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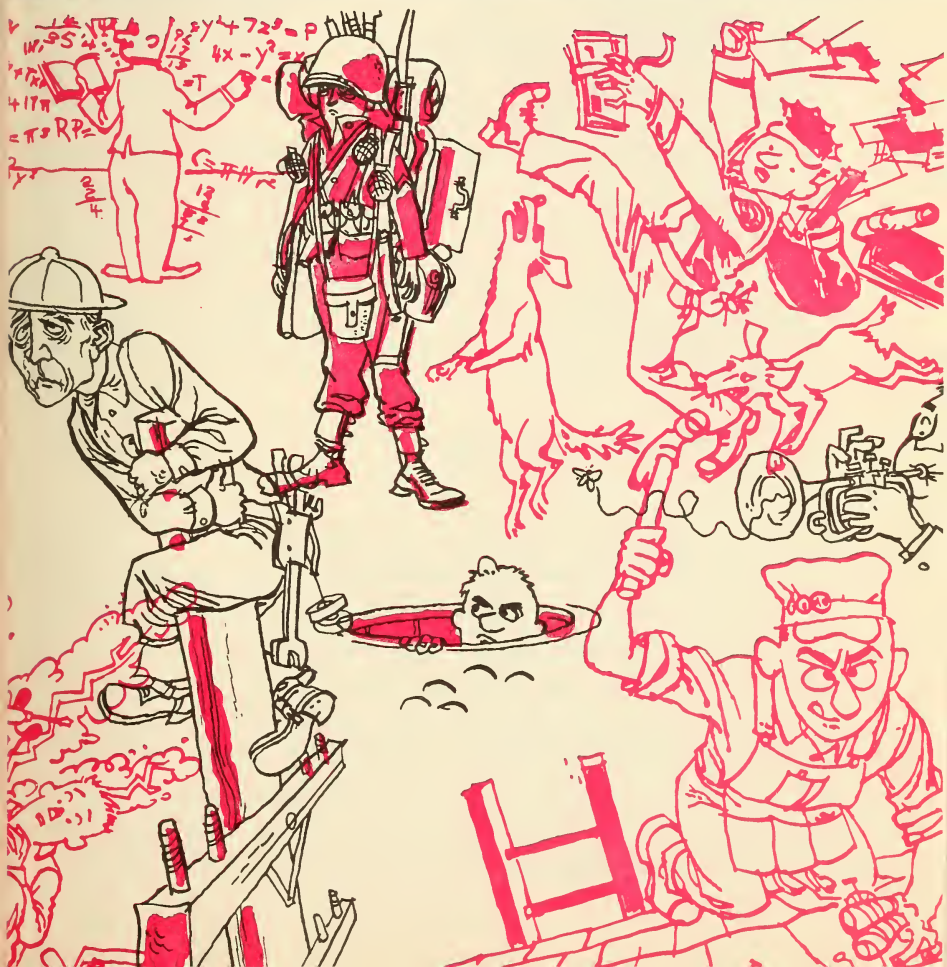
January 1958

FIND THE JOB THAT FITS YOU

YOUR DREAM AND MINE

A FORTUNE IN DUFFEL BAGS

PROTESTANT JOURNAL FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



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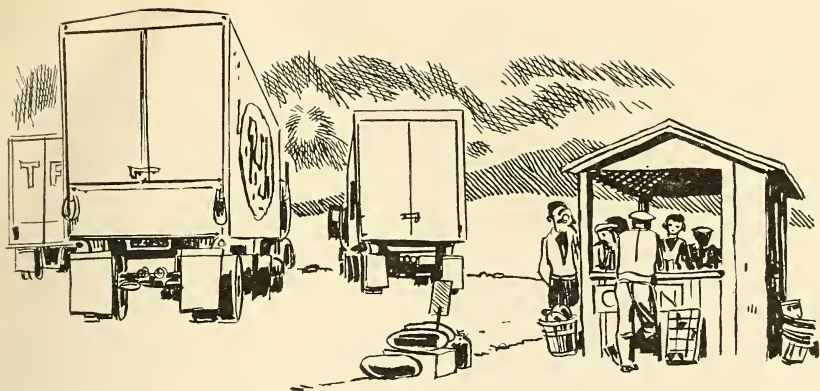
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Pete Kimball's dream of becoming a doctor was about dead—and then he met Marcia.

Your Dream and Mine

By LEE BRADLEY

EVERYTHING happens to me, everything crazy that is. All my life I've dreamed of being a doctor. I've got a college degree—four years of premed. But did I go to medical school and become a doctor? I did not. I became a truck driver. And I'd probably be going along in the same old rut if it hadn't been for the girl with the vegetable stand.

I'd been working for the Belsonne Canning Company on the

eastern shore of Maryland for more than two years, when this girl showed up. It was Monday morning as four of us took off for Pittsburgh. Bill Foltz was driving the lead truck, I remember. It had a big plate of delectable yellow goo painted on one side, with *Noodle Soup* printed under it. Jerry Marston was driving the one labeled *Beets*. Steve Fradis was in *Dill Pickles*, while I, Pete Kimball, brought up the rear in *Beans*.

As we rounded a curve about a mile away, I could see this girl, dressed in blue jeans and pink shirt, standing alongside a roadstand. Even at that distance, I could tell she was easy on the eyes. As we came closer, I saw she was scrubbing the stand, which stood on the edge of a farm.

The fellows in front waved and she waved back, but I just stared at her. Girls were on my blacklist. She seemed surprised when there was no reaction from me, and I could see in my sideview mirror that she watched after us until we were out of sight. I felt a little bit ashamed, but after my experience with Helene Grayson, I decided the less I had to do with women the better.

Helene had been my girl all through high school and college. We were engaged when I left to do my stint in the Army. All the time I was away I made plans for us. But my big dream was to have my medical education completed and a good practice lined up. Sometimes that dream got fantastic and I imagined myself discovering a serum, better than Doctor Jonas Salk's for polio vaccination. I felt good because I believed Helene's ambition matched mine. I was in Korea when her "Dear John" letter came.

THAT MORNING, driving toward Route 40, I thought of the letter and the things Helene had written. She told how she'd met this other guy and knew it was the real thing. She tried to soften the blow by saying I'd meet the

right one, too, someday. But she was wrong there; I was through with women.

I was in the lead the next Monday as we passed the stand. It was hot over the land that day, and the girl looked small and defenseless sitting there among the vegetables. She smiled at me—a wistful, longing smile, but I again ignored her.

I noticed a sign "Orangeade" tacked to the stand, so I wasn't surprised when the other trucks pulled off the road. That sign gave them an excuse to stop and get acquainted.

The third week there were five trucks going and I was in the middle. So when the others stopped, I stopped in line. The girl kept looking in my direction as she poured orangeade, and I saw her whisper something to Jerry Marston. When Jerry answered, it was in a loud voice meant for me.

"Oh, he's a woman-hater." The girl stared at me as if I was some kind of freak.

This had gone far enough, I decided. No girl was going to get the notion she mattered one way or the other, so I got out of my truck and walked over to the stand. The girl was even better looking than I had thought. In fact, she was beautiful. She had dark blonde hair and blue eyes. And she kept glancing at me out of the corners of those eyes as if she wanted to get better acquainted.

"How's the stand doing?" Jerry asked.

"I sell practically everything," she answered.

"Is that your home?" Steve wanted to know, pointing to the farmhouse.

"Oh, no! I'm from Baltimore. My uncle and aunt live there. They're letting me have these things to sell to make money for college."

I'd noticed a book lying beside a basket of green peppers. It had a familiar look. I turned my head sideways to read the title. As I did, the girl said proudly, "I'm going to be a doctor."

I jerked upright and almost laughed out loud. Of all the darn fool things . . . this kid a doctor why, it was ridiculous! Didn't she know it meant years of study and hard work? Why, a girl like her would be getting married long before she graduated from medical school. She must have seen my amusement for she shoved out her chin at me. "When I decide to do something, I generally make it," she said.

