









*the* **LINK**

*April 1961*

MIRACLE OF THE RESURRECTION

A PURPOSE IN LIFE

DIAL MAN-9000!

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL









THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 19 • APRIL 1961 • NO. 4

## STORIES

GOOD FRIDAY .....	Irma Hegel	12
BIRDS OF SORROW .....	Beatrice Levin	32

## ARTICLES

MIRACLE OF THE RESURRECTION .....	Roy M. Terry	5
WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTING IS RESTORED .....	Aubrey B. Haines	9
A PURPOSE IN LIFE .....	Bobby Richardson	18
LATIN AMERICA'S QUIET REVOLUTION .....	Henry L. McCorkle	20
DIAL MAN-9000! .....	J. J. Hanlin	24
PROTESTANT MISSION IN LATIN AMERICA .....	W. Stanley Rycroft	29
RELIGION ON THE HIGHWAY .....	Elmer G. Million	39
GROWTH OF ALCOHOLISM .....	George Huddleston, Jr.	42
MISSIONARIES IN UNIFORM .....	Alden L. Thompson	46
OURS IS NOT A RELIGION OF EASY ANSWERS .....	Robert M. Taylor, Jr.	49

## OTHER FEATURES

EASTER GARLAND .....	Helen Harrington	8
CROSSWORD PUZZLE .....	James S. Pursley	23
THE APPOINTED TIME .....	Paul K. McAfee	55
LET US PRAY .....		58
THE LINK SATELLITE .....		59
THE LINK CALENDAR .....		62
HELPS FOR LAY LEADERS .....		63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS .....		64
AT EASE! .....		66

### COVERS:

Front: All dressed up for Easter! Photo by Don Knight.

Back: Spring planting. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: Spring plowing. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Springtime in the tree-tops. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Richard Horwitz. Occasional spots by Volk.

Copyright © 1961 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.



# Sound Off!

## New Airman Likes Link

You have my highest compliment on a magazine well worth the attention of every man in the Armed Forces. I enlisted in August 1960 and never before in my life have I realized how great the need is for God in the Armed Forces. In my opinion your magazine is doing a great job in fulfilling that need. I have gained a great deal from reading your magazine and I am confident that many others have too. My hat is off to you and all I can say is, *keep up the good work!*

—A/3C Harold N. Beye, Box 1502, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

## Generous Thought

I would like to send two subscriptions of THE LINK: one to my mother for Christmas; and one to my church in care of the pastor. Please send me the bill.

—PFC Horace A. Alston, Jr., USMC, Marine Air Group-16 First Marine Air Wing, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

*(This is a wonderful thing to do. Horace wants his folks back home to enjoy the same magazine he reads.)*

## Never Misses a Copy

I never miss getting my copy of THE LINK from the chapel for it is really an addition to my Bible studies. I will join with the others in praising God for your magazine and saying to you, "Keep up the terrific work!"

—A/3c James R. Adams, 6214th Matron, Box 165, APO 140, San Francisco, Calif.

## STAFF

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR:** Marion J. Creeger; **EDITOR:** Lawrence P. Fitzgerald; **CIRCULATION MGR.:** Isabel R. Senar; **ASST. EDITOR:** Irene Murray

Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.50 a year; \$2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

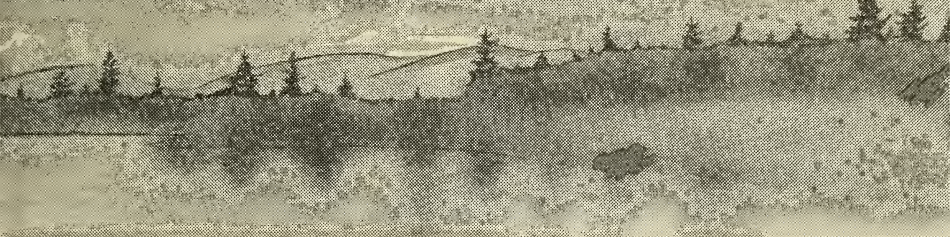
Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C.

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



# Miracle of the Resurrection

By Roy M. Terry



AN advertisement for a local cemetery recently caused more than an ordinary amount of comment. Its caption stated: "Elected to the Loneliest Club in the World," and then went on to say: "Perhaps the saddest ground in any cemetery is that given over to the so-called single graves. A single grave is usually purchased for (not by) the owner, who is thus for all eternity separated from those near and dear to him. These truly are 'the lonely acres.'"

It is not necessary to go on, for this "lonely acres" allusion is nothing short of revolting to the believing Christian.

What a life this would be if our only hope after death was to enjoy the fact that our earthly remains might pass into oblivion within geographical proximity to those of our loved ones.

In its startling statement, however, the article brings a very important

question to mind, one which looms large at Easter: Does our human spirit, so briefly housed in a physical body, cease to be when the body ceases to be or does our soul continue somewhere the challenging adventure which characterized its earthly existence?

Our Lord answers, "I live and because I live you shall live also."

In that one sentence the future of mankind is assured, the miracle of the resurrection has been consummated.

## Truth Beyond Doubt

If we carefully examine the record we find that these are no meaningless words but truth beyond all doubt.

We know of a certainty that men walked and talked with their risen Lord on the road to Emmaus and in a house at Jerusalem. We hear the Apostle Paul saying in essence: "I doubted at first but then I met the

*Chaplain Terry is Chief, Professional Division, Office of the Chief of Air Force Chaplains, Pentagon.*

risen Christ myself on the road to Damascus."

Mary saw him in the garden; Peter saw him along the seashore; more than five hundred met him on a mountain in Galilee. And when they saw him their lives were changed. In some instances they were called on to sacrifice their lives for their faith. Now men do not die for a lie; surely this is truth—their faith in the living Christ.

The more I learn of the resurrection faith the more I am confident that my immortality has been made certain by my Lord's triumph.

True, there are some things that I do not understand but then understanding and believing are two different things. Even the disciples found some things difficult to comprehend.

Yet our faith in the resurrection is backed up by our intellect. For example, science has a law called the indestructibility of matter. It is said that over a period of seven years our bodies are completely renewed; indeed, they are constantly renewing their cells and tissues. Our instincts tell us that it is natural for us to flee in the face of danger, to feed ourselves, to mate. These instincts all seek the preservation of the individual; so when they rise to control my thoughts and actions I find there is a reality to which they may express themselves. Could then this instinct for immortality that we find deeply rooted in man have no reality to justify it?

Then again we discover moral reasons to understand what we so earnestly believe. We cannot be-

lieve in the God of love as we do and believe that such a God would create us in his own image and then allow us to crumble to dust. The body, yes, the soul, never.

Yet with all the partial insights we find to back up our faith in our Lord's resurrection the final proof still is something resident in our hearts. It comes to full fruition when we completely accept Jesus as Lord and King.

Even if we found no matters of intellect, no moral ground supporting our belief, there still stands the authority of the risen Christ who is the mind of God and the heart of God revealed to man.

We follow him because he is our Lord and in his example we find the first fruits of him who has died and risen again.

#### Look to the Master

When a person wants to know all there is to know about a subject he looks to the masters, the specialists within the field.

Do we have the moral right to say that Rachmaninoff and his piano interpretations are wrong, that Shakespeare knew nothing of writing, that da Vinci could not paint nor Kant philosophize? To set one's self against an array of masters would be the height of ignorance and conceit. On like grounds, can we reject the words of the greatest teacher of all time, Jesus Christ, when it comes to a consideration of our immortal souls?

It is this experience and these words of immortality of my Lord and Master that makes my faith

different and gives it relevance as over against the other religions of this world.

The Buddhist conceives of immortality as the embodiment of truth; the Hindu places his emphasis on the transmigration of the soul; and the Jew thinks of man as a fragment of the everlasting. All these concepts consider man casting, as Noyes says, "his faery beacons in the dusk." On the other hand, in the miracle of the resurrection of our Lord, we as Christians move out past these mile-posts of historical thought.

As a Christian I have a Lord who was crucified and arose and appeared again to bear proof of life everlasting.

#### Immortality Now

What is more, his resurrection has meaning for me right now. My life is changed from the very moment I accept him for my immortality does not begin at some future date when I approach death's door. If I am immortal then I am immortal now.

One winter Sunday the members of a congregation were startled to find themselves singing: "Christ the Lord is Risen Today." They thought a mistake had been made. Unfortunately, hymns and sermons about the resurrection have been so largely confined to Easter that we feel that it is out of place to talk about it at any other time. We meet on Sunday rather than Saturday because Sunday is resurrection day.

The primary reason for Sunday worship is to celebrate the resur-

rection. Without it Sunday worship makes no sense; indeed, without it the Christian faith makes no sense for it is the all-pervading fundamental theme of our faith.

Back in 1950 a group of football players were traveling by bus over Monarch Pass in the Rockies. Some eleven thousand feet up the brakes failed. By shifting weight and some near miraculous driving they reached the straight-away at the bottom going 110 miles per hour and finally rolled to a stop seventeen miles later. While on the way down, a rider said he felt something whiz by his head. The confession came later. A young player had bought a cheap obscene book at the last stop and he said: "I didn't want to be caught dead with that." The lad felt judgment breathing down his neck. The sobering fact is that if the final victory is God's, then it is true right now and on his terms. Men who have made their mark in life have been men who lived as though they were this moment immortal. If we realized that each day we are preparing our immortal souls for existence in eternity, a good many of our viewpoints and paths of activity would be changed.

Dr. Paul Tillich in his book, *The Courage to Be*, tells of an engraving entitled: "Knight, Death and the Devil," by Albrecht Durer, the sixteenth-century artist. In it a knight in full armor is riding through a valley, a valley of shadow. He is accompanied on one side by the figure of Death, that haunting, mysterious certainty of which we seldom

(Continued on page 54)





### EASTER GARLAND

It is Easter! And what lay  
heavy on the hearts of men  
—rocks of ruin and decay—  
breaks and rolls aside again!

All the shroud-deep doubts, the fears  
men never dreamed that they could shed  
fail as, of the dawn, appears  
hope, strong, with love, high-spirited!

From the harsh captivity  
of cold, and from the dark outdone,  
secured by mighty covenants, we  
come forth to gardens full of sun!

—Helen Harrington



# World's Greatest Painting Is Restored

By Aubrey B. Haines

TWO bombs fell on the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan during the air raids in August, 1943. Fortunately they missed the wall on which Leonardo da Vinci painted *The Last Supper*. This was not the first time that the great painting had escaped destruction. Since first painted, it has always been in impending danger.

When da Vinci came to the fifteenth-century court of Ludovico Sforza, he was in an atmosphere of luxury and dissipation. As a painter, architect, inventor, musician, and philosopher Leonardo's goal was naturally the Sforza Court. In a letter to the Duke he set forth his qualifications. He could, he proposed, produce anything from family portraits to war machinery. "In time of peace," he added, "I am equally able as anyone in architecture, in constructing monuments, and in conducting water from one area to another."

Da Vinci was just the man Ludovico required. Coming to Milan, Leonardo established himself in a luxurious dwelling, where he soon assembled a group of pupils and admirers. During the next few years his output of drawings and designs was astounding. Statues and frescoes,

fortifications and war machines, a great canal, and portraits of Beatrice d'Este—Ludovico's wife and her children—are but a few of his accomplishments.

His more serious projects were constantly interrupted by demands for decorative novelties. Yet somehow Leonardo found time to pursue his own desires. Especially close to his heart was the painting of *The Last Supper*. He had the deep desire to re-create, as had never been done before, that tragic moment when Jesus called his twelve disciples together for the last time. Da Vinci wished to record their reactions to the words that fell from the lips of Christ as he said, "One of you shall betray me."

With Ludovico's sanction da Vinci set to work. Suddenly and tragically a new impetus was added. Beatrice died along with her infant son, and the Duke was inconsolable. He built a tomb in the Church of Santa Maria and buried her there in a leaden casket within a wooden one, the whole enclosed in one of black velvet embroidered with gold.

Now the decoration of the church became a passion with him. It was to be his last gift to his beloved Beatrice, and no pains nor expense



must be spared. Festivals at the court suspended, Leonardo was free to devote himself to the painting.

However, progress was slow, for the project was too serious for him to do quickly. He walked the streets and squares of Milan, lost in thought. Again he spent long hours in prayer. At times he would paint furiously all day without even stopping to eat. Occasionally he would come in, add a touch to a hand or a face, and leave for some time.

He studied the disciples, pondering each separately as to his nature and his likely way of expressing emotion. The disciples, Leonardo concluded, were all simple men like those around him. When he sat in a restaurant, he studied other diners: how this one used his hands and how that one raised his eyebrows.

FOR three years Leonardo worked on the picture, and it was not yet finished. Growing impatient, the Prior of the monastery wrote the Duke, "Sire, there is only the head of Judas to finish, but it is more than a year since he has touched the picture."

This made the Duke angry. Sending for the artist, he showed him the letter. Then Leonardo grew angry, too. "Do monks know how to paint?" he retorted. "It's true that I haven't been there. But that doesn't mean that I'm not working on the picture. I've been looking for a model for Judas. Every day I go the Borghetto, where all the riffraff live, but until now I couldn't find anyone rascally enough. However, the Prior shall be my model!"

Da Vinci never carried out his threat, but he returned to work. The painting became famous almost immediately. Not only in Italy but throughout Europe its greatness was acclaimed. Whether the picture was finished is a conjectural matter. Records of the time indicate that Leonardo worked on it up to the time of his death. One year King Louis XII of France descended on Italy and ousted Ludovico from his duchy. As a result, the painter was forced to leave Milan.

Making straight for the monastery of Santa Maria, Louis stood before *The Last Supper* for a long time. Finally turning to those persons about him, he said, "Cut it down, and carry it to France."

Fortunately Louis' attention was called elsewhere before the destruction could be attempted. But destruction of another kind soon began. Leonardo made two bad mistakes when he began painting *The Last Supper*. First, he overlooked the fact that the wall he chose for the fresco was so close to the monastery laundry that the steam and heat would hurt his pigments. Second, he insisted on using his own experimental tempera pigments, working with them on the wet plaster as he would have done with oil colors. The pigments were mixed in a kind of gelatinous substance, probably yolk of egg with a little vinegar, and applied directly to the plaster.

Not long after da Vinci died, the wall began to mold. Gradually a whitish film spread over the picture, dimming the colors. Then, as the wall contracted and expanded in



Da Vinci's painting, *The Last Supper*, after it had been restored.

cold and hot weather, the paint began to flake off.

By 1568 it was in such bad condition that all one could see was just a blur of color. Soon attempts were made to save it, but they proved futile. The monks who lived with the picture must have considered its restoration hopeless. In 1652, when they wanted a larger door in that end of the refectory, they cut through the painting, eliminating the Master's legs.

In the eighteenth century painters rallied to rescue the picture from oblivion. An Italian artist, Bellotti, after some retouching, covered the surface with oil, hoping to make the paint amalgamate. But the oil collected dirt, and the colors were obscured all the more.

