, who dwellest on high, grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of Thy divine presence, in the exalted places among the holy and pure who shine as the brightness of the firmament, to Robert Cyril Werntz, who has gone to his eternal home. O Lord of compassion, shelter him evermore under the cover of Thy wings and let his soul be bound up in the bundle of eternal life."

I did not know Robert Werntz's denomination. I only knew that he was close to me and to my faith as grief hovered over all of us. He was a Navy flyer, and Navy flyers have a stern code of ethics. It embraces every American, and yet asks the adherent to recognize and respect the right of every person to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Robert Werntz was a healthy, vital American boy like so many of the thousands who have come to my own divine services, or who have been present in the drill halls when I, in company with the

Christian chaplains, spoke to them about religion in the Navy and its power to make giants of pygmies. When he flew that Navy plane for the last time he was not protecting his family alone, nor his particular church, nor his circle of friends. He was also protecting me and 135,000,000 other Americans who make up this nation. His Christian faith had nurtured and developed his soul to godly proportions. Was that faith not entitled to my tribute of respect and brotherhood because of its struggles and hopes for a better world?

There are times when we despair of witnessing a peaceful world order where every man can dwell safely under his own vine and fig tree with none to make him afraid. There are times when creeds become walls and beliefs turn into iron fortresses against our neighbors who walk parallel with us toward God. It is then that the power of a simple religious ceremony inherited from our fathers sheds light in our darkness and gives direction to our stumbling feet.

Man has traveled a long distance since the day he became conscious of a Guiding Hand in his destiny on earth. He has changed his manner of living over and over again, as we can see when we scan the mute testimonies of past civilizations. He has developed complex forms of communication with his fellowmen and learned many of the mysteries of the universe hidden from his simpler forbears.

But his thoughts cannot climb higher than the divine instinct within him that sets him traveling, like Joseph of old, in search of his brothers on earth. He does not need a truer definition of democracy than the life and death of this twenty-three-year-old American who served a nation of one hundred thirty-five million individuals of different religious patterns, all living under one flag, all equal before God.

## “Last Night I Took Communion”

A sailor discovers that “all men look pretty much alike when they bow their heads in prayer!”

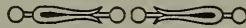
**O**N OCTOBER FIRST, which is World Wide Communion Day, followers of Christ everywhere will come together in their respective places of worship to remember Him who said, “This do in remembrance of Me.”

The Holy Communion will be observed on this day in army camps and naval bases, on shipboard and in tiny make-shift chapels at the frontlines of battle, as well as in churches in the homeland.

It is hoped that every Christian service man and woman will participate in this holy sacrament. Never before has it been more meaningful. Just now when there is so much dividing men and na-

tions, Christians must maintain an unbroken fellowship in Christ Jesus our Lord. Observing the Lord's Supper in this way, conscious as you do so that millions of others are observing it concurrently, will give you a fresh sense of world fellowship in Christ with all who name themselves Christian, whatever their race or creed.

Because it fits the occasion so perfectly, we are reproducing below a letter written by MM 3/c D. A. Newhall to his pastor, Rev. Ralph T. Hood of Greenfield, Mass., in which he describes what was for him a memorable Communion service:



“Last night I took Communion, my first opportunity in several weeks. It was such a unique service, because of its environment and simplicity, that I felt that I must describe it to you. Picture if you can a small group of men, seated around and under an anti-aircraft gun tub, with the open sea all around and the waves somewhat rougher than usual.

“During the first part of the service there were only eleven of us besides the chaplain, Chaplain Robert W. Pratt, and as he, by dint of a good set of sea-legs, kept his balance on the rolling deck and carried on the communion service, a small voice within me kept saying, ‘Eleven, just eleven, oh, if only there was one more—.’ And then, as I recalled that fateful gathering of the faithful ‘Twelve,’ it suddenly dawned on me that we were twelve, that He was among us, carrying on the service, and the chaplain was one of us—one of the twelve.

“And then later—just as since Christianity began—more men came, one by one, two by two, until we had a fine gathering. There were men of all creeds and nationalities and colors. Three of them were Negroes. But it came to me, as I watched others kneel and reassert their belief in Him, that men look pretty much alike when they bow their heads in prayer.

“There weren't any comfortable seats there, no colorful stained-glass windows, no pulpit, nor chalice, nor any of the ‘fixin's’—nothing except the barren sea and the implements of War, Hatred, and Murder. But the Divine Presence hovered over those men who took time to humble themselves. Of that I am sure.”

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I N P O E T I C M O O D

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### A Tribute to Dad

By T/5 ERNEST O. MABRY

Some of the men that are here today  
Are the best that the world has had,  
There is only one that beats them all  
And he happens to be my dad.

I go to him when I'm happy  
And also when I'm sad,  
Each day I like to spend some time  
Just talking with my dad.

I always like to talk with him,  
Especially when I'm blue,  
Sometimes it's awful surprising  
What a talk with dad will do.

He can always spare a little time  
To listen to what I say,  
And then he gives me good advice  
To help me along the way.

Now that I am in the army  
And away from dear old dad,  
I realize more than ever before  
He's the best friend I ever had.

He is the kind of person  
That makes a son feel glad,  
To go into the service now—  
To fight and win for dad.

### Smile Awhile

By SGT. ROBERT M. SMALL

When you're feelin' tired and lonely  
And the world seems out of tune—  
Skies will brighten if you'll only  
Smile awhile—or start to croon!

Never let your cares beset you,  
Change your face—don't wear a frown;  
Cheering others will beget you  
Precious jewels for your crown.

As you journey o'er life's highway  
Where the feet of men have trod,  
Never wander on the by-way;  
Take the narrow road—to God.

### The Army Chapel

By RUTH M. ROBERTS

No stained glass windows,  
Nor chimes that ring,  
But a place to go  
Where a man can sing.

No rich, thick carpets  
On which to trod,  
But a quiet place  
To talk with God.

### Some Happy Day

By ENS. SARA MARCUM (NC) USNR

Oh, look and listen,  
What a dreary day,  
But do you not hear  
A loving voice say,  
"Be patient, though life  
Be like this day,  
Sometimes dark and often gray."

But why should we complain  
When days are dark,  
For sunbeams steal  
Through the darkness  
Like a tiny spark,  
To help the traveler who  
Is in the dark.

So make the best of life,  
Whatever it may be.  
Do not complain to others  
Whom we see.  
Be kind, thoughtful and gay,  
And you'll be repayed  
Some happy day.



**Strength**

By CPL. FRED W. ANDERSON

*Oh, the strengthening power  
Of a single hour  
Which we spend alone with Thee,  
Is more than a world  
With flags unfurled  
Can afford through eternity.*

*For the courage to give  
Of ourselves and live  
Through our lives as Thou hast them  
planned,  
Comes not from within  
Nor yet from the din  
Of the tumult and strife of Man.*

*But a still small voice  
Bids us e'er rejoice  
When we do Thy holy will,  
And a Peace scarce known  
In our Souls is sown  
To abide with and comfort us still.*

*So we pray our love  
For our God above  
And the country we hold so dear,  
Thou wilt magnify  
Till the day we die  
In lives which shall know no fear.*

**A Guide for Today**

By SGT. ROBERT M. SMALL

*Thank God every morning when you get  
up  
For the blessing of rest through the  
night,  
For renewing of strength, refreshing of  
mind,  
For the dawn of a new day's light.*

*Thank God every morning when you get  
up  
For the songbirds and beautiful flowers,  
For sweethearts and mother and folks back  
home,  
For the sunshine that comes after show-  
ers.*

*Ask God every morning when you get up  
For a love that will ever increase,  
That all through the day as you go on  
your way  
You'll be thinking of kindness and peace.*

*Ask God every morning when you get up  
For courage and strength through the  
day,  
To battle the toils and temptations of life,  
And lift barriers that get in your way.*

*Thank God every morning when you get  
up  
For our country—the Land of the Free—  
And ask Him to guard all our soldier pals  
And the sailor-boys out on the sea.*

*Thank God as you come to the close of  
each day  
That His courage and strength you  
could borrow;  
Then in reverence kneel, give thanks for  
that day,  
And pray for a better tomorrow.*

**A Soldier's Prayer**

By CPL. WALTER M. SMILEY

*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
To Thee we lift our prayer.  
We give our thanks to Thee on High  
For the better life with Thee we share:  
Please listen to our prayer.*

*To Thee who reigns o'er all the earth,  
We raise our joyful song.  
With loud hosannas to the King,  
We sing Thy praise the whole day long,  
As we lift up our song.*

*Forgive our sins from day to day,  
And help us to be strong;  
We try our best to do Thy will,  
But oft forget when things go wrong,  
And sometimes go astray.*

*We pray to Thee, O God on High,  
For peace to reign again  
O'er all the earth and sky and sea.  
We ask it in Thy precious Name,  
Our Father, Lord. Amen.*

# Courtship - JOKE OR SACRAMENT?

**Yours can be either. But if you want to make it something beautiful and enduring, consider these three rules**

**By CHAPLAIN W. V. MORGAN**



*Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts*

unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

It was love that was so deep that it made Rachel's memory, after her death, a constant inspiration in his life. When at last he came

**T**HE experience of love-making is one of the most important in which human personalities are ever involved. It is one of the most dominating of all our interests. Even the instincts of hunger or the preservation of life itself hardly surpass love as a great driving-force in human experience. Therefore, it is depressing to any thoughtful person when a light and frivolous attitude is taken by young people toward courtship.

In the Bible two great contrasting courtships stand out. One is the courtship of Samson. One day he looked upon a girl, was favorably impressed with her physical attractiveness, and said with impetuous insistence to his parents, "Get her for me!" The tragic results of that ill-considered courtship are familiar to every reader of the Bible.

In contrast to this is the courtship of Jacob and Rachel. The patient, judicial and high-minded purpose that is evident in Jacob's attitude is a high level for any age. And no words in any literature bears evidence of any nobler plane to which love-making can be carried than is indicated in those words of our text: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed

toward his life's sunset his mind turned back and he passed again in memory by the oak where in years gone he had buried her. When he was giving his final blessing to his sons, he paused in the midst of that solemn ceremony to pay tribute to Rachel's affection that had blessed him even after she had gone.

If more courtships could be carried on in the spirit of Jacob and Rachel we would have fewer wrecked homes and broken hearts today. It is the attitude of Samson that has always brought its penalty.

## **Time to Put a Halo Around It**

It is about time we put a halo around this experience of courtship and make it so sacred that the frivolous and profane would hesitate before going on. Courtship should be a kind of "holy place" in which we stand before entering the "Holy of Holies" of the home.

To accept courtship as a sacrament and not a joke will involve three factors.

First of all, *it is well to consider our friendships and associations before marriage.*

Just as the strength or weakness of a tree is often determined by conditions in its

early days, so the happiness of a home is often determined by events that have transpired in the lives of the two people, years before they have met each other. We may be blessed or saddened forever by the manner of the temporary companionships that are the preludes to permanent life-unions. As one jester put it, "Puppy love often leads to a dog's life."

One of our modern dramatists has told the story of a man who in his youth lived a careless love-life with a girl for whom he felt only a temporary, tempestuous infatuation. Long after his affair was done, he married the girl he truly loved. But he never kissed his wife in later years without the shadow of the other woman coming between with unhappy memory. His real love-life, therefore, was haunted forever by the unreal one.

#### **Emancipated from Supervision**

The relationships of young men and women today—even of boys and girls—are undoubtedly the freest and most unchaperoned of any period in history. An athletic, outdoor life, plus the automobile, the movies, and a self-expressionist philosophy of life, have all combined to emancipate youth from adult supervision.

In many ways this is probably a gain. It certainly has promoted more wholesome comradeship between the sexes. But in the reaction against Puritanical restraint, we may easily err in the opposite direction, so that life becomes a delirious round of petting-parties and exaggerated love complexes which can only lead to emotional exhaustion in youth and utter cynicism in adult life. The responsibility of young people for the wise choice of friends, and well-governed association in these friendships, was never so great as now.

You will do well, therefore, to set your standard of companionship high, and not permit every passing acquaintance to be-

come too highly emotionalized by physical caresses. We have no right to exploit in the days of our unattached youth the endearments which rightly belong to betrothal and marriage. If any fellow thinks that every night should culminate in a long kiss and an embrace like the last fade-out at the movies, he might ponder the remark of Dr. Cadman who said: "Nobody is going to look at a face all his life that was once only a piece of rock salt for every calf to lick that came down the road." Consider well your friendships and associations before marriage.

In the second place, *we need to use plain, unadulterated common sense if our courtship is to be a sacrament and not a joke.*

It is absurd to insist that love must be blind. Love is a matter of judgment and choice. We do well to be wary if our attraction for that boy or that girl is built *only* on a physical basis. Do not misunderstand—I am not disparaging love on a physical basis. God has so created us that we are attracted physically to that member of the opposite sex whom we feel we would like to make our life-partner. One of the earliest marks of love is the desire to be in the company of the other, a sense of enjoyment when together, a sense of loneliness when away from each other.

#### **Shaky Foundation for Married Life**

But love that is real must be based upon mental as well as physical compatibility. Emotional attraction that attempts to link up two people who have diametrically opposite mental interests, who do not like the same books or friends or entertainments, who have not at all the same tastes or culture, is a shaky foundation for permanent married life.

If "he" wants to stay home evenings while "she" wants always to go; if "he" is bored to tears by music while "she" loves it devotedly; if "he" loves to have friends

come in while "she" wants her home to herself; if "she" wants to be constantly traveling while "he" never wants to leave his home city—well, a situation is created that cannot help but produce difficulty.

An Oriental king once ordered a rug of unusual design, with many gold and colored threads in it. He searched the kingdom over for a weaver who could do the work as he wanted it done. At last, the master weaver was found. For thirty-two years he worked upon the rug, and then sent it to the king's palace. When the king had admired its beautiful workmanship, he said, "I will submit each strand of it to a test." Then he soaked the strands in various fluids to see if the colors would hold. They all retained their original hue, and the king was satisfied.

In somewhat the same way each part and element of your courtship needs to be submitted to the test of common sense.

Finally, *do not forget the vows to be taken.*

There are four great events in one's life: *birth*, when that life starts; *conversion*, when that life is deliberately, by personal choice, submitted to God's purpose; *marriage*, when two lives are united to form a home; and *death*, when the soul passes from this earthly experience.

#### Read Over Those Marriage Vows

Whenever I perform the marriage ceremony I always wonder if the pair before me really knows what they are doing, whether they realize the important nature of the obligation involved.

How very, very important is this decision! To you who are engaged, to you who are walking 'midst the flowers or thorns of courtship, I would say: "Read over those marriage vows!" The decision to be married is a serious step.

From a standpoint of the girl, it is a tremendous step from a home that is certain to one that is yet to be made. From

those who have understood her, sheltered her for years and provided for her wants, she goes to a love that is comparatively new and an association that is as yet unproven. She gives up her name and gives over to his name whatever reputation she may have achieved. She so links herself to another that, if he does wrong, she suffers with him. She promises to follow him to the ends of the earth, to depend upon him for support, to receive from him a love so great that for it she will leave father and mother, brother and sister—and this not for a short time, not for a day or a week, but for life.

#### What the Contract Means to a Man

From a man's point of view it is an equally serious step. He enters into a contract—not as he would elsewhere, for six days a week, eight hours a day—but for all the week, and for all the hours of the day, "till death do us part." He offers her his name. He obligates himself to support her as long as she lives. She can spend his money, run him into debt, drive him to desperation. Much of his comfort, and practically all that his home can mean to him, depend on her. Into her hands he puts the shaping of the ideals of his children. She determines in large measure whether he has two hells, or two heavens, one for here and one hereafter.

Courtship, like marriage, is a step that should not be taken without God's guidance.

Why not make your courtship a matter of earnest prayer? And why not take your contemplated marriage to God for guidance? "These whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Is *God* willing to join you with that young woman? Is *God* willing to join you with that young man?

It is up to you whether your courtship shall be a joke or a sacrament. Resolve today to make it a beautiful example of the latter.

# FIGHTING FOR Flowers

by  
**WILLIAM L. STIDGER**



Man proposes, God  
disposes. . . . Still my  
faith in Him reposes Who  
in wartime still makes roses

**J**OHN OXENHAM, who lost a son in the last war wrote these lines shortly after the death of that son: "Man proposes, God disposes; Still my faith in Him reposes Who in wartime still makes roses."

In a dramatic way that little poem figured in a remarkable human-interest adventure of mine. Recently I dropped into a flower shop in the heart of Boston. Henry Penn, the kindly, bald-headed owner, a friend of mine for many years, is the originator of the famous advertising slogan, "Say it with flowers." He originated also the plan to send flowers by wire. In the world of flowers he is a unique character. The *American Magazine* and other popular publications have carried personality sketches of this unusual man.

On this particular day he was opening a pile of air-mail letters a foot high. When he saw me coming into the shop, his face lighted up and he yelled at me: "Just the man I want to see, Bill! I have a honey of a story for you today."

"What is it?" I asked, with as much eagerness as he himself displayed.

"Look at that pile of air-mail letters. They all bear an APO postmark—San

Francisco and New York. For the past two months they've been coming in at the rate of one hundred a day—mostly orders for Mother's Day flowers."

"All from service men," I murmured, deeply moved at the very thought of what those letters meant as a revelation of the soldier's heart and mind.

"I tell you," said Henry Penn, "this, to me, is one of the most significant things that is happening in this war. In the midst of battle, out there in steaming jungles of the Pacific and in the inferno of Anzio and a dozen other hot spots, these boys are taking time to remember their loved ones on Mother's Day. It's the same at Christmas-time, Easter, special anniversaries; requests for flowers for wives, mothers, sweethearts pour in weeks in advance of the date to be delivered. We have so many orders from service men for Mother's Day flowers that if we fill them all—and we shall—there won't be enough flowers left in Boston to supply a single home order."

I was so moved by the florist's story of the way our boys send flowers back to their loved ones from the battlefields, that I quoted Oxenham's poem to him softly:

*"Man proposes,  
God disposes;  
Still my faith in Him reposes  
Who in wartime still makes roses."*

"Say that again, doctor!" this little man requested, and I repeated it.

Tears ran down his swarthy cheeks and he said softly: "It's beautiful! Beautiful!" adding, after a slight pause, "and *so true!*"

Then the florist hurried away. After a minute he returned and handed me a letter, saying: "This just came in this morning from a boy in the South Pacific. Read it. It will tell you, better than I can, just what it all means and how they feel and what they are fighting for."

I took the letter in my hands. It bore an APO "San Francisco" postmark. That meant it had come from one of our fighting men in the Pacific. I opened it. Out fell three ten-dollar money orders. Here is what that letter said:

"Dear Sir: Of the many little things in life that go toward making us happy, flowers are, indeed, one of them. Out here in the war zone, there is such a scarcity of those intimate little things that when a fellow does run across one it makes him pause a bit to regret the absence of them, and anticipate the time when he will once again be able to indulge in these beautiful things.