AT lunch, Larry Diabold, who was driving *Pea Soup*, said, "Imagine, having a doll like that for a doctor! Why, I could think up a new pain every day. What a nice way to spend money!"

"Don't worry," I predicted. "She'll quit long before she makes it. It's too long a haul for a dame like that. Besides, women are born quitters."

Larry threw back his head and howled. "Listen who's talking! What would *you* know about women, or what it takes to be a doctor?" I wanted to punch him right in the nose.

Each week end I stayed in Bates-

boro, a few miles from the cannery. That Saturday night, I was sitting around the hotel, when I got the notion I wanted to hear more about this doctor business. I got into my jalopy and drove up to the farmhouse. It was around eight o'clock and still light enough to see someone sitting on the porch. And suddenly, it came to me: I didn't know the name of the girl I'd come to see.

A lady got up and walked to meet me. "Good evening," she said.

"I'd like to speak to the young lady who runs the stand," I told her.

She pursed her lips and looked me over, then motioned to the brick path that wound around the house. "She's out back in the shed. Always working, that girl . . ."

I thanked her and went around to the shed. I could see the girl working at a table, under an electric bulb swinging from a cord. She was wiping cucumbers and piling them in baskets. She didn't seem too surprised to see me.

"Imagine," she mocked, "seeing *you* here." She went right on working.

"I wanted to ask about this doctor business," I said, coming right to the point.

Her chin moved out again. "Well, what about it?"

"You were only kidding, weren't you? You weren't serious—not a girl like you?"

It was as if I'd opened the gates of a dam the way she stormed at me. "I certainly am serious. Do you think I work out in the hot sun every day for fun? At night, too,



getting things ready? Do you imagine I enjoy seeing my friends get real vacations while I do this?" By the stark light of the bulb I could see her eyes shooting sparks.

I moved back a step. "Whoa!" I said. "Don't get so excited. I only asked . . ."

SHE settled down after that. "Oh, it isn't only you, it's everyone asking the same thing. Then they all end by assuring me I'll only get married and all this work will be wasted." She hit the shelf in front of her with a cucumber.

"You know something?" I said. "I believe you. I bet you make it."

She sort of crumpled at that and for a minute I thought she would cry. "You . . . do?"

"You aren't talking to someone unfamiliar with what you're doing. I had the same ambition myself. I've got four years premed under my belt."

Her eyes opened wide. "But you're driving a truck . . ."

I bristled. "Well, a man has to eat, hasn't he?" It annoyed me that I was making excuses to a girl.

Outside the shack, fireflies were beginning to flicker, and somewhere far off frogs were croaking. Everything seemed so peaceful that suddenly I felt peaceful, too.

"I'm Pete Kimball," I said, "in case you're interested."

"I'm Marcia Taylor," she said. Then her face brightened. "I know, you're just working for the summer as I'm doing."

I shook my head. "Nope—it's permanent."

"What a shame!" And I heard pity in her voice.

THE rest of the summer, when I was in Batesboro, I went up to the farm. I really looked forward to those meetings. Marcia and I spoke the same language, but it wasn't just that; it was more because we understood each other. I knew where her interest lay, and she knew how I felt about romantic nonsense. That way we kept it nice and platonic. But having a friend like her made me soft and mellow toward everyone.

The men at the cannery stopped calling me "Sourpuss" and included me in their horseplay. And for the first time in years I did not feel lonely.

Then it was Marcia's last evening. Summer had moved well into September, and the stand had been closed for almost a week. She was returning to Baltimore in the morning. I'd been thinking about her all day and of how I would miss her. On one of my trips I'd bought her a gold bracelet with charms. I had it in my pocket when I walked up to her porch. Marcia was waiting for me in the swing, and as soon as I saw her I knew that saying goodbye was going to be rough.

All evening we skirted the main issue. We acted as if it was just any old evening. But when it came time to go, everything changed. I handed her the bracelet and I watched as she put it on and held it up in the light from the living-

room window and shook the bangles.

"It's beautiful, Pete," she said softly. "I'll treasure it always."

There was a note of finality in her voice, as if the bracelet would be all that was left of our summer together. It gave me a cold, empty feeling. We got up and walked to my car. All the way across the lawn we were silent, but the air around us seemed charged with electricity. When we reached the car, Marcia swung around in front of me.

"Pete, you never did say why you gave up your plans to be a doctor?" The old feeling of frustration surged through me.

"I blame it on a girl," I said bitterly. "We had made plans for future years. She let me think she loved me, then she married another man, so what's the use!"

I heard the quick intake of Marcia's breath. "What! Just because a girl changed her mind, you gave up your career?"

"That's how it was," I said lamely. Even in the darkness I could make out her shocked expression.

"Why, you don't want to be a doctor because some girl thinks it would be *nice*. You want to be one because of something inside you. Because it's your whole life; you can't help yourself."

I felt worse by the minute. I looked off to where the tops of the trees swayed against a faint lightness in the sky. Then I felt her hand on my arm.

"Have I hurt you, Pete? I didn't mean to, I just got carried away."

I swallowed hard. "I've a confession. I've been saving my money

ever since I took this job driving a truck. I wouldn't admit it, but I guess I always knew I'd go back to college someday."

Marcia's sigh sounded as if someone had just handed her the world wrapped in silver paper. She turned her face up to me. "Kiss me," she said. And her voice had bells in it.

I stood motionless. Everything about the night was suddenly intensified. The darkness grew blacker; the stillness was loud in my ears. Marcia's face was a small heart-shaped blur.

"Don't you want to kiss me?"

I wanted to kiss her all right, but I hesitated. What would I be letting myself in for? If her career came first, as she implied, would I be satisfied with second place? I'd been hurt once and I didn't want to go through that again.

Yet could not love solve all these problems? I put my arms around her and held her close. And standing there I knew I could never give her up. This was true love, and it was a new experience for me. Helene had been right; she and I had not really been in love. There was a heady excitement in what I was feeling now, vibrations up my back, dizziness in my head.

I kissed Marcia. Her lips were

soft and sweet. Then, without giving myself time to think, I said softly "I love you, Marcia. Do you love me enough to marry me and share my future?" She did not answer. "I know now," I went on, "it wasn't love that other time. Would it be fair to ask you to make room in your dream for me?" I held my breath.

Marcia's voice was chiding. "Just because I'm going to be a doctor doesn't mean I'll stop being a woman. Love is very important; I could not be happy without it." She looked up at me.

"Don't look so worried, darling. I love you very much and I'll try to be a good wife. Our life together will probably be hectic, but it will be wonderful, too, wait and see. And it's not my dream—it's *our dream*."

All of a sudden I wasn't afraid anymore. If she said our marriage would be happy, I'd go along with that. All my doubts and fears were disappearing like a mist in the sun. I felt fine. Things were turning out right for me at last.

Standing there under a canopy of stars, I made a vow—I would be a good doctor and the husband of a good doctor! Together, Marcia and I would discover that new serum which would bless the world!



A man who had been married for ten years consulted a marriage counselor. "When I first married," he said, "I was very happy. I'd come home from a hard day down at the shop. My little dog would race around barking and my wife would bring me my slippers. Now after all these years, everything's changed. When I come home, my dog brings me my slippers, and my wife barks at me!"

"I don't know what you're complaining about," said the marriage counselor. "You're still getting the same service." —*McCall Spirit*

The Working World

By FRED R. STAIR, JR.

Mr. Stair is also the author of the articles beginning on pages 15, 27 and 39.

THE best hours of a man's day, the best years of his life, are spent working. Work is the normal activity of a man; and it is very important to him.

What Are You?

At a men's rally held several years ago at Davidson College in North Carolina, Dr. Elton Trueblood was the featured speaker. There was a break in the conference schedule before he was to appear, and on the front steps of Chambers Building, he was getting acquainted with the Carolinians.