In 1796 Napoleon took Milan and was greatly impressed by the painting. He ordered that no harm be done to the refectory, but this order was not respected. Troops threw brickbats at the heads of the disciples, and the scars remain. The greatest damage, however, came from some of the painting's restorers. One unfortunately tried to glue down the many curled scales of paint, which caused further blistering and crumbling.

With the coming of World War II all hope of continuing the restoration was abandoned. The wall was banked with sandbags and stood thus for three years. Bombs fell, and side walls of the building were blown away. The sandbag cover was open

*(Continued on page 54)*



Vic, Jimmy remembered, had been a skeptic, liking nothing better than an argument with believers. In the years since World War II, had he changed?

## Good Friday

By Irma Hegel

HE didn't want to beg. But then, it wasn't really begging. He had skill, experience, training, a good record, the best of recommendations. The factory in St. Leger had closed. He had heard Victor Holt's small factory was booming. The same business of plastics and Vic would make a place for him. Of that he was sure. They'd been buddies in Korea and gone through the thick of fighting in the rice fields together.

Jimmy Falk squared his thin shoulders and entered the modern two floor building. A busy office with the clacking typewriters. A blond girl, fresh as an apple and as pretty, came to the railing and looked up at him. "Something I can do for you?"

"I want to see Mr. Holt," said Jimmy.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Holt has left for the day," the girl answered. "He's at the door now."

Jimmy turned and darted after the

large heavy-set man. "Vic, wait!" he called.

Vic halted outside the door, his square face oddly solemn. "I'm in a hurry," he said impatiently. "I can't stop. What do you want anyway?"

Jimmy caught his arm. "Vic, it's me—Jimmy Falk—Taegu—remember?"

Vic nodded brusquely. "You must forgive me, Falk. I'm not myself this morning. Our daughter, Gwen, our only child, is in the hospital. Open heart surgery is going to be performed at ten o'clock. I'm leaving for the hospital now. I've got to make sure there are enough blood donors."

"Hey, let me volunteer," Jimmy said eagerly. "Surgery like that takes a lot of donors."

"Gwen has a rare type of blood—that's the catch. Do you think I want to beg for these donors? Well, that's what I've been forced to do."

"I've been a donor before," said



Jimmy. "Mine's the rare variety I've been told. I'll bet it types in."

"Then come along." Vic led the way to his car and motioned for Jimmy to sit beside him.

He was still oddly formal. Maybe warmth was too much to expect from a man whose only daughter faced critical surgery. Jimmy forgot his own troubles and wondered what comfort he could give. "The chaplain used to tell us we were never alone," he said softly.

He felt Vic stiffen beside him. "The chaplain was the first of the outfit to go. If God were really God, things like this wouldn't happen."

Vic's square face flushed angrily. "Why *our* daughter? I can think of twenty men in my factory who have four and five children, all healthy. These fathers can give to their children. Gwen can't even use my blood."

They rolled along the smooth highway, buds on the trees, forsythia blooming in golden showers from the yards they passed. Good Friday today, Jimmy thought. Easter on Sunday. Christ crucified and resurrected. He tried again. "You can't put God in a test tube or into a mold, Vic. You've got to know deep-down that he's there. Mom had a three-worded

prayer, *Father, I'm trusting.* I've prayed those three words many times when the chips were down."

Vic said gruffly, "I had the best specialist flown here, nurses around the clock. No expenses have been spared."

"Sure," Jimmy said dully.

Vic hadn't changed, he decided. Back in the Army, Vic had been the skeptic liking nothing better than an argument with the believers. Only a fool would believe in the virgin birth. Prayer was autosuggestion, nothing else. God was a delusion. The years had changed many so-called atheists that Jimmy had known. It came as a shock to learn that Vic was the same.

They drew up before the hospital.

"I'm seeing Gwen before surgery," Vic announced and left him.

ALONE, Jimmy approached the desk-nurse and said that he was a blood donor for Miss Gwendolyn Holt. He was escorted to a basement room where eighteen men and two women were waiting. Two Negroes, some workmen still wearing their factory coveralls, two motherly-looking matrons, a policeman, a spectacled youth who read from a book. Jimmy sat down beside a redhead with a freckled-spattered face. "Hi," said the fellow. "I'm Russ Meyers. Rare type of blood. Think you've got it?"

"Jimmy Falk," said Jimmy. "As for the blood, we'll soon find out. Do you work at the Holt factory?"

"Ex-worker. Got the old blue slip along with my pay check. Last day of work for me."

Jimmy raised his bushy eyebrows questioningly. "And you're giving blood?"

The blue eyes looked in his. "Our Savior shed his blood for us," said Russ. "It's Good Friday."

Jimmy was silent for a moment. "I came here for a job with Vic. We were buddies in Korea."

"Did Holt give you the job?"

"I didn't ask. Vic was pretty upset, his daughter and all."

"Well, Holt might give you a job and he might not," said Russ. "Giving his daughter blood won't influence him one way or the other."

"I'm not doing it for that."

"I gathered you weren't; maybe just wanted to hear you say so. The kid needs it. Doesn't matter whose kid she is."

The nurse signaled the redhead and he left, squeezing Jimmy's shoulder. "See you later. Hope you make it."

A few moments later, Jimmy took his test. He was in. He waited, sipping coffee with the others, getting acquainted. All real folks, like back in Indiana, the one woman a teacher, the other a neighbor of the Holts. A swarthy Italian clutched his beads. "Praying for that kid up there," he confessed. "Got two girls of my own."

Vic wandered in, saw Jimmy and sat down beside him. "Gwen's in surgery," he declared and glanced at a broad-shouldered Negro moving toward the door. "Once," he said reflectively, "a long time back, I was in a hospital. They wanted to put a Negro in with me, an emergency case. I wouldn't have it. Life has a way of turning the tables on us."





Sam's a porter in my factory. I was grateful when he volunteered—actually grateful.”

“They're all here,” Jimmy retorted. “Negroes, whites, Jews, Catholics,

Protestants, men and women, a boy not much older than your daughter, I imagine. It's a good company. I'm proud to be a part of it.”

“So they took you too?” Vic's stoical face held a flicker of interest.

“Yup.”

“You wanted to see me this morning, Falk—about what? You're from Indiana. You couldn't have heard about Gwen.”

“I didn't know about your daughter until you told me. What I came to see you about was a job. It will keep. Now is neither the time nor the place.”

Vic said nothing, merely rose and wandered back into the corridor. Probably his wife was in the waiting-room upstairs, Jimmy thought. Factory matters must be far removed from Vic's mind at the present moment. He'd listen later when the thing was over.

Jimmy was called next. It was after three when he finally left the hospital. He had hamburgers and coffee in a diner and wandered over to the hotel he had checked into last night. No word from Vic or the hospital. Come evening, he'd check at the hospital and see how the kid was doing.

**W**HEN it grew dark, he walked out into the night. Nice neat town. Nice people here. Daffodils, hyacinths and lilies, potted, foil-wrapped, all ready for Easter giving. Florist shop was jammed. Lights and crowds in the other stores, too. That hushed expectancy of spring in the air. He wondered if Vic's kid would be up and around when the

leaves were out to wander maybe under rain-drenched lilacs with some boy from high school.

He reached the hospital and walked to the desk. A dark-haired nurse glanced up at him. "I want to ask about Miss Gwendolyn Holt," said Jimmy. "Did she make it?"

"Miss Holt is doing splendidly," the nurse informed him. "The operation was a complete success. She should be back to normal soon. Were you one of the donors?"

He nodded. "Jimmy Falk's the name."

She reached down into a drawer and handed him an envelope with his name typed upon it. "Mr. Holt left one of these for each donor."

"Thanks," said Jimmy. He tore the envelope open. Inside was a fifty-dollar bill.

Russ Meyers loomed suddenly behind him. "Surprised, Falk?"

"You get one?" Jimmy turned to the redhead.

"Oh, sure, we all did. Paid in full. I'd have settled for a handclasp and a few words from his mightiness. That's the way I am. You planning to work for the guy, Jimmy?"

"Nope." Jimmy shook his head. "I hitchhiked two hundred miles to see Vic. I was in plastics before. Our factory shut down. One thing after another happened. Doesn't take away what I've learned though. Somebody will need me."

Russ slipped his arm around his shoulders. "New plastics factory opening in Wooten. I have an old jalopy. I'm planning to head there tonight. Want to come along?"

"I'd like that fine," said Jimmy.

"Bag's all packed. I'm over at the Almond Hotel."

"I'll pick you up around eight."

"Thanks."

At the hotel no one had phoned, no word from Vic. He scribbled a note of thanks for the fifty to Vic, affixed a stamp to the envelope and dropped it in the chute outside his room.

*Our Savior shed his blood for us,* Russ had told him. He needed no reminder. Sunday school all his life, church, a Mom and Dad who'd read their Bible every day of their lives and, what was more, lived by the words. The same Bible in his suitcase right this minute. "Why Good Friday?" he had asked his father once. "Why not Black Friday or Bad Friday?"

"Because Jesus saw good in everyone, even the thief who hung beside him on the cross and to those who had crucified him," his father had answered.

All of which brought him back to Vic. Sure, there was good in Vic. There had to be. The truth would be seeping into him, drop by drop like a transfusion. He'd have Sam to remind him, the neighbor with her motherly face, the men in their factory coveralls—Negroes, whites, Catholics, Jews, Protestants whose blood was even now pulsing in his daughter's veins, restoring her to health. Vic couldn't forget God and God working through people even if he wanted to.

Jimmy smiled, grabbed up his suitcase and hurried through a lightly falling rain to Russ who waited in his old car at the curb. The wipers

on the jalopy clicked back and forth.  
 "Usually rains on Good Friday,"  
 Russ observed.  
 "Could be," said Jimmy, settling

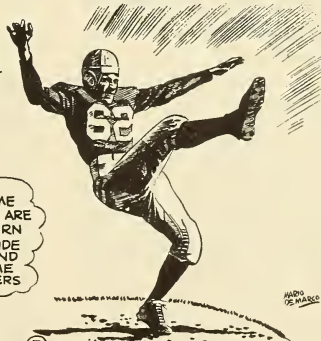
himself on the seat beside the red-  
 head. "I have an idea the sun will  
 be shining here and in Wooten come  
 Easter morning." ■ ■

## DO YOU KNOW YOUR SPORTS?



- ① THE GREAT BABE RUTH PLAYED HIS FIRST MAJOR-LEAGUE GAME BACK IN 1914: DO YOU REMEMBER WHICH ONE OF THESE POSITIONS HE PLAYED?  
 (A) OUTFIELDER  
 (B) FIRST BASE  
 (C) PITCHER

- ② DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THE FIRST NAMES OF THE GREAT TRIO, TINKER, EVERS AND CHANCE WERE, AND WHAT WAS THE TEAM THEY PLAYED FOR?



WELL FOLKS, IF SOME OF THE QUESTIONS ARE TOUGH, JUST TURN THE PAGE UP-SIDE DOWN AND READ THE ANSWERS

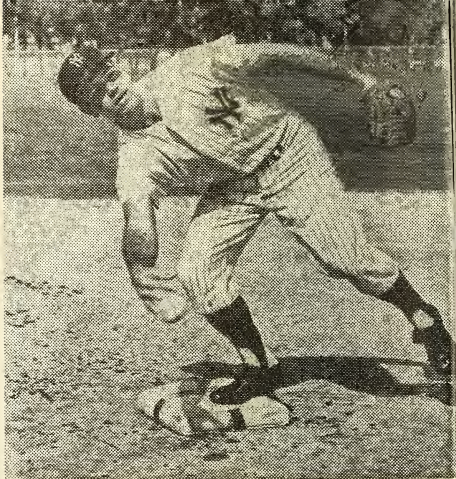
③ CHARLEY TRIPPI  
 ② FRANK CHANCE - CHICAGO CUBS  
 ① JOE TINKER, JOHNNY EVERS  
 ① - PITCHER  
 - ANSWERS -

- ③ IN HIS FIRST YEAR AS A PROFESSIONAL, THIS EX-GEORGIA GRID STAR SIGNED TO PLAY BOTH FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL: DO YOU KNOW HIM?



# A Purpose in Life

By Bobby Richardson



Bobby Richardson, Infielder

## New York Yankee second baseman gives his Christian testimony

**K**EEP the rules.  
Keep faith with your comrades.  
Keep a stout heart in defeat.  
Keep your pride under in victory.  
Keep a sound soul, a clean mind  
and a healthy body.

These are rules to be repeated before each ball game.

When I graduated from high school I had an opportunity to fulfill an ambition of many young fellows—to enter professional baseball! I signed with the New York Yankees and reported to their farm club in Norfolk. I will never forget it! This was my first time away from home in a big city. The fact that I knew no one, nor even to whom I should report, was discouraging, and made me downhearted and lonely.

About this time I received a letter from a former coach in which he quoted Matthew 6:33: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*" This renewed my faith, brought me closer to God, and things were well.

The following year we were in spring training and word came that there was a boy coming down from a higher classification club about whom I noticed there was much comment. I wondered why, and after I got to know him, I found out. He was a dedicated Christian, had devoted his life fully to God, and some of the things he stood for were resented by other team members, perhaps because of the way they

*Used by permission of American Tract Society, 513 W. 166th Street, New York City 32, and available in tract form. Bible quotations used are from the King James Version.*

wanted to live their lives. But inwardly they had a respect and admiration that I'm sure drew them closer to God, as I was drawn.

We must have a purpose in life, and that purpose should be to please God—to know him, to love him, and to walk with him in our daily lives.

Baseball is a profession full of temptation, just as other professions, and it is a challenge to lead the Christian life, but a verse that has strengthened and challenged me, because I know to claim it means a completely surrendered life, is Galatians 2:20: "*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.*"

I realize simply that it is God who has given me the ability, the opportunity and certainly any supposed earthly glory that might come through playing ball. I enjoy the sport I am in, but only because I feel that this is where God would have me serve him.

Twelve years ago when I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior, I took John 3:16 at its word: "*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" It was a wonderful day that I made this decision, and I am thankful that he sent his Son to die on the cross for me, that I through his grace might have everlasting life by simply trusting in his completed work of salvation at Calvary.

*"I am not ashamed of the gospel*

*of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth"* (Rom. 1:16). As we count up we find—

Only one life,


'Twill soon be past.

Only what's done for Christ

Will last.

It matters not our profession or our field; the thing that counts for eternity is our personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. ■ ■

**BIBLE VERSE**  
ROM. 13:12, 13



The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.  
Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.

Easter is a time of renewal. Our Bible verse for the month points up the importance of this renewal—"cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Then, "let us walk honestly, as in the day . . ." No longer walk in the night but now in the day when the light shines.

This renewal comes not of our power, not of our goodness, but of God's power and God's goodness imparted to us. This renewal comes when we willingly surrender our lives to Jesus Christ, God's Son, the Lamb of God who took away the sin of the world.

It is time for such a renewal. It is time to turn to God.