"For weeks now I have been on an atoll in the South Pacific, a little bit of coral, horribly war-torn—so much so that almost all vegetation, indeed every sign of life, has withered and died. Walking through our camp area the other day, I caught suddenly the faint whiff of a beautiful aroma, as of flowers. Investigation revealed that it was coming from a small bush which had miraculously survived the terrible shelling. That crushed bush bravely sent forth a tiny flower which reminded me, for all the world, of roses. It literally flooded a small area with a deep, rich, tropical aroma. That

truly was a treat, for there is pitifully little beauty left on this atoll. I was so moved that I got down on my knees on the hard coral to smell it. As I knelt there, I felt the tears in my eyes—and, Mr. Penn, I found myself lifting up a prayer to God for that surviving bush. I tell you I *prayed* over that reminder of home and beauty and my loved ones.

"Mom has always been delighted by flowers. On birthdays, holidays, anniversaries and sometimes just for the fun of it, we kids used to drag home bunches of 'posies,' as Mom called them. She would be as thrilled by our gifts as I was over that crushed bush on the atoll. It made us happy to see how a bouquet of flowers pleased her. That privilege of giving Mom flowers is something I can't enjoy this Easter or Mother's Day.

"All the above are random thoughts previous to my placing an order for Easter and Mother's Day. Enclosed you will find a money order. It would please me very much if you could deliver a gift of flowers on both Easter and Mother's Day. Please enclose a card which says: 'All my love to a *grand* mother—Jim.'

"Perhaps this time next year I shall have the double pleasure of being able to make my selection personally and get that thrill of presenting the flowers to Mom myself. Victory comes first, and may we have that before too many occasions for flowers have passed."

There were four of us who stood in the flower shop reading that lad's letter, and I don't think a single one shall ever forget it. As I read that thoughtful, tender message from that South Pacific atoll, John Oxenham's lines once again came hauntingly back to me:

*"Man proposes,  
God disposes;  
Still my faith in Him reposes  
Who in wartime still makes roses!"*



# Daily Rations



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

Selected for you by The American Bible Society

## FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

1. "Ye were sometime darkness . . . now are ye light in the Lord." **Eph. 5:1-14.**
2. "That was the true light which lighteth every man." **John 1:1-14.**
3. "Ye are all children of light . . . not of the night." **I Thess. 5:1-11.**
4. "Walk while ye have the light" **John 12:35-46.**
5. "And there shall be no night there." **Rev. 21:22-22:5.**

## "THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT"

6. "Who comforteth us." **II Cor. 1:3-11.**
7. "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come . . ." **John 14:16-27.**
8. "Through the tender mercy of our God." **Luke 1:67-79.**

## "REJOICE ALWAYS"

9. "At midnight . . . sang praises unto God." **Acts 16:19-33.**
10. "The inward man is renewed day by day." **II Cor. 4:8-18.**
11. "I can do all things through Christ." **Phil. 4:4-13.**
12. "Singing with grace in your hearts." **Col. 3:12-25.**
13. "No more": hunger, thirst, torture, tears. **Rev. 7:9-17.**

## EVEN A LITTLE FAITH

14. "Of a truth this is the Prophet." **John 7:40-53.**
15. "Be not faithless." **John 20:19-29.**
16. "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye." **Rom. 14:1-17.**
17. "Thou hast kept My Word." **Rev. 3:4-13.**

## THERE IS ONE THAT KNOWS

18. "That ye have need of all these things." **Matt. 6:25-34.**
19. What is within the cup and platter. **Matt. 23:23-33.**
20. The timid touch of faith, it works. **Mark 5:24-34.**
21. The selfish motive behind many excuses. **Luke 14:12-24.**
22. "See a man which told me all things that ever I did." **John 4:15-30.**

## LOYALTY TO THE TRUTH

23. "It shall be given you . . . what ye shall speak." **Matt. 10:16-33.**
24. "Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice." **John 18:28-40.**
25. "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision." **Acts 26:12-23.**
26. "Speaking the truth in love, may grow up." **Eph. 4:1-16.**

## NO BOASTING

27. "Where is boasting then? It is excluded." **Rom. 3:19-28.**
28. "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased." **Luke 18:9-17.**
29. "For who maketh thee to differ from another." **I Cor. 4:7-21.**
30. "Not of works, lest any man should boast." **Eph. 2:1-10.**
31. "Jesus came . . . to save sinners, of whom I am chief." **I Tim. 1:5-16.**

# HYMN FOR CHRISTIAN SERVICE MEN

*(Written for use by SMCL members of League unit in the New Hebrides)*

*Words and music by Earl Goodman*

We're men in the ser-vice in the ser-vice of the Lord;

We're fight-ing for the right with the pow-er of His Word,

Our Cap-tain is the Christ we love Our Proph-et, Priest and King;

So ral-ly 'neath His ban-ner as we fight and praise and sing.

## CHORUS

March-ing, march-ing, on to Vic-to-ry; Prais-ing, sing-ing,



# "Don't Kid Yourself, Soldier!"

By CHAPLAIN JOHN H. EASTWOOD

**D**ID you ever have these thoughts running through your mind? "This terrible war has upset every plan I ever had for my life. Today I am in the army; tomorrow when the war is over then I'll begin living my real life again. Yes, after the war, then I will be my real self; but this, well this just doesn't count.

"When the war is over I'll begin saving money. I will have lots of money then. I will start myself out in some fine business. But now it just doesn't matter. I guess I'll go ahead and play poker with this pay check. It won't matter if I lose another month's wages. I am in the army now, but after the war it will be different. Then I'm going to have a fine home and be a thrifty, respectable citizen.

"I'd like to do some good reading tonight—but this is army. There are some good books in the library. I heard someone

say so anyway. When the war is over and I have my fine home, then I'm going to read all the good books. I am going to be informed; I may even read the classics. I'll likely have a library of my own. But now I'm just a soldier—guess I'll read this funny book tonight.

"I shouldn't do this—but—well I don't know—things just are not the same when you're in the army. Some day when the war is over I'll have my nice home and children and then I'll be faithful. It will be different then."

Don't kid yourself, soldier. It won't be different and neither will you be different. You will be the same old John Doe and the habits you develop now will be yours then. Just remember that what you are going to be tomorrow you are becoming today.

—*The United Presbyterian.*

Christ has made us free Serv-ing Him wher-e'er we go, He will lead us on,

Armed with the pow'r of God the Vic-t'ry will be won.

# College for GI's

Suggestions on how to take advantage of the Government's liberal provisions for education

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**T**HE so-called "GI Bill of Rights" makes it possible for men now serving with the armed forces to have an education. Anyone who has been in the army, navy or marine corps six months or more, and is not over 25 years of age, may have one year of education in an elementary school, technical institution, college or graduate school of his choice.

The bill provides for the payment of tuition, fees, textbooks and other expenses and \$50 a month for subsistence and \$75 per month for married men. Men and women 26 years and under now in the armed forces may qualify for assistance under this act. In order to have it, one must enter school within two years after his discharge from the armed forces or two years after the war ends. If 26 or over, one must show that the war interrupted or delayed his educational plans before he may qualify.

This bill does not limit educational work to colleges or universities. Twenty-nine per cent of all GI's have not finished high school, and consequently many will not be interested in a college education but will want to learn a trade or acquire some vocation for their life's work. There will be trade schools where training can be secured for their chosen trades. Already the states of New York and Georgia plan technical institutes for such training. Other states will follow. Even some colleges and universities will provide short-term vocational courses for men who desire them.

The GI who wants to use this money to get a vocation for his life's work should



By  
**JOHN O. CROSS**

*Secty., Dept. of  
Educational In-  
stitutions, The  
Methodist Church*

be reasonably sure that he possesses qualification for the one that he chooses. This money ought not to be squandered on careless experiments. There is such a thing as finding work that matches one's talent. Before a vocation is chosen, tests should be taken to determine if the job and aptitude for it coincide.

## **Chance for Non-High School Grads**

This aid now assured by the government will make a college education possible for thousands of young people who otherwise would have been denied its advantages. Some who have not graduated from high school, but through the army and navy have matured and secured training through experience and travel, will have the chance of taking tests to see if they can carry college work. If they make good on these tests, no further questions will be asked about high school credits. Some colleges are also planning to set up courses on pre-collegiate or secondary levels to care for students who are beyond high school age and have not finished high school.

Men who will be eligible for government aid ought to begin now to get a perspective of college and to see what it will mean to them. The glamour of marching bands, fraternity rushing and football teams

will seem high-schoolish to the GI. The limited time that he can devote to training will make him think seriously of studies and particularly of courses that will help him for his life's work. Again, the men on the campuses will be about the age of the men now in the army, and there will also be a large sprinkling of married GI's.

#### Need for Rounding Out Knowledge

Some of the educational work you have had while in service will be helpful if and when you return to college. The fact is, the hurried-up plan of teaching necessitated by preparation for military service often has put the emphasis on the practical without teaching the underlying principles. Men know how to apply the principles but are not familiar with the laws governing the principles. College courses will be needed to round out one's knowledge in the various fields of learning.

A GI should remember when he enters college to have a counselor to assist him in planning his program. With him he can discuss the training he has had while in service, the travel experiences and prospective work he anticipates, and through the counselor's help then construct an educational program for the college journey. It may be that he will want to accelerate his work and complete it in shorter time than usually required. Men who have had extensive schooling in various mechanical courses should have some liberal education, which includes language, literature, history, philosophy and religion. They will need such courses especially if they anticipate entering law, teaching, medicine or the ministry.

I talked not long ago to a soldier who is

a music major and who lacks only ten semester hours of graduating from college. I suggested that he work with his college in getting these hours out while he is in the service, and then when he returns to civilian life, since he plans to teach music, he can use his government aid to go on to a professional school. The cost of work in professional or graduate schools is much more expensive than undergraduate institutions, and it would be to one's advantage to have the government assist him with this expensive phase of training.

Something needs to be said about the choice of schools. Since returning veterans will have to have educational programs tailored to fit their needs, the college tentatively chosen should be scrutinized to see if it can care for contemplated courses. Most institutions specialize in caring for students directly from high school, and so far have had no experience with students presenting such problems as relate to those coming from the armed forces. Many are adjusting their programs to do it.

#### Wanted: Vocational Skill—Plus!

Training for a job seems to be paramount in all discussions about an education. Yet an education should give more than vocational skills. Ex-president Hadley once remarked: "I do not believe that you are going to make the right kind of citizens by a Godless education and then by adding in religion afterwards. The idea is wrong. Education and religion must go hand in hand." The purpose of a college education is to develop the whole man—his social, intellectual, aesthetic and religious life. Any educational program that does not accomplish this has failed.

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*WE* heard the other day of a father who had received word that his son, a brilliant lad, had been killed in battle. Turning to his pastor, he cried in desperation, "Tell me, sir, where was God when my son was killed?" "My friend," replied the pastor, "God was just where He was when His own Son was killed!"



LEFT and BELOW: A group of WAVES on duty in Washington D. C., organized a Service Women's Christian League a year ago and are now celebrating their first anniversary. They meet on Monday evenings for Bible study and discussion. Standing in the photo at left are the officers of the League unit: Specialist (W) 3c Lucile Smith, President; Y/2c Lyla Guyer, secretary; and Y/2c Margaret Noe, treasurer. In the photo below Chaplain E. T. Braund, counselor for the League unit, discusses plans with Treasurer Noe.

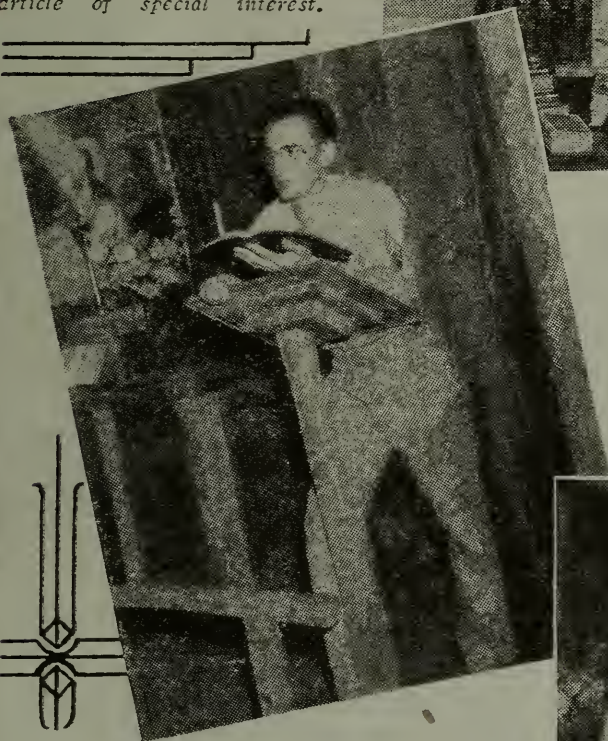
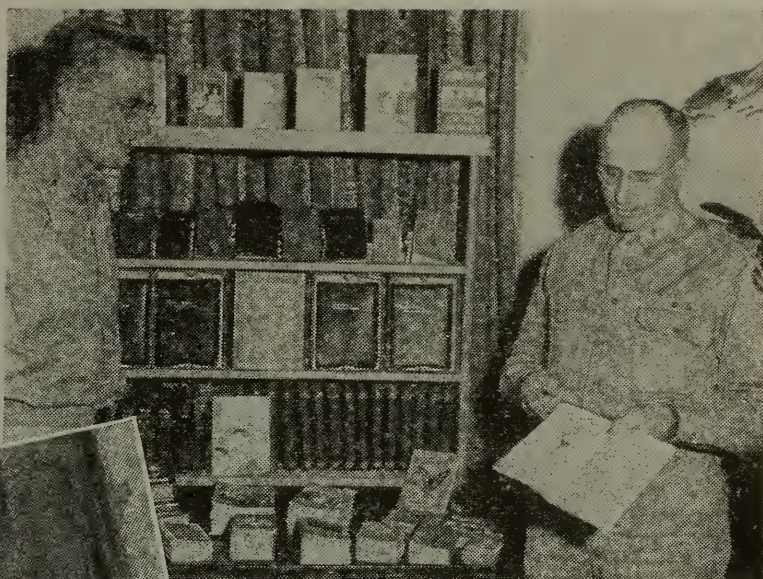


ABOVE: Chaplain Kenneth D. Perkins of the 84th Seabees greets his congregation as they leave his Seabee-built chapel on the edge of a jungle in New Guinea. An ardent booster for the League, and quite as ardent a distributor of this magazine, Chaplain Perkins sees to it that a copy of THE LINK is available for every man attending chapel. (He indicates that this mode of distribution does no harm to chapel attendance—which encourages us no end!) Many chaplains place THE LINK in the pews so that men who worship may read,

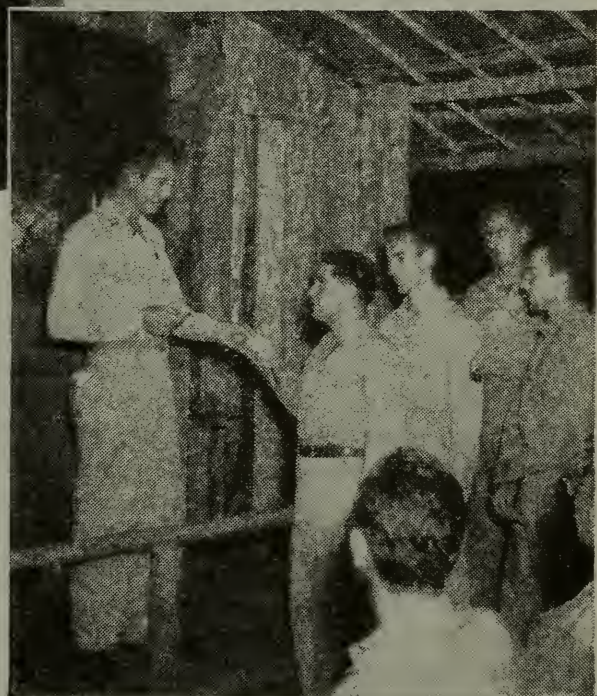


LEFT: Sponsor of the SMCL at the Station Hospital Army Air Field, Casper, Wyo., is Capt. R. F. D. Johnson of the Dental Corps. Shown here at work, the captain organized a Bible study group and later affiliated it with the League. He is a member of the Mission Covenant Church in Minneapolis, where he was the S. S. superintendent; is the son of a pastor-evangelist, and is known for his skill in Bible as well as in dentistry.

RIGHT: The motto of Chaplain Rowland J. Martin, of the 21st Ferrying Group, Palm Springs, Calif., seems to be, "When you come across a good thing, don't hesitate to recommend it to your friends!" That would seem to explain his well-displayed and well-stocked table of religious literature which ranges from Bible and prayer books to pamphlets and tracts. In the photo the chaplain chooses THE LINK as a sample of the best reading, and indicates an article of special interest.



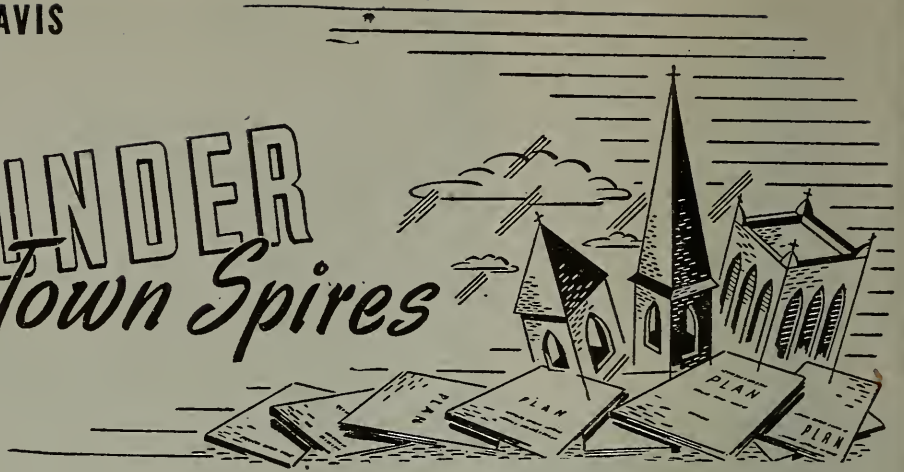
LEFT: From Cpl. Ralph Markese, out in New Guinea, comes enthusiastic word about the SMCL unit of the 63rd Service Group. Bible teacher for this group is Sgt. Thomas M. Hodgkin, shown in the photo as he prepares to expound the Word. The sergeant was studying for the ministry at Wheaton College when war broke out, and he expects to resume his studies when V-Day comes.



RIGHT: Sponsor of the Service Men's Christian League unit mentioned above is Chaplain Cooper, who is shown here presenting Active Membership Cards to the SMCLers. Motto of the unit is "Christ for all—all for Christ." Meetings are held on Thursday evenings, and at them a large number of men have found Christ. Officers of this evangelistic group are: Cpl. Clinton S. Nielsen, president; Cpl. Ralph Markese (shown accepting the card from Chaplain Cooper), vice-president, and T/5 Wilbur A. Schnitker, secretary. The unit is just eleven months old, and shows signs of real virility.