"My name is Trueblood," he would say, sticking out his hand to shake. Then, after the other person had given his name, this noted Quaker would ask, "And what are you?"

In every instance, the man would reply by giving his job. "I'm a clerk." "I'm a farmer." "I'm a teacher." And the like. We identify ourselves by our work. Our work is very important to us.

Our work is also very important to God. There are a lot of things at work in this world God created. Laws, like gravity and centrifugal

force, are constantly at work holding planets and plants and people in place. Forces in nature are doing their job too. Seeds have a latent power in them to sprout and bear fruit. Chemicals have inherent qualities which make them react and do their work.

In the story of creation in the first chapters of Genesis, we are told that the Creator made all things and set them in order to function according to plan and then—"He saw that it was good." The capstone of creation was man made in the image of God to have dominion over all these working things.

Who Is with You?

But God did not stop there. True, he took a Sabbath rest, just as we are expected to do. (If God himself did, how foolish of us ever to neglect it!) But God kept his hand in on things, not winding them up like some cosmic alarm clock and setting them aside to blast off an alarm at some atomic explosion. God is still at work in the world. Every time a baby is born there is created a new soul, and a handiwork of God comes to life. Every time the

sun rises, or a new star is made, or a seed sprouts, the working power of our creator God is being manifest.

Sidney Cave, the British theologian, declares that our work is an "order of creation." It is in God's plan for the world that we men should work on it with him, sharing his creative activity. It is of this basic fact of human existence and of divine planning that Paul reminds the Corinthians when he says, "For we are fellow workmen for God; you are God's field, God's building." (1 Cor. 3:9.)

Three Current Outlooks

All too few workers, and not many men in military service, look upon their jobs as a partnership with God. Some have only an aimless, purposeless existence; like the soldier, they are just "putting in his time." But the French writer, Antoine de Saint Exupery, who was a hard worker with hand and mind, says, "It is using a pick-ax to no purpose which makes a prison." And there are a lot of fellows who are in jail to their jobs, sailors in the brig to their MOS, because there is no purpose for them in the world, in the work, or in the service.

Then, there is the man who thinks that the chief aim of work is money. Sure, money is nice to have, and a worker is worthy of his hire. But how far did the fellow get who asked for his job this way, "I would like to be a test pilot in a mattress factory; plenty of rest, good pay, short hours, long vacation, no responsibility." He got what he deserved—neither the job nor the money.

And some figure that as long as a man produces, does what he is commanded to do, it does not matter what he makes nor how he performs. There is such a thing as business ethics. The cub reporter who said recently, "All I do is dig out the news and I do not care how I get it or who it hurts" simply does not realize that God is at work in the world with *real news* and that it matters much *how we work*.

Our Materialistic Faith

This *real news* is of course the good news of the Gospel about Jesus Christ. This "master workman of the race" so did his father's work that everything he touched was lifted up to God. Making bread can remind us of how he fed the



multitude. Planting seed can be improved with his message in the parable of the sower. Even soldiering can be made uplifting, when, like the Negro in the spiritual, we become, "Brothers, soldiers of the cross."

Because of Christ's life and teachings, our Christian faith has been called by William Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, "the most materialistic faith in all the world." What did he mean—materialistic? Well, it deals with hard facts like sin. It deals with common facts like money. It deals with daily facts like work. It deals with eternal facts like life itself.

This of course means that any worthy occupation can, with God's help, be made into a noble calling. Audubon studying birds is no less spiritual than Jonathan Edwards studying theology. John Woolman, the Quaker saint, is no more spiritual than Washington at Valley Forge. Music is not more spiritual than mechanics, or mathematics. A sanctuary or a laboratory may be equally spiritual. God made them all. All are needed for life. Spirituality is not some matter of pious, sacred awe; not some mere inner inspiration that we keep to ourselves. No, spirituality is not that! True spirituality is insight and action which seeks to find the will of God, and then always to live within it. Like some nocturnal moth drawn to the source of light by something inherent in its being—always to stay and flutter in the light—the man of faith is drawn to Christ, his light, and stays close to him in his work.

And the Working World

But when we try to apply this in the working world about us, we learn that it is anything but easy. First of all, the rough and tumble of the workaday world is anything but Christian. It is changing all the time—new inventions like automation, new materials like synthetic fibers, new dangers like atomic fallout. We have to adapt a changeless faith to a changing world.

Furthermore, the complexity of modern life makes work perplexing. With all the specialization today, the *Dictionary of Occupational Specialties* lists about twenty-four thousand separate job classifications at which a man can work. No wonder just one mere man becomes bewildered trying to get the right job.

Then being in the service is, for some, a by-pass for a man's vocational plans. Yet the military can become a part of preparation for a job. Could be that the slot you are in now may open the way for bigger things in civilian life. God did not stop either his work in the world or his plans for the working world or his hold on your life when you entered the service. Because, as John Oxenham said,

"No work is commonplace, if all
Be done as unto Him alone;
Life's simplest toil to Him is
known
Who knoweth all."

From *Gentlemen—the King* by John Oxenham.
The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

The Magnificent Tournament of Roses

By AUBREY B. HAINES

PARADES, in Leatherneck lingo, are number ten! They are the worst, terrible, for the birds! Probably because they think of big brass, tired feet, miles and miles of dreary marching! But what if the parade

was made up of beautiful girls; floats made of millions of roses, azaleas, chrysanthemums, carnations and other flowers; prancing horses? Then it becomes a different story. That's what you have in Pasa-

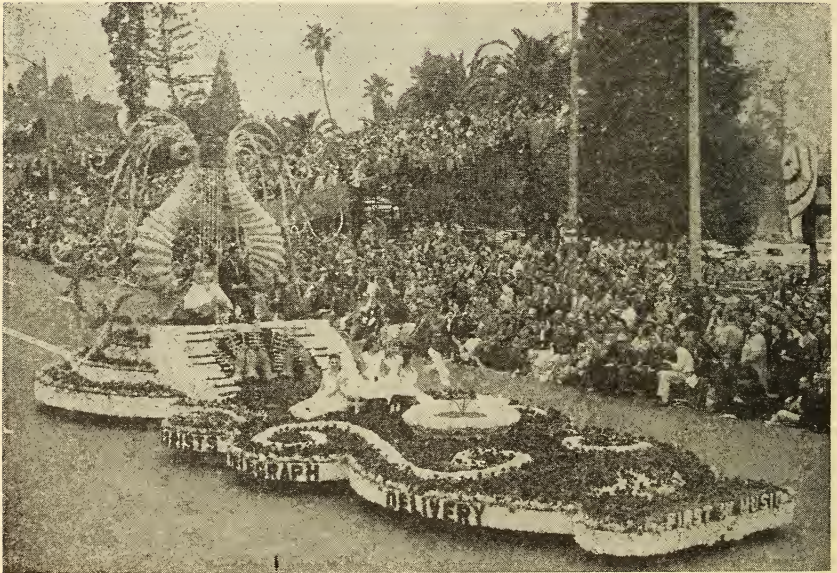


photo by J. Allen Hawkins—courtesy
Pasadena Tournament of Roses Assn.

President's Trophy, for the most effective use of roses, was won by the float entered by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

dena, California's Tournament of Roses which takes place on New Year's Day just prior to the Rose Bowl football game.

The word that best describes it is —magnificent. Or call it wonderful, stupendous, beautiful — whatever you will, it now belongs not merely to Pasadena but to the nation. It is seen not only by the one million and a half people who crowd into Pasadena, but by more than seventy-million viewers!

The Pasadena Tournament of Roses goes back to 1889, when this Southern California city boasted of twice the population of Los Angeles

—ten thousand persons against that city's mere five thousand inhabitants! In those days the Valley Hunt Club members began to decorate their buggies with roses and to put colored ribbons in old Dobbin's mane. In this way, the annual fiesta had its origin. After the parade the day ended with a kind of field and track meet at the community playground—no football game but chariot races a la Ben Hur and other sports events.