# Latin America's Quiet Revolution

By Henry L. McCorkle

ANYBODY else, *si, Yankee, no!*" seems to be the current war cry in Latin America. All through the twenty republics which lie to the south of us in the Western Hemisphere, fellow Americans are taking pot-shots at us in the United States. We are accused of being imperialists, war-mongers, oppressors, and deniers of social and economic progress.

The cult of Castroism has been responsible for much of this in the past year. The Communists have been helping. But these charges are not new. They have been made ever since the Teddy Roosevelt-inspired "revolution" in Panama in 1903. The United States, rightly or wrongly, has always been the patsy, the fall guy, for Latin America's considerable woes.

Many experts on Latin America contend that the basic reason for all these current troubles between us and our neighbors lies in two words—"evolution" and "revolution." These authorities say that the United States, in its relationships with the Latin American republics over the past half-century, has relied primarily on "evolution." We have worked with the established governments, even when many of them were dictatorships. We have relied

primarily on private capital investment for development in these nations, thereby making ourselves and the already rich people who handle these investments even richer, so the argument goes.

If we had thought and worked more in terms of "revolution," we might be on better terms with our fellow Americans, many students of Latin American affairs say. We should have supported peoples' movements against dictators like Peron, Batista, and Trujillo. We should have made more federal aid directly available to the underdeveloped areas of our sister republics. And we should have trained and sent many thousands of teachers and technicians to help these countries catch up with the twentieth century.

WHAT can we do now? Is there any hope? Will the Communists take over Latin America? Do we have any friends there? These are some of the questions now being argued from Canada to Tierra del Fuego. But in discussions of the Latin American situation, many people will forget the one great tie which links all Americans regardless of nation or color—Christianity.

On paper at least, the world's

*Mr. McCorkle is editor of The Episcopalian.*

greatest single concentration of Christians is in the Western Hemisphere. Of North America's some 200 million people, at least 180 million would claim to be Christian. Of South America's some 200 million people, at least 180 million would also claim Christianity. The United States, with some 100 million adherents, has the world's largest Protestant population; Brazil, with some 55 million adherents, has the world's largest Roman Catholic population. How could we be in such trouble with these facts before us?

Knowing too well how honestly active North America's 100 million Protestants are, it's easy to see that Christianity is not the bond it should be between Americans. Roman Catholics themselves state that only around 30 per cent of Latin America's some 170,000,000 baptized Catholics take any active part in the Church. Ironically enough, the most zealous and most rapidly expanding Christian group in Latin America is the Protestant, or evangelical, church.

The evangelicals, as they prefer to be called, today number some five million in the twenty Latin American republics. Almost half of this number live in Brazil. Mexico has almost a million; Argentina has around half a million; Chile, more than 400,000. The rest of the nations have Protestant minorities of from five thousand to three hundred thousand.

The greatest single concentration of evangelicals in Latin America is in Southern Brazil. Here almost 750,000 people of German Lutheran background have settled on rich farm

land. The Lutherans of Brazil form the largest single denominational group in Latin America. Baptists are active in Brazil, Colombia, and the Caribbean; Disciples in Argentina and Paraguay; Episcopalians in Brazil and the Caribbean; Methodists in Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia and Uruguay; Presbyterians in Brazil, Colombia, and Central America; the Reformed Church in Central America.

In addition to the so-called "historic" U.S.-based denominations listed above, there are major national church bodies in Chile and Peru, the Methodist Pentecostal Church and the Peruvian National Church. The most spectacular growth has occurred in churches of the Pentecostal persuasion. The largest single evangelical congregation in Latin America meets in a building the size of a university field house in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Membership in this one church is more than 7,000.

**M**OST of the "foreign" missionaries working to spread the Gospel in Latin America are citizens of the United States. But only a fraction of them are supported by the "historic" churches. Dr. Kenneth Strachan of Costa Rica, veteran Latin American missionary leader, estimated in 1957 that at least three quarters of the some 6,000 U.S. Protestant missionaries south of the Mexican border were sent by "non-historical" churches and mission groups.

In addition to the German Lutherans, there are many non-American churches and groups serv-

ing the evangelical cause in Latin America. The Church of England has chaplaincies to English-speaking people in South America, mission work with Indians in Argentina and Paraguay, and extensive operations in the Caribbean. The largest single Protestant group in Uruguay is the Waldensian Church, with roots in southeast France and Italy. Scottish Presbyterians have worked in Peru for years. Hungarian Reformed congregations are growing in central Brazil. And Protestants from Lebanon, Syria, and other Middle East areas have worshiped together in Brazil for some forty years.

Perhaps the most unusual "foreign" ministry has been that to the more than half a million people from the Orient now living in Latin America. The great majority of these people are Japanese who have settled in Brazil since World War I. In 1923 this ministry was started by a Japanese Episcopal layman in Sao Paulo. Today Japanese-Brazilians are served by their own ministers as well as missionaries from Japan. In Bolivia, a Korean missionary has come to serve his people newly settled in that country.

**I**N the midst of a rapidly-changing revolutionary Latin American world, where does the evangelical movement stand?

The most satisfactory short answer would probably be that Protestantism in Latin America is at last coming of age after a century of quiet growth. And if the next forty years compare in any way to the last forty, Protestantism will be a major force

in Latin America by the year A.D. 2000.

In 1916, a survey of evangelical strength in Latin America noted that the total of all members and adherents (those attending services without formal membership) was 122,875. Today, forty-five years later, the Protestant population has increased almost forty-five times that 1916 figure, according to the most recent estimates.

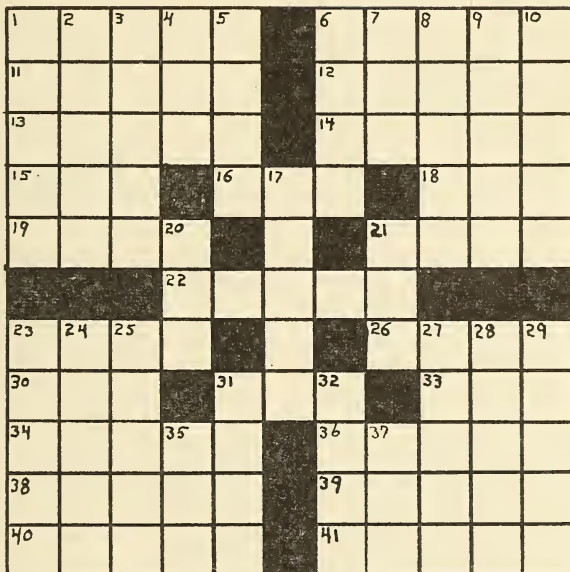
Although the evangelical movement has largely been ignored by Latin American governments and the general public in years past, several recent events have indicated that apathy toward, and ignorance of, Protestantism is no longer the rule.

When the terrible earthquakes and tidal waves struck the southern coast of Chile in 1960, *Ayuda Cristiana Evangelica*, the national Protestant relief organization, was first on the scene with emergency disaster aid. When evangelist Billy Graham addressed the Tenth Baptist World Congress in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in July, 1960, more than 150,000 people heard him preach. This was the largest single crowd ever to attend a Protestant meeting in the history of North and South America. And when the Presbyterian Church of Brazil celebrated its centennial in 1959, the Brazilian government issued a stamp commemorating the anniversary. This was the first time that a Protestant Church had been so honored in Latin American history. In Bolivia, Brazil, and several of the Caribbean countries, chiefs of state, cabinet ministers, and federal

(Continued on page 53)

# Crossword Puzzle

By James S. Pursley



## ACROSS

1. Scopes
6. A title of respect
11. Show to be false
12. Profitable
13. Nimble
14. Smooth
15. Chinese pagoda
16. Female hare
18. Skilled workmanship
19. Otherwise
21. Social insects
22. Bread-maker
23. Husband of Jezebel
26. Graceful
30. Invest with knighthood
31. Terminate
33. Game fish
34. Laundry machine
36. Angry
38. Ore veins
39. Eucharist plate
40. Suffix plus "le"
41. Fragment of pottery

## DOWN

1. Lessen
2. Royal
3. An intermediate of God
4. Be unwell
5. Johnny Apple
6. A girl's slipper
7. Dined
8. Sofa
9. Wide awake
10. Dissolves
17. An old kind of bucket
20. Recede
21. Painting
23. Confuse
24. A great lake
25. Remain
27. Child's marble
28. To cut diagonally
29. General course
31. Gaelic
32. Immerses
35. Slender fish
37. Cheering cry

(Answers on

page 45)





By J. J. Hanlin

## Dial Man-9000!

A TALL, angular, bespectacled man with a slight scholarly stoop is one of the heroes of London, England. He has saved hundreds of lives and yet he has no medals.

He is Rev. Chad Varah, rector of St. Stephen Walbrook Anglican Church. Not only has he saved many lives but he has inspired others to do so, too.

How do Chad Varah and those he has trained save lives? They do it by merely answering the telephone and speaking in a quiet, sympathetic and careful voice to troubled men and women who are on the brink of suicide.

Strangely, Mr. Varah came upon this idea independently in 1953 almost at the same time as another minister, Rev. Peter West, a Baptist, employed it in London. Neither man heard of the other's work until later. After Mr. West went to the United States, the Anglican minister's num-

ber became almost as well known as the numbers of the fire and police departments. Today, seemingly, there are few Londoners who cannot tell you whom you get when you call Man-9000.

Mr. Varah was not only a minister, the vicar of a parish of 10,000, in 1953, but also a free-lance writer. The stipend from the parish was only large enough to pay his secretary's salary and he was forced to take to writing to make ends meet. He was a relentless worker and his writing on psychological subjects, so carefully prepared, resulted in countless letters. It was in an article for a large, picturetype magazine that he touched on the subject of suicide.

"In one day," he said, "I received over a hundred letters. I realized that here was a field that was much neglected. I realized, too, that as a writer these people could confide in me."

After the success of his article,



Mr. Varah made a resolution to devote his life to the task of preventing suicides. He delved even deeper into the area where psychology and theology blend and became so deeply immersed in his subject that he felt he should no longer be vicar of a parish of 10,000.

"I am not a mystic," he said, "and when I talk to God, I speak to him as simply as I am speaking to you. I told God what I wanted to do. I told him I wanted a city church where parish duties would be small and I could devote my time to helping troubled men and women."

As a result of this, with a sense of wonder, he discovered the astonishing thing that has occurred over and over again in his life . . . that when you pray like this your prayers are answered. Someone, and he doesn't know who, heard of his desire to help troubled men and women and, while he was vacationing on the continent, he was offered the position

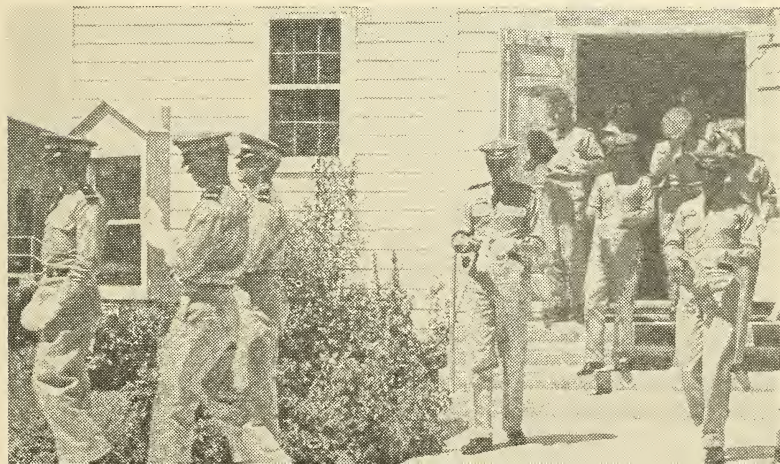
as rector of St. Stephen Walbrook.

"It came out of the clear blue sky," he said, "and when I returned to London to discuss it, I felt I was sounding like a frightful charlatan. I desired to do this work so much that I feel I oversold myself."

This, however, was not the case. He was permitted to do what he wished to do with no strings attached. St. Stephen Walbrook is what Mr. Varah terms "a weekday church" and although not unusual in Europe is less known in America. The church is one of forty Anglican churches in an area of London called "the City of London." Once a thriving residential area, today only 5,000 dwellers are scattered through its old streets.

As a result, if a rector robed himself on Sunday and preached a service, he would speak to bare walls. He would have to sing the hymns himself and, unless he preferred a congregation of ghosts, it would be

**Service personnel leaving a chapel after service. Regular attendance is the best possible insurance against suicidal tendencies.**



rather disheartening all around. During the week, however, over 750,000 people work in the city and services are conducted during the lunch hour. These churches consequently are usually given to churchmen who devote themselves to other work.

WHEN Mr. Varah went to visit his church for the first time he found rain falling across the pews. It had been destroyed in the war and the whole place was in ruins. He began to kick debris about with his foot and uncovered an old telephone, still connected, which in spite of lying in the wreckage for years remained in working order.

"I had to have a number like the fire or police department," he went on. "I thought of Man-9000. Such a number would be hard to obtain and would cost a considerable sum, but I felt my work would suffer without it."

There was no time like the present to get started, he decided, so he picked up the phone and dialed the operator. As an icy gale whipped through the church, he explained his

situation to the telephone authorities.

"What number do you have now?" they asked him.

"I don't know." He scratched mud from the dial and wiped it with his cuff. "Never mind," he said.

"Hello!" the voice protested. "Never mind? What do you mean?"

"It's Man-9000," he said excitedly, "the very number I wanted!"

It is through little things like this that he was convinced that God wished him to have the somber grey stone church. Nobody to this day can explain how the church managed to have such a coveted number in the city of 10,000,000 phones. All the other churches have weird numbers, as he puts it, almost impossible to instill into the minds of millions of people. But Man-9000? Who can forget it?

Mr. Varah soon found that people on the brink of suicide have a deep-rooted mistrust in what we call civil authority. The ministers and priests of Europe, now dozens of them, are most successful in combating suicide, not the government-paid psychiatrists.

**Crowded, poorly-housed refugees sometimes seek escape in suicide.**







A man who gives and receives love seldom contemplates suicide.

TODAY, his Man-9000 is so busy that he has three lines into the rectory. (He has to have a private line for his own use.) He has a staff of five people: two clergymen, a social worker, a psychiatric social worker and a secretary. This group, however, does not account for the vast amount of work which is done by the "Samaritans," as they are now called. There are 120 part-time volunteers who man the phones twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. This group does much of the spade work.

Strangely, the "English character" dominates an Englishman even when he is on the brink of suicide. Seldom will those who dial Man-9000 come right out with a desperate cry for help.

"For a long time," they may begin,

"I have been neglecting the world. I can't work, except perfunctorily. My best friends, whom I used to spend long hours with, I cannot face. Books are tedious and have nothing to do with the truth of life. I can't stand the TV at all. My relatives are well-meaning, but I can't talk to them—"

"Wouldn't you like to come and talk to us?" a Samaritan may ask.

"Well, yes . . . yes, I would."

During 1960, the "Samaritans" handled about 2,000 "serious cases." Their big problem is how to deal with terrible time wasters whom they feel will never commit suicide. These are frequently deceptively charming people who are unashamedly incapable of love and utterly self-centered. This group of psychopaths employ many much-used devices to capture Mr. Varah's attention.