By BERT H. DAVIS

# UNDER *Home-Town Spires*



**R**INGED around a city high school are many drinking places and hangouts. Ed's soft-drink stand is decent but unsanitary. Jake's is a magnet for factory workers and school kids, with craps and slot machines in the back room. The Dump, across the street from the gym, serves whisky to teen-agers.

Do these things add up to a job for the home-town church? In the opinion of many of the home churches you left behind—yes!

"One church knew that when high school classes are over, the cry is, 'Let's all have cokes!'" says Alice L. Goddard of the Detroit Council of Churches. "'And where shall we go?' the teen-agers would add. The church provides the answer at its coke bar across the street from the high school, open after school under church-youth leadership."

It wasn't difficult to get the community youth to come to this teen-age center. All youth, regardless of creed or church affiliation, are served alike in a wholesome environment. Adult sponsors are always present, but, as Miss Goddard remarks, "not too conspicuous."

"We've been left out of wartime community planning," a 17-year-old girl told church council officers in a New England city. "Our town has been thinking about

recreation places for soldiers, and the older girls had a place in the centers as hostesses. At the high school or in the churches, or somewhere, there should be a fun center where our bunch can get together for good times."

Eastern Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., responding to such a challenge with pioneering zeal, sponsors its famous Teen-Canteen. Light lunches and social fellowship are offered most evenings and on school days.

The games, square dances, and crafts programs proposed in "Recreation and the Church" (a publication of the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City) will be even more widely used in American communities in the month in which you read this than when the lines were written.

## "Fund for Character Building"

Arts and crafts programs have a big and healthy place in the week's work of Fordham Manor Reformed Church, in the Bronx, New York City. The Hayden Foundation's "fund for character building" was used to buy the first important equipment, a 24-inch jig saw, for which a church member donated the motor. The saw too could have been provided by gifts

in the congregation, but the Rev. Isidor Beam wanted the young people to have the experience of planning their finances and repaying the Hayden loan.

From the workshop have come tables, footstools, candle-holders to fit on church pews in churches where candles are used in worship services, model airplanes, waste baskets, book ends, and a variety of toys for younger brothers and sisters. Especially for missionary boxes, some of the girls have made many dolls from cloth and oil-cloth odds and ends.

The lower teens are also much interested in the crafts program that the Rev. James R. Colby directs in two Michigan Episcopal parishes—Christ's at East Tawas and St. John's of Au Sable. Thirty of the younger crowd work at the churches in making and repairing toys, sewing, making quilts, printing, and rug weaving.

#### Volunteers in Summer Work

As soon as schools were out, tools and books and baseball gear were packed by many students, hieing away to the summer work camps conducted by Protestant denominations and other religious groups.

Leaders of the Methodist Youth Fellowship tell of one of the six camps for which they are responsible. It is an outgrowth of the community work and labor-and-religion center of Grace Methodist Church, Denver, Colo. Come out 35 miles from Denver to Conifer and the Grace Community Center camp for boys.

"Some of the work campers," says Russell Doughenbough, in charge, "will be counselors in the interracial camp for needy boys of 9 to 16—including Negro, Spanish, Japanese, and Caucasian boys. The work project for which youth's enlistment is requested will be the construction of several camp buildings from timber and stone now on the site."

That's been the summer "conditioning"

of a number of the younger group of Protestants, recruited by young people's societies and fellowships of the churches back home.

The Home Missions Council (interdenominational) found places of voluntary service for about 200 laymen and women in religious programs of 14 states—the period of work ranging from one month to three and a half months. Many of these "experience" jobs had to do with recreation for young people or child-care centers.

#### Wartime Posters Urge Tolerance

A tough job in some communities, especially those of mushroom growth, has been to unite the people in religious and racial tolerance and understanding.

Churches and trade unions, USO centers and YWCA's and shipyards have all been asking for the full-size billboard posters that are put out by the Christian Institute for American Democracy of New York City (see cut on next page).

The Rev. William C. Kernan of Scarsdale, N. Y., quarterbacking this project, finds that the outdoor advertising firms help him locate sponsors in almost any community that has the big roadside and roof-top posterboards. With the local church folks and others buying posters, and the advertising firms donating space, the newspapers said, "Count us in, too." The biggest advertising agencies prepared 22 types of full-page newspaper ads stressing the need for unity among Catholics, Protestants and Jews in the face of Nazi propaganda to disrupt friendly relations. The ads have already appeared in more than 250 newspapers.

"Americans, be just!" is the message given to home folks through this campaign. "Recognize your neighbors' rights as equal to your own. Defend those rights. Protestants, Catholics and Jews die together in the war for the same cause. Let no one

divide us. Keep America free from racial and religious persecution."

Captain Robert D. Workman, Chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Navy, is a member of the national committee for this campaign.

From St. Albans Naval Hospital in the outskirts of New York City came a Jewish corporal of the marines to declare that men who have seen action are not "falling for" the propaganda aimed to divide Americans according to their races or faiths. *The New York Times* quotes Cpl. Stanley Spierer as saying to other Jewish war veterans in a Brooklyn meeting: "My best buddy was a Jew-hater at first, but later he saved my life by risking his own."

Plenty of hard, humdrum work for folks on home soil is presented in the system through which the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church keeps in touch with its service men, assigned all over the globe.

#### Keeping Track of 100,000 Members

Appreciative service men and women tell church leaders that they follow their members, wherever they are, "with all the thoroughness of the FBI." There are more than 100,000 names on the master list. A thousand letters and cards come in each day at the synod office on LaSalle Street, Chicago. Many of these represent "one more change in address." Forty-five full-time workers and an equal force of part-

timers equip the newly enrolled Lutheran service man with prayer-book, Lutheran identification tag, and a list of 727 key pastors in this and ten other countries. Each month a news leaflet, *At Ease*, follows the uniformed men and women to their places of service, and there are also monthly bulletins to aid and inspire daily personal worship.

#### Engineering and Church Leadership

Beside his draftsman's board in the Ranger Aircraft plant lies a Bible. In the sixty-hour-a-week working schedule there isn't much time for Cesario Tierra of Brooklyn to read the Scriptures, but at lunch period and during other breaks in the engineer's schedule it is the Bible to which Cesario turns.

Forty hours a week this dark-eyed, intense Filipino of Brooklyn gives to the church he serves as pastor. The Church of the Filipinos is the only place of worship in Brooklyn especially planned for Mr. Tierra's countrymen. When he offers prayers each Sunday for islanders still in Japanese hands, says *Christian Herald*, it is on behalf of a congregation which includes Jewish, Catholic and Protestant Filipinos.

*Christian Herald* does well to honor this home-town minister-war worker as its "Disciple of the Month . . . An Apostle of Freedom."





# THE WORLD'S TWO

# Decisive Battles

Second of a pair of articles outlining the two conflicts that are basically the cause and cure of this and all wars

By CPL. FRANK N. PORHOLAK



WE need to walk softly as we approach the site of this second of the world's two decisive battles, for our feet are treading on holy ground. A Man of Sorrows is on His face in a garden called Gethsemane. He is no ordinary Man. He is the Son of God as well as the Son of Man.

Why does this Man have to suffer as He does? Is it because He is at fault? Has He displeased His Father? Has He disobeyed, as had the first Adam?

The testimony is certain on this score. This One knew no sin, did no sin, had no sin. He always did those things which delighted the Father. He came into this world to seek and to save *that which was lost*—not, as we are prone to quote it, to seek and to save *those* who were lost. Much more was lost than mankind. Much more was at stake. All creation was involved. If He did not save *that which* was lost, His work would be inferior to Adam's, since Adam would have involved more in ruin than Christ could regain.

He was in this world, and in this garden on His way to the cross, because only in this manner could He fully consummate



*He won by saying: "Thy will, not Mine . . ."*

all which was written of Him. In the form of God, and at God's right hand, He could not be touched by death. Subsisting in the form of God, He could not be laid hold on by the Adversary. So He emptied Himself, taking the form of a man, and, being "found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Being found in fashion as a man, He was capable of tasting death. In the form of God He was not. This is what the writer of Hebrews wanted us to understand. Those whom He was to save were participants of blood and flesh. He was not. He could only be nigh to His children by don-

ning flesh and blood, taking a body which was, like theirs, subject to suffering and liable to the pangs of death. Since God had pronounced irrevocably the sentence of death against sin, He came to die on our behalf, and, through death purchase our redemption.

For this reason, He must in all things be made like the people He came to save. In flesh and blood He would be very nigh to His creatures. In flesh and blood, and in the likeness of humanity, death could lay hold on Him. But in doing this, death would slay itself and the Adversary overreach himself.

#### Where the Battle Was Joined

This is why we see Him as the Son of Man in the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a battleground of His Father's choosing.

Thus the other decisive battle that affected the entire creation was fought by a lone Man in a garden. He wanted companionship in His trial and testing, and had taken friends with Him. But the events which transpired during the last weeks had tired them, and they drowsed and soon slept. Only He was awake. He was in a garden in which were gnarled olive trees. There was a vat there in which the olives were trod so that oil could be gotten from their crushing.

In this garden Another was crushed. He was prostrate on ground which was accursed because of the first man's disobedience. His face was covered by His hands. He was praying. Outwardly there seemed to be no battle going on, and much less a decisive one. He was in an agony as a "cup" was pressed to His lips. Drops of sweat, as great drops of blood, fell from His corrugated brow. This Son of Man talked to His Father. "My Father," he cried in the agony of His battle, "if it is possible, let this cup be passing by from Me. Moreover, not as *I* will, but as *Thou* wilt!"

But there did not seem to be an answer to that prayer, for the "cup" was still there. He spoke a second time. "My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done!" The most decisive battle in all the world was decided right at that moment with those last four words.

If we think of great battles solely in terms of tanks, guns, bombs, airplane carriers, submarines and armies, we may not be able to comprehend what took place there. But the most decisive battle in all the world was fought within the spirit of that Man. And the battle that He fought, He *won*. Where the first man, Adam, said, "*My* will, not *Yours*, be done," and lost, this Man said, "Not *My* will, but *Thine* be done," and won.

Here is where we need to examine our thinking on the subject of freedom. We think we are most happy when we are most free. God says we are most happy when we are most subject to a high ideal. If anyone had freedom to do as He liked, certainly Christ had it. Yet He knew that only by an intelligent grasp of the purpose of the Deity and a willing submission to His will was it possible to find true happiness.

#### The Paradox of Freedom

We only have liberty when we forego it. This sounds like a paradox but the lesson is all around us to see. Let us endow inanimate objects with freedom to do as they will, and observe what may happen.

Here, for example, is a river placid and flowing in an orderly manner within its prescribed limits, its banks. Suppose the river were to say, "I'm tired of flowing in confinement; I want to be free to go wherever I like!" You would have smashed banks and levees, inundated country, lives and property lost, disease rampant and commerce at a standstill. But when the river

gives up its idea of liberty, and stays confined to its banks, it is really free in the truest sense, free to carry boats and freight, supply water for hydroelectric plants and the like.

Suppose a train were to say, "I'm tired of being confined to one roadbed, two rails and semaphores, switches and blocks; I'm going to be free!" It would leave the tracks, plow up the countryside, wreck itself, the freight on its back and the lives in its coaches. Only as it foregoes its right to leave the tracks is it really free to do what its designer had in mind.

#### Only Free When Confined

We like to watch the fitful flashing of the lightning on sultry summer evenings when, from one end of heaven to the other, it leaps across the sky and lights up the night. But if we are on an operating table undergoing a delicate operation where a slip could mean death, we would want the electricity in the bulb to behave and not be free to flash or not flash. To shine with a steady glow, it must give up its liberty, it must forego its desire to come and go as it pleases; must restrict itself to a wire and a switch. Only thus is it free to do good: to warm people, provide light for study or surgery, illuminate homes, cities and highways, run elevators and trains, and the like. Electricity, like the river and the railroad, is free only if it is not at liberty to do as it wills.

The ultimate purpose of God is to bring all in subjection to Himself. What Adam through disobedience failed to do, Christ through His obedience shall yet do. He will bring all into subjection to Himself. Thus at the consummation we shall be happy, not because we are free, but because we shall be subject to our God. In that day His will shall be done in earth as it is in heaven. His will shall be the supreme delight of all His creatures.

In thus foregoing His position in the glory and emptying Himself, humbling Himself and coming to be in the likeness of humanity, Jesus set aside His own will in favor of His Father's. By not insisting on His rights or His will He showed us what the disposition of a real child of God should be at all times and in all circumstances. Not our will but His, is the open sesame to supreme satisfaction, not only to us, but to Him. He delights in those who present their bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, well pleasing to God, as our logical and "reasonable service." He delights in those who are not conformed to the wickedness of this world, but are transformed by the renewing of the mind, to be in a position to know *what is the will of God*, good and well pleasing and mature.

Because Jesus would not insist on His rights, but submitted all to the will of God, God also "highly exalted Him and gave Him a name which is above every name." And what is the name? If we were choosing, perhaps we'd pick something fancy, like "King of kings," "Lord of lords," "Lion of the tribe of Judah," "the Bright and Morning Star."

#### "He Shall Save His People"

But the name above every name is the one given Him at His birth when He partook of flesh and blood and took upon Himself a body adapted for sacrifice. Remember the name He received? "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"Jesus" is the name above every name. The other names and titles would be empty of meaning and power if He had not left His place in glory to do the will of His God and Father. As the Son of Man-kind, and as the One who always did what His Father wanted, He triumphed. He won His supremest battle for us all in this manner.

What did He win? All that the first man lost, and more. The first man lost a garden and the second regained it. The first man lost fellowship and the second Man, by being forsaken, restored it. The first man brought suffering while the second brought healing. The first brought death and the second brought life. The first brought enmity and the second brought friendship. The first man brought estrangement and the second Man brought reconciliation. The deeds of the first man were overwhelmed by the "much mores" of the Man of glory.

The most decisive battle in all the world made all this possible. The campaign took place in the spirit and will of this Man.

He won by saying, "Not My will, but Thine be done!" This is the way the nations of the earth will win their struggle. This is the way the peoples of the earth will win their struggle for equity and righteousness for all. They all must say, "Not *our* will, Lord, but *Yours* be done!"

You, too, may win your present battle and all future ones with the same words, if spoken with the same trust and faith He had when He said them. Let us set aside our will for His will. Then we shall know what true fellowship and happiness are ere we join him in the glory. Remember the words. "Not My will, but Thine be done!"

Is that hard to say? Not if you let *Him* say it with *your* lips!

### "A Quick Glance Godward"

By RALPH GRIESER

Pastor, Methodist Church, Polo, Ill.

**T**WO unpopular adjectives turn us away from calls to prayer. We are victims of the tradition that prayers are to be *long* and *regular*. Most of us like neither adjective. Our days are too full and mobile.

Why not place another adjective before the two traditional ones? Why not take our eyes off the words *long* and *regular*, which are so forbidding to modern youth, and turn to another more acceptable adjective? Why not answer the call to practice the presence of God with an *ejaculatory* prayer?

Once one senses the help of prayer at odd moments, he welcomes its call. As Olive Wyon puts it in *The School of Prayer*: "Even the most over-burdened people would find their work less heavy if they were in the habit of taking brief draughts of 'living water.' God is *there* all the time; a silent glance, a brief prayer uttered from the heart in the midst of the din of a factory or a kitchen is as dear to Him as the prayer of those who have more leisure."

While some people by nature respond to long and regular devotional hours, and others have by strict discipline climbed the ladder to long audiences with the heavenly Father, most of us find it easier to send a telegram than to write an eight-page letter. All of us can develop the habit of sending "a quick glance Godward." No one is too busy at any rush hour to utter a short, dart-like petition. Swift thoughts of God come within the realm of all sorts of people under every conceivable circumstance.

Whoever will enlist in the school of ejaculatory prayer will soon find the details of his work and life relating themselves to the will of God. Dull duties will take on new meaning. All of life will be lifted to a richer level. New glory will appear in the commonplace. As the odd moments of dart-like prayers increase you will enter the realm of satisfactory religious living.

Prayer at odd moments is the door and the way to the life of prayer. Try it!

# VOICES *to service-men and women*

IT WASN'T till a long time after that I knew the real low-down. Not until the postal signifying his safe arrival on a foreign shore did I realize the content and the portent of that moment. For the girl knew, as she lifted ecstatic brown eyes to the beauty and the wonder of Yosemite's Bridal Veil, that she had but a handful of hours in this country she loved.

Silver, misty, sun-flecked, the falls fell from the impressive heights above, tinkling like silver bells on the first drop, zooming like the noise of a Liberator as it reached the fast-running silver below. All about stood ancient kindly trees, and pine-needles, sweet and slippery, formed a carpet at her feet.

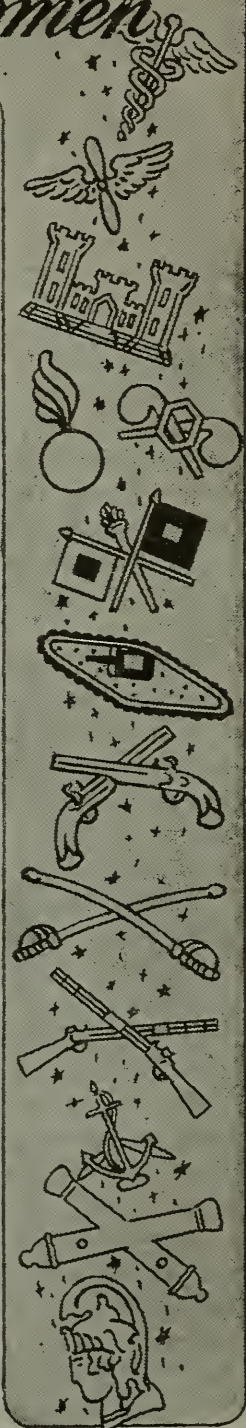
With the gesture of an automaton, the girl swept her GI hat from her brown waves, and it was then that I saw the shadow in her eyes. That shadow was not of fear, but of final understanding and a wistful sense of loss. Youth, beauty, bridal-veils, renunciation! In her heart she knew the immemorial yearning, she tasted the bitter cup of separation and estrangement. A moment later she was her valiant self again, and the shadow was but a memory.

I have known many young women—and women not so young—in service, yet never have I seen hysteria as the approach of the "alert" became a creeping certainty. Doubtless there are isolated cases, but if so this writer has never seen them. If crowding regrets weight the feet of some as they approach the gangplank, chins remain high, steps firm and deliberate.

All over this country I have witnessed the courage and the stamina of women. A few days ago a soldier said to me: "We came all the long way from Abilene, Texas, to San Francisco by antiquated coach-train. No seats to tilt comfortably back, no conceivable position to relieve the aching fatigue, the terrible ennui. Yet three girl-wives, mothers of soldier's babies, *endured*, uncomplainingly. They took it. They didn't beef. And, believe me, their example saved the day! How could we fellows accept the ordeal with less fortitude than they?"