News about this unique New Year's celebration traveled far and fast. In the East, newspapers began to feature articles about it. People

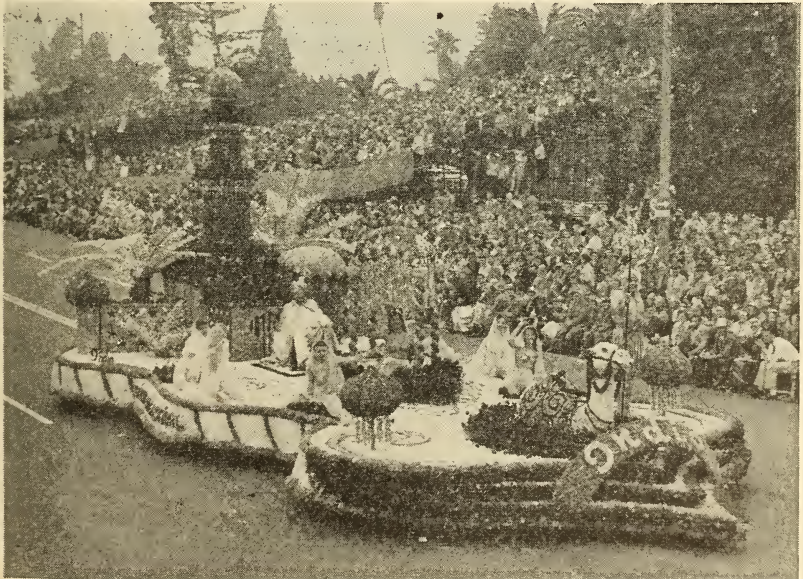


photo by J. Allen Hawkins—courtesy Pasadena Tournament of Roses Assn.

Sweepstakes winner, 1957, portrays the "First Date Festival." Real Indio dates are suspended from the date leaves of orchids.

sitting around log fires and plowing through snowdrifts talked of how unusual it was to have a rose parade in the middle of winter. All this publicity brought more and more tourists to Pasadena to see the festival.

By and by, the celebration got too large for the Valley Hunt Club to sponsor. So the Tournament of Roses Association was formed in 1898. This organization has managed the affair ever since. Soon the problem of handling the large crowds became a tremendous task. Today more than one thousand policemen and sheriff's deputies from nearby cities come to augment the local police force and help maintain order.

The day's sports feature, which in 1890 began as a kind of track and field meet and a few years later turned into a hectic Roman-style chariot race, was replaced in 1916 by the now-famous annual Rose Bowl Football Game. An outstanding feature of the Tournament of Roses is its route. The main thoroughfare of Pasadena, running east and west, is Colorado Street, which stretches straight as an arrow through the heart of the city. The parade route follows almost four miles along this street.

The halcyon days when citizens of Pasadena tied a few roses to their buggies and "hitched up them horses" are gone forever. Only sixty floats are allowed in the parade nowadays. Ten of these are entered by commercial firms, and the rest come from cities, counties, states, and foreign countries. For weeks previous to the event, contractors

and designers labor to prepare the huge displays which are mounted on automobile chassis. The least costly entry is around three thousand, while the most expensive ones top twenty thousand.

MOST of the floats today are built in an enormous warehouse and two circus tents in Pasadena as well as in an unoccupied aircraft hanger in near-by Alhambra. Here contractors and designers work for hours directing hundreds of teen-age helpers in eight-hour shifts around the clock. Though chassis and frames are under construction for weeks ahead, the flowers cannot be added until the final hours.

As you witness the grotesque frames of steel and wood, you are certain that it will be impossible to transform these awkward-appearing objects into the gorgeous floral floats that will enhance the next day's parade. But the day moves on, and the frames are covered with plastic and chicken wire, coated with glue, and finally decorated with myriads of fresh blossoms and leaves. The outcome is nothing short of amazing!

The buildings in which the floats are assembled are like genuine factories where beauty is on a production line. Enormous piles of fresh flowers—stocks, violets, roses, chrysanthemums, and candytufts are scattered all throughout the buildings. In addition, huge baskets of croton leaves, ti leaves from Hawaii, ferns, and anthurim are used for background greenery. To make certain that nothing artificial is used,



photo by Lee Payne—
courtesy Pasadena Tour-
nament of Roses Assn.

Queen of the 1957 Tournament was lovely Ann Mossberg, nineteen-year-old Alhambra girl,

the Tournament committee inspects every float in detail before the parade begins in the morning. Any entry bearing synthetic flowers is automatically eliminated.

Many of the float designers have made a business of constructing entries for years. In 1954 the West Colorado Street Neighbors prepared an interesting float on the *Bambi* theme. High-fidelity loudspeakers were installed to carry tape-recorded

music from the original Walt Disney movie, and the animals were animated by ingenious devices. It seems that Flower, the beloved little skunk in the children's story, gave the builders a difficult time. Black flowers are rare. Finally, however, the problem was solved. Flower was covered with six thousand black pansies—the only skunk ever adorned in such a way!

Even before daybreak Colorado Street is lined with spectators, many of whom have spent the night on the curb in order to guarantee themselves choice viewpoints. The Pasadena downtown motion picture theaters keep open all night to accommodate visitors who wish to spend their time watching double-feature movies while awaiting the parade. Whole families can be seen on the streets huddling around wood fires in blankets, and mothers cook breakfasts over the cheerful flames. On Orange Grove Avenue, at the west end of Pasadena, the floats are drawn up to the formation area.

IN the rosy light of daybreak the floats take on a strangely beautiful appearance. However, their nervous builders are still frantically working on last-minute touches. With hands full of flowers and paintbrushes dipped in glue, they cover bare spots where chilled blossoms have dropped off on the trip from workshops or have been knocked out of place as models have climbed aboard.

Many float builders bring orchard heaters, for the temperature at six in the morning is almost always in

the low forties. While most of the flowers appear to survive, some of the lightly-dressed girls who ride the floats have difficulty in getting warm. When in 1954 the Las Vegas, Nevada, entry featured an imitation swimming pool, surrounded by several bathing beauties, some of their bathing suits were actually made of mink! But even fur was incapable of keeping them entirely warm. Instead the girls had to snuggle closely around the heaters and wrap themselves up in Indian blankets.

On New Year's morning at nine o'clock the first part of the grand tournament comes into view. In 1957, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, one of America's most famed heroes in both war and peace, was Grand Marshal and rode at the head of the parade in a car covered with five thousand roses. Previous Grand Marshals include Chief Justice Earl Warren, former Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, Admiral Chester Nimitz, General Omar Bradley and former President Herbert Hoover.

For two hours the parade moves steadily along the four-mile route. As float after float glides past, it seems that each is more beautiful

and colorful than the one before. Cowboy stars and more bands are interspersed throughout the parade, drawing enthusiastic bursts of applause from the crowd.

The two hundred fine horses in the procession attract considerable attention. Most of them are elaborately ornamented with silver trappings and saddles. As you look down the street, you cannot help noticing that almost every other spectator has a camera. Now and then there are a few interruptions in the procession, for usually every year two or more of the mobile units break down. Nevertheless, the parade committee is prepared for this. They have jeeps ready to tow rebellious entries across the rest of the parade route.

Surprisingly enough, the crowd exercises good behavior. After the parade is over, the floats are taken to Victory Park where they remain for two days for the public to examine them in detail. You may have seen color films or souvenir folders of the event. But the Pasadena Tournament of Roses is a spectacle of beauty that you must see in order to appreciate it to the fullest degree.



A flock of our feathered friends were perched on a sparrow's new nest, inspecting it inside and out. With ecstatic chirps they all agreed it was just the kind of place any nesting mother would love.

"But why," ventured one visitor, "have you got that big hole in the bottom?"