The rector warns, however, that we who are unfamiliar with suicide should under no circumstance disregard a threat made by one of our friends or relatives. Every suicide threat should be taken exceedingly serious. Frequently, there are people who cry, "Wolf!"

"Ah," their friends will say, "it is mere talk; nothing will happen."

Even if we feel that it is a fake, about which we will never hear again, we should take it seriously. Even though the person may be indulging in a little melodrama, by discounting the threat we may be placing him in a position where he has to go through with it. Strangely, there are people who commit suicide just "to show" others that they were serious about it.



Socially and economically, suicide is a problem of the modern city dweller. If a person is an active Christian there is little chance that he will ever become one of Mr. Varah's "cases." Almost invariably, the minister finds the man who is on the brink of suicide has drifted away from religion and is more or less "lost." In fact, one could say that the best possible insurance against suicide is to be a member of a church and frequently attending service.

"This is the sort of person we seldom run into," he said.

It is the Irish people in Europe, perhaps, who have the lowest suicide rate. (Although exact figures are not known by people in the work.) Mr. Varah believes the Irish seldom commit suicide because of their closely knit community life, strong religious feeling and the fact that modern, "fast" living has not penetrated the island, as yet.

A YEAR or two after the minister began his telephone service, his work attracted the attention of a West Berlin Lutheran pastor and medical psychiatrist, Dr. Klaus Thomas. West Berlin has the highest suicide rate in Western Europe and soon the Thomas phone was ringing night and day. Dr. Thomas is assisted in this work by his young wife, Adelheid.

"We work closely with the American and other NATO armed services," she told me. "Frequently, girls become despondent when their boy friends are facing a transfer. The Army chaplains send both boys and

girls to us. We feel that we have saved the lives of many young girls."

After it spread to Berlin, churches of both Protestant and Catholic churches began the service in Germany. There are now twelve such centers in West Germany alone and they are opening up almost monthly. The idea also spread to Scandinavia, which has a high suicide rate, and almost all the NATO countries. The clergymen suddenly realized that they were creating an entirely new field of Christian endeavor and already suicide rates are falling.

With the idea came the need to exchange information. As a result, the clergymen, social workers and psychiatrists meet every two years for international conferences on suicide. In 1960, one of these conferences was sponsored by the Lutheran Church in Geneva and was followed almost immediately by a Catholic-prepared conference in Vienna.

Furthermore, the clergymen while in Geneva decided to set up a permanent center there where they can funnel information to be exchanged on suicide between conferences.

"What," I asked the rector, "can we ordinary Christians do to prevent suicides?"

"Love your fellow men," he said slowly. "People generally commit suicide because they feel unloved . . . because there is no one to go to for help. Once you get a troubled person to unload his feelings, the greater part of the battle is won. Take any kind of abuse from them. Our lives belong to God and we must make them see this. No one has the right to take his own life. . . ." ■■

# *Protestant Mission in Latin America*

By W. Stanley Rycroft

UNTIL recently the twenty republics which compose what we call Latin America have been traditionally Roman Catholic. With the sixteenth century conquistadors from Spain and Portugal came the missionaries to take part in one of the greatest religious crusades in history. The zeal, devotion and energy of many of these monks and priests were admirable, and vast numbers of the native people—misnamed Indians—were converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

## **Weakness of Roman Catholicism in Latin America**

Discerning Roman Catholics today deplore the superficiality of much Roman Catholicism in Latin America and are concerned over the failure of the church to maintain the allegiance of the masses of the people. Father Vekemans, S. J., a Belgian Jesuit, who directs the School of Sociology in the Catholic University of Chile, gives three reasons why he feels the Catholic Church is losing Latin America: First, the continent is no longer closed to outside influences such as "laicism, spiritism,

secularism, communism, masonry, and Protestantism," as it was prior to the nineteenth century. Second, because of the highly mystic nature of Spanish Catholicism, it has never been deeply concerned with man's life here in this world. It has not been able to confront the situation created by a rising technical civilization and to provide the spiritual and moral values necessary to cope with the problems it produces. Third, is the shortage of priests. Father Vekemans states that 200,000 more priests are needed in Latin America where percentage-wise the population is growing faster than in any other part of the world.

## **The Mission of Protestantism**

What is the mission of Protestants in Latin America? Father Jabusch, in an article in *The Commonweal*, gives part of the answer, as he analyzes his own question "What is the basic theme of the Protestant message?" It is simply that "the only hope of the men and nations of Latin America" is not in religion, in the formal ecclesiastical sense, but in a "living faith in a living Savior." From

*Dr. Rycroft is Secretary of Research of the Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations of the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.*

my own personal observation after long residence in a Latin American country, I can say that speaking generally there is much religion and little faith.

Let us examine this briefly. Religion is a set of practices, rituals, ceremonies, by which men seek to honor God in the hope that he will bestow his favors upon them. Religion involves "doing something" to please God. It is a quest of men for God; the best they can do in their search for God. But Christianity, in this sense, is not a religion; it is significant that Jesus never used the word and that we do not find it mentioned in the Gospels.

The Christian gospel is "the good news from God." It is not man's feeling blindly and searching for God but it is God coming to us in the person of Jesus Christ to lift men out of their darkness into his marvelous light. Christian faith is faith in the living Christ as the revelation of God's love and as Savior of mankind. Thus the Protestant Mission in Latin America is to preach the living Christ, the Christ who can transform the individual and also redeem society. Evangelism is first on the priority list; the Word must be proclaimed. In Latin America there is an evangelistic fervor that would put Christians in the United States to shame. Not only pastors, but laymen and laywomen feel the compulsion to share their faith with their neighbors.

In Protestant churches it is the practice for both children and parents as well as grandparents to go to Sunday school. There they receive

instruction in the Bible and the Christian faith. In the evening there is an evangelistic service and, in many instances, perhaps only half of those present are actually members of the church. It is not easy to become a member of a church.

In Santiago, Chile, where the number of Pentecostals has grown in less than fifty years to nearly half a million, it is said that when a member of a church leaves his home for a Sunday evening service he stops at the street corner and talks to passersby, inviting them to go along; at the next corner he will do the same. With this form of witness we can easily understand why congregations of a thousand gather every Sunday night.

### Witnessing Through Lives and Schools

Basic to the Protestant Mission is the witness of the individual. The word "Protestant" is derived from the Latin words "pro testari" which mean "to be a witness." The Christian must be a full-time disciple of his Lord, and one whose life is a living testimony of faith. Millions of Latin Americans have no faith at all; they are the unchurched, the nominal Roman Catholics, the anti-clericals.

On one of my visits to Brazil, I came down in a mission plane one morning at a small town in the interior state of Minas Gerais. There I met two young Presbyterian doctors and their wives. A few months previous to my visit these couples had settled in this town with very slender resources. The doctors rented



an old house and set themselves up in practice. From the very beginning they conducted worship services in their consulting room every Sunday evening, giving their own testimony to the power of the gospel. Soon it became evident that a church building was necessary because so many were interested in hearing the gospel. The people of the town raised the funds for the construction of a church building and not long afterwards called a full-time pastor to minister to them.

One of the outstanding problems in Latin America is that of illiteracy. More than half the population can neither read nor write. For decades now Protestants have been making a great contribution through education; a number of missionaries have been decorated by governments for their services to the people in this field. Some schools are small primary departments in villages and towns; others are large schools with big enrollments in both primary and secondary departments and a few are operating at the college level.

Through its schools Protestantism is producing its own elite. The boys and girls of two decades ago were given the opportunity of an education, and today they are the professionals, doctors, teachers, lawyers, and pastors who are to be found in the local churches.

It is estimated that there are between five and six million Protestants in Latin America compared with 200,000 in 1916. However, in a population of 190 million this means that the Protestants are a minority in every country. In some countries

it takes great courage and conviction to be a faithful member of a Protestant church. A person may be discriminated against because of his faith.

### The Social Revolution

Latin America today is in the midst of a far-reaching social revolution. Two-thirds of the people of Latin America live in a chronic state of malnutrition, two out of five are illiterate. Communism is penetrating the universities and the labor unions and this presents a great challenge.

The task ahead is of immense proportions and it is little wonder that both Roman Catholic and Protestant leaders are deeply concerned. While the Protestant churches have grown in number and strength in recent decades and national leadership is developing in some countries, yet there is still a great need for more resources in missionary personnel and funds to do this job. Teachers, doctors, nurses, agriculturists and evangelists are all needed.

The gospel must be proclaimed, churches must be nurtured, leaders must be trained, new frontiers, both geographical and sociological, must be manned. The Protestant Mission in Latin America has just begun. The deepest problems are moral and spiritual rather than political and economic. ■ ■

### PHOTO CREDITS

Page 8, Louis C. Williams; page 11, Italian State Tourist Office; page 18, New York Yankees; page 26 United Nations; page 27, U.S. Information Service; pages 60, 61, U.S. Army.



*Birds  
of  
Sorrow*

By Beatrice Levin

When misfortune comes your way—

LET me die," I prayed silently, waiting to see the doctor, praying half to him and half to the Lord who was no longer my Rock or my Redeemer.

Doctor William Schirmer had been my friend for years. My husband and I went to him before we were married. Now, sitting in his waiting room, wanting him to give me something to help me die quickly, I kept my eye on the magazine on my lap. But I wasn't reading. I saw print, words, but they had no meaning. I did not want to glance around the room to see the paintings that I had given our good friend after our honeymoon: the beach scene showing the golden sands and the lonely figure of a girl; the seascape revealing the rolling whitecapped waves beating themselves against the wet black rocks; the water color of our little honeymoon rustic cabin where Tom and I had spent two divine weeks. Tom and I . . .

I could not accept his death. Dead at twenty-eight. So full of life, so noisy, so much alive, a tall man, a homely, wonderful, strong man. Maybe others thought he was nothing but a truck driver but, to me, he was my whole world. I had nothing left to live for, a woman of twenty-seven without children and sick. For I was sick. I knew it. The pain could no longer be denied. I really wanted Doctor Schirmer to help me die.

The nurse came to the door and said, "Doctor Schirmer will see you now, Mr. Fabri." I had been so absorbed in my own miseries, I had not even noticed another patient in the waiting room. I saw now that he

was a very nice looking, ruddy-faced, short man with a lot of grey hair that bristled with energy.

I closed my eyes. Tom. I said the word aloud, "Tom . . ."

At last the nurse spoke my name. "Mrs. Webber."

Dr. Schirmer stood up when I came in and held out his hand to me. "Julia!" he exclaimed, "How nice to see you!"

I sat down and wanted to get right to the point. "I *am* ill, Doctor. I'm very ill. I think I have cancer."

"Oh, I don't know; I doubt it," he hastened to assure me. "You aren't supposed to do your own diagnosis unless you get one of these." He pointed to the Diploma of Medicine behind his desk, and then smilingly, he took pen in hand. "Tell me all about yourself," he said. He glanced at my medical history. "You haven't been in for a year. Not since that time you and Tom came in to talk about having a baby."

We hadn't been able to have children, and I remembered that we were quite anxious about it. Tom would certainly have made a wonderful father.

Dr. Schirmer examined me carefully and then said, "You'll need X-ray and some lab tests. But more than that you need a job, something to keep you occupied."

"A job!" I exclaimed, "I just want you to give me something to help me die."

WHAT are you talking about, Julia Webber? Come on, let's go. I'm taking you out to dinner."

"I'm miserable company."



"You are going to have two handsome men take you out for dinner!"

I couldn't help smiling. "Two?"

"There's a patient of mine I want you to meet—a Philip Fabri. He's an artist too."

"Why do you say 'too'? I haven't painted in five years."

"You used to paint beautifully. Come, hurry up, we're starved."

He had left me, and I stood up, feeling quivery, my hands ice cold. There was a small mirror in the dressing room, and I saw that my face was flushed. I began to dress and, though I wasn't hungry, I longed to be pretty again, to enjoy my food, to sit with entertaining company, to enjoy the companionship of a man once more. And tonight I would be with not one but two men. At least I could give it a trial.

But no operation. I had made up my mind that Dr. Schirmer couldn't talk me into that.

What had I been doing with myself since the day Tom was killed in a motor accident? His truck had overturned when he had swerved off the road to avoid hitting a teen-age girl who was just learning to drive and had temporarily lost control of the car she was driving. What had I been doing? Lying in a half-darkened room, staring at the ceiling, wishing myself dead. That's what. Going to the supermarket and bringing home odds and ends of canned food and living out of them for days at a time, never fixing myself a decent meal, never answering the doorbell, never cleaning the house. I thought of the dust, dirt and ac-

cumulated laundry. The dishes in the sink. But what purpose did I have for neatness? What did tomorrow matter to me?

"Are we walking too fast for you, Mrs. Webber?" Philip Fabri asked.

I hadn't heard what they were discussing, so engrossed was I in my own misery. We went into a lovely quiet restaurant, and Philip held my chair.

When he was seated opposite, he leaned toward me and said, "Dr. Schirmer tells me you're a painter."

I shook my head.

"Water colorist?" he asked.

Again I shook my head.

"I've been trying," Philip Fabri said, "to get Dr. Schirmer to come up to a summer art colony I'm starting. We need a doctor up there. It's a remote place—way up in the Ozarks. People will come for six weeks of painting and study. It will be exciting. And a good change for a man like Bill."

Dr. Schirmer was looking at me anxiously. "I'm shocked to see how pale you look. You must have lost twenty pounds since Tom died."

"I have no appetite."

Turning to Philip Fabri, Dr. Schirmer jested: "Say, Philip, I'll make a deal with you. You get Julia to come up to your artists' colony for the summer, and I'll come too!"

Immediately, Philip reached out his hand, palm upwards, and they shook hands. I felt confused. What had all this to do with me? I was a widow, in mourning, miserable and ill. What interest could I possibly have in an artists' colony! I hadn't had a paint brush in my hand for

five years. I had come across my box of oil paints in the bottom of the closet recently when I was looking for some rubbers, and the box had fallen open to reveal old dried up tubes of paint, brushes hardened with disuse, all the supplies as brittle and useless as I felt. Looking at that box of dried up paints, I had thought, that's what's left of my life.

Philip Fabri spoke my name: "Julia—? Is it all right if I call you 'Julia'?"

"Of course," I said.

"I asked you," he said, "would you come for the summer? I praised your water color work to the doctor. I would like very much to have you come. . . . Especially if it means getting Dr. Schirmer up there for the summer!" he added frankly.

I shook my head.

The food came, thick savory steaks. For the first time in many months I found my mouth watering. The coffee had an odor so fragrant that I had to lift the cup immediately to smell it more deeply. I sipped. That was real coffee. A new joy seized me. I picked up my knife and fork and tasted the steak. It was juicy and tender; it melted in my mouth. I had forgotten how good food could taste, what a joy a baked potato with melted butter could be, what an exciting experience an excellent meal might be!