To courage, then—at home, on the battlefield, with or without skirts, and in whatever guise we find it! The ability to endure, and by that example, help others to endure, spells our victory.

—MAYO CORNELL



GI'S DISCUSS WHAT'S RIGHT AND  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH

# *The Church* AS THEY SEE IT



EDITOR'S NOTE: From the very beginning THE LINK has laid itself out to not only guide but reflect the thinking of its million-plus readers. We see this magazine not so much as a pulpit as a forum. Even as we try editorially to be forthright on all questions, to pull no punches, we invite one and all to speak out in meeting as the spirit moves them. All we ask is sincerity—sincerity and a sense of Christian mission in what is being said.

As a result, we think that the great stream of correspondence that regularly flows across our desk comprises as dependable a cross-section of GI opinion as you will find anywhere.

One trend we were quick to sense was the apparent desire of Christian service men and women to see the Church they love realize its highest objectives. Some felt that it has not done that. One of the glories of the Protestant Church has ever been that its members are free to criticize it at all times, realizing that THEY are the Church, and whatever they say about its failures or achievements confers on them a responsibility to overcome the failures and add to the achievements. So we decided to throw open these columns to a little plain speaking on the subject.

As a stimulator to this plain speaking, we invited one of the Church's most challenging apologists to keynote a bull session on what service men and women should expect of the Church, and what the Church has a right to expect of them. This article, written by Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell and entitled "While You Are Away," was published in our May issue. With it was an invitation to you to agree or disagree via letter, adding your own thoughts (and gripes, if any) to the sound and fury.

The letters poured in. The majority came, we were gratified as well as surprised to note, from overseas. Obviously, the closer men get to the battlefronts the more seriously they think of the valued persons and institutions they left behind, and the more they want to see these persons and institutions press on to the mark of their high calling.

Among the critical, most pointed to the churches' lack of unity, their denominationalism, the failure of their religious education programs, their lack of militancy in fighting for social objectives, their loss of the evangelical "go out and compel them to come in" approach to the unchurched, their failure to offer sufficient challenge to virile youth. Some deplored what they called the churches' "ivory tower" kind of religion, their "religious clubbiness for nice folks" (Dr. Bell's phrase) and other manifestations of a

withdrawn, out-of-this-world attitude toward themselves and others that has failed to attract the religiously uninitiated.

But, mark you, these are not soured old cynics, standing off at a distance and taking pot-shots at an institution they despise. These are, for the most part, men and women who love the Church, are proud of its achievements across the centuries, and only wish to see it realize in this modern world some of the things for which it anciently has done battle. Proof of their sincerity is the fact that many of them state their intention either to enter the ministry or actively engage in local church work when they return.

We present herewith a few of the letters. They speak for themselves.



### *"Must Come Out of Doors"*

By PFC. NEWTON P. DARLING, JR.

**D**R. BELL'S article puts the problem of the Church right where it belongs—with the people who profess and call themselves Christian. The big failure with the Church is its disunity and lack of evangelism in the schools and colleges. Of all Christian communions, only the Romans have a unified worship, doctrine and evangelical pattern.

Certainly Christian truth and doctrine can't disseminate into opposing forces, pitted against each other. Yet such is the case when each church claims that it is the one and only way to God. Clear away the varieties of belief into a truly unified Christian organism, and then the Church of Christ here upon earth will gain cohesion and strength.

When I was in school I had no Christian curriculum. Certainly such omission of the principles upon which civilization and democratic government are based is tragic. The Church, not the schools, is responsible. As long as Protestantism is so diverse in its beliefs regarding Christ and the means of salvation, Christian education in the school is futile. But the fact remains, high school days is the time for the Church to be evangelically represented.

When I return I expect a dynamic Church standing on its own feet, both in worship and in community work. I expect a God-centered service, where the Holy Communion is the most real experience and where Christ is the important person.

I expect too a militant Church, partaking in community life. I am increasingly led to believe that our American separation of Church and State is not too good. I expect integration between State and Church. I expect the Church to come out of doors and not to remain cloistered. Christianity is not merely a way of life; it is life itself. That is the challenge.

What am I prepared to do to help bring these aims about? I am entering the ministry after the war.

### *"Blazing Centrality of God"*

By T/5 HOLLIS W. HASTINGS

**A**S I am planning to enter the Christian ministry when I leave the Army, I have been doing a great deal of serious thinking on how we can make the Church more effective in the postwar world.

In the first place, the fundamental purpose of the Christian Church is to present to the people of the world the "blazing centrality of God" in the life of the world. Christian ministers must, therefore, throw aside all relativities, all compromises, and preach the inevitable moral law of a just God, tempered with the merciful grace of his son, Jesus Christ. As long as the Church deviates from this course of action—and it has been guilty of this sin entirely too frequently—it is missing the mark completely, and is thus losing its unique place in the world.

Second, the whole religious education program in the Church School must be drastically revised to cut out much of the

extraneous, irrelevant material now considered fit for Sunday-school consumption. Starting with a good background of Old Testament history, the course could move forward, in chronological order, emphasizing throughout a just yet unequivocal God guiding His people through the pages of history, rewarding them when they heed His teachings, and punishing them when they stray into unrighteousness. It should emphasize the significance of a stable in Bethlehem; a cross on Calvary; Peter's, Stephen's, and Paul's part in the founding of the Christian Church and gently nurturing it with their very life-blood. With this background, the course could then go into the application of Christian principles to modern-day life, and would throughout be supplementary to, and cohesive with, the program of the Church itself.

In the third place, I feel that the Church should be a dynamic force in the life of the community, taking a definite stand for good on the social issues of the day. A Church which professes itself to be Christian, and then crawls into its ivory tower and lets the world go by, is not worthy of the name of Christ. The Christian Church can be a tremendous force for right in the world if it will stand up and shout the gospel of Christ from the hill-tops—unrelenting and uncompromising—instead of hiding its light under a bushel when the going gets rough or controversial.

### *"Presents Too Little Challenge"*

By CPL. ELMER L. RUSSELL

**I**T is my belief that the great majority of people are lost to active participation in Church life because the Church and its activities offer little or nothing of challenge to its members.

In the army I have met hundreds of men—men of every religion, faith, and creed; men who have been educated and those who are illiterate. I have visited churches in Texas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Utah, and Arizona. Everywhere I find the same attitude—service men have little time or use for the formalized rituals of the

churches or their petty dogmas. Do they attend church or chapel? Mostly, no. With few exceptions, all of the boys recognize the necessity of religion and do not denounce it, but for the most part it leaves them cold, uninspired. Of course, many have never had the opportunities, or perhaps I should say the encouragement, to attend any church. Others, like myself, have attended church and Bible school from childhood. A great many of us though have been disappointed at the inadequacy of the Church program for its young people—and for its elders.

Few, if any, attempts are made to apply Biblical events to our daily life. During high school and college years, we expand the horizons of our minds, and we encounter the world with its multitudes of ideas, differences of philosophies, and changing people. It is a period of readjustment and refitting of old principles. We must have sufficient help from the Church and home if we are to meet those problems without defeating our Christianity.

The moral questions—dancing, smoking and drinking—and the scientific questions of evolution, geology and history arose. But all were dismissed with the emphatic answer: "They are wrong and do not agree with the Bible. Therefore, they are un-Christian beliefs and ways of the devil." You cannot brush off such questions so lightly without raising doubts in the mind of youth. Perhaps such things are wrong, but let us *prove* them so.

The Church has a wonderful opportunity to get the jump on these opposing, or supposedly opposing, ideas. If a child is acquainted beforehand with the new ideas, they will not be so entirely foreign to him when he does meet them in the world. One sometimes has the feeling that the Church is trying to hide the facts because it cannot or does not possess a logical case for itself. Why are we not taught the history of our local church; what part it has played in the community; its relationship to other churches in the same community and to the neighboring churches of its own denomination? Why are we



never told how our Bible came to be written; how it was assembled; the relationships of the time sequence in history to the writing of the Biblical books; the periods during which the books were written; and their importance in world history?

Answers to such questions as these remain unheard by the Church members. The more its members know about an organization, the more they feel a part of it. The Church should not be an organization of executives, but of the assembly.

The Church must teach before it can preach. It must keep abreast of events. It is hard for a person to be taught twentieth century ideas in public schools, to meet them in everyday life, and yet to be taught nineteenth century ideas in the Church. They do not mix! The new drives out the old. The Church must face the methods of today. How else can it survive? Society changes; the Church too must change—not its fundamental message but its ways of presenting it.

I hope the Church is not expecting this war to make us soldiers any more Christian than when we left home! If anything, we will be greater cynics. All our lives we were taught the doctrine of peace—peace at any price! Those doctrines may be a part of the Christian religion, but some one mangled the job of presenting the teaching in a manner that would help us. The tragedy is that we, the young people, are the ones asked to tear down and throw away in a day what we have been taught and believed in for twenty years.

After the war, the Church will have a tremendous job to do in bringing the gospel to its ex-service men. The consequences will be serious if it does not meet this challenge forthrightly. Is the Church preparing itself or is it lulled into thinking that the horrors and misery of the war will bring back these men, who fought with their minds as well as their bodies, with a Christian attitude toward life? May God see to it that this challenge is accepted and carried through with all the power the Church can muster!

## "Perfect Antidote for Evil"

By S/SGT. PAUL MILLER

WHEN the boys and girls come marching home the Church will be responsible for establishing a universal brotherhood among men. It will be the duty of Christian people to mold a Christian society where men everywhere can live in peace and harmony. They must strive to make the world a Kingdom for God, free from racial hatred, economic oppression and imperialism. These evils have divided nation against nation, brother against brother, and wrought destruction throughout the world.

The Church must realize that it is the only perfect antidote for all evil forces. To procure an everlasting peace she must spread the Word of the Lord Jesus Christ to a lost world. The forces of paganism confronting mankind can be eradicated only as rapidly as the Word of Christ reaches the lost.

There are many reasons why Christianity failed to spread rapidly enough to save the world from the evils of war. We invested our faith in the things of the world and our money to satisfy our selfish desires. Envy and hatred were substituted for charity, divorce for happy homes, division for unity, treachery for faith; as a result we are fighting tyranny for freedom. The Church failed in its efforts to bring the message of Christ to the vast multitudes because many of the members did not make the necessary sacrifices required of Christian men and women. I ask that every Christian examine himself and answer these questions: What have I done to further the Kingdom of God? Where have I failed in my duty? What can I do to insure world peace for the boys coming home?

When the flags have been furled and the boys come home, let the Christians prove they have an institution capable of furnishing a happy and peaceful future. The Church is as strong as its weakest member; therefore, the Church must have the absolute support of every member to prove it holds the keys for a peaceful future.

## We Need "The Church Unafraid"

By SGT. CHARLES W. PHILLIPS

THE provocative Dr. Bell has spoken again, honestly and fearlessly. It was he who said, "It is our duty to speak for God the wisdom of God, not to tell others our own bright ideas."

That is what the Church ought to be doing today—"speaking for God the wisdom of God." This it does not always do in these times of tragedy; nor, for that matter, do some of the ideas coming from the pulpit and the religious press seem particularly bright.

First of all, the Church caters far too much to "the sweet old ladies" (whose sewing circles are shameful breeding-grounds for gossip and scandal). The clergy doesn't want to frighten them. This tends to emasculate the Church.

Second, the Church fails to encourage its forthright young clergy and laymen. Mediocrity and conventionalism are given preference and even preferment. "By all means, let us be *safe!*" seems to be the policy of most church leaders.

Third, the Church tends to be Erastian, tending too eagerly to serve the State rather than to assert its right to be the critic of the State. Too often the Church backs the status quo, as though change were of necessity an evil.

Fourth, the Church fails to teach its youth that Christians are living in a world where men are basically selfish, sinful, greedy for power and money and applause. What a rude awakening a man has when he leaves home and parish and goes out to mingle with his non-Christian (or nominally Christian) brothers! His world of value turns upside-down—and he with it.

Fifth, the Church fails to deal realistically with the moral problems facing a young Christian when he enters the modern business world. Instead, the young Christian is all too apt to accept the greedy practices of modern industrialism as normal and right, or else he is led to think that the teachings of Jesus are out of date.

And, last of all, the Church fails miserably to educate.

When and if I ever get back home, I want to find the Church grown up a bit; more forthright in its criticism of economic and social injustices; more eager and better prepared to teach, educate; more willing to face the fact of a sinful, hard world; ready to accept the help some of us want to give. I want to see a Church which teaches an integral Christianity. I want the post-war Church to be known in history books 500 years hence as "The Church Unafraid."

I'll do what I can—that is, what the Church will let me do. But I do know *one thing I certainly will do*: I will see to it that my son, born just two days ago, gets the soundest, most realistic Christian education that I can give him. I don't want him to be unprepared to face the hard reality of being a Christian in an un-Christian, anti-Christian world!

## "The Resort of Nice People"

By SGT. ALBERT B. MANSKI

THE Church is not militant enough. It must fight with its most powerful weapon, *example*, to attain the paramount place in world affairs that it deserves rightfully. It cannot sit back and let other factions discuss vital issues without participating *actively* in stressing the laws of God and their necessity for the solution of our problems.

Too long has the Church preferred to leave life on its doorstep instead of inviting it in. The "holier than thou" attitude as exemplified by certain groups within the Church has made religion appear the resort of "nice people." True religion is simple, sincere, uplifting, hopeful.

Its representatives, therefore, should display it as such in their everyday lives. They must realize that since Man is human he can err; that religion is the striving for perfection through the transition of experience in the school of life. They should understand that Christ spoke to Mary Magdalene, a sinner, because He

wanted to help her. This willingness to share the other person's plight makes for practical Christianity. If we can offer help to a person in darkness, we should not frown upon the error or the sin which he wants to amend, but offer "a cup in His name."

After the war there will be great opportunities for the Church in rehabilitating humanity. Man will need to restore his senses from the effects of the holocaust, and the task of the Church will be to provide him with the proper implements. From the smoldering embers of the darkest period in man's history will come the Light.

The Church must guide Man along the path of righteousness without sounding "preachy." Into the heart of each man must be injected the practical gospel of friendliness. The Church will have to be a *human* hand, reaching out to guide Man toward God, because God is the beginning and the end of all. We cannot live without Him. The Church must impress this fact constantly.

If it is God's will for me to survive this war, I want to become a religious teacher. I feel a call to the vocation, having seen that Christ's vineyard needs workers. Men need the voids of their lives filled with goodness, the Word of God, the comfort of human co-operation. The instruction of the young, especially in religion, is the keynote of the future, and teaching is what I hope to do to help the Church.

### *"Salt That's Lost Its Savor"*

By SEAMAN 1/c ERIC G. WEHRLI

**T**HE greater part of the Church of today has "modernized" the Christian religion, calling the original form of worship and service old-fashioned and out of date. It has a religion of form and symbolism rather than a genuine experience of rebirth, and therefore lacks warmth and satisfying qualities. It has been contented to have knowledge of God but shuns the experience of really knowing Him. It wants to be a friend of the world and a friend of God also; therefore it has compromised

between earthly and heavenly things.

The Church in general lacks stable leadership—leaders who have the courage of their convictions; leaders who are bold to speak the truth though it may rub the fur of human desires the wrong way. It has too many leaders who have taken to the ministry as a vocation, a means of making a living, rather than a mission of self-sacrifice for the Kingdom of God.

The Church is a divided house—different groups trying to excel over the others in membership, power and fame, and have left the important things undone. It seems that the greater part of the Church of today is backslidden; it is the "salt that has lost its savor."

I expect the Church to be aroused from its lukewarm condition and, as it were, to repent as a backslidden sinner. I expect it to seek and find that which is vital in religion, even the conversion of the soul by sincere and honest repentance.

Then, having been revitalized in newness of life, it should awaken to the spiritual needs of men and women the world over. It should become a unified and co-operative body, dedicated to the purpose of bringing men to the knowledge of their need of being reconciled to God. I expect the Church to have a missionary vision and treat all peoples, regardless of race or color, without respect of person or favoritism. I expect the Church to be a doer of the Word and not a hearer only.

I have faced the truth of God's Word and have accepted Christ as my Saviour and Lord. I realize, to a certain extent, the importance of living a Christlike life, and expect to obey the command "Go ye." I am ready and willing to do that which I expect of the Church. I purpose to be aggressive and active for the cause of Christ and willing to enter into Christian service. I expect to offer my service to the Church, though my service may be small. I expect to join the few laborers in this vast world harvest which is ready for reaping. The call goes out, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" With Isaiah I say, "Here am I, send me!"

## *Failure Due to "Deflected Aim"*

By PH.M1/c ANDREW T. GUNNING

ONE thing that is noticeable among men living together in large numbers, especially in overseas stations, is their totally unconcerned attitudes toward anything spiritual. This is so evident in their thoughts, actions, and conversations that I cannot stress its existence too emphatically.

It can hardly be said that the Church is to be blamed for the failure of *all* these men to know and fear God. I am convinced, however, that a goodly number of these same men would today be soundly rooted in the love and faith of Jesus Christ had the Church been a little more insistent on one purpose: To open up meticulously, and yet simply, the Word of God to its people in order that they might perceive, with meaning, man's position with God, the power and love of God, man's inevitable inclination to sin, and God's conditions and promises of a victorious life through Christ.

In my opinion the Church's failure has been due to its "deflected aim." The chief aim of the Church should be to win men and women to Christ. Else, why the establishment of churches at all? In plain reality, it must recall that human life on this earth is preparing for an eternal life in one of two destinations. And it must be the Church's undertaking and determination to see that it truthfully points the way to an eternal life with Jesus Christ in heaven. This must be the first aim of the Church, and must precede any and all other programs.

Church attendance and church membership alone in no way assure a man of eternal life. The devout Christians of today must guard against those whom Paul terms as "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

What am I prepared to do when I return to my church? Putting God first in my life, and seeking his guidance and direction in every step, I wish to be used by Him in whatever way he opens according to His will. It is not my intention to take

a back seat, resting in the assurance of my own salvation, but rather I would be ready and willing to help others find this same joy that is mine. And above all, it is my earnest desire to implant in the minds of those with whom I come in contact the importance of seriously and methodically reading God's Word, that they may intelligently understand the truths within, and that they themselves may help someone who is seeking the way out from the darkness of sin to the light of salvation.

## *Some Drastic Changes Suggested*

By PFC. CHARLES R. PREVITE

IF the Church is to measure up to the tremendous task of the postwar years, overcome its ineffectiveness, capture the enthusiastic support of returning service men, drastic changes are necessary. It is toward the realization of these objectives that I would like to see the Church move and in which I would like to share.