"Well, you see," explained Mrs. Sparrow with a shrug, "I love to lay eggs—but I simply can't stand children."

—E. E. KENYON, *American Weekly*

What does God have planned
for me to do?

Find the Job That Fits You

WHY is it some fellows can whistle on KP and it gripes me no end? Are there some jobs in the world that are just routine drudgery?

See the Facts

One of the plain facts about this working world is that some jobs take daring; some, plugging. Thomas Edison said that inventive genius is less than 10 per cent imagination and brains and more than 90 per cent plain hard work. Jobs in civilian life and in military duty run the whole gamut from very thrilling to very boring; from highly creative to mainly destructive. It takes all kinds of jobs and all kinds of people to keep an outfit moving. Just look at your own, if you need an example.

Another plain fact about this working world is that God took this diversity of work into account when he gave us our talents and personality. Check 1 Corinthians 12:4-14:2. Here Paul is explaining to the Christians in the sensual and sophisticated city of Corinth that in the church, as well as in the world, there are diversities of gifts. Some

men have strong physiques; some have keen minds; some have dextrous hands and feet; some have charming voices; some have magnetic personalities; some have sensitive spirits. A few have several of these talents altogether; they are the "four-letter" men; the "five talent" boys; the "six star" generals.

Another plain fact is that most of us have just a few talents; or maybe not many strong points at all. So what about *us*?

Our Christian faith declares that every one of us is important to God. We are all needed. The world is less beautiful if any one of us gives not his best. Check that 1 Corinthians passage again. Though we have diversity of gifts, we all have *one calling*. Like the parts of a body, we are each essential to the whole. It takes ears and eyes, hands and feet, to make a body. All are useful; all are needed. Each is given gifts by God so that he can do his part as a member of the team.

Therefore one of the basic problems every Christian must solve as he faces the working world is "Where do I fit in?"

Seek the Job

Since there are about twenty-four thousand clear-cut careers open to me, and since in America as probably in no other country in all the world, the choice of a job is an open option that can be taken by me personally, how can I find out what God's will for my life is?

First, *look at the needs of the world*. What are the great issues facing us at this mid-point of the twentieth century? The poet expresses it well in "The Day's Demand":

". . . A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true
faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does
not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office
cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a
will;
Men who have honor; men who
will not lie.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland
Men with Christian convictions about their careers are needed in diplomacy, government service, business, labor movements, the professions, the ministry and missionary service, the armed forces. Give yourself, with your diversity of gifts, to the great issues, the large problems, the world needs.

Second, *get a knowledge of yourself*. You are living in the most informed and fortunate age known to man. Through the development of psychological and personality tests, it is possible for you to evaluate your strong and weak points, get an accurate personality profile,

discover your vocational aptitudes and your specific interests. These will give you a pretty clear picture of yourself.

But, beware—this is only a photograph; not a portrait. These tests need to be taken, like snapshots, at several intervals, dated and noted. They will not show everything; they will not make a final job choice for you. They will not catch all your moods nor all your abilities; but they will tell you a lot.

If they indicate that you are weak on persuasive techniques and if you remember in your childhood as always coming out on the small end of a knife-marble trading deal, chances are that you will be a poor risk as a salesman or a preacher. And if you cannot stand the sight of blood and get panicky in a crisis, your qualifications for being a surgeon are not too hot. Your job ought to bring out and use the best in you.

Third, *investigate the nature of the job*. In the *Dictionary of Occupational Specialties* is a job analysis of about twenty-four thousand different occupations. Near you perhaps is a service library which has several volumes giving descriptions of what is required in preparation for a job, what kind of work and responsibilities are involved, what are the personality traits of those most successful in that occupation, and such things as number of openings, how to apply, salary range, and the like. If you are interested in a particular job, and your personality and aptitudes have shown you a bent for it, look up the job analysis for a cold, hard, factual estimate of what

the job is. Know what you are getting into.

The military training and experience you are having will often open up a job. Personnel assignments are made as much as possible on the basis of a man's native gifts and the present needs of the armed forces. Service schools and military assignments will do much to give you first-hand experience in a specialty which could become your career.

Read about people outstanding in the vocation in which you are interested. Talk with persons now in that kind of job. During some vacation or furlough-time try your hand at an internship in your chosen field. These experiences should give you enough facts to tell whether or not "this is for me."

Fourth, *seek the guidance of God*. By praying about your choice of a vocation, God will open up opportunities for you and will give you direction.

Each man has a task of his own

For the Father has willed it so.
We seek the way, but He alone
Must show us the path to go.

Yet each one has a lovely Guide
From the vale to the mountain
crest:

For the Unseen Friend who walks
beside,

Is the Way and the End of
the Quest.

—Adapted from

"The Quest" by Mary S. Edgar

Being careful on the job ought to be second nature—like eating when you're hungry, sleeping when you're sleepy, or kissing your best girl.

—*Bulletin*

Hear the Call

We seek God's guidance all along, as we look at the needs of the world, as we try to get knowledge of ourselves, and as we investigate the nature of the job. Then two things happen.

First, we discover a "call"—a certain feeling that this is the right time and this is the right slot for me. Some suits of clothing you try on just do not fit, are not the right color, are not yours. But once you find God's plan for your life, you "feel the fit." The cut and the color and the career are just right for you. You feel "called," and as you fit into the job, you sense that it was made for you and you were made for it.

Second, we discover that we are getting things accomplished through our work. We are happy, satisfied; there are rewards both financial and spiritual in what you are doing. Work is not dull; it is a thrill and we sense what Jesus said to his disciples, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go forth and bear fruit . . ." Then we have found our place in this working world!



Religion is not an escape from life. It is life. It is not an abstraction. It is a career.

—*SAC Sidelights*

The Sergeant Had a Daughter

By E. ORANGE

SERGEANT 'BROADTOE' GELardi halted abruptly in front of Toni. "No!"

He hitched his bathing trunks a notch higher in emphasis, spat in the direction of the Los Coronados Islands faintly discernible sou'westerly, then gave his full attention again to Toni. She was such a lovely thing, honey-blonde and blue-eyed, that he had to double cinch his resolve not to weaken. She lay half-buried in the sand under the protecting shade of a brilliant orange-colored beach umbrella. They were picnicking on the Silver Strand. The remnants of potato salad and hot dogs mingled in the open brown paper bag at his feet.

"Don't get the idea it's because Paul Evers ain't a Marine. But I want my daughter to marry somebody. Besides you're only a baby."



Sergeant Broadtoe could command the Marines but his daughter Toni—well, she was different!

He muttered the last to himself with a side glance at Toni, whose face wore the half veil of a pleasant dream.

"Are you listening, honey? When I blast a recruit, even his mind's gotta stand at attention."

"Sorry, Sarge."

"Don't go sarging me. I'm your father."

"Sorry, sweet."

"I wouldn't mind so much if this fellow Paul you met at San Diego State had a solid job with a future like—" Broadtoe paused and squinted at two beach jumper boats

chasing each other "—like being a Marine."

"But, Daddy!"

"Quit interrupting. Why didn't you pick on somebody—if it couldn't be a Marine—like a fellow studying to be a doctor, or lawyer, or dentist? They got futures. When does he get out?"

"Graduate."

"Okay. Graduate. When? What's he gonna be?"

"June. We're getting married then. Nothing. Just a degree. Majoring in English and Psychology."

Broadtoe grunted in disgust.

"What kind of a job will they get 'em?"

"I didn't ask, pet. He said not to worry."

"Bah! Don't worry. Don't worry. You kids never worry. Somebody's gotta. That's me. You ain't gonna marry him."

Toni jumped up; the umbrella toppled over.

"Now you listen to me for a change, Sergeant Gelardi." Her chin bristled for a fight. "Ever since Mama died you've been an ugly old bear, and you're getting worse every day. You never try to understand anybody. You hate anything that's not Marine." She paused for breath and promptly burst into tears.