"I've made up my mind!" Dr. Schirmer said, and I could feel his eyes studying me as I ate with hearty appetite, hardly believing my actions myself. What good food! "I've made up my mind," he repeated. "If Julia will go up to the

camp, I'll close my office for the summer. I haven't had a vacation in fourteen years, not since college days. It's time for me to take a break."

"It is time for you to have a vacation, but why involve me? You go. I want . . ." I couldn't bring myself to finish the sentence. I looked from Fabri to Schirmer, and I saw in their eyes the flattering look that means male interest in a woman.

I took a good look at Philip Fabri. He had a straight nose and a straight look to his eyes, as if the world were his oyster, all set out for him like a still life—ready for him to paint. His skin was a little reddish, ruddy, I guess you'd call it, and there were a lot of folds in it rather than wrinkles, as if he laughed a great deal; and the lines around his mouth were cheerful. It was a big masculine mouth. He smiled a great deal; evidently he was a very happy man.

"How come you're a bachelor?" I asked.

"Artists never make the kind of living to support a family."

The doctor laughed. "I make enough to support a family, and I'm a bachelor."

"Oh, you," I said, "you're so busy you haven't got time to look at a woman." Realizing what I had said, I blushed, and they both laughed. Most of what Dr. Schirmer did was "looking at women."

Here I was with two fine men, both of them handsomer than my Tom, both of them better educated. But I would gladly have moved to another table immediately if I could have moved to that world where Tom had made life a glowing and

wonderful thing. The best time of day, every day, was when I heard his footsteps in the hall coming toward our apartment, when I heard the bright greeting, the strong voiced rising inflection, "Hi, honey! I'm home!"

The doctor looked at me, as if he were begging—a little. I heard myself say, "What have I got to lose? O.K. I'll come up to your old artists' colony for the summer. When does it start?"

THE camp started July first. By the time we were driving up through the curving roads of the Ozarks toward the camp site, I was calling Dr. Schirmer "Bill." He seemed very gay and eager.

"I bought a whole new set of fishing tackle and I intend to be a great fisherman this summer," he said.

"Fine," I told him. I wished I could share his enthusiasm. The X-rays and lab tests had shown that I needed a serious operation. He said he could line it up for the fall. A summer of rest and good fresh air would build me up for it. I wanted only to be left alone but, having promised to go, I could hardly see any real reason for backing out. I had bought a new set of water colors and a number of water color pads. But I had no heart for painting. I was full of misery and longing and unnameable need. Tom. I still heard myself saying his name at night.

The camp was a collection of rustic cabins set around one very large barn that was used for both dining and classrooms. A motley, lively group gathered in the dining



hall that night, noisy young people (had I ever been that young, I wondered?), a few middle-aged housewives, a number of grey-haired grandmothers, a few grey-haired grandfathers. Easels were already set up all around the dining room,



and on some of them were half-finished or almost-finished paintings that the eager-beavers had done.

The woman next to me introduced herself at supper. "I'm Mrs. Cutchall, Frances Cutchall. My three grown daughters gave me a set of paints for Christmas and my son gave me the money for the summer at camp." She laughed, a little uneasily, "I guess I got sent here."

"Haven't you ever painted at all?" I asked her. Her hair was blue-white and very beautiful, drawn back shining smooth from her fine forehead and tied in a neat bun at the back.

"I used to paint sets for the Little Theatre at home," she admitted. "I studied set design in college, but I never got to do much with it. And I'm getting rather old for that kind of thing. I'm a widow. Have been for ten years."

"I'm a widow too," I said, telling her my name. "I wasn't even married ten years."

"What a pity!" Her genuine sympathy made me feel that other people had problems much like mine. Hers was a little different, for she had a family left who cared about her, and she had lived out most of her life with her husband. Yet it wasn't so very different.

After dinner, the students, young and old, some sitting on folding chairs, some on pillows on the floor, some just squatting on the bare floor, listened to Mr. Fabri outline his course. He stressed he would not try to make modern artists out of us. I began to feel a flutter of excitement for the first time. Maybe I'd *really* paint this summer.

THE next day we began working with color. Some of the students used crayons, some pastels, some oils, some water colors. Sitting next to Dr. Schirmer, I saw that he looked relaxed and younger than when I had first met him, that time Tom and I went to him before we were married.

"We're not going to create any masterpieces," I told him, "but I think we're going to get something out of this course."

He grinned, and I knew he was laughing at my hearty appetite. I could hardly believe it myself.

One of the most interesting of the problems Fabri assigned that week was what he called "the covering of a large area." Each student was given a window shade. Some chose canvas shades, some chose paper or cloth. A small preliminary sketch was made. Then the window shade was opened full on the floor of the dining room. The sketch was transferred free hand in huge flowing shapes to the window shade. Mr. Fabri, walking around the room and giving advice, suggested new colors or encouraged mixing mediums. "Use chalk there, if you want to," he'd say. "Or fingernail polish or shoe polish . . . or try using two kinds of oil paints. Investigate. Don't be limited in your use of materials or techniques."

Standing behind Mrs. Cutchall, he urged her to put her paint on thicker. She turned to him and cried in protest, "I'm trying to make this paint last until *next* Christmas!" There was a roar of delighted laughter.

A few days later we tackled

another interesting problem. We were to drip enamel paint on to masonite. Mr. Fabri sketched a face in different colors. Then using the back of his brush or the handle, he dipped it into a color and dripped the outline of the features. A truly lovely effect of movement and flow was achieved.

I worked on mine for a long time, very absorbed. Dr. Schirmer came up behind me as I knelt on the floor. "You are painting Tom's face, aren't you?"

I looked up. "Yes. I'm glad you recognized it."

"It's very good," he said.

"Julia, this has been wonderful for you. How do you feel?"

"Sometimes I wake at night and I have that burning sensation, but most of the time, I am so absorbed during the day, if I have pain, I hardly notice it."

He nodded. "You have pain. You still need that operation. But you are healing. You have achieved a kind of peace."

I turned away so that he would not see the tears in my eyes. I looked at the painting of Tom through blurs that swam, and I knew what the doctor had said was true.

He knelt beside me and spoke very kindly. "There is an old Chinese saying that the birds of sorrow fly over

everyone's head, but you don't need to let them nest in your hair. Julia, you could walk around this room and talk to every single person, even the very young college people—and you wouldn't find many who didn't have the birds of sorrow flying over their heads. But here, they keep occupied with a hobby or a vocation they love. They keep learning. They keep busy. They don't give the birds of sorrow a chance to nest."

I straightened up. My legs had begun to ache a little. He stood up with me. We walked over to look at the canvas he was painting. For a moment, I could not believe my eyes. Then I saw that he had painted my portrait in bright enamels. It was no masterpiece, but a good likeness, and the colors were very bright and gay. He took my hand. "I'm so glad we're here together," he said in a very quiet voice, "and I want us to go on being together the rest of our days."

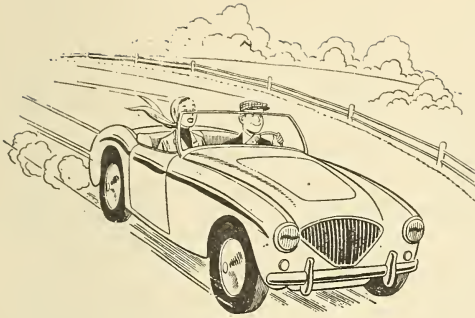
I looked at him and felt the blood flowing close against my skin. Life seemed worth living in this room crowded with people and the odor of fresh paint and eager living activity. I would never forget Tom. His features were engraved forever on my memory. But I would not let the birds of sorrow nest in my hair. ■ ■

**WHICH TALK?** . . . Upon her husband's returning home from a meeting, the fond wife asked, "How was your talk tonight?"

"Which one?" he retorted. "The one I was going to give, the one I did give, or the one I delivered so brilliantly to myself on the way home in the car?"

—United Mine Workers Journal

By Elmer G. Million



## Religion on the Highway

I'LL never forget that picture. There was a man sprawled across the entrance to a subway station and people were walking over him or around him to get to their trains. The story accompanying the picture reported that a photographer and reporter had stood vigil nearby for a long time to see if any "good Samaritan" would show up and try to help this "fallen angel." They waited in vain.

To be sure the man was shabbily dressed. And the way he was strewn across the stairway suggested that he could have fallen in a drunken stupor. His unshaven face and matted hair added credence to this impression. Chances are he was a "stumble bum" who had wandered off skid row.

But he could have fallen with heart failure. He might have been a manual laborer who had worked two shifts straight. This would explain his heavy beard, his disheveled

hair and his rumpled clothing. The strain of long hours of work could trigger a heart attack.

Who he was and why he'd fallen we'll never know because the scores of people who walked by this man never stopped to investigate.

Have you yourself ever been a part of a picture like this? Have you met a "stumble bum" who afflicted you with a tale of woe, and then implored your help? Did you hastily give him a quarter? Did you quickly conclude that he was just another panhandler trying to wheedle money for a drink and did you pass him by? How often have you taken the time and trouble to find out who such a person is, to say nothing of ministering to his real needs?

Sure, sure, I know how it is. You can't take the time that would be required. And after all this guy is a civilian responsibility—let him go to the Salvation Army or to jail or some other place.

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



## Why We Pass Them By

But these are all the surface reasons why we pass such people by. What are the deeper reasons?

For one thing we don't want to be a sucker. There are, after all, a lot of shiftless bums who make a business of fleecing soft, sentimental people. On the surface it is impossible to tell such a person from someone in real need of our help.

But the deepest reason we don't help people in need is this—we are selfish. We want to use our time and money for our own enjoyment, not nursing a derelict. And we do not want to become involved.

Of course if you're an active, contributing member of a church you've got it made. Instead of giving money to a "stumble bum" you can give it to your church. Certainly the church has the right ideas—and programs and institutions—for fallen humanity.

The only trouble is that professional religionists pass people by, too. Maybe you've heard the story about the pastor of a big city church who was going to an executive committee meeting one Monday morning. He was a little late and so was really pushing his Lincoln down the road. Rounding a curve he came upon a fellow with a tattered shirt who tried to wave him down. Swerving to avoid hitting this fool he hit the accelerator harder and zoomed away.

Shortly after that a hard working evangelist approached this section of the road from the opposite direction. He had just been to his home church the day before to hold morn-

ing and evening services, and was now *en route* to another church where he was holding a revival. He spotted the man with the tattered shirt and slowed down to get a good look (he was always on the lookout for good sermon illustrations). The evangelist sized up the man beside the road as a shiftless farmhand who was having trouble making it home from his Saturday night binge so he drove by too.

Then down the road in an old, beaten up Ford came a migrant laborer, a fellow who depended upon his hands for a living and who dragged his family all over the map in order to find work. His face was a deep brown, not only because of the heat of the sun but also because he was a half-breed. Knowing what it is to be down and out and being habituated to giving himself to others he stopped for the man in the tattered shirt.

This migrant worker took this partner in poverty down the road to the Hopeville Restaurant. There he secured a room for the man in the tattered shirt. While the latter was bathing, the migrant went down to the restaurant and brought up a hot meal on a tray. When his ward was finally stretched out in peaceful rest across his bed, the migrant went down to make arrangements with the room clerk for the payment of the bill.

This story is a very disturbing one for it is the story of real religion. Religion is not merely what the professionals do in the gathered churches and their institutions; religion is what you do along the highway of life.

### Is Institutional Religion Enough?

Institutional religion has never had it so good. When our country was founded, about 5 per cent of the total population were church members. Now well over 60 per cent of all our people are members of a church or synagogue. We have unprecedented numbers of children and youth enrolled in our Sunday schools. We invest many millions of dollars annually in fine church furniture, beautiful stained glass, and impressive buildings. We have more people lighting altar candles than ever before.

But we have so little change in human behavior. Some of the same church people who help build the educational wings of our churches also support segregated education. Some church people who crusade for righteousness in public office neglect the poverty blighted peoples in their own backyard. Other church people who sing praises to the Prince of Peace also depend totally on armaments. Unfortunately, there is often no correlation between institutional strength and daily behavior.

Some say that this insane arrangement is the fault of the professionals in religion. Pastors have so emphasized church attendance, stewardship, and program support that the lay person thinks of churchmanship only in relation to these things.

However, we suffer this insanity not because of ministerial teaching but because of lay failure. The truth

of the matter is that lay people have always known that "what a man does with his religion from Monday to Saturday" is the real test of his religion. When you and I meet a needy wanderer along life's highway our problem is not so much knowing what is the right thing to do as it is *doing* the right thing we already know. Our failure is not a failure of knowledge but a failure of will.

Jesus in his life shows that he believed religion is for the highway. In Mark 6:31 we read that Jesus told his disciples, "Come away by yourselves to a lonely place, and rest a while." But "many saw them going, and knew them, and they ran there on foot from all the towns, and got there ahead of them" (Mark 6:33). So what Jesus had picked out as a sanctuary for rest and renewal was turned by the needs of people into a kind of Grand Central Station. Did Jesus pass by on the other side? No! "He had compassion on them . . . and he began to teach them many things" (Mark 6:34). As dusk fell the disciples said, "This is a lonely place, and the hour is now late; send them away, to go into the country and the villages round about and buy themselves something to eat." But Jesus answered them saying, "You give them something to eat" (Mark 6:36, 37). This is our task. We must forsake our rest and spiritual renewal and give our very selves to those in need. This is the religion of the highway. ■ ■

A news item says that something may be invented to take the place of money. It should come as no surprise to most of us to learn that money isn't here to stay.

—Caroline Clark in *Quote*

# *Growth of Alcoholism*

By George Huddleston, Jr.

**I**N this country today, there are almost five million alcoholics. One of the latest available tabulations is for the year 1953, when the Yale University Center of Alcoholic Studies estimated the total number of alcoholics in the United States at 4,589,550. Fully one family out of every four across America has first-hand knowledge of alcoholism as a major disease. It is bad enough that the alcoholic is ill himself, but experts tell us that his illness, on the average, affects the lives of ten other persons.

Alcoholism ranks fourth among our nation's major health problems. Only heart trouble, cancer and tuberculosis are more prevalent. Since biblical times, society has turned its back on alcoholism.

## **A Preventable Disease**

Alcoholism is a disease which cuts across all strata of American Society. It affects men more frequently, but one out of every six alcoholics is a woman. The problem is more serious in urban areas, but it is not absent in rural regions. Approximately one out of every seventeen "drinkers" is believed to be an alcoholic. When

they can no longer control their drinking, they become alcoholic. Perhaps a better definition was used by E. M. Jellinek and M. Keller:

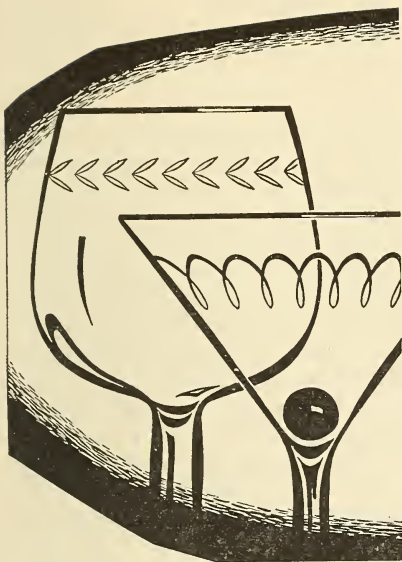
Alcoholics are those excessive drinkers whose dependence upon alcohol has attained such a degree that it shows a noticeable mental disturbance or an interference with their bodily or mental health, their inter-personal relations and their smooth social and economic functioning; or who show prodromal signs of such developments.