1. *Church Co-operation and Unity.* There must be a breaking-down of denominational barriers and prejudices. If the churches are to meet the needs of wrecked humanity, they must learn to co-operate, pool their resources, and sufficiently reorganize themselves so that when the Church speaks, its echoes resound throughout the world. It cannot hope to make much headway in its present, miserable, split condition.

2. *Religious Education.* The time has come for religion to be taught in the same serious and scientific manner as biology or sociology is taught. An hour of Sunday school or Sunday night discussion is hardly worthy to be called "religious education." "Released time" from public schools opens up new possibilities. Those who teach religion should be as skillful and well trained as public school teachers.

3. *A New Emphasis in Christian Teaching.* Doctrinal controversies and feuds must give way to a new unity of basic moral Christian beliefs as a basis for united action. Jesus was concerned with the problems of this world as well as with those

of the future world. This new emphasis must be a reassertion of the teachings of Jesus Himself, adapted to meet the world's need—a world, incidentally, that is not unlike the one in which Jesus lived and moved.

4. *Youth.* The Church must inspire the youth of the world to the challenging cause of the Kingdom of God and to Christ as the rallying center for their highest loyalties. It must make world youth as passionate to work and fight for Christ as Nazi soldiers work and fight for Hitler, or the Japs for their so-called "god-emperor."

Moreover, the Church must create a passion to save life not destroy it, a loyalty higher than race or nation, a world vision and world fellowship to offset all manner of man-made barriers between men and nations.

### *Shortsighted Leadership*

By PFC. JACK REICHENSTEIN

WHEN we come back to our homes, we want a Church that will let Christianity be the real and living force that Christ meant for it to be. I say "we" because, from my talks with other fellows, we who have looked for it have had a new experience with Christianity. We have found Christ and His principles for living. They have become more than doctrines or theories. We have seen them work in daily living!

*First, we want a Church that will dare to decrease and let Christ increase.* If the Church wants to give us the life that Christ talked of, then let it give us the true, simple teachings of Jesus; less of what men think and believe, and more of the gospel that we know can rebuild life; less theology and theory, and more sincere helpfulness to man; less pomp and ceremony, and a more simple worship of God.

*Second, we want a Church that humbly tries to serve men with the same sympathetic and impelling love that Christ had for people and their spiritual and material welfare.* She must serve as a guide to

point men to Jesus and His way of life; to show them how to live *with* Him. Not by a set of rules based on the sentimental niceties of a goody-goody life, but founded on the principles of love, faith, prayer, the will of God, humility, and service. These should be the stabilizing center that life is built around. Christianity must be the motivation of living, not merely a list of do's and don'ts. The Church can serve man by inspiring him to build his life on Christ.

*Third, give us a Church that has a vision of public service, beginning in the individual community and extending throughout the whole world.* It is said that the Church, the Home and the School are the elements which influence the building of community life. Too often the Church has been content to be the silent partner, or to offer only a weak and half-hearted leadership.

For years a short-sighted leadership within the Church has overlooked the possibilities of presenting Christianity in an attractive way to young people. They have limited themselves to Sunday schools and Sunday night fellowships, which are usually hackneyed. Christ is presented in such a disorganized, dull, unreal way that most young people fail to see where it all fits in with the hard reality of high-school classes, college, social activities, life-work. The school and home are certainly influencing them. But where is the church that has something practical and real to give them?

As for world missions, post-war communication and transportation point to a smaller world. But it can mean a bigger world of service to the Church that is prepared and willing to go with the gospel of Christ, despite cost or effort or time.

Where I, or any of us, fit into this program seems of little importance. First, let us pray that we might be willing to follow Christ into *any* form of service where He leads, and that He will give us the vision, the grit and the gumption to do the job that needs to be done as He would have it done.



# THIS IS YOUR *League*



A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE NATIONAL OFFICE OF THE SMCL

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

*General Secretary, Service Men's Christian League*

**W**ARS are fought not only with bold, dramatic strokes but also with routine action that never makes the headlines. Heroes are made not only in the height of battle but also in the unsung tasks where heroism consists of "grinning and bearing it." Christians are made not only in a church, nor on a raft, nor yet where the battle is thickest, but everywhere—when ever a man realizes his need for God and accepts Jesus Christ as the Lord of his life.

So is it with the Service Men's Christian League. It is needed not only in camps or on ships where things are peaceful, but it is needed even to a greater extent where men are face to face with death. From Tarawa around the world to Anzio, and all across the peaceful U. S. A., service men are united under one banner and for one cause in the Service Men's Christian League. There is no one type of situation in which the League prospers better than

in another. The League is successful and contributes greatly to the life of the men in whatever place they may be. It is written into the fabric of the Christian heart that a vital Christian experience must be shared and not kept to oneself. The League gives this opportunity for sharing.

A short while ago we reported the League at Anzio. **Chaplain William A. Zoerner** wrote that the men with him on the Anzio beachhead requested a Bible class, and "The Christian League of the 45th Ordnance Battalion" was the result. The men held League meetings twice a week, frequently with shells bursting around them. With a real sense of humility we bow to this worthy group.

Now we report the League on Tarawa. **Chaplain Norman J. Darling** is the guiding spirit and **Ralph Offringa**, **Earl Mathason** and **Donald Marford** are president, vice president and secretary respectively.

Chaplain Darling reports that they did not have a unit of the SMCL before Tarawa, but when there was "an influx of replacements, and late return of some of the men from convalescence," then the unit was established on board ship en route to further combat.

*PHOTO AT TOP OF PAGE: A long-time friend of and enthusiast for the Service Men's Christian League is Chaplain Cort R. Flint. In this photo he is seen welcoming three new members to the league at Pollocksville Chapel, New Bern, N. C. The marines getting the glad hand are Privates George Figurcido, Fred Copeland and Charles J. Dorsey. (See opposite page for other pictures.)*

"The Christian men," reports the chaplain, "seeing the need of this organization, and especially on the threshold of combat, banded together and formed the unit according to the Handbook. We praise our Lord for answered prayer and that we can report our membership of this date totaling 55 men. These 55 men are not associate but active members, and have been carrying out a personal evangelistic campaign, coupled with nightly meetings for all hands aboard. The fruits of these efforts may be approximately 14 men for baptism, and 30 or 40 men rededicating their lives to Christ. The focal point of our meetings has been personal witnessing and constant prayer for revival in the home churches."

### *Interfaith League*

For some time we have wanted to run a story about the Service Men's Christian League at the Walter Reed General Hospital. Our good friend, **Chaplain George L. Cutton**, is there and six months ago he sent us a picture and a story of the League. We saved it, hoping to have a staff member visit the hospital and write at some length about this work. But, alas, no visit was made and many members of the unit have walked away. So with overdue apology we copy these notes from Chaplain Cutton's letter (*See photo on page 44*):

"The League holds regular sessions every Wednesday, throughout the year, at 6 p.m. Because of a rapidly changing personnel of patients there is no elaborate organization, but only the chaplain as director, and Pvt. Paul Thompson, chairman.

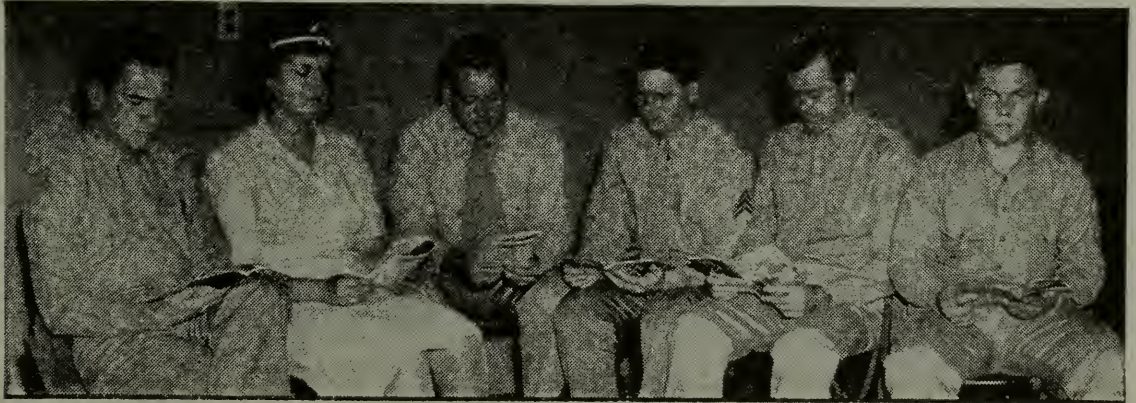
"The League at present is composed of three races, Negro, White and Chinese, and both Catholic and Protestant soldiers. It is a sincere attempt to have regular weekly discussions of topics of Christian faith and its application to present-day problems."

### *A Working Committee*

Following the above statement of an interfaith meeting, we are reminded of a letter from **Chaplain Richard C. Heintz**, now located at the Army Air Base, Westover Field, Mass. The Christian League holds an inter-faith council with a number of Jewish men at the base. This we believe is excellent, and the more that can be done



ABOVE: In his chapel office at New Bern, N. C., Chaplain Cort R. Flint talks over with a prospective member the advantages of League membership. BELOW: The program-planning group meets to map the Wednesday evening meetings of the League, with THE LINK'S "Topic Talks" as the focal center for the discussions.



in the service to create understanding between Christians and Jews the better.

We were quite intrigued also with Chaplain Heintz' suggestion that, whenever service men are too transient to give real leadership to a League unit, a *working committee* be organized to take the place of officers. The question of the length of term for League officials has been a stumbling block to many chaplains. This "Heintz solution" seems to be the answer. He tells us about it this way:

"Our meetings are held regularly every Sunday evening at 6:00 o'clock. In getting the League started here, we first planned an organization meeting, at which we elected officers, following the procedure suggested in the SMCL Handbook. However, within the week following, two of these newly-elected officers were transferred from the field. At the next meeting, after considering the transient position of most of the Westover Field personnel, we decided to proceed by means of a Working Committee, who would take the responsibility for leading the discussion at the meetings, this committee to be composed of volunteer leaders at each previous meeting. "At present, we are also proceeding to hold meetings of an inter-faith council of the Christian League men and the Jewish men. The first meeting was held on the night of the Jewish service in the chapel, one hour

before the service. The next one is scheduled for the evening of the SMCL meeting on Sunday."

### *Reservoir of Christian Leadership*

Not very often do we get a letter like the one from Chaplain Floyd W. Cooper, chaplain of the Sixty-Third Service Group. Our faith in what we are doing is strengthened and we wish that all chaplains could see what Chaplain Cooper sees in the Service Men's Christian League and take advantage of it. Here is part of his letter:

"The Service Men's Christian League meets a vital need in the religious program of the armed forces. It is what we chaplains have been longing for: namely, a non-denominational organization that would take the place of the various young peoples' societies to which our young men were accustomed in their home churches. The Service Men's Christian League carries on where the home church left off, continues the program of training in Christian leadership and self-expression, and aids our young men in making Christian adjustments to problems.

"As was the custom in my home church, I remain in the background and supervise, letting the young men plan and conduct the activities of the League unit, its worship and discussion services. Some of my regular worship services are conducted by these same young men. I simply do the



Members of the SMCL of the 242 AAF Base Unit, Grand Island, Neb., (Sgt. A. G. Grande, president)





*At Camp Campbell, Ky., these Service Men's Christian League members meet regularly at Chapel 13. The organizer, Chap. Herman Gustafson of the 20th Armored Division, stands at right end, front row.*

preaching. When I come near the end of my 'circuit riding' for the day, approaching my sixth and seventh preaching service, I am eternally grateful for this splendid help in lifting from my shoulders the preliminaries. I have discovered that several have aptitudes towards the ministry and have had some theological training. On several occasions, in an informal evening service, I have let them preach.

"From this reservoir of Christian leadership and interest, I draw my choral group, quartet, vocalists and directors of congregational singing. When in need of someone to assist me with the sacrament of Communion, any one of these splendid young men will fill the bill. Furthermore, they are intensely interested in evangelism, in distributing Christian literature and in visiting men in confinement in our field hospitals. Without the medium of the Service Men's Christian League, I probably never would have learned of many of these splendid men so able and willing to serve."

### *Stone Altar and a Wooden Cross*

If it were possible to visit all the units of the League around the world, all of us would want to drop off in North Africa at the 70th General Hospital. This unit has an unusual setting for its unusual services. The programs are varied and the Chapel Service Bulletin carries a splendid description of the why and how of the SMCL. All

this information we have learned from **Corporal Arthur J. Wiens**, who is not only the chaplain's assistant, but also the secretary of the League. Tell us now about it, Corporal:

"Since this is our first letter to the National Council, I will give you a little history of the Service Men's Christian League of this unit. It had its beginning at the Harmon General Hospital in Longview, Texas. Several from this unit took an active part in the League unit at that hospital while we were training there.

"After arriving overseas, we waited several weeks before organizing as a League. We had the following services every week: Forum, Bible Class, Choral Hour, Gospel Hour, Hour of Prayer, Vesper Service and our Sunday morning worship service. Our first meeting-place was an open-air auditorium on one of these North African hills.

"Our present SMCL unit was organized December 6, 1943. Elected as first officers were S/Sgt. William Means, president; Sgt. Walter Dolde, vice-president, and Cpl. Arthur Wiens, secretary-treasurer. They held office for three months. The officers for this quarter are Cpl. Gordon Hendrickson, president; Pfc. LeRoy Draves, vice-president, and Pfc. Robert Osborn, secretary-treasurer. The League started with 17 charter members. Fifty-six new members have since been enrolled. Some of these were patients who have since been discharged from the hospital.

"A program committee is appointed each quarter by the president. Many varied, interesting and helpful programs have been presented. They have included talks by different members of the League, special speakers, quiz programs, question box, book reviews, debates, discussions of articles and topics found in THE LINK, and Bible studies.

"Our League has bought music for our chapel choir, flowers to decorate the chapel each Sunday, sent money to Bible societies and other publication houses from which we have received literature for distribution. Groups from the League have served as committees to visit patients in the wards for the purpose of doing errands for them and to invite them to our religious services. This work has been pleasant and profitable to both the League members and the patients.

"At the present we are worshiping in a great chapel tent. It has a seating capacity of 400. In this tent has been built a beautiful platform with an artistic background for choir, pulpit and altar. It is well lighted. Nice chairs, lined up like good soldiers, serve as pews. **Chaplain William F. Shearin** is doing a great work in our hospital.

"Much interest has been shown in the Service Men's Christian League in this unit and we feel it has exercised an up-building influence on this group."

### *What's in a Name?*

Ever since the Service Men's Christian League came into being in 1942, there has been a question about the name serving all groups. It is of course too late to do anything about it if we wanted to, and for the most part we don't want to. The only real difficulty comes with the word "Men" in the title.

Writes **Chaplain Robert L. Dougherty**, Pacific Wing Chaplain, "some of our most enthusiastic members are WACs. Why not eliminate the 'Men' from the present Service Men's Christian League and call it the Service Personnel Christian League or merely Service Christian League?"

These are good suggestions, Chaplain, and I am sure many will read these lines and agree with you. When we were organized it was the thought that our name in common practice would be just "Christian League," and hence no problem would arise.

However, our full title is kept in most places, and we have developed a Service Women's Christian League for those who



*A fine example of the manner in which the League may be used to promote better understanding between men of different racial and religious backgrounds is found at Forest Glen, Md., the convalescent section of Walter Reed General Hospital. In the above photo Chaplain George L. Cutton is seen with some members of the SMCL unit which includes white, colored and Japanese Americans. The unit sponsors a number of hospital activities, and for these the various chairmen are drawn from the Catholic and Jewish faiths as well as the Protestant. In unit meetings the members indulge freely in discussion of interfaith and interracial problems, and as a result have learned the art of living happily and profitably together. (See note, "Interfaith League," page 41.)*

want it. Most WACs and WAVEs forget the "Men" (in our title, that is!) and join the SMCL with undampened enthusiasm.

This discussion recalls a letter received from **Cpl. Latimer W. Garrett**, SMCL treasurer of the U. S. Marine Corps, First Antiaircraft Battalion. He writes:

"We call our group 'The Link.' That particular word exacts the true essence of our fellowship. The deeply penetrating feeling of joy which comes from knowledge of our union in Christ that binds us to one another, to folks back home, to friends away, and to Christians all over the world, surpasses any other reason for those few 'get together' hours which we enjoy each Friday night. Yet we do endeavor to keep a planned and varied program going.

"Right now there is a scheme in effect which is intended to promote even more interesting matter for our meetings. The Eight Week's Plan is not entirely sensational, but it has to some degree encouraged members to rally renewed enthusiasm."

### *Ever Think of This?*

This will only work if you are still in the States. The idea was conceived, I believe, by **Capt. H. L. Chapman**, M.A.C., and **Chaplain Malcolm M. Hagood** and shows what an officer and a chaplain can do when they work together. This unit of the League is in the Station Hospital at Albuquerque, N. M., and these two men tackled the problem of informing *all* the men who might participate in the League. Here is their plan for initiating the SMCL at the station and for getting the word to men, both on and off the post:

"Our first move," reports Capt. Chapman, "was to make the announcement of the Service Men's Christian League at the Sunday morning service at the chapel, proposing a meeting at the chaplain's home of all who were interested.

"Our personnel is small at present, so we do not expect to have a gigantic enrollment, but we intend to reach all the men here. Because some do not attend chapel on the post, we are going to have the

announcement made also in the churches in Albuquerque, so that there will be an opportunity for all to know about it and to join in fellowship with us.

"In addition to our military personnel, there are a number of naval students at the University of New Mexico, and we hope to be able to include them in our membership, so as to have, if our idea works out, a combined naval and military membership. While we realize the management of the unit should rest in the hands of the members, we feel that, until we get on our feet, the necessary business might be handled by either the chaplain or myself—and I have a hunch that it will be myself."

### *Practicing What is Preached*

This communique closes this month with a salute to the members of an SMCL at an air base in the Pacific. We heard about this group from the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction, 297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. This group decided that something more tangible than talk was needed to build a better world after the war. So they dug in their pockets, not just once, but weekly in addition to their regular contributions.

Here is the report from Pvt. George P. Steffens, the treasurer of the Service Men's Christian League:

"The Service Men's Christian League here at this base has been studying world problems for the past few weeks. We have decided to do something for the making of a better world after the war. We know of nothing better than to make our contribution to the missions that have been orphaned due to the war—the French missions, the German missions and all those out of Europe and Asia. We will send our contribution each week. We trust that it will amount to about \$50 a week.

"The president of the organization is Cpl. Leroy Brown, 811th Engineers. The idea originated with Sgt. W. Hening, Weather Section, 361st Air Base. May God bless you and your efforts to help keep the light shining for missions around the world."

# *A Division Sponsors the SMCL*

**How one Division Chaplain makes the Service Men's Christian League serve as the nucleus around which he builds his religious program**

**By CHAPLAIN EDWARD L. R. ELSON**

**I**N its basic conception, the Service Men's Christian League is the extension of the parish young people's society into the armed forces. When this division (the 75th Infantry) takes a religious census, one of the items ascertained on the individual soldier's card is his identification with religious societies, such as Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Luther League, Westminster Clubs and other such organizations. With this information in hand the unit chaplain has a line on his potential membership for an SMCL unit. And since this is an organism of people independent of buildings and equipment, it is equally effective in the garrison and the field.