Sergeant Charles F. 'Broadtoe' Gelardi, USMC, stared helplessly. A sense of guilt stabbed deep inside him. For the first time in almost four years of fighting it, ever since a head-on collision with a wildly-careening car filled with weekendng sailors had robbed him of his Lea, he felt like crying, too. He had

whipped the loneliness. But the growing responsibility of guiding a young girl, now nearing nineteen, into the footsteps her mother would choose, kept him feeling quite helpless. Was he a failure?

"Don't cry, honey."

His arms encircled her shoulders.

"Forgive the old sarge, will you?"

A moist kiss brushed his wind-burned cheeks.

"Shush!" All reproach was gone.

"Honey, if he's your guy, I'd better get acquainted with him. Bring him around for chow again soon. I'll leave my stripes in the bedroom this time. Okay?"

THE candelabra gleamed silver-black. Together, with the linen souvenir from Shanghai, the Nagoya Noritake, the wine ruby red in tiny-stemmed glasses, they made Broadtoe proud of Toni's table as he passed the Chicken Rosemary to Paul. He felt proud of himself, too. Three dinners had gone by and not once had he let his stripes out of the bedroom.

"You won't eat finer, son."

"I know that, sir."

It was Paul who broke the silence the next time.

"We had lunch together today, Mr. Gelardi. Toni said you were worried about our future." He spoke as carefully as he buttered the roll. Broadtoe waited patiently, studying the square-jawed giant of a man with hair as dark as Toni's was light. The finished roll went back on the butter plate without being tasted. "I assure you, sir, that I can support Toni without any trouble."

"With what kind of a job did you say?"

"I didn't, sir."

"And you haven't decided where you'll work?"

The night was cool, yet beads of perspiration marked Paul's upper lip.

"No, sir. Not yet." He fumbled for the bread, "I'll know by June, sir."

Broadtoe's ire bubbled higher despite his promise to Toni to remain calm, to cause no excitement, especially like the last time.

"The Marines won their beach-heads, Paul, by planning and knowing beforehand where they were going, when they were going, why they were going, and what they would do after they landed. It seems to me you could take a lesson from the Marine Corps. Especially if it means marrying Toni."

"Father!"

Broadtoe avoided looking at Toni, but nevertheless, his next words cloaked themselves moderately.

"I'm only trying to point out, Paul, that a Marine has a trade, a profession. Ever think of becoming one?"

"Well, I guess all boys growing up dream now and then of being a sailor, a soldier, or Marine—perhaps the Foreign Legion—but there's not much money in being a Marine private, is there, sir?"

"You don't become a Marine for money." Broadtoe smacked his chest. "It's a way of life. None better, son. And in a few years, if you keep your nose clean, you make sergeant. Then you can support Toni okay. Look!" Broadtoe's hand waved in a sweeping motion about the room,

a sweep that included Toni. "I managed to raise me a pretty good family on a sergeant's pay, didn't I? Think it over, son. We'd be glad to have you."

It was not what Broadtoe said, but how. The tone suggested that becoming a Marine was a sure way to marrying up with Toni. Any other way doomed to failure.

Gone was the hesitancy, the deference. "Mr. Gelardi, it was only three months ago that we met, but almost from the first, Toni and I knew that we were meant for each other. We're getting married in June with or without your permission. Toni's of age." The words were cold and flat to Broadtoe's ears.

He was reminded of another man he himself had once followed blindly into battle, a Raider captain, a man who grew calm under excitement, who seemed able to say just the right words that incited and commanded others to an obedient following. Was Paul such a man? Certainly, the man who married his Toni had to measure up to certain standards, who stood on his own feet, who ignored pressure groups when he was right. He had dedicated himself to finding out what kind of a man this man Paul was that his Toni wanted. One thing, a meddler could spoil the lives of two deserving people. He mustn't meddle.

"Son, show me a secure future for Toni, not just a liberal arts education, if you want to hear wedding bells in June—any June."

"Daddy! Your promise." Tears of exasperation welled up in Toni's eyes. "Besides, how do you know



that Paul doesn't have a job waiting? Maybe he doesn't want to talk about his plans just yet until he's sure. If I can trust him, so can you."

"If he has plans, a job, then why doesn't he say so?"

"Mr. Gelardi, I came tonight especially to tell you. I thought at last that you liked me for myself. I was mistaken. Goodnight, sir!" Paul made to rise, but sank back in his chair under Toni's restraining hand.

"Daddy cares only for the Marine Corps. If you were a Marine, Paul, he'd be pushing us into marriage, not blocking it. He doesn't reason what you are, but who you are." She ended on a note of rising bitterness.

"Toni," Broadtoe spoke gently, "the Marines fed us for twenty-five years and they'll be feeding us for a few more to come. It may sound trivial, but Paul will have to find

himself a career that I approve of."

Broadtoe stood up, the lines on his face biting a little deeper. He felt old. He was old.

"Young man, the past few weeks have been pleasant. I've enjoyed your company. Come again soon. Goodnight."

IN his bedroom that overlooked the patio, Broadtoe pulled his chair nearer the open window, lit his cigar, and settled himself back comfortably to wait. The tip of the cigar glowed briefly in the gloom with each puff. The visitors he expected soon entered the patio.

"Are we really getting married anyway, Paul?"

"Yes, honey, but maybe not in June. I'd like to have your old man on our side. That may take time."

"What were you going to tell us?"

Paul laughed.

"I'm in college under the NROTC program. I'll be commissioned an ensign in June, that is, if I don't change my mind and ask to be made a second lieutenant in the Marines."

"But, darling, why all the secrecy?"

"Oh, I suppose it sounds silly, but I wanted your old man to like me for myself. Besides he doesn't like the Navy."

"Well, he likes you. So let's go inside and tell him. Tell him you're going to become a Marine lieutenant."

"A Marine lieutenant?"

"What's so awfully wrong with that?"

"Nothing, except I want to be in the Navy."

"You'd—you'd ruin our chances for getting married just for the Navy?"

"It isn't that, honey."

"Oh, yes, it is!"

"Look, Toni. If I went in there with this cock-and-bull story of changing my stripes to suit him, I could never look myself in the mirror. No, my pet, it's the Navy or nothing."

"It's nothing then. Goodnight, Mr. Evers."

The tears came as the patio gate slammed hard behind Paul.

Broadtoe lay propped in bed when Toni burst into his bedroom. On the nightstand sat a handy jigger of brandy. The cigar was a stub.

"Well, did you and Paul set the date? Quite a lad that future son-in-law of mine."

Broadtoe sniffed his brandy while

Toni stared.

"You like him?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"You—you—"

"Listen to me, honey. Do you think I'd let my favorite daughter route step with a guy without checking his dog tag? He won't be a bad admiral."

"You knew all the time."

"Yep. And you'd better snap the leash on him quick before he gets a taste of single wardroom bliss."

"But, dad," Toni wailed "we quarreled. He probably hates me by now."

"Wanna bet." Broadtoe polished off the brandy neatly. "Your mother never let us sleep on a quarrel. She knew her business. Of course this Paul guy has a long walk back to the campus. Probably cool off and call you back after he gets there. To apologize for slamming the gate."

"You heard," she said accusingly.

"By the way, honey," Broadtoe said, ignoring his crime, "be a good girl and put the car up. I forgot." He patted her hand. "Might be asleep when you get back in."

Impulsively, the sergeant's daughter bussed him. Seconds later an MG roar splintered the quiet of the night.

She'll take him inside of two blocks, Broadtoe bet himself. Twenty-five years in the Marine Corps had been a liberal arts education also. He grunted and put the cigar aside. Be five more years before he got his diploma though. By that time, he guessed, he'd have his own detachment of marines and sailors to train. He went to sleep on that.



Now if you go into the importing business and make a million, don't forget you read it first in **THE LINK**.