This definition is almost identical with that of the Alcoholism Subcommittee of the World Health Organization (WHO) Expert Committee on Mental Health. Mr. Keller, with V. Efron, expanded on this definition in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, as follows:

Alcoholism is a chronic illness, psychic or somatic or psychosomatic, which manifests itself as a disorder of behavior. It is characterized by the repeated drinking of alcoholic beverages, to an extent that exceeds customary dietary use or compliance with the social custom of the community and that interferes with the drinker's health or his social or economic functioning. Many special categories of alcoholics have been

*The Honorable George Huddleston, Jr. is congressman from Alabama.*





identified, including "alcohol addicts" who cannot control their drinking, and "alcoholism with complications." The latter are those whose excessive drinking has led to recognizable physical or mental sequels.

We all know of or have seen the pangs of alcoholism—the alcoholic suffering delirium tremens. The alcoholic is an ill man. Alcoholism is deteriorative. The alcoholic's behavior and drinking are telltales of a disease. It leads to a run-down physical condition certainly requiring medical attention. Alcoholism has been with us for a long time, but we are just now beginning to realize its magnitude and to accept it as a disease that needs attention. The problem of the alcoholic is one that is becoming more serious every day.

Fortunately, my own state of Alabama has one of the lowest incidences of alcoholism in this nation. The 1953 figures compiled by the Yale University Center of Alcoholic studies show 33,330 male and 6,700 female alcoholics—a total of 40,000—in Alabama.

### Alcoholics Need Help

Alcoholics need help, but because of their resentful and defiant attitude, they are not always easy to help. For generations, the problem was tossed in the lap of the ministry because the ministers had access to the homes. Reproaches and sermons, however, often serve only to antagonize the victim. Long after alcoholism was recognized as an illness some doctors took the stand that alcoholics deserved only punitive treatment. Nowadays, modern medicine has come up with many drugs to help the alcoholic. One of these drugs, Antabuse, causes the alcoholic to become rapidly ill if he takes a drink.

In 1943, the state of Oregon became the first of the forty-eight states to enact legislation citing alcoholism as a public health problem. Since then, many other states have set up similar programs. One of these states is Georgia, which has just a few more alcoholics than Alabama. In 1951, the Georgia state legislature recognized chronic alcoholism as an illness and created the Georgia Commission on Alcoholism to study the problem and establish and maintain facilities for the cases of rehabilitation of alcoholics. In Pennsylvania, the 1953 Legislature

required the State Department of Health to establish a Division of Alcoholic Studies and Rehabilitation to "1) study the problem of alcoholism, 2) treat and rehabilitate persons addicted to excessive use of alcoholic beverages, and 3) promote preventive and educational programs designed to eliminate alcoholism." Alabama also has a Commission on Alcoholism.

In many states, the problem of alcoholism is left to private organizations and church groups. Under the circumstances, they are doing a fine job. The Episcopal Diocese of Alabama, at its 123rd annual convention in 1954, adopted a resolution labeling alcoholism as "the fourth largest health problem with which we are faced" and calling on Bishop C. C. J. Carpenter to "study this perilous condition of alcoholism and take appropriate action." In my home city of Birmingham, the Community Chest sponsors a committee on alcoholism as part of the Social Hygiene and Mental Health Association. This committee recently called together a select group of prominent Alabama citizens, who are deeply disturbed and aroused over alcoholism to further study this far-reaching problem.

Alcoholism is a subject of worldwide concern. Despite the high rate of alcoholism in the United States, three other countries have a worse problem. The world's highest alcoholic incidence is found in Switzerland. The Swiss blame alcoholism for bringing on incurable insanity. In fact, three out of every ten persons in insane asylums there are alco-

holics. Close behind Switzerland in degree of alcoholism come Chile and France, followed by the United States.

### Meeting the Problem

Many European countries are attempting to tackle the alcoholism problem early. School children in Austria annually observe an Anti-Alcoholic Week. Danish and Belgian schools have classes on alcoholism in conjunction with hygiene courses. France has a National Committee for Defense against Alcoholism. Alcoholism in France is recognized as a national problem.

In the United States, the nation's health is the responsibility of the Public Health Service. There can be no denying that this Service is presently rendering a valuable contribution in combating alcoholism. A major portion of the Public Health Service's work is in planning a broad over-all health program, which of course covers alcoholism. Research, an all-important function of the Public Health Service, is conducted on alcoholism under the National Mental Health Act. Information from such research projects is made available to the various state alcoholism commissions as a part of the agency's consultative services. However, because of shortages of technical personnel, the Public Health Service's consultative help to the states is limited. The result is that the Public Health Service at present can offer only token assistance.

Since such a large segment of our society is affected, I deem it to be the public responsibility to estab-

lish a Medical Advisory Committee on Alcoholism as the bill I have introduced in Congress would do. It simply provides for a study commission. Its expenses would be slight as the members would serve without compensation. I am sure that the President would encounter no difficulty in obtaining public-spirited members of outstanding caliber to serve on this Commission. It is vitally needed to coordinate efforts to stamp out the plague of alcoholism. The commission would be purely advisory, but it could be of inestimable value in focusing public attention on the evils of alcoholism, in advising the various states on the proper care and treatment of alcoholism and in encouraging the prevention of alcoholism.

We have everything to gain by such a national program. The individual states have nothing to lose. We have almost five million alcoholics to save. The end result of such a program would be a boon to industry since a major portion of alcoholics represent potential workers. Because of alcoholism, our nation is suffering a keen loss in economic benefits. Through a Medical Advisory Committee on Alcoholism, I am convinced we would be able to unmask alcoholism as a disease, rescue its millions of captives, and return them to useful roles in our society.

*Reprinted with permission of  
The Watchman-Examiner.*

Keep your nose to the grindstone.  
The shorter it is, the less trouble it  
will get you into. —*Fifth Wheel*

## ANSWER TO PUZZLE

(See page 23)

A	R	E	A	S		M	A	D	A	M
B	E	L	I	E		U	T	I	L	E
A	G	I	L	E		L	E	V	E	L
T	A	A		D	O	E		A	R	T
E	L	S	E		A		A	N	T	S
			B	A	K	E	R			
A	H	A	B		E		T	A	C	T
D	U	B		E	N	D		G	A	R
D	R	I	E	R		I	R	A	T	E
L	O	D	E	S		P	A	T	E	N
E	N	E	L	E		S	H	E	R	D



"May I have today off, Sarge? Today is my birthday!"



# Missionaries in Uniform

By Alden L. Thompson

OVER the island of Okinawa a low flying jet screeched danger, but below any notion of tragedy seemingly fled in deference to the lovely summer morning.

The dying F-100 gave two sickly coughs, producing a thick trail of black smoke followed by a very lucky pilot. Crippled and burning, the plane plunged down into Ishikawa village. Then a plume of boiling smoke rose from the village, pleading silently for help. Green clad Marines appeared from every direction, even though they did not yet know the smoke came from the crowded elementary school. No orders were issued, no instructions were given, only potential human need detonated the instant response.

They first stripped their combat vehicles of first aid gear, then sprinted into the flaming area. Small children were whisked from terrible death by strong youthful hands. With combat efficiency the school was rapidly cleared of injured and broken pupils. Blazing huts in the immediate vicinity were searched carefully for trapped victims. A make-shift aid station was established for emergency treatment. Others

pulled fear-paralyzed villagers into long bucket lines; together they doused the hungry flames. Three desperate hours later the last terrified child was safe and the fires subdued.

## Barracks Missionaries

Their muddy, bloodstained uniforms obviously evoked admiration from the Okinawans still milling aimlessly through the wreckage. But this writer, being one of those Marines, noticed also that a puzzled look often crossed their sad faces. They seemed to ask: Why had these young American Marines given themselves so unselfishly to their need?

Through Christian influences most Americans possess a unique compassion for suffering or need; it has become a distinctive "ought" in our way of life. The Ishikawa episode is but one of many witnesses to this Christian concept, both at home and abroad and by both Christian and non-Christian Americans. Yet it is a Christian witness, nonetheless, and a witness that should be recognized.

Unit food drives for the hungry, clothing drives for the needy, and monetary gifts are of the same category. Again Americans respond spon-

*Chaplain Thompson, recently retired from the Navy, is now pastor of Hope Lutheran Church, Montebello, California.*

taneously and generously, and again it is a Christian witness. But for all these Christian acts by the group, the effect is often lost by the same group through general ungodly conduct in their daily living. Therefore, it naturally follows that the first aspiration of a genuine missionary in uniform should be to live a life consistent with these deeds of charity. Next, he might well influence his barracks friends to do the same. All too often, foreign friends cannot see Christ in the Christian act for the sin of the participant.

### Chapel Missionaries

The uniform missionary will usually find his inspiration via the post or station chapel. Furthermore, it is always a safe practice and good courtesy to work with and through the unit chaplain. Not only is the chaplain responsible to the commanding officer for all religious activities but he is also aware of local needs and conditions.

One Marine chapel on Okinawa practically adopted a local congregation. On Saturdays a group from the chapel helped the struggling people build their church. It is unlikely that any of those men could have given a better testimonial, even if they spoke Japanese. Their energies and talents conveyed the Christian message and, with the chaplain always working with them, their efforts were identified with Christianity. Okinawans and Marines mutually grew in faith through the experience.

While the men were working, curious neighborhood youngsters joined

in the fun. Just seeing their GI heroes associate themselves with the community's Christian element was a peculiar witness of its own. Frequently, they would ask why the servicemen were helping the local minister. The friendly answer was always, "GI, Christian!" In this case, hero worship was the road to Christ worship.

At Christmas this same chapel invited a group of Christian junior high school girls to sing at services. The occasion proved to be an unforgettable treat for both girls and the chapel. Their soft voices gave the joyous Christmas carols a special beauty, and the generous refreshments and attention gave the girls a story to tell their friends.

Other activities through the chapel would include support of a local mission. The normally underpaid and overworked missionary welcomes such assistance. Schools have been built, playgrounds laid out, and churches erected for mission stations because a few servicemen expressed their faith in terms of effort and equipment. In the orient, a school for the blind was a reality, partially through service interest.

### The Personal Touch

Nothing is quite so inspiring or heartwarming as personally leading someone to the Savior. But sometimes an effort at this personal evangelism is ineffective or unintentionally misleading because of the evangelist's failure to remember some simple fundamentals. The Armed Forces insist a man receive basic training before being given

even the lightest responsibility, and it should be no less true in the Lord's service. Devotion and loyalty to the Army or the Navy are hardly adequate background for battle, but a devoted and loyal soldier or sailor trains carefully. In deference to his love for God, the Christian serviceman wanting to do personal evangelism will prepare himself with the same care.

Again his inspiration, enlightenment, and zeal must come from God's Word, probably via the chapel. It is here that he can take a good long look at his own relationship to God. Out of that relationship, no other, must come the desire to lead others to salvation. Care must be taken lest a thwarted ego, pressing for recognition, is mistaken for missionary concern.

After a serviceman has decided to win others, he must remember to keep his own devotional life strong by reading the Scriptures, by prayer, and by chapel attendance. To desert this spiritual supply source would be as foolish as a man needlessly going into combat without a weapon; the results are equally disastrous.

A serviceman's personal touch might begin with a friendly invitation to his friends to attend chapel or Bible classes. He should remember that love and patience are the keys to a man's soul, never raw fear or brute force. This writer's clerk, a highly respected Christian Marine, brought six or more men from his barracks to chapel every Sunday morning. His behavior on dates with local girls was so contrary to the usual that they invariably asked him

the reason; his Christian answer surprised both his friends and the girls. Through his personality witness many people caught a glimpse of his God. There were no high pressure tactics used, only an attractive Christian personality and a friendly invitation.

A sergeant on Okinawa became acquainted with a farmer near the camp. This poor Okinawan had been struggling with a peculiar irrigation problem all his life. Having worked with such problems prior to his service life, the sergeant offered the man a feasible solution. Out of the subsequent friendship the farmer also learned to know Christianity because the sergeant was a strong Christian.

Many servicemen stationed in Japan have given Japanese Bibles to their maids or houseboys. As a result, many wonderful hours have been spent answering questions and explaining the new life. These are uniformed missionary activities. The servicemen who win others to Christ are sure of their own faith, they are motivated by the love of God, and they possess pleasant personalities.

A serviceman can easily determine how seriously another takes his military obligation by uniform appearance and general bearing. Values and attitudes are reflected in conduct, appearance, conversation, and interests. This is also true of religion. Consequently, the greatest single witness to the Christian faith is the life that by word and deed reflects the person of Christ. ■ ■

What most women revert to after marriage is their old jobs.

—Rex Mobley



# *Ours Is Not a Religion of Easy Answers*

By Robert N. Taylor, Jr.

THE dynamic young evangelist was concluding his plea to "accept Christ." Step by step he had outlined the "fundamental gospel truth." Watching by television, Mr. Average Protestant had a troubled thought: "You've got to admit this man really seems to know what he believes! For him it's all there 'in the book.'"

## **An Urgent Issue**

The priest was lecturing to a group of students in a university course on "Christian marriage and the family." In apparently logical steps he outlined the Roman Catholic position with regard to marriage, sex and birth control. After the lecture a Protestant student was overheard to say: "It must be wonderful to have a system like that, everything clear and reasonable. I don't even know what I believe most of the time!"

Here is one of the most urgent issues we as Protestant Christians face today! People are crying for easy, step-by-step solutions but our

Protestant faith is not a religion of easy answers. How can we speak persuasively and appealingly to a generation that seems increasingly content with cut-rate answers to the problems of religion and life? Speaking for his own generation, Paul sounded a realistic note regarding the search for certainty: "If the bugle gives an indistinct sound, who will get ready for battle?" (1 Cor. 14:8).

The search for easy answers in our day is understandable. Ours is a time of great social upheaval and spiritual unrest. People suffer from feelings of anxiety and rootlessness. The voices that offer authority and certainty are very appealing. We need not be surprised then that many people flock to those leaders who promise what they yearn for—certainty in an uncertain world, understandable blueprints in a time of change and confusion.

But to understand this trend is not to be happy about it! Two opposite dangers always confront religious

*Mr. Taylor is campus pastor at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.  
Reprinted with permission of the United Church Herald.*

people. First, men can become so sure about their doctrines and creeds that the greatness and mystery of God are forgotten. When this happens, idolatry and fanaticism flourish. This is one trouble with easy answers. They distort and oversimplify the issues of life.

Human attempts to understand God become confused with God himself. The "Protestant principle," as Prof. Paul J. Tillich calls it, constantly warns against this danger. It insists that our human ideas and institutions are always questionable.