This group is the spiritual nucleus around which the chaplain builds his program. The men of the SMCL transmit announcements to men of the subordinate companies and platoons. They are missionaries on behalf of the chaplains to the barracks, conveying information and stimulating the religious program.

The flexibility of the League makes it effective in varying types of military organizations under the leadership of chaplains of whatever temperamental, liturgical and denominational variations. In one organization the "Topic Talks" are used as the source material for a week-day forum; in another they are used as Bible lessons, and in others as the Sunday evening society program. In this division the League program is used most frequently on Sunday evenings. There is nothing, excepting the sacrament of Holy Communion, that so helps a soldier to feel his life most vitally

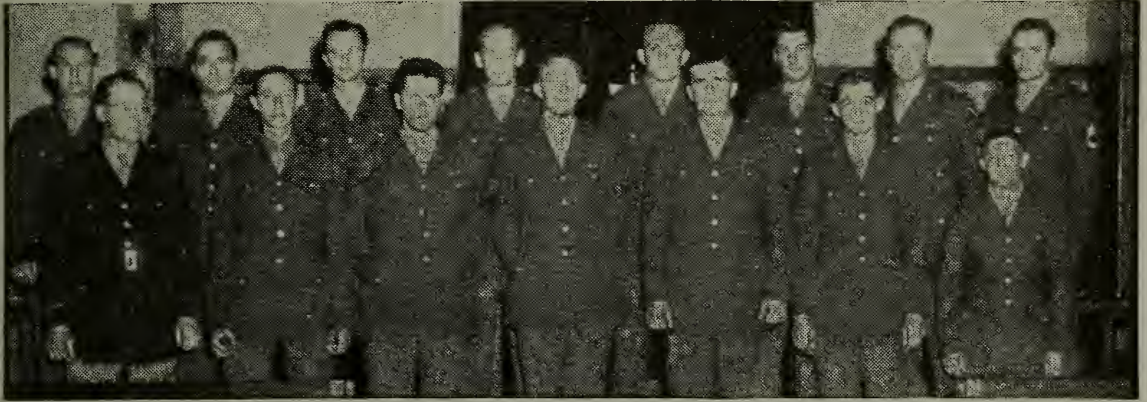
fused with that of other Christians as does the Service Men's Christian League.

The demands for chaplains are such that chaplains are kept moving from one assignment to another at frequent intervals. When a military unit has a strong SMCL the religious program does not deteriorate so much as a result of alternating personalities, for there is always a living organism of convinced and consecrated persons to sustain and encourage the new chaplain.

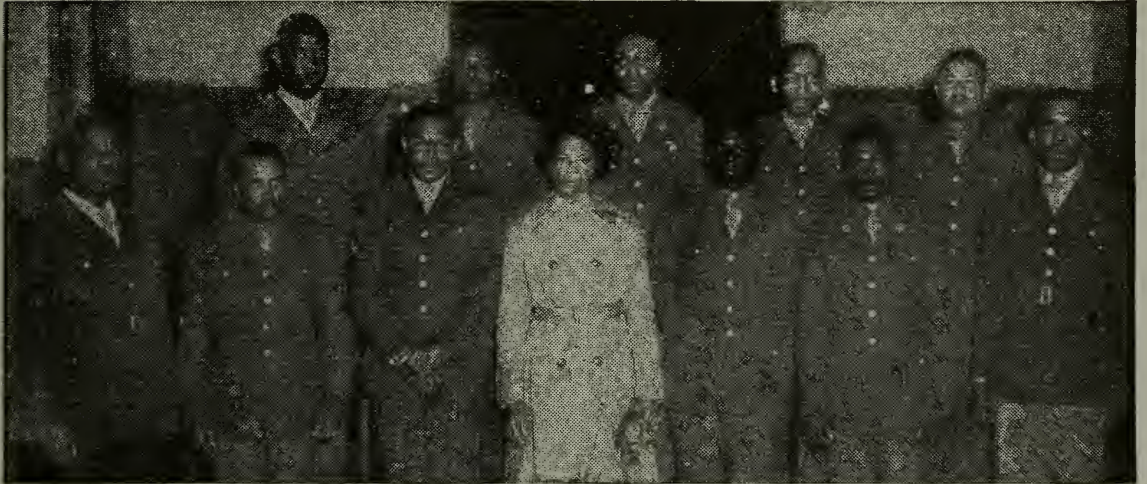
Discerning leaders are already talking about the veteran's postwar adjustment. No matter where the veteran has been or how long his stay, he will be a different man than the lad who left his civilian church. And if he has been in combat he will be a much older man—older than other adults of similar age, because the crises he has been through have matured him beyond his years. For a short time the question of society will turn on the attitude of the civilian toward the returning soldier. Then it will be reversed and the ex-soldier will be in the ascendancy. The question then will be, "What does the veteran think of the civilian?" And the man in the armed forces has pronounced convictions on that topic already.

Vital chapters of the Service Men's Christian League today give promise of being and remaining living cells of Christian conviction which will have a molifying influence upon less disciplined minds. And Christian truth and experience, acquired and nurtured in the units of the SMCL today, may have a fructifying effect upon American life in the decades to come.

## LEAGUE RALLY AT CAMP BRECKENRIDGE



*Sponsored by Chaplain Elson, Division Chaplain of the 75th Infantry, and Chaplain Samuel R. Orrell, an SMCL rally was held at Camp Breckenridge, Ky., recently. Above is the choir which supplied the music for the occasion.*



*Prominent at the rally were a number of Negro troops, part of whom are shown above.*



*The photographer caught this small section of the audience attending the inter-unit rally.*

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

# LET *us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY  
Compiler and author of "Prayers  
for Men in Service," "Wartime  
Prayers for Those at Home,"  
"Prayers for Women Who Serve."

## A PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE

LORD GOD OF HOSTS, be with us as we do battle for Thy right. Watch over each one of us. Shield us and lead us by Thy love. Banish our fears, and make us daring and alert to do Thy will. Keep our hearts joyous in faith and trustful in Thy Presence and power. Make our hands strong to strike hard for freedom and righteousness, yet tender to welcome the oppressed, the enslaved, the defeated.

Give us our full share in advancing Thy purpose on earth, and use us more and more as the instruments of Thy holy designs among men. Keep us humble with ourselves, forgiving to others, and confident that in Thy hands alone rest the victory and peace for which we strive as Thy sons and co-workers. In the name of our Captain and Master, Jesus the King. Amen.

## FOR GOD-GIVEN VICTORY

O GOD OF LOVE AND MERCY, guide us in all our ways as we perform the stern duties of war. Save us from all that is unworthy of Christian manhood. Make our desires loving and our motives high. Teach us to defend our cause by the loftiness of our ideals as well as by the efficiency of our hands. May we be opponents of tyranny and coercion, and destroyers of the works of evil, only that we may set the captives free and build the Kingdom of Righteousness. Give us only such success and victory as shall be acceptable to Thy holy purposes for all men and nations, to Thy glory. Amen.

## A NEW SONG UNTO THE LORD

LET US BOW DOWN in deep humility before Thee, our God-with-us, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Sorrows on the Cross. Let us lift up our hearts to Thee, our God-on-high, the Risen Prince of Peace, and stand before Thee, Judge of men and nations.

Let us sing unto Thee, our Lord, a new song: a song of love for God and man; a song of life redeemed in Thee, our Saviour; a song of service

to the good and beautiful and true; a song of brotherhood and good will for all men on earth; a song of joy in every task to build a better world; a song of unity and peace in shared abundance and responsibility; a song of manhood consecrated to the Lord Most High. Let us sing a new song with all our hearts and minds and souls.

Let us worship and adore Thee, God and Lord, by prayer and praise and action worthy of Thy Majesty and Might, now and evermore. Amen.

## FOR FAITH

HOLY SPIRIT, give me a living faith that grows with each new experience, conflict, and test. Give me a daring faith that ventures in uncharted ways. Give me a driving faith that scales steeper heights, views farther horizons, and discovers hidden worlds. Give me an expanding faith, so deep and wide and high that it knows no limits until it has claimed and mastered the whole of my life for Thee. Amen.

## FOR SURRENDERED PEOPLE

ALMIGHTY GOD, we remember before Thee the people who have ceased to fight under the leaders of tyranny and conquest and have surrendered to us. Grant to them and to us a new vision of freedom and righteousness which we may practice in all our lives.

Keep us patient and fair in our treatment of the defeated. May we be generous in meeting their crying needs, and may we heal their wounds of body and mind. May we be vigilant and firm in correcting their habits of coercion and cruelty, and thorough in replacing false teachings with truth.

By the example of our best, may we guide them into willing and free co-operation with all races, classes, and nations for the common good of mankind. May they and we henceforth live and work together as brothers who submit to Thy holy laws and acknowledge Thee as the Father and Ruler of all. Amen.

# Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

## DOES GOODNESS GUARANTEE SUCCESS?

*By Robert Caspar Lintner*

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Do you agree with the Psalmist's conviction that God never forsakes the righteous and always feeds their children?* (Psalm 37:25)

2. *Is your goodness a guarantee that you will come safely through every danger in the service?* (Psalms 91:1-7; 125:1, 2)

3. *Do you feel sure that God always deals justly with us?* (Psalms 19:9; 25:8; 111:3; 145:17, 18)

4. *Is righteousness merely the keeping of external laws or is it an inner reliance upon God and a continuing effort to do His will?* (Matthew 5:20; I Corinthians 16:13; Ephesians 6:10-18)

5. *Can we all attain goodness?* (Matthew 5:6; Isaiah 55:6, 7; John 3:16)

- *Resource material:*

**D**OES goodness guarantee success and happiness for us in this life? Have you never wondered about a statement which the Psalmist wrote long ago? This he said: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Did the Psalmist mean that for a fact? Or for a broad principle?

If he meant it for a fact, you may reply by saying that times have changed greatly since his shepherd days. You may feel that later breadlines have held at least a few sincerely good men. And you may feel quite certain that some children of Christian parents were among those who saw their life savings swept away in 1929.

Does God see to it that fire never destroys the possessions of His children today? Surely we do not claim we have no need to carry insurance because we belong to a church and help to support it!

Or let us go a step further. Are you fighting a war today because there were no righteous men in America's homes and government of yesterday?

Someone has said, with barbed words, that it is the *Christian* nations who are fighting this war. Does that mean it is safer to be a heathen with little wooden idols than to live under the shadow of St. Paul's in London or St. Patrick's in New York, or to worship in the austere simplicity of a Friends meeting-house in Pennsylvania or Indiana?

In a world where we thought it was out of style to tote six-shooters, we have suddenly been hurled into the cataclysm of global warfare where nations stand to win or lose, live or die, according as they do or don't have the deadliest bombers and the vastest armadas of ships in sea and sky.

Has the eternal justice in the universe gone as mad as the nations that have lusted

for world dominion at the price of human enslavement and degradation?

Has the God of the old Psalmist hidden His face in shame, or did the Psalmist misjudge the purposes and the performances of the God he knew so well?

What do you think about it? Just what sort of coin do you collect for being good?

We should remember several things when we set out to judge the justice and the righteousness of God. The first thing to remember is that God is eternally just. It is as much a part of Him as His love and His mercy.

Perhaps that is what the theologians try to point out when they insist that Jesus went to the cross because it was the price of our redemption from our sins. We have seen too much of human misery to think that the terrible costs of sin can simply be ignored. You do not ignore fire—unless you have an adequate fire insurance policy and no scruples. You cannot ignore sin. Its wages may be read in the hardened faces and the seared and blistered lives of those whose own evil-doing has caught up with them.

According to evangelical Christian doctrine, it is emphasized that Jesus, the Sinless One, had to pay with His blood and His mortal breath for our sins—yours and mine. In our sinfulness we could do nothing ourselves to set aside the eternal condemnation of God against sin.

### *Can't Avoid Sin's Consequences*

On the face of it, that arrangement for our salvation may seem very easy on us. But in reality it has been very hard on us if we mistakenly get the feeling that we can get away with sin as long as we wish and then fly to God for forgiveness, pleading Christ's sacrifice. The moral universe still rests on the foundations of eternal justice.

If you tell a little shaver that you are

paying for the ice cream, he will eat until it stops just short of his esophagus, figuratively speaking. Some of us, thinking we like sin as much as the small boy loves ice cream, may have a sneaking desire to have our fill of sin, since we heard once, when we were young and unquestioning, that Jesus "paid it all."

### *Your Loved Ones Must Pay Too*

What we do well to remember is that no one can quite pay for your sins. Certainly *you* can't. And what we should also remember is that many others, including those we love most, are called upon to help us pay the costs of our sins. And all of us put together cannot pay the staggering costs of the utmost consequences of our sins. This is true not only because they are so many but because sin itself is outlawed in the moral universe in which we live and move.

A judge may suspend sentence, or dismiss the case, but the sins that smeared us and then seared us have set in motion such vast consequences that the cost of them outspirals the wildest inflationary prices that men have known in days of financial upsurge.

The love of God makes it possible for Him to "remember our sins against us no more," as an old sage wrote long ago, but that does not say that *we* can ever forget them, for they sear too deeply and scar too ineffaceably for us ever to hope for that.

For this, lest you and I forget it, is a moral universe. Financial systems come and go. Kingdoms and empires and republics and democracies rise and subside into musty archives, but the moral universe of God goes on forever.

When the farthest suns of our physical universe shall have been snuffed out, the moral universe, with its unchanging laws, will still be meting out its changeless decrees. For the moral universe is timeless,



eternal. It will never be out-of-date. It will never be dead.

You and I have nothing to do with the making and the executing of these moral laws. They are as inexorable as the law of gravity.

If we build a house or a bridge in this physical universe, we build it with a level and a plumb-line; otherwise, the law of gravity, which respects neither races nor creeds, will pull down our house or our bridge.

It is time that we recognize that the moral universe is just as real and fully as inexorable in its laws. Men simply cannot build upon dishonesty and trickery and lust and then expect to achieve a character that commands respect and confidence and love. Men do not fill their lives with filth and degradation and vice and impiety and then find themselves the sort of fellows their mothers and sweethearts and sisters and wives can be proud to claim.

Then there's a second thing for us to keep in mind: The moral universe may well have something which corresponds to the phenomenon which we call *perspective* in our physical universe. For instance, you look down a railroad track and you could swear that those two rails run closer and closer together. Therefore, they *must* meet. But you know well enough they don't. For you have ridden on them, or others have, and the train kept to the rails *because they do not meet*.

#### *When Appearances Are Deceiving*

Your eyes tell you the rails will eventually meet. Your brain tells you your eyes are lying to you. And you know your brain is right, for the trains continue to speed over those shining ribbons of hard steel.

So with the illusion that men who are sinning flagrantly are also prospering and are therefore getting away with their sins in a moral universe.

Make no mistake about this: Sin cannot bring prosperity and happiness and eternal life—not in the moral universe into which God gave you birth. Your eyes may be very sure about what you think you see. But it isn't so. Don't look for short cuts to happiness and success by darting down into the dark and loathsome alleys of sin. You won't find *there* the things you are after.

#### *Laws Benefit the Law-Abiding*

Sooner or later, all the little Hitlers and Hirohitos are due to discover that they have run amuck in the moral universe. They will find that the gleaming rails on which they were sure they could ride into a glorious future, were laid down according to laws and principles very different from what they appeared to be. They were laid, by a righteous God, for sane and righteous people who have a right to get somewhere, and not for freaks and psychopaths and crooks.

Now for a third thing: Let's have the decency to allow God to make His own time-tables. Let's not fidget about in the fear that He will not come out on top. The villain who seems to be riding high, wide and handsome may yet be put off at the next whistle stop, before your very eyes, while you and others roar into Grand Central Station on time and in fine fettle.

Have you never read how the FBI deliberately allows a criminal to go about his usual haunts unchallenged, only to sweep him and a group of his henchmen into the police net after his very freedom of movement had made their hide-outs known?

Have you never watched a skillful checker player as he allowed one king after another to be crowned, only to sweep them all off the board with one long jump?

Let's leave the strategy to the General. Let's not worry about justice while God is in His universe!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## WHO IS A CHRISTIAN?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Where were people first called Christians?* (Acts 11:26)
2. *How do faith and baptism mark the beginning of our Christian life?* (John 3:16, 36; Acts 8:35-38; 15:11; 16:28-34; I John 4:15)
3. *What are some of the later and more difficult things that our Christian discipleship involves?* (Luke 9:23; John 8:21, 32)
4. *What twofold loyalty does Jesus require?* (Mark 12:29-31)
5. *What armor does the Christian have?* (Ephesians 6:11-18)

- *Resource material:*

SOME years ago a noted Christian rose to his feet to speak to a great audience in China, and as he did so a highly educated Chinese gentleman stood in the audience, faced the speaker and inquired: "Will the gentleman please tell us, clearly and simply, *why* he is a Christian?"

What would you have said to that question, GI Joe? *Why* are you a Christian? Are you a Christian because you promised someone you would be? Or because you hope to escape eternal punishment? Or because you thought it was easier and more respectable to be a Christian than not to be one? Or because you know of no finer and surer way to achieve utmost in character, here and hereafter?

Or, better still, *what are you*, now that you are a Christian? Just what does it mean to be a Christian in this year 1944 in this man's army or navy or marine corps?

If you were setting down a list of things that explain what a Christian is, what would you write?

Perhaps you would say, first of all, that a Christian is a follower of Jesus Christ. That, in itself, sounds simple enough. But a follower *follows*. He travels in the direc-

tion taken by the one whom he follows. Very well, if we follow Jesus that certainly gives us a clue to the general direction which we take for ourselves. For Jesus steadfastly set his face in the direction of God. Jesus could not live apart from God. Jesus never felt it necessary to apologize for that quest. He kept at it unremittingly and ardently, for God meant far more to Jesus than anyone and everything else.

When they found Jesus one day in the temple, a lad of tender years, talking understandingly with devout and learned men of his early Jewish faith, there was more than a trace of surprise in His voice when He asked His mother: "Wist ye not that I must be about *my Father's* business?" And Mary knew her son was not speaking of Joseph.

### *Will Lead Us to the Father*

Always Jesus kept referring to God by that tender and closely affectionate name—Father. When He prayed alone and in agony in the Garden before they came to hound Him away to the cross, the word that came almost unconsciously to His lips was, "O my Father." On the cross, when

the knaves had done their worst with Him, the gentle whisper on those lips white with agony was this: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Yes, if we dare to follow Jesus, we know, even before we start the long journey, where the radio beam will lead us, through fog and sun and storm. He will lead us to the Father.