A Fortune in Duffel Bags

By **ROBERT J. FLYNN**

BILL VANSTEN, a veteran of World War II, was finally in the chips. He had saved enough money to buy a house—not his dream house, but a good substitute for his former cramped apartment. Now, he was having a house-warming, and as he and his friend Tom Jeffers walked through the house, they came upon some knick-knacks on a bookshelf. Tom stopped abruptly, picked up a strange-looking rock and asked:

"Where'd this come from?"

Bill's memory went back to the eventful days of his stay in India. "That," he said wistfully, "was given to me by a Chinese Indian."

"A what?"

"Well, it's a long story," continued Bill. "But while I was stationed in India, I became quite friendly with a Chinese who had fled India when the Japs overran Asia. I did this man a couple of favors and he invited me to his home a few times.

He was a business man and was fooling around with a mica mine or something. That's what this is—mica!"

"Mica?" Tom exclaimed. "That stuff is needed in defense; and there's a current shortage of it! Maybe this could lead to something."

Bill smiled and said, "I'm sorry. I've sold all my underwater real estate and all my Alaskan diamond mines . . ."

But Tom persisted. "I'm not kidding, Bill. We ought to look into this."

Bill said, "Oh, go ahead if you like; be my agent and I'll split 50-50 on all the mica you can sell."

Two weeks later, Bill got the shock of his life when Tom called him up and said:

"Bill, I've had that mica analyzed and it's a good grade. If that Chinese Indian is still your friend, we're in."

Within a few weeks, a letter to

India was answered with some more samples of mica. A month or two after that Bill found himself in an office with Tom processing orders.

To be sure, it wasn't just a case of making a few phone calls and banking a fortune. Bill and Tom had to learn how to import and where to sell what they had imported. But what amazed them most was the vast number of experts who were there to instruct them—free.

The United States Department of Commerce supplied booklets and pamphlets on the advantages and pitfalls of importing. The Department also helped them compute what each imported item would cost by the time it reached the United States.

Of course, one problem Bill faced was that of financing. But with a few orders in hand, he was able to borrow money until he got his first shipment in the hands of his customers. After he got under way, he was able to pay his Chinese Indian friend within sixty days.

BILL VANSTEN was just another G.I. who put to work the contacts he had made during the war. Ever since World War II, vets have been finding out that people all over America are willing to buy the kinds of items they have been carrying around in their duffel bags for years.

The wooden shoes, for example, which were sent home by the thousands by soldiers in Belgium and France have been converted into candy dishes, ash trays, flower pots, pin cushions, salt and pepper shakers, book-ends and many other dec-

orative items. And all mostly because G.I.'s sent them home and Americans went for them. G.I.'s were the cream of America and if they went for something then it could be sold anywhere in the United States.

An Italian boy on leave, visited relatives in the French Alps. His Uncle Antonio was a woodcarver. Before the boy left, his Uncle gave him several of his masterpieces to bring home to the family. After he got home, the young veteran's father put the woodcarvings on the mantel and before two weeks had passed almost everybody who had seen them wanted to know if they could get similar items. Before he knew it, the vet was sending over small orders for his friends. Then the orders got bigger and bigger; the boy contacted several gift shops and religious bookstores; and he was in business. Today his imports can be found all over the United States.

YOU should remember, of course, that there are pitfalls in importing as well as riches. Those who failed, however, either forgot to determine the amount of demand for the items—or neglected to study the problems of importing. For instance, one G.I. stationed in France, who liked to play ping pong, noticed that there always seemed to be a shortage of ping pong balls in all leave centers and day rooms. He bought some locally in France and used them with great satisfaction. They were slightly cheaper than their American equivalent and slightly inferior in quality. When he got home, he decided to venture forth to capture a large slice

of the American market for ping pong balls so he had one hundred gross sent over. When they arrived and he had paid for freight, insurance, duties and customs brokerage, he contacted his local storekeepers. They informed him they had agreements with jobbers. He contacted the jobbers and just then learned the rules of importing goods to America. But it was too late. Had he gone into these matters before, he would not have been out a lot of money, and he would not have a cellar full of French ping pong balls.

Anyone interested in the business of importing must soon learn three important rules. First, any item mass produced can be produced better and cheaper by Americans. The best items to import are those requiring a tremendous amount of hand labor. Compared to American labor, foreign

labor is still being paid off in matchsticks.

The second rule is that the American buyer is quality conscious. He will not buy an inferior product from abroad even if he has to pay a few pennies more for an American-made quality item.

Third, there is a long battle ahead for anyone who bucks American-made merchandise. Manufacturers here have established sales and advertising departments which are go-getters. The items or services may be just as good, or even better, but they have a battle as they face the strong competition of the American line.

MANY importing vets who started with one line of goods have branched out to others. One man started bringing in Dutch-made dolls dressed in the traditional Zuyder Zee



"All right, dress up that line!"

costumes. Though he was making money, he soon realized that he wasn't going to support his family on this one line. As a result of a visit to the Department of Commerce, he added several new items and now also handles Peruvian and Mexican silver plus some of the best alligator handbags available in this country.

Not all the ideas, however, come from souvenirs nor from the Department of Commerce. One G.I. came home to a modest job in children's wear. He noticed that buyer after buyer was shown almost identical lines of goods. Perhaps one manufacturer improved an item a bit, but three were no significant changes. This man felt a new direction was needed. His mind went back to some of the colorful Bavarian costumes he had seen. The following Friday when he went to his bank to cash his pay check, he noticed a sign on a door marked "Foreign Department." He took the dare and asked to get in touch with someone in children's wear in Bavaria. The bank informed him that he didn't have to do a thing, that they would contact their European representatives for him, and the basic idea paid off in a better job—his own business.

Some persons get into importing in strange ways. One G.I. in the gift business got an idea that he would try to market his American products in England. He shipped several crates to a wartime friend in England and asked him to sell them.

The friend did, but told him that he couldn't get his money out because it was prohibited by a new English law. With his merchandise sold and his money tied up, he thought for a while that he was really in the soup. Then suddenly he remembered another English friend who was in the metal business, specializing in old English teakettles. He promptly had his English pounds converted to old English teakettles and had these shipped to America, where he sold them at a nice profit.

There is no doubt that importing is an exciting and profitable business if the importer knows what he is doing. But a good foundation must be laid by studying the market, contacting reliable sources for information, and learning the game of financing.

Would you like to try your hand at the importing business? Sometime you may come across an attractive foreign product and say, "There's a clever little item. Why don't I market it in the States?" Well, maybe you can. Buy several, stick them in your duffel bag, or suitcase, bring them home, display them, and see what your friends say. You may have a fortune there. But remember these rules I've given you—free. I don't ask the usual 20 percent commission. In fact, I'm thinking about importing some handmade chess sets. Any buyers?



Youngsters do brighten up a home. Whoever saw one of them turn off electric lights?

—York Trade Composer

Urgent Call for Christian Ministers

WHEN we were fighting our way through France during World War II, the first thing we usually saw as we drew near to a village was the graceful spire of a church, set in the heart of the town. It stood there in majestic beauty as a call for people to worship God and to keep Christ as the center of their lives.

Too often, soldiers and civilians have seen the spire and marched by, indifferent. Too often, the church has been only an observation point—not a base of operation. Too often it has been merely a dark, empty building—not a working, living member of the Body of Christ.

The World Revival

But things are beginning to be different. Everywhere there is a turning toward spiritual things. Some observers declare that we are in the midst of a world revival. Others call it the “ecumenical reformation.” Some tab it “a new movement of faith.”

Whatever the name, look at some of the straws blowing in this wind of God: Religious books have been conspicuous among the best sellers for a decade. Church membership is at an all-time high. Major seminaries across the nation report record enrollments. Radio and television time

enable preachers to reach more in one program than ministers in former generations, preached to in a lifetime. The outstanding evangelist of our time, Billy Graham, is internationally known and his crusade in New York City broke all known records for attendance and results. Chaplains are being employed in many industries. A large number of Laymen’s groups begin their workday with prayer meetings. Servicemen like you gather in small groups all over the world to inquire about spiritual matters.