### Danger of Giving Up the Quest

The opposite danger more easily afflicts us as Protestants in the heritage of the Reformation. This is the decision that, because the final truth is beyond us, we may as well give up the quest. That man is poor indeed whose life contains all question marks and no exclamation points! The skeptical disavowal of the search for truth ends in the miserable suspicion that one man's hunch is as good as another's. This is hardly a foundation for adequate living in our day! A further survey of the tendency toward neatly packaged answers may help us set our course. We see this trend traditionally in our Roman Catholic neighbors. Whenever we demand simple, dogmatic assurance, we must expect that Protestants will suffer by comparison. We simply have not "domesticated" God to the extent of apparent logical certainty.

Contemporary Protestant and secular trends furnish us with additional examples. Fundamentalism promises

its adherents absolute certainty. Here the Bible rather than the church is the touchstone. The growing popularity of this deviation from classic Christian thought witnesses to the way in which the demand for easy answers undermines the insights of genuine biblical religion.

### Short-cut Approach

Curiously, though, it is within the more "liberal" areas of current religious practice that the most dramatic example of the short-cut approach is to be found. Aware of their parishioners' urgent need for help, many clergymen have been tempted to respond with digestible doctrinal packages and ingenious formulae for "peace of mind." After all, they reason, a starving man wants food, not theology. Tragically, this "food" turns to dust and ashes as people discover that the easy answers break down before the complexities of modern life. Neat theories have a way of being waylaid by an ugly gang of facts!

Secular attempts to oversimplify life are equally inadequate. To attribute all human ills to a single factor such as ignorance is to wallow in the shallows. Far more common in our generation are the semi-sophisticated attempts to explain everything in psychological terms. The disciplines of the psychological sciences can be of assistance in interpreting human problems. But popular misrepresentations of Freud and others have resulted in a cult of arm-chair "psychologizers" equipped only with technical words incorrectly used. A diet of common sense and

caution would seem indicated if we are to evaluate these "blanket" approaches to life.

What then of certainty? How can we Protestants speak out with conviction and clarity? Here I must beware lest, having surveyed the easy answers of others, I present another one to take their place. Let us suppose, first of all, that there is a sense in which we can have certainty and, further, that this is the bedrock for our faith and practice as Protestant Christians. What is the clue to this certainty?

A very simple analogy may help us at this point. Perhaps our attempts to understand life as adults can be compared to the efforts of a child to make sense of his own immediate environment. The world is strange to him indeed. Many concepts and explanations of the things around him are simply beyond him. Like some adults, he may pretend to understand more than he does (easy answers) and thereby block himself from further learning. Or, under severe conditions, he may be so baffled and discouraged by his world that he withdraws (emotional illness). Generally, however, he manages to live and grow even though he doesn't fully understand.

The reason is that there is something that is far more important to him than answers and concepts—love! If he lives in the sure knowledge of his parents' love and protection, for instance, he has more than enough to help him along. This is a kind of "knowledge" that is deeper and more satisfying than factual knowledge. It is this deeply personal

experience of "knowing" and "being known" that counts in human relationships.

### Practical Certainty

Might this be the key to our search for religious certainty? Is there an Answer (deeply personal) that is available to us even when there are no answers? Is there a Presence that can uplift and strengthen us even when our attempts to understand it baffle us? This would seem to be what we need and, interestingly, this seems to be the kind of solution that we see in the thought and experience of Paul. Paul combined humility before God's greatness with a kind of practical certainty. He was no easy-answer man! The final answers to life were admittedly beyond him: "O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and how inscrutable his ways!" (Romans 11:33).

But there was an Answer that filled Paul with peace and certainty. It was the inward knowledge of the love of God demonstrated in the victory of Christ over the powers of sin and death, and available to all who responded with an act of trust. This trustful opening of the heart to God's love brought genuine security: ". . . I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 8:38-39).

This may not be the precise way



in which the Answer comes to us today. For some it may come as a glimpse of meaning in a world that sometimes seems meaningless. For others it may come primarily as a sense of being forgiven. For still others it may come as a kind of inward strengthening. For all of us, however, the quest for certainty demands that we face a question: Are we really "open" to God's love? Are

we humble enough and courageous enough that, not knowing the answers, we can receive the Answer as an inner reality? It is God who is truth, not our ideas about him. It is God who is eternal, not our human formulations about him. To trust the best that we know is to travel our distinctive courses as Protestants, avoiding both irrelevant simplicity and hopelessness. ■■

## *Why I Am a Christian*

This is the subject of the contest we are now running. Suppose you are talking with another person, explaining to him why you are a Christian, what would you say? Actually, this may be a real situation because at times we are asked to give the reasons why we have accepted Christ as Savior. The Bible says, "Always be prepared to make a defense to anyone who calls you to account for the hope that is in you, yet do it with gentleness and reverence . . ." (1 Pet. 3:15)

So there you are. Now state in about 40 words why you are a Christian. Then send this in to us. That is, if you are a member of the armed forces, or if you are a dependent of some person in the armed forces.

Write what you really feel. Let this be your testimony. Not something you've read in books; but your deep-down feeling.

Each month we select three of the best entries and award three prizes: First place, \$15.00; second, \$7.00; and third, \$3.00. You may be a winner so sit down and write your article today.

The contest is open to all lay personnel but not to chaplains. Manuscripts cannot be returned; so keep a copy for yourself. We prefer to have them typed but we would not rule out a hand-written manuscript. You may enter more than once if you desire, but you probably will not win more than once.

Send your manuscript to:

Editor, **THE LINK**  
122 Maryland Ave., N.E.,  
Washington 2, D.C.

# Latin America's Quiet Revolution

(Continued from page 22)

congressmen have been Protestant or have received a major part of their education in evangelical schools.

There are many reasons for this accelerating progress. Perhaps chief among the earthly reasons is an enthusiastic and hard-working laity. These nationals—both men and women—have shown quietly and steadily that it *does* make a difference to be an evangelical in Latin America. In every republic without exception, these lay persons have taken responsibility for church extension, evangelism, stewardship and worship, helping a small and overworked ordained leadership to bring literally hundreds of thousands into evangelical congregations. Protestant-sponsored parochial schools almost everywhere have helped to sustain this ministry of the laity.

**T**HE job for the evangelical movement these next four decades will not be easy. In addition to outside pressures, Latin American Protestants are beset by many of the same problems we face as Christians here in the United States.

Inner city work must be stepped up in places like Bogota, Caracas, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo, and Rio. Hundreds of new buildings must be erected. Christian education materials must reach the people in their own tongues. Separate groups must

not become so concerned with their own growing pains that they fail to work with other evangelical bodies.

But chief among the concerns is the education of leadership. There are too few clergymen to handle most of these burgeoning church groups. In the case of many Pentecostal congregations, there is no permanent ministry at all.

"We need more men who can stand up to the intellectuals of our day," Dr. Garrido Aldama, a veteran leader of the Peruvian National Church, told me recently in Lima. "Training for this takes time. Too many promising men have been pushed through seminary because the need for them was so desperate."

More education for the lay leader is urgently needed, too, according to Dr. Aldama. "We need more of these Christian specialists in every professional field. We need more doctors, more engineers, more professors, and more skilled technicians. . . . And we still need help from North American evangelicals."

What will happen to Protestantism in Latin America? Will it stand up to the pressures now unloosed in the republics to the South? The answers to these questions will have a strong bearing on the course of Christian history in the last four decades of the twentieth century.



## Miracle of the Resurrection

(Continued from page 7)

speak. On the other side he is joined by the Devil, that tenacious inclination within us and that unflagging prompting from without us to seek our own, to brag, lie, push, hurt and kill.

With death on one side and the Devil on the other, the knight rides on. But he is confident, erect, eyes ahead, and neither Death nor the Devil confounds him or arrests him. He rides alone but not lonely; fearfully but not afraid. "In his solitude," writes Dr. Tillich, "he participates in the power which gives him courage to affirm himself in spite of the presence of Death and the Devil."

What a splendid picture this is of the miraculous power of the resurrection faith grounded firmly upon the words, "because I live you shall live also."

In a world beset by insecurity, anxiety and frustrations, with death lurking ever across the backdrop of this atomic age, this faith of the risen Christ challenges us with a word for living and offers comfort and light in the face of death.

It gives assurance that we travel a road to eternity and do so in the great company of saints and martyrs. It elevates us far beyond any possibility of membership in "The Loneliest Club in the World." ■ ■

*Antique: A fugitive from the junkyard with a price on its head.*

—K. J. Shively

## World's Greatest Painting Is Restored

(Continued from page 11)

to rain and wind. What was happening to the painting itself, no one could know. Even though the wall survived the bombing, it was possible that the picture might be destroyed. There was even the chance that, when the sandbags were removed, the unsupportable wall might collapse.

The dangerous task of removing the sandbags was left to a young architect, Clemente Bernasconi. "If the wall had collapsed," he says, "the bombing would have been forgotten, and I would have gone down in history as the man who destroyed *The Last Supper*."

Carefully over a period of five days he and his workmen raised the fallen beams. Each bag was opened and the sand permitted to seep out slowly. The wall still stood!

The delicate work of restoration on the picture itself was given to Professor Mario Pelliccioli of the Central Restoration Institute. Injecting a colorless, dewaxed lacquer, he worked it in slowly with long, soft brushes until it was incorporated with the paint. At last the color was fixed, and there is now the possibility of uncovering some of the painting's minute details that have lain hidden for centuries.

Today the beloved *Last Supper* stands in better condition than it has been for centuries. Due to Pelliccioli's careful efforts it has finally been restored! ■ ■



# The Appointed Time

For your devotional life. Take time for meditation and prayer.

## Your Best Refutation

**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN, when asked what he thought of a certain senator's disparaging remarks, replied, "What men say cannot harm me." Later he said, "I never fear that God is on my side, for he is always there—but my concern is that I am on God's side."

The words of men may hurt the feelings or the mind of the individual, but it can never hurt the truth or the flesh.

Let men talk. Your life can answer it! If you are innocent, remain quiet and go your way. The words will eventually die out and bear no weight. No man can change truth.

Reproach of men is empty wind to the innocent. God's approval is the reward!

READ: Isaiah 51:1-8

PRAYER: O Lord, when men revile me, give me grace to be calm and help me to live a life of truth. In the name of him who said, "I am the truth." *Amen.*

## Where Does Your Strength Lie?

**T**HE great heroes of the Old Testament were strong—men like Sampson, David, Solomon, Daniel, Isaiah—but their strength was always greater when they walked close to God.

We have seen men who had in their possession much more than they would need for happiness yet they were weak and confused. Why were their lives so miserable? Because they did not depend on God. They committed life's greatest error; they left God out.

Again, we have known men who, having great possessions, also had a strong concept of the right. Their dependence upon God was a sight to thrill the heart. Their strength was centered where the strength of all men should be centered—in God the Father.

So whether men are poor or wealthy, whether men are strong or weak physically, true strength is that which comes from God.

READ: Psalm 84:1-12

PRAYER: Be my sinew and blood, O God, be my stay and shield—that I may become strong in my work for thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### He Sends a Sword

PEACE is never won without struggle. It often comes after a "sword-experience," a painful experience. That is not to say that peace is never won by peaceful means, but usually it comes following strife.

To become a Christian means going through a painful experience. One has to put back of him many things he loves because to be a Christian means to renounce sin. It is tearing out the old life and entering the new. This is not easy and cannot be done alone; it takes the Holy Spirit of God.

But once it has been experienced, once life is changed, then comes the blessed strength and peace which is the out-pouring love of God on man.

READ: Matthew 10:24-39

PRAYER: Father, take me as I am and remold me as thou art. Save me from sin and make me a worthy child of thine. In thy Son's name. *Amen.*

### Call for Clear Thinking

OUT OF turmoil, or chaos, may come new ideas, but they come only at high moments of clear thinking. In the midst of chaos there can be no moments of real creativity.

You have heard it said, no doubt, that the universe (commonly termed the "world") was created out of chaos. This could very well be true. However, do not be confused. It was not created in chaos. God brought it out of chaos.

Neither can man see God clearly and adequately when his mind is in a muddle. In fact, God is busy trying to clear up man's muddled mind so he can see God. And remember, God's voice can only be heard when man's heart is listening.

Let us seek him, then, in the clear, calm moments when we are at our best, and we will find him as the best in life.

READ: Isaiah 45:18-25

PRAYER: Keep my heart calm, O Lord, and my soul from turmoil, that I may clearly hear you when you call. Through our Lord, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

### Get the "I" Right

SOMETIME ago a magazine published an article entitled "This Crooked Generation." It is an old theme, dealt with many times, that those who exist in the here and now are damned. Every generation since the coining of this phrase has at one time or another been so judged. Yet somehow the world goes on and usually a few among the earth's inhabitants become great.

Yet it isn't the generation—the mass of people—we should be concerned with so much as the individual—the "I" that looms so large in all our lives.

First, we must get the "I" right with God and then we need to change the "I" to a "we" or an "us" or an "our," and encourage all people to return to the Lord. In doing this, we have gone a long way toward turning a crooked generation into a righteous generation.

READ: Acts 2:37-47

PRAYER: "It's me; it's me, O Lord; standing in the need of prayer." Forgive me for my selfishness, my pride, my ill will. Turn me, Father, from my evil way and then help me to be a true witness to others. Through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### IF WE LISTEN

God has unnumbered voices,  
If we will stop to hear,  
And all of them are different  
Each season of the year.  
Husks rustle in the autumn  
And seeds burst in the spring;  
The flowers speak in summer,  
Most anytime birds sing.  
Streams murmur in the valley,  
Life whispers on the hill.  
We hear through all creation  
God's voice—if minds are still.

—Dawn Flanery Parker



## Let Us Pray

Our Father, thou hast taken from us one of our dearly beloved. May we always remember his love, his purity, his trust in thee. Let the memory of his life and his bright influence make us better in the day in which we live. And we thank thee, O God, for the glorious hope of the resurrection from the dead which comes to us at Easter and every Sunday. Strengthen this faith we have in him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." In Jesus' holy name. *Amen.*

Almighty God, make us growing Christians. Enlighten our minds. Purify our hearts. Create within us the will to serve thee. Make our lives an example of the life of love lived out by thy son Jesus Christ. Give us the spiritual power which enables a man to overcome temptation. Let us increase in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man. In the name of Jesus, thy Son. *Amen.*

Holy Father, around us everywhere is evidence of resurrection—the passing of the night and the coming of the day; the return of spring after winter; the song of hope within us; the message of thy book; but most of all the living Christ who dwells in our hearts. Deepen this joyful assurance that Jesus Christ is alive forevermore. And that we through him will live. *Amen.*

There lies before us, Our Father, the promise of a new day. Make it for us a useful one, a day of growth, a day of service, a day of quiet confidence, a day when we walk with thee, when we put our faith into practice. Guide us by thy Holy Spirit for we cannot live this day as we ought in our own strength. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the food thou hast provided for us—the food for the body and the food for the soul. Keep us mindful of thy providence, for thou art the giver of all good and perfect gifts. And help us to be mindful also of others, that it is our opportunity to share thy bounty with those in need. For Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, thou didst send thy son, Jesus Christ, in the world to save sinners and I am one. Save me and then send me out with thy message to others, for there are so many who need to hear and heed that message of divine love and redemptive grace. May we confront the indifferent and the heedless with the gospel of Jesus Christ which is the power of God unto salvation. In Jesus' blessed name. *Amen.*

Give me, O Lord, a sound mind in a sound body to be used for thy glory. Keep me alert to serve thee. *Amen.*



# *The Link*

## *Satellite*

### **We view developments in the world of religion**

#### **Protestant Youth at Fort Ord**

The Fort Ord Protestant Youth Fellowship was host to the first Peninsula-wide interdenominational youth rally on Sunday evening, 4 December, 1960 in the Post Chapel Center. Two hundred seventy-five high school students from twenty-one churches attended.