### *Jesus Loved All Mankind*

But precisely because of this general direction and this ultimate goal, we should know that we shall have many stops to make along the way. It was because the Father meant so much to Jesus that *all mankind* meant much to Him. That was because they were God's children, all of them—the important and the insignificant, the ignorant and the wise, the beggar and the rich man, the sinner and the potential saint, the leper and the radiantly healthy.

If they limped or wept or sinned, He turned aside to help them. Their human handicaps and their heavy hearts and their horrible missteps seemed to Him to be a cry of need for something which He had to give them. And He could not rest until He gave it.

Unless He made these stops and these side trips, to minister to needy children of the Father—their Father and His—Jesus could not be happy in pursuing the general direction that led His steps toward God. Is there a surer mark of a Christian than *this*?

Here we have said two things: Jesus loved *God*. And Jesus also loved *human beings*—and therefore tried to help them, in the Father's name and for the Father's sake. Therefore, the Christian today will love God. And the Christian will also love and help his fellowmen. You should never call yourself a Christian unless you do these two things.

Now we are ready to say that the Chris-

tian is also a *learner*. Because he follows, he *learns*. Ignorance is not a matter to be proud of. Learning lifts our spirits, our hopes, our ideals. It adds to our dignity.

Perhaps you heard the story of a European lawyer who was forced to flee as a refugee to this country. He found a job scrubbing the floors of an office building in one of our cities. Then, one memorable night, he enrolled in a class where he could learn English. The teacher was a comely and competent lady who was trying to render a service to refugees such as this talented lawyer to whom circumstances had handed a mop and a pail. Toward the end of the course, in order to test their progress in English, she asked each one in her class to write a letter. And, thinking to make it easy and natural, she asked that the letters be written to her.

The lawyer wrote in this vein: "I know you are a married woman, and I find it difficult to write what is in my heart. May I say that, to me, you are *America*, and *I love America*?"

No, this was not fresh, and it certainly was not flippant, for it welled up from the depths of his grateful heart. She had helped him to achieve the joy of learning. She had become the shining symbol of *America*—and the very word glowed with a new glory because he had *learned*.

### *From Primer Stage to Maturity*

A Christian learns. He learns from the Bible—the recorded lives and teachings of some of the greatest personalities that have ever lived in the world of religion. Chiefly, he learns there from the recorded life and the revealed character of Jesus.

The Christian learns also to pray. And he learns from praying. He learns from the primer of faith, as a child learns, and then step by step he builds at length the lofty mansions of a mature faith. All the while he is learning to sense the glorious mystery

of the Gospel—the good news—of Jesus Christ.

We might say now that the Christian's learning, like his following, takes him in two directions. He learns *about* God, and he learns *from* God. But he learns also from the experiences and the characters of other Christians.

Or perhaps it is better to say that, in his process of learning as a Christian, he is like a man who travels down a river in quest of the open seas. He keeps a general direction but is forever finding the stream widening and deepening, and in countless places he discovers other streams emptying into his river with their rich deposits of silt, all of them washed by the rains of the one great and good God, and all of them glimmering under the same sun. So he is debtor not only to the main stream but also to every converging tributary. And the river is the richer for them all.

For every Christian learns from every fellow pilgrim to that great Land toward which all rivers run and all seas beat. His learning is the richer for theirs.

But there is a final thing which leaves its mark upon a true Christian. Said Jesus one day: "If any man will come after Me,

let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." That is where many of us ask to be excused. We aren't looking for self-denial, and crosses are hard and ugly things. But here they are in the Master's prescription: self-denial, many crosses, and a long, plodding journey.

No, it isn't easy. And it shouldn't be. You know you were not made into the splendid fighting man you are by occupying a seat in the shade, where a solicitous "sarge" or "chief" fanned you and asked constantly what he could do to make you more comfortable. You who have sweated in the hot sun with heavy packs, and sprawled and crawled under live bullets, or swabbed endless decks and drilled till ready to drop, should be able to read that prescription from the lips of Jesus with an understanding you did not have before your basic or boot training.

Perhaps, with all these hard days and nights back of you, you will be the last ones to expect that a Christian soldier, setting out to attain to Christian character in a warfare that will know neither truce nor armistice, should ask for an easier training and an easier war than Jesus found and fought and finished.



### *Man Must Hate Only Sin*

**D**URING the last weeks, we find that our papers are full of reports of speeches by people who say that, in response to the atrocities which have been committed by our enemies, we must try and strengthen or build up in our home people the motives of hate and vengeance. Why? Because, the reply is, those motives have in them a strength which will be an incentive to stronger action which will enable us, in the long run, to overcome and punish those whose atrocities have been so terrible.

And I suppose that is only an illustration of what happens in our own affairs. We have a good end in mind and, just because it is a good end and seems so tremendously important, we are tempted to use those motives which, in our own experience, seem best fitted to produce results. And yet, if the New Testament has any one lesson to teach, it is that the end never justifies the means, that it is never legitimate to use a bad motive to produce a good end, because good ends can never be produced by bad motives.

—The Rt. Rev. H. St. G. Tucker

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## WHAT ABOUT A SOCIAL GOSPEL?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Show how our ideas of social justice had solid foundations in the Old Testament.* (Genesis 13:8; Exodus 20:12-17; Leviticus 19:3, 9-18; Proverbs 21:3; Ecclesiastes 3:13; 5:9; Amos 5:11, 12, 15; Zechariah 8:16, 17)

2. *Give some New Testament references that carry forward the idea of social justice.* (Matthew 25:34-45; Mark 9:41, 42; Luke 10:25-37; 12:48; John 15:12; Romans 13:7-10; 15:1, 2; Ephesians 4:25; Philippians 2:4)

3. *Would you say, or not, that social justice is of greater importance in God's sight than correct ritual and elaborate worship?* (I John 2:9, 10; 3:14, 17; 4:7, 8, 11)

4. *Would you say that our devout worship of God and our sincere recognition of our responsibilities to our fellowmen are opposite sides of the same loyalty?* (Luke 10:27; James 2:8)

5. *How strongly did Jesus endorse this principle of our social responsibility to our fellows?* (Matthew 25:34-45; Mark 9:41)

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- *Resource material:*

**W**HEN you think about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, do you think of it only as something that affects you personally? Or do you find it two-edged? Is it something that reaches out to claim the best that is in you, and *also* to demand that you see to it that your neighbor has certain advantages and opportunities that this glorious Gospel has taught you to recognize as the right of all men?

Do you believe in foreign missions and home missions? If you do, is it not because Jesus gave you a missionary vision and enforced it with a missionary command?

For exactly the same reasons many earnest Christians have felt that they are under obligation to help to bring about certain improvements in the social fabric of our nation.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ has opened their eyes in two directions. They have been made to see their own personal need

for redemption from the consequences of their own sins. They have also been shown how flagrant are some of the great social injustices of our time, and they have been made to feel that they have definite obligations toward the less fortunate. Unlike Cain, they are ready to admit that they are their brothers' keepers, and they are willing to try to do something about it.

So they get out on what seems to them to be a kind of crusade. It is not a popular crusade or an easy course to follow. But they feel sure it is a Christian course and so they don their armour and take up arms. They point to Cain's blatant question which they may say marks the first gray dawn of any sort of recognition of what is now called the "Social Gospel."

Now today, tomorrow and the day after tomorrow that clarion will break into the startled silence of your spirit and mine, when we least expect it or want it. And it

will prod us to realize that we *are* our brothers' keepers.

And there is something we can do about it—if we will.

Briefly, these two facts underlie all the Social Gospel. *We are our brothers' keepers. And we must do something about that fact, even as Jesus did something about it on the cross.*

Perhaps we may say now that the Social Gospel insists that there shall be economic, social and spiritual opportunities for all races and conditions of our fellows. If that seems to cover a great deal of territory, we should remember that it can never be a small matter if we take the Gospel of the Son of God and try to offer it, in all its implications, to all men, of every race and creed and condition.

Consider first the economic side, for it is easily seen and it touches men where they sweat and subsist. Poverty is never easy to hide. Rags and emaciated bodies and haggard faces are not easily camouflaged. But they are things to be ashamed of when they are found in the midst of wealth and lavish extravagance.

Perhaps you protest that poverty is a condition that wealth cannot eradicate. Rags, you may say, will always be found in a society that grants freedom to men to hire or be hired. If men may work or not, as they choose, some will not always care to work and so will want.

#### *Some Shiftless, Some Crafty*

That would be an easy answer if it were true, but it is not the entire truth. It recognizes that some men are shiftless and improvident, but it should also recognize that others are crafty and scheming and brutally selfish. Some will pay less than they should, and then contribute to charity a part of what they thus save, making themselves fat and soft and proud and powerful with the balance.

These men have been forced to watch the mushrooming of another group of men, as crafty and as unscrupulous and as selfish, whose aim has been to marshall the might of millions of workers to meet the massed might of millions of dollars. So we have had labor arrayed against capital, and millions of the rest of us, who have neither a union nor a monopoly behind us, have been caught between the upper and the nether millstones and have been ground unmercifully.

#### *"Do Ye Even So to Them"*

Can't we all hear the sounding of a Voice, very far away? "All things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to *them*." Or maybe it is close beside us now: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thy neighbor *as thyself*."

Do we have unemployment? Why? In a world where hundreds of millions of men and women and children are to be fed and clothed and housed and educated and made ready for eternity, why should there be unemployment?

Why should there be strikes? When you men need steel and aluminum and tanks and planes and parachutes, how can men and women, with you and the seven seas between them and the enemy, strike for fat envelopes to be fatter, when every day drives you closer to the precipice of possible death?

I know how some of you feel toward certain labor barons whose names will not even be publicized on this page. By the irony of circumstances you are defending them and their rights, even while they stop short of defending you and meeting your needs.

All men have a right to labor amid conditions that are safe and decent, and at just wages and with opportunities for recreation, recognition and advancement. They

have a right also to what we call social security and to insurance in various forms.

As far as the social opportunities are concerned, we may say that all men should be adequately housed and should have access to means for safeguarding their health. Slum areas should be torn down. They are breeding places for crime and delinquency and disease and vice. Clean homes should be available, at rents that are not prohibitive and in areas that are safe for children. You should be able to rear your family in a neighborhood that will be as safe as possible from physical and moral hazards.

One of the glories of our American life is our public school system which provides, in many communities, for free education up to and including high school. Some of you will be provided with further opportunities for education after you return home. Many of us would like to see our system of free public education expanded to include at least two years of collegiate or trade-school training. It might easily pay for itself by decreasing unemployment and the amounts paid out for old age benefits.

#### *Experiment in Public Health?*

Another matter that may well justify itself, financially as well as socially, is some system of hospitalization and health service which would make the best medical care available for all who need it, without doing violence to our present system of private medicine. Sickness makes such heavy drains upon our economic life that it might be possible for a state or a nation to provide medical and surgical care at a cost that would be met or even overshadowed by the economic and social benefits. We are facing a shortage of physicians in the next decade. This would be a good time to lay the foundations for a noble experiment in public medicine and hygiene.

There is room for great improvement in

the way our institutions of correction are handled. More humane methods and better treatment of prisoners might help to rehabilitate them and enable them to take their places as helpful citizens.

#### *Greatest Aim; Abolish War*

Our greatest social need is for the abolition of war by setting up a framework for a peace organization that would be effective and lasting. You will agree with me on this. You all want to return to peaceful pursuits and to a home of your own. You do not want your children to go through the things that you have met and endured.

You are fighting today in order that a world may return to peace and freedom. The statesmen must not let you down this time. You have fought for them as well as for yourselves and your dear ones. Those who make the peace must be big enough and brave enough to make it enduring.

But we must remember that the Social Gospel may well minister in a wider way to the spiritual needs of all men, just as it professes to minister to their economic and social needs. It is not enough to feed and clothe a man, give him a job and assure him of security when he is too old to work. It is not enough even to see that his children are educated and kept in health as far as possible. We ought to have a feeling of responsibility to make sure that every man has the opportunity to develop his religious life and the spiritual life of his family.

That touches upon religious freedom. It touches also upon home missions and foreign missions. It touches a man where he is most vital to his family, his nation and his world. For it touches him in his inner spirit—the source of his hopes and longings and attitudes and aspirations. If these are what they should be, it will help greatly to solve whatever economic and social problems the state may have concerning him and his.

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## CONTENTMENT OR AMBITION--WHICH?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What are some of the causes and the blessings of contentment?* (Psalms 37:7, 11; 107:9; 119:165; Philippians 4:11; I Timothy 6:6-11; Hebrews 13:5)
2. *Show how ambition is the opposite of contentment.* (Luke 12:15-21)
3. *What was the attitude of Jesus concerning ambition and contentment?* (Matthew 20:20-28; Mark 10:35-45; Luke 12:13-31; 14:7-11)
4. *Show how ambition in spiritual matters can be of great value to us and to others.* (I Corinthians 12:31a)
5. *In all of our ambitions, is there some great word concerning contentment that can steady us and help us?* (Philippians 4:11, 12)

- *Resource material:*

**H**OW about it, Corporal Smith, are you anxious to be a sergeant with two rockers? And you, Ensign Browning, you hope to be an admiral, don't you? And why not? Hasn't a fellow a right to be ambitious?

Of course, there is Mike over there who insists he wants nothing better than to be an apprentice seaman. He tells you, with a knowing wink and a hard roll to starboard, that you can't break *him*. And he also assures you that he has only himself to look after, and that is all the responsibility he cares to have!

That's contentment for you! Or is it? Just where does contentment leave off and laziness begin? Or where does contentment become mere resignation?

Resignation is not a positive and a creative force. It is passive, supine. It finds the going would be too tough and so it quietly folds up and sits down to wait for calmer weather and odds that are not so terrible.

Contentment, however, is something far better. It is the fruit of inner spiritual calm and spiritual wholeness. It is not compounded of fear and frenzy and a sense of utter futility and failure.

But perhaps you ask if we should seek contentment in our lives. Isn't the contented man, like the contented cow, always in danger of staying in the same pasture, without any great concern for the world that flows past? Or is it good for us to have some of that seculsion? Can most of us stand a bit of contentment, even if it deprives us of advancement?

*"It Just Isn't Worth It!"*

One of my friends is a high official in a great corporation. A considerable part of his day is consumed in traveling from his comfortable suburban home into the city and back again in the evening when he leaves his desk. Once, when talking about the daily bustle and grind of the city, he astonished me by saying: "It isn't worth it! There's nothing to it!"

Perhaps that was why William Allen White preferred to stay in a friendly country town in Kansas, where he became a national institution without leaving his desk in *The Emporia Gazette* offices.

That might have been the reason why Drs. William and Charles Mayo preferred



to stay in Rochester, Minnesota, and build themselves into a great medical institution to which the sick and the suffering from across the world have flowed like a great stream. Certainly you could not say that these men did not have ambition. But you could say that they had managed to gear their ambitions to contentment, and reap some of the rich fruits of both. Isn't there a lesson in this for us all?

### *Must Make Ambition Serve Us*

For surely we must not say that we shall never follow our ambitions. But we ought to see to it that we do not become their slaves. We should make them serve us—and serve the world.

It was ambition, we should remember, that sent Columbus across westward seas to America. The sturdy Norsemen and Cabot and Ponce de Leon and Magellan and De Soto and La Salle, like all the rest of that hardy band of explorers who helped to give us a world, were following their ambitions and not sitting quietly at home.

It was ambition that drove the Curies to find radium in pitchblende, and it was ambition that impelled today's scientists and researchers to discover and develop the sulfa drugs and penicillin and thyrothricin. It was ambition that led men to crack crude oil and perfect steel and other metals and throw great railways across continents. Men who bask in their own personal contentment are not usually the ones who lash themselves to perform daring exploits in religion or business, science or finance, or other realms of human activity and achievement.

We ought to remember also that ambitions are roughly of two kinds: the merely personal or selfish ones, and those that benefit great groups of other people. The failure of a selfish ambition is not so deplorable as the failure of a great ambition

which would benefit many people if it were to be realized.

On a beautiful estate, laid out like a lavish private park, a man of great wealth set out to build a sumptuous mansion. He brought in a train load of dirt and shaped a broad terrace with exquisite lawns and landscaping. A large basement was laid out and great steel girders were placed as supports for the superstructure. Then the wealthy man decided he would build his mansion on another of his estates.

If you stand today and look out across that green sweep of lawns and shrubbery and then glance down into the unkempt ruins of the basement, you may feel sorry for a man who could dream such a dream, with wealth to make it live, and then go off and leave his dream to mock him.

But there is a more pitiful wreckage of dreams than that. There was a fine up-standing Christian lad who worked his way through high school as the office boy of a successful physician. He wanted to be a great surgeon, and he set his plans accordingly.

Then he went to college. His was a remarkable mind, keen and energetic, with extraordinary powers of concentration. He made strides in his studies and he won the respect of his teachers and his fellow students. He seemed to be well on his way to be a great surgeon.

### *Tragedy of a Frustrated Ideal*

Then a tragic loss came to him in the death of his father. There was a large family at home, and this conscientious young man decided that he must drop his college career and help to support the family. He found a job with one of our great railways and turned his back upon the great ambition of his life.

He too had started to build a mansion, but he got no farther than the rich man with his terraced lawns and planting.

What a pity! For it was not the collapse of a merely selfish ambition. It was the abandonment of a great ambition that would have enriched a multitude of lives. With the money that is sometimes lavished upon some undeserving fellow, this young man might today be a great surgeon with a great heart.

Listen, GI Joe! Let me give you a hot tip. If you ever become wealthy, would you like to put some money into a really worthwhile investment? Pick out a young man like this fellow, with brains and ambition and character, and *back him up*. Lend him some money so he can get his education. Not only will you get your money back, but you will have such pride in your investment as you could never have if you merely backed an oil well or a real estate venture or a publishing project. This old world is going to be hard up for good Christian physicians and surgeons ten years from now! Ask any army or navy doctor, if you don't believe me.

Let us not forget, finally, that contentment can have very real spiritual significance for us if we can attain it in our lives. It is a kind of supreme confidence in God's love and goodness. It has healing power for our high-strung nervous systems and for our bodies that wear out all too soon. There is therapeutic value in contentment.

The man who wrote the 23rd Psalm must have been a wise and contented person, a delight to know. I can imagine that he lived longer and better than the fellows today who throw together the "hot" music to which people dance in the fury of syn-copation and swing.

Surely it will be well for us if we can somehow manage to have both contentment and ambition. Perhaps we can say it no better than to quote two wise statements from men whose names I do not know. Said one: "Make us content with what we have, without being satisfied with what we are." Could you say it better than that?

Said the other: "Be content with your surroundings, but not with yourself, till you have made the most of them." Contentment *plus* ambition, you see.

Contentment, let us say, is a kind of unconscious peace of mind in which a calm and an unruffled spirit rests placidly upon the goodness of God, with the quiet assurance that God is quite enough for our needs at their most and at their worst. We can then be satisfied with the things we *possess*. But we ought to be dissatisfied with what we *are*, as long as we can see ways by which we can become better citizens and better Christians.

This will involve ambition worthy of the best of us—and the best *in* us.