#### **For Equality in South Africa**

A consultation of delegates from eight member bodies of the World Council of Churches in the Union of South Africa has issued a statement saying they are "united in rejecting all unjust discrimination." The statement adopted by 80 per cent of the conference appealed "to our churches and to all Christians" to consider "every point where they may unite their ministry on behalf of human beings in the spirit of equity."

#### **Church Union—Mixed Emotions**

W. W. Reid reports: "The suggestion of Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church—made in a sermon

in San Francisco—that the Methodist Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the United Church of Christ (recent merger of Congregational Christian and Evangelical Reformed churches) be united to form one church of 18,225,000 members, has been received with mixed emotions and many practical and theological questions at the "Interchurch Center," New York City.

"In general, everyone favors eventual church union; but the 'method' has not yet been developed, and no group wants to lose its identity in the larger body. Some question the value of 'size' of a denomination, saying it is a concession to America's obsession with bigness in everything. Some say that in today's world there are far bigger issues than church union—living true to Christian teaching rather than conforming to worldly patterns' being one of them. Most leaders think churches will grow together slowly as leaders confer, and as present 'differences' lose importance—and not by a 'plan sprung by one man.'"



**Memorial Chapel (seating 600) of the U.S. Army Transportation Corps was dedicated last November at Fort Eustis, Va. Chaplain (Maj. Gen.) Frank A. Tobey, Chief of Chaplains, delivered the principal address. Maj. Gen. Frank S. Besson, Jr., Chief of Transportation, and Col. J. D. Snow, Norfolk District Engineer, were present.**

### **From the New Orleans Federation of Churches**

During the crisis over integration in the New Orleans, La., schools, the Greater New Orleans Federation of Churches urged "calmness and reason" and "prayerful thought and Christian love." The resolution said in part: "We note with deep appreciation the degree of calmness in which the people of New Orleans are facing the present crisis and would call on all citizens, especially those of the Judeo-Christian faith, to continue to deplore destructive attitudes which are prompted by hatred and ill will." Citizens were urged to pray for all involved; to trust the courts; to refuse to be guided by emotional thinking; to respect the law and those who enforce it; and to have confidence that "through God's grace a good issue will result."

### **Congratulations to the YMCA**

The YMCA's Armed Services work began in 1861, when a group of local YMCA Associations formed the United States Christian Commission. The Commission sent 4,859 volun-

teers to battlefields, hospitals and camps in an effort to provide spiritual and physical relief to Union and Confederate soldiers.

Subsequently, the YMCA directed practically all volunteer services for troops in the Spanish-American War, handled nine-tenths of all welfare work in World War I, and operated a quarter of all American-based U.S.O. Clubs during World War II and the Korean conflict.

Currently, the American YMCA maintains twenty-four Armed Services Branches at home and overseas, operates thirty-five U.S. Clubs and Lounges, and furnishes personnel now directing recreational and welfare activities for United Nations troops in the Gaza Strip and the Congo.

We join with President Eisenhower who on December 12 sent congratulations to the Y. He said in part: "By advancing the physical and moral strength of men and women in uniform, the YMCA helps to ensure a continuance of our way of life and a full measure of individual freedom."



### American Missionaries Overseas

Reports from 421 foreign mission boards and societies in North America show that the total North American missionary force is now 27,219, a gain of 8.6 per cent over last year. North American church-goers gave almost 170 million dollars in 1959 to support their overseas missions.

### Fund for Church Study of Alcoholics

With approximately five million alcoholics in the United States, the churches have been urged to provide funds for basic research on the problem. "The churches too often attempt to take action without knowing enough facts about the problem," said Dr. D. Earl Clarke, chairman of the Committee on Religion and Alcohol.

### Merger of Protestant Colleges

At the third annual meeting of the Council of Protestant Colleges and Universities held at Denver, Colo., last January, Dr. Earl McGrath, executive officer of the Institute of Higher Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, urged the merger of many American Protestant colleges as a step toward strengthening them. "The joining of Protestant church bodies seems to me inevitable and desirable," Dr. McGrath declared. "Their educational institutions might well be in the vanguard of this movement."

Further, this would solve many of the problems Protestant colleges have such as "too few students, too little working capital, inadequate physical plant, and shamefully underpaid staffs."

Soon Kil Kim (inset), a 12-year-old Korean orphan, was adopted by members of the Carlisle Barracks Protestant Youth Fellowship. Officers, shown discussing fund-raising, are (left to right): Caroline Strong, Elizabeth Farrell, Richard Irby, Richard Lamison, Kris Kyle, George Smith and Stephen Davis.



# The Link Calendar

**T**HERE are many emphases during this busy month of April. It is Cancer Control Month. The public needs to be dedicated to the control of this devastating disease. It is Teaching Career Month. We hope many promising young people will choose teaching as a career. We need more teachers and here is a field where you can make a significant Christian contribution. It is Hobby Month. Purpose: "To help curb juvenile delinquency by increasing the proper use of leisure time."

April 1 is April Fool's Day. But don't be a fool this or any other day.

April 2 is Easter Sunday. In 1962 Easter falls on April 22.

April 3. Easter Monday in Canada, North Carolina, and the Virgin Islands.

April 3-10. National Laugh Week. Good. Let's have a laugh. Let's salute the laugh-makers.

April 7-9. United States Open National Championship on Table Tennis. Write to Dr. J. Rufford Harrison, President USTTA, 210 Satura Dr., North Star, Newark, Del. for detailed information.

April 9-15. Pan-American Week. Pan-American Day is April 14, a day which commemorates the creation of the Organization of American States, begun in 1890.

April 10-16. National Boys' Club Week. This week encourages juvenile decency as weapon to fight juvenile delinquency. There are more than 570 Boy's Clubs with more than 600,000 members.

April 10-18. American Comedy Week. Purpose: "To remind Americans and people all over the world of the importance of humor."

April 10-16. National Sunday School Week. Go to Sunday school!

April 16-22. Bike Safety Week.

April 16-22. National Library Week.

April 16-23. Free-World Friendship Week. To promote international, interracial, and inter-religious good will.

April 19. John Howard Payne Memorial Day. He composed "Home, Sweet Home."

April 19-23. American Society of Newspaper Editors. Washington, D.C.

April 23-29. National YWCA Week.

April 23-29. United States-Canada Good Will Week.

April 23-29. National Secretaries Week sponsored by the National Secretaries Association and Office Equipment Manufacturers Institute. April 26, National Secretaries Day, to honor your gal Friday.

April 30-May 6. Mental Health Week. We need to fight against mental illness, America's number one health problem.

April 30-May 6. National Youth Fitness Week. Highlight on-going Youth Fitness activities. Initiate new programs.

# Helps for Lay Leaders

OUR first concern, of course, this month is that we understand the deeper meaning of the resurrection. Then we move on to two missionary studies on Latin America. Next, we see that religion is not something confined merely to the temple but is for the highway of life. And finally we visualize how Christian servicemen may be missionaries wherever they are.

## 1. Miracle of the Resurrection (*see page 5*)

*Bible Material:* Matthew 28:1-10

Discuss the difference between "immortality" and "resurrection." What evidences do we have of life after death? How does the doctrine of the resurrection give ultimate meaning to life? What contribution does modern science make to a new understanding of eternal life? How does belief in life after death affect your conduct in this life?

## 2. Latin America's Quiet Revolution (*see page 20*)

*Bible Material:* Acts 16:6-10

Why is Latin America so suspicious of the United States? How can we help create more understanding between the U.S.A. and Latin America? What are some of the reasons for the rapid growth of Protestantism in Latin America? What are some of the problems facing Latin American Christians?

## 3. Protestant Mission in Latin America (*see page 29*)

*Bible Material:* Matthew 28:16-20

Why should Protestants send missionaries to Latin America? What is the Christian message for Latin America? How can it be communicated? In view of the social revolution in Latin America, what is the significance of the evangelical churches?

## 4. Religion on the Highway (*see page 39*)

*Bible Material:* Luke 10:25-37.

Do you think the writer has properly understood this story? Could the word "Christian" be substituted for the word "neighbor"? Why or why not? Can you name other needy persons on life's highway not mentioned by the writer? Which is more important—worship or good deeds or both?

## 5. Missionaries in Uniform (*see page 46*)

*Bible Material:* Luke 8:1-15 (*parable of the soils*)

What missionary opportunities are available where you live? How can your group and you as an individual best witness to Christ now? Who is a Christian? What is the lesson of the parable of the soils?



## *Books Are Friendly Things*

**God's Image in Us** by Edward N. West (World Publishing Co., 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio. 1960. \$3.50)

What is the difference between mere existence and genuine life? We can find the answer in the best-remembered and best-loved words of Jesus, the most important words ever spoken—the Sermon on the Mount. Canon West carefully explains each word and each phrase of our Lord's central teaching; but further, he shows how they apply to the changed conditions of our contemporary life. His picture of Jesus as Preacher, as Shepherd, as Friend, is authentic; he presents Jesus as the divine One who is anxious to develop to the fullest the seeds of divine life which we possess through God's image in us.

**The Finn Magnus Story** by Mark Hunter (Odin Press, Inc. 122 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. 1960. \$6.95)

This is an exciting story—the story of how Finn Magnus, with a Danish background, \$25.00, and the American dream, became a success, founding two multimillion-dollar American industries, created more than 40 inventions. The wonderful story gives the lie to the Communist statement that America is finished, that it is no longer the land of opportunity. Though a little long, the story is told in such a fashion that it becomes a tool. Any person who reads it is bound to be inspired to become something greater than he is. He may not reach the top financially as did Finn Magnus, but he will find happiness and peace of mind. He will move forward and stretch his ability to the limits and do something significant. The elements of success—planning, patience, concern, ambition, resolution, carefulness, cheerfulness, brevity, benevolence, appreciation of beauty, humility, moral strength, faith and the like—are brought out.

**Two New Mentor Books.** (New American Library of World Literature, Inc. 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. 50¢ each)

English literature has many references to ancient myths. It is well, therefore, to get acquainted firsthand with these. Norma Lorre Goodrich in the Mentor book, **The Ancient Myths**, recreates vividly the great myths of mankind—from ancient Sumer to imperial Rome. And if you want to know more about the air around us, the clouds, the rainbow, the hurricane, the tornado, read **Our Atmosphere** by Theo Loeb sack.

# Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

## Tribute from USS Chilton

On the cover of your September 1960 issue of THE LINK there appeared a wonderful picture of a girl who has caught the eye of just about every Marine and Sailor stationed on this ship.

A number of us were wondering just where this girl comes from, and also would like to know her name. If you would be kind enough to print any information available on this girl it would be appreciated very much, not only by the men on this ship, but, any of the many servicemen who are devoted readers of your monthly publication.

I would like to note also that THE LINK has become a book that we all look forward to each month. Keep up the wonderful work.

—PFC Richard Wright, USMC, H&S Co., First Battalion, Eighth Marines, Second Marine Div., USS Chilton, (APA-38) Care F.P.O., New York, N.Y.

*(Sorry, fellows, I don't know her name. She's a model for photographer H. Armstrong Roberts, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. We appreciate the fine things you say about THE LINK.)*

## Information Desired

I pray that you may be able to help me. I've tried desperately to find the Phillips version of the Bible, "Letters to Young Churches," with no avail. Would you please send me the address of the publishing house?

—Margaret Freidline, Care S/Sgt. Gene O. Freidline, Box 73, 3960th Camron, APO 334, San Francisco, Calif.

*(We are glad to get requests like this for we want to be of help in every way. We've written Mrs. Freidline that Letters to Young Churches by J. B. Phillips is now in a paperback edition and sells for \$1.25. It is published by Macmillan Company whose address is 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y. It is Phillips' translation of Paul's letters.)*

## Good Word from Hospital Chaplain

The patients and staff here at the hospital are anxious to receive THE LINK. I consider it an essential element in my pastoral ministry. You have an outstanding project, indeed.

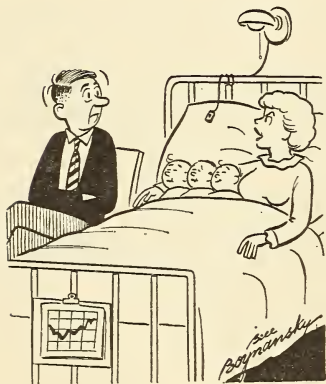
—Chaplain (Capt) Jay H. Ellens, 2nd General Hospital, APO 180, New York, N.Y.

## Thank You, Chaplain Tobey

Under your leadership, THE LINK should prove to be increasingly valuable to chaplains and lay groups.

—Chaplain (Brig Gen) Frank A. Tobey, Chief of Chaplains, U.S. Army

# At Ease!



"Is that all you can think about—the crowded situation in the schools?"

A schoolboy was making a speech about the national debt: "It's too bad that future generations cannot be here at this time," he said, "to see the magnificent things we are doing with their money."

A New York bride and groom began their honeymoon by making a trip to one of our southern ports by a coastwise steamer.

The young woman, who took a lively interest in the passengers, said one day to her husband:

"Did you notice the great appetite of that stout man opposite us at dinner?"

"Yes," said her husband. "He must be what they call a stowaway."

A businessman was interviewing a job applicant. "Now then," he stated, briskly, "for this position we need an intelligent, wide-awake man—a real live wire. But, at the same time, he must be methodical. I can't overemphasize the importance of his being methodical.

"Hm'm," the applicant said, after some thought, "if that's the case, I guess I don't want the job, after all."

"No? Why not?"

"Well," replied the applicant, "it's that 'methodical.' All my life I've been a good Presbyterian, and I don't believe I'm going to change now."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Life begins at forty, and so do fallen arches, lumbago, bad eyesight, and the tendency to tell a story to the same person several times.

—*Watchman-Examiner*

A little boy, just returning home from his first day at school, was asked how he liked to go to school. He replied: "I like to go and I like to come, but it's the staying I don't like."

"Thankful! What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you aren't one of the creditors."

—*Builders*

Former President of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce: The point to remember is that what the government gives, it must first take away.

—*Quote*

He who hesitates is shoved.—

F. P. Jones