### *Death Is But the Beginning*

*DEATH is not the end; it is only a new beginning. Death is not the master of the house; he is only the porter at the King's lodge, appointed to open the gate and let the King's guests into the realm of eternal day. And so shall we ever be with the Lord.*

*The range of our threescore years and ten is not the limit of our life. Our life is not a landlocked lake enclosed within the shore lines of seventy years. It is an arm of the sea. And so we must build for those larger waters. We are immortal! How, then, shall we live today in prospect of eternal tomorrow?—J. H. Jowett.*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## WHY DO YOU WORRY?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Does it do any good for us to worry about our daily needs?* (Matthew 6:25-33)
2. *What about anxiety for tomorrow?* (Matthew 6:34)
3. *What is a good way for us to dispose of our cares?* (Psalm 43:5; I Peter 5:7)
4. *When we really have great burdens to bear, what should we do?* (Psalms 46:1, 2; 55:22; 59:17; 94:19; Jonah 2:7; John 14:1)
5. *What confidence can sustain us, even in the midst of death?* (Psalm 23:4)

- *Resource material:*

**W**HY do you worry? Haven't you learned that worry is one of the most harmful practices that you and I can follow? Worry is seldom of any possible benefit to us. It is usually only of definite harm to us.

Perhaps you have heard the story concerning an old colored mammy down South who had reached the century mark. Among those who called to congratulate her upon attaining that great age was a young man who had known her all his life. When he had offered his congratulations, it occurred to him that he might find out how one could live to be so old. So he said to her: "Tell us, Mammy; there must be some secret that has helped you to attain such a long life. How did you live to be so old?"

"Wa-all, Chile," she drawled, "I dunno. When Ah works, Ah *works*. And when Ah sits, Ah sits *loose*. And when Ah worries, Ah *sleeps!*"

There you have it! She worked while she worked. Then she sat in utter repose. And when worry tried to lift the latch, she dropped off into the sweet and refreshing oblivion of sleep. Try it next time you have something to worry about! It's a good recipe for a calm old age.

Worry, we ought to remember, is a mark of weakness. When we give way to worry, it is often because we are uncertain of our strength. We have an army of two divisions, and we suspect the opposing general has at least four. Or at least we act that way.

We fear what unknown forces may do to us. We worry about what we can't see. We are afraid of something we can't understand. We fear the coming of tomorrow. We fear today. We worry about countless things. But let's not fool ourselves. It is a clear sign of weakness. We are not sure of ourselves, or our heads would be up and we'd be whistling.

Here's a tip: When you are not sure of yourself, then it is time for you to make an alliance. Not with Mike or Tim or Ted, but with God. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in *Thee*."

Of course, you probably will not admit that you are afraid. But worry is usually caused by fear. And if fear does not cause worry, you can usually be sure that worry will sooner or later cause fear. One is either the father or the child of the other. When you see one of them you can be sure

that the other is not far away. Shun them both, if you want to be your best. They will never do you any good in any way.

But remember this: worry and fear can do you very great harm. They are not small matters. They can be so serious in their consequences that you ought to shun them as you would shun your worst enemies.

Fear and worry do not come out into the open to make their attack. They are under cover. You cannot deal with them as with things you can see.

### *They Disrupt Your Communications*

Worse than that, they are *within* you. They are right where your decisions are made. They can disrupt your communications at the outset. They are at your message center. All that comes and goes in that mind of yours is under their very eyes. Worse still, they can weaken your power to make decisions calmly and efficiently.

It is like inviting a saboteur to sit at your council table and letting him whisper into your ears. You would not expect him to make the best decisions. You would not expect him to be of help to you in carrying out those decisions. He sits where he can be far more dangerous to you than if he were ambushed somewhere out in front of you with a bayonet or a hand grenade. He is where he can do an inside job. And he can get away with it the better because it is so difficult to get at him. He keeps slugging away at you, but insidiously, and where you can least defend yourself against him.

Now it is time to say that worry does not usually come at you in single combat. He usually has at least one other buddy at his heels who is as vicious as he is. Sometimes they work in pairs. Often they come at you in droves. So it might be more proper to speak of worries than of worry. And there are many *aliases* in this crowd. One day it is discouragement and the next

it is anxiety, and then it is gloom, and next it is foreboding or despondency or depression or fretfulness or vexation or melancholy or pessimism or frustration or timidity or terror. They are a numerous and a depressing and a depraved brood, and you ought to try to keep away from them all.

Whatever their names, their tactics are much the same. For one thing, they weight you down, like mud that sticks to your shoes on a long hike as you "pick 'em up and set 'em down again."

You must know that worries, and all their kindred company of saboteurs, hamper your best efforts as you try to forge ahead. They "impede" you, as an old Roman soldier would say—for the equipment that he had to lug along with him he called his *impedimenta*. And the word was so good that we have made use of it. If you have something that hinders your progress, like the pack you had to tote up that steep hill in your basic training, it is an impediment. How you know that! Anything heavy enough or serious enough to slow you down is an impediment. It is something that goes around on foot with you, but unfortunately it has to be *your* feet (and your mind and heart) that furnish the transportation!

### *Who Wants to Unpack Worries?*

There is one point where our comparison of your pack with your worries breaks down. Your pack is good for something; your worries aren't. When you arrive with your pack at the place where your next foxhole will be, you can unpack bedding and shelter and entrenching tool and toothbrush and soap and treasured snapshots. But who wants to unpack worries and look the things in the face?

Now let us add another item in our case against worry. Because worry slows you up and makes the going hard, *it saps your strength*. It weakens you when you should

have command of every ounce of your strength and all of your resolution and your courage. When you should be strong for the battle, with buoyant resolution and undivided courage, you may find that your worries have been uglier and deadlier saboteurs than you realized. They have helped to wear you down, in strength and courage and morale, before you face the foe.

### *Bad to Fight on Two Fronts*

And they have done something else: *they have divided your attention.* They have kept you occupied with a flank attack when you should have been resting your forces in preparation for the frontal attack that looms ahead of you. It is bad business to be forced to fight on two fronts. It divides your forces and eats into your reserves and puts strain upon your lines of communication and doubles the work of your general staff. Avoid it wherever you can find it possible to throw all your strength toward a swift victory!

Now you ask *how* you can conquer worry. When a fellow hasn't heard from home and he wonders about Mom and

Jane and the others, how is he to avoid worry? When things have been going badly and you can read all the signs of an attack, just how can a man avoid worry?

In reply, let us put this query: *Isn't God still around in His world?* You may not have seen Him, but He has seen you. And He has seen Mom and Jane and the rest. And He is closer than you have known, and mightier than you have ever guessed. And He doesn't need you to remind Him to do His work.

Don't feel you must worry about the universe. Most of it will swing along rather well, whether you give it much thought or not.

There is one thing you can do. Just lean back and relax and close those tired eyes of yours and just ask God to take over for a while as you turn things over to Him.

Keep perfectly still and relaxed while you try to soak up some calm and some confidence. Try it for a moment. For five minutes. For an hour.

"What time I am afraid, *I will trust in Thee.*" That's the perfect way to whip worry and all its brood!



### *A Prayer for Those who "Get to Thinking"*

**ALMIGHTY GOD,** because Thy thought is ever for us, Thou canst well understand those moments in our lives when we get to thinking about our lives and the lives of our loved ones. In those thoughts are elements of love and hope and anxiety and yearning and fear.

Crown our patience, O God, with inner peace. Calm our fears with the knowledge of Thy presence. Confirm our hopes by our remembrance of Thy loving manifestation to us in the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Assuage our anxiety by showing us how to live a day at a time, but in the spirit of Thy eternal love and care for us all.

Give us that love, O God, that can bridge any distance; that hope that can look up over any darkness or barrier; that fortitude that can gap any suffering with a smile; that faith that can find victory in any experience of life.

When we "get to thinking," our Father—whether we be on some foreign shore or just waiting and thinking in our home—may we just think of Thee, and keep thinking of Thee, in Jesus' name. Amen. —Richard K. Morton



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A PAGE OF LAUGHS

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» The naval officer on watch got angry about something, rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to one of the men below:

"Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

"Not at this end, sir," was the mild reply.

» Out in New Guinea a squadron observer was called in by his commanding officer after an air raid and asked whether he had been nervous during the attack.

"No, sir," the soldier replied, "I was as cool as a cucumber."

"Swell," the CO replied, "I was afraid you might have been a bit rattled when you called in that there were 27,000 bombers coming in at 18 feet!"

» Seaman Nieldspondivionsky called at the camp post office for his mail, if any.

"Anything for Neieldspondivionsky?" he inquired.

The mail clerk looked up: "What's the initials?"

» God gave the pig a mighty snout  
With which to dig and root about.

And claws like iron he gave the mole  
With which to burrow and rig his hole,  
But God forgot in human riggerin'  
To provide a tool for foxhole diggin'!

» "They say that brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes."

"Well, my wife has been both and I can't see any difference."

An army mule named Maggie was buried and the following inscription appeared on the tomb:

"In memory of Maggie, who in her lifetime kicked one general, four colonels, two majors, ten captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 545 privates, and one bomb."

Sergeant (after war game): "Private, didn't you realize you were exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy only 250 yards away?"

Private: "That's all right, Sergeant, I was standing behind an imaginary rock 25 feet high."

» A mountain boy from north Arkansas stepped up before an officer after his medical examination had been completed at the draft induction center. The officer asked him what he preferred to be.

"What are you?" asked the inductee boldly.

"I'm a captain."

"Well, that's what I shall be aiming for."

"No," explained the captain; "what I mean is, where do you want to go?"

"I want to go home," the youth responded.

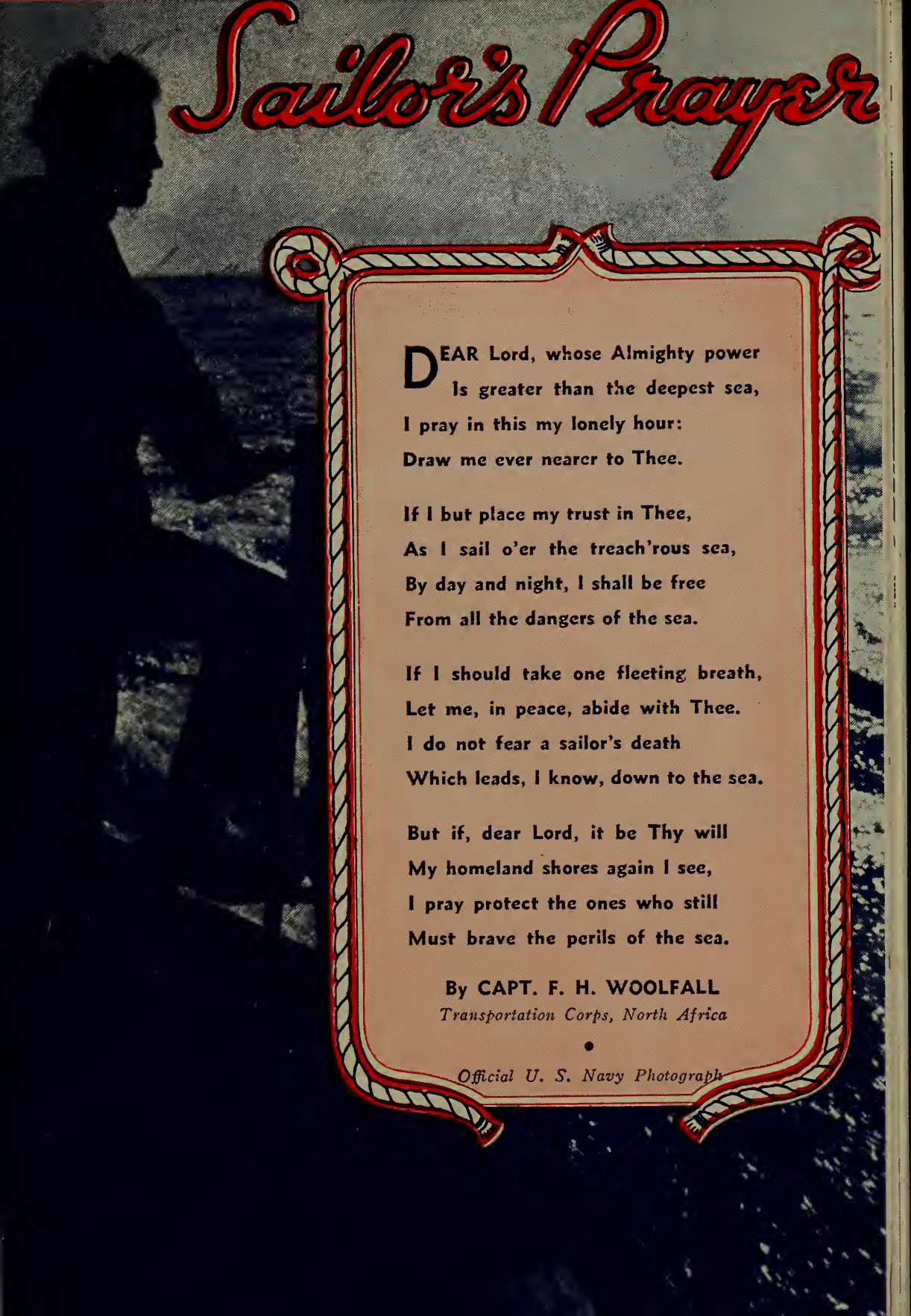
"But who'll do your fighting for you?" asked the officer.

And the young mountaineer replied, "The same guys who are doing the fighting for you, I reckon."

» Many young men deferred from military service on physical or other legitimate grounds must suffer the impertinent queries of a considerable clan of "Meddlesome Matties" who appear to feel that running the war is their personal prerogative.

One is cheered by the response of a department store window-display man accosted by an overstuffed dowager who demanded to know why he was not in uniform.

"Because, madam," he replied. "my heart is only slightly better than your manners."



# Sailor's Prayer

**D**EAR Lord, whose Almighty power  
Is greater than the deepest sea,  
I pray in this my lonely hour:  
Draw me ever nearer to Thee.

If I but place my trust in Thee,  
As I sail o'er the treach'rous sea,  
By day and night, I shall be free  
From all the dangers of the sea.

If I should take one fleeting breath,  
Let me, in peace, abide with Thee.  
I do not fear a sailor's death  
Which leads, I know, down to the sea.

But if, dear Lord, it be Thy will  
My homeland shores again I see,  
I pray protect the ones who still  
Must brave the perils of the sea.

By **CAPT. F. H. WOOLFALL**  
*Transportation Corps, North Africa*

•  
*Official U. S. Navy Photograph*



# Blood Donor

by

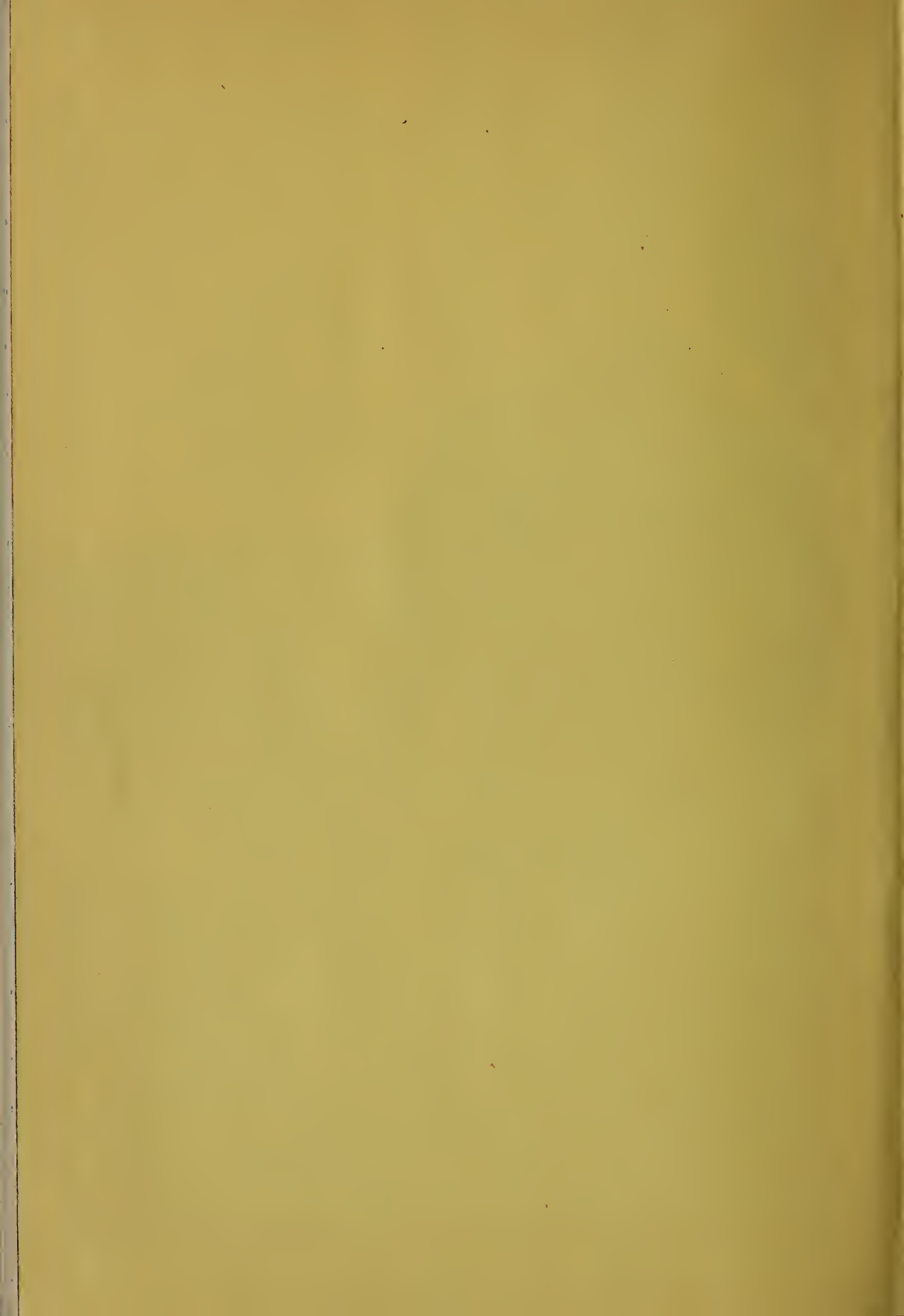
CHRISTOBEL BENDALL

*Symbol of life it is—this sanguine stream—  
Strength of my strength to meet another's need  
At some far front where life is a mad dream  
Of smoke and screaming shells. And it shall feed  
Pale lips and feeble pulse with grateful power.  
Then one shall know of friends who wish him well—  
For blood bespeaks concern in such an hour  
More eloquently than mere words could tell.  
But oh, I wonder whether he may know  
A stream more red than this, of purer flow,  
And far more dear than mine could ever be  
Was once poured forth in its entirety  
To save his loved soul from the death of sin,  
For him eternal life and joy to win!*

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