If It Is to Be

The world little heeds what goes on inside the churches; but it sits up and takes notice when people who have been inside the church worshipping are so changed and so charged that when they go outside into the world to work they show that they are transformed, triumphant Christians. So we see the truth of the significant couplet,

The world revival, if it is to be,
Must begin at home with folks like me.

The church as an institution is a mere building unless it has people. The church is dead unless *we* are

alive to Christ. In less than the past decade, most major denominations in America have launched Departments of Christian Vocation to help young people find their place and the church's place in life; Divisions of Christian Relations or Social Action to help keep the church's conscience alert and sensitive to what it can do in the world; and Personnel Offices to look for and place people in proper positions within the church.

Some churches have set up vocational guidance centers. Missionary boards everywhere have published "Personnel want lists" to try to get you to be a part of this world revival.

For the first time since Christ walked this earth, the Christian Church is established, however shakily or recently, on every continent and in every land of the world. Churches are no longer home and foreign; they are younger and older. Missions now are everywhere; and missions now include everything. There are openings in evangelism, ministry, education, medicine, agriculture, radio-television, writing, printing, business managing, administration, translating and language. Any area in which you may major in graduate work has an opening within some American denomination.

The need is so great that every major enterprise of every major denomination in America is handicapped by lack of adequate, able personnel! There is no greater need in the world today than within the church. And when you fill this need God is your partner and eternity is your prize!

Just take America itself. We are

growing at the rate of one baby born every twelve seconds. By 1975 our land will need to establish over one hundred thousand new churches just to keep up with the growth of the nation. Every major denomination in the USA reports a numerical shortage of ministers. Where we now have one man entering the ministry, by 1975, we will need to have *four*. Perhaps you should be one of them.

Full-time Fallacy

The first reaction of a man confronted with the claims of the church upon his life is that he is not good enough to be a preacher. This is to miss the point of what "ministry" is.

In the New Testament, there were deacons elected to care for the sick and needy and widowed. They were to look after money and other material affairs. They were called "deacons" because that was the Greek word meaning "to minister." We could apply the term to every Christian for anyone who is serious about serving the Lord in his day and on his job is a minister.

Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of ether, and one of the favorite sons of Georgia, whose sculptured bust is in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, had carved on the wall of his physician's office, this life-motto: "My medicine is to me a ministry from God."

For too long we have said a man drawing his pay from the church treasurer was in "full-time Christian service." Sure he is! And so is every other person who has been saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ. As young Timothy read in the sec-

ond letter he received from Paul: God . . . "saved us and called us with a holy calling," (2 Tim. 1:9). In other words, God redeemed us out of sin, not into a vacuum, but into vocation. Every honorable pursuit can be made into a Christian vocation by a person who seeks to serve his Lord in the common round of daily work.

Furthermore, there has come a change in the church! Now on the mission fields, as in the homeland, people are working for the church who are not ordained. They are not clergymen. They are nurses and clerks; writers and teachers; radio and television technicians; professors and sextons; organists and musicians; directors of Christian Education and Bible teachers. In the ministry itself, there are varieties of workers as counselors, evangelists, executive secretaries, preachers, pastors, educators, professors, writers, geriatrists, recreational and camp directors. If you are interested in any of these vocational opportunities, talk to your chaplain or contact your denominational headquarters for more specific information about job requirements, education, prerequisites and current openings.

The ministry has become a completely impossible human task for one man. The pattern is too large for the cut of the cloth. In Scotland they used to limit the padre's labors to "hatchin', matchin', and dispatchin'," but today he is a pastoral man-

ager, a spiritual executive who must run an educational system like a superintendent, manage a financial program like a businessman, study to keep up with things like a professor, counsel to help folks in his congregation and outside it to know the consolation and comfort of Christ, and of course, preach an appealing, intelligible sermon each Sunday, with a certain number of points and a minimum number of minutes.

Summons From Calvary

Humanly speaking, no man can measure up to it. As a man, few I know seek the job. But—

The call of the Christ rings out
today,
Who will make reply?
For labor, or service, or battle
fray,
Or seeking the lost who have gone
astray,
O Master, I'm ready to go or stay
—Here am I!
Here am I for service, whatso'er
it be;
I am waiting orders, Master now,
from Thee;
I have heard Thy summons from
dark Calvary,
And I gladly answer: "Master,
here am I!"

—W. C. POOLE

"The Call of Christ," in *Premier Hymns*.
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Win new friends but keep the old. The first are silver but the
latter gold.

—*Fifth Wheel*

This is not a mystic witch's brew, but a superfast ski wax boiling in the cauldron. Bob Johannsen spent his days in a laboratory working on adhesion problems; and his nights developing waxes to prevent snow and ice from sticking on skis. That's why he knew how to foul up Hitler's ski troopers.



photo—courtesy General Electric

He Fouled Up Hitler's Ski Troopers

By PEARL P. PUCKETT

One ski wax makes you go down hill faster. Another makes you go uphill easier. But woe is the skier who gets them mixed!

FIFTEEN years ago, newspapers of the world carried the amazing headlines: Hitler's invincible ski troopers were backsliding all over the rugged mountainous terrain of Norway. German implements of war were being broken to bits as they slid at a terrific rate of speed down the mountain slide. Hitler's time-table to conquer and control Norway was being fouled up. Why?

It was due to the cleverness and daring of a plucky American kid who was not publicized in the newspapers—Bob Smith Johannsen. He gave Hitler's famous ski troopers forty-thousand cases of downhill wax, instead of the forty-thousand cases of uphill wax which they had ordered, and they became helplessly all fouled up.

But how did this plucky American



photo—courtesy General Electric

Bob Johannsen now lives with his lovely family in Niskayuna, New York. Here he is shown reading to them from the Swedish newspaper which tells how he fouled up Hitler's ski troopers fifteen years ago.

kid happen to be in Norway at the proper time? He was graduated from McGill University, Montreal, Canada, in 1939 as a chemistry major. Upon graduation, Bob went to Norway for advanced study at the University of Oslo. He got "stuck" there, for the Nazis invaded Norway in 1940. Although Bob was a native of New York, he had entered Norway as a Canadian citizen and thus became an enemy alien.

Bob was immediately imprisoned by the Germans. However, the crafty Gestapo soon discovered that Bob

was the son of the famous Herman Johannsen, the granddaddy of Canadian skiing, and that Bob was a skiing champion himself. This bit of information reached Hitler together with the information that Bob was working on a secret formula, a "sticky" substance which would enable his hickory ski runners to gain tremendous speed over ice and snow. Brought before an impressive group of Germans, Bob related how he had discovered why ice and snow stick to skis, then added: "I should like, sirs, to continue my studies, as I am con-

vinced that I have an 'up-hill' as well as a 'down-hill' wax, and possibly the mixture could be used as an airplane de-icer."

The Germans were jubilant. They cut the "red tape" and after extracting a promise from Bob that he would not leave Norway, he was allowed to continue his studies at Oslo.

Cut off from outside financial aid and unable to draw a salary because of his enemy-alien status, Bob had a hectic time. He was watched constantly by the Gestapo and hampered at every turn, yet he managed through underground connections and a friend in Sweden, to renew contact with his old friend Doctor Langmuir, noted New York scientist and Nobel prize winner.

After working almost twenty-four hours a day, Bob perfected his waxes. So well had he played his part that even the Gestapo trusted him almost implicitly in filling Hitler's order for forty-thousand cases of "uphill" wax which was urgently needed to facilitate transportation of heavy equipment of war over the hazardous Norwegian mountainous terrain.

BOB had long waited for this opportunity to foul up Hitler's invincible ski troopers. Then too, time had arrived when he must deliver his secret mixture of airplane de-icer to the Allies. The Gestapo watched as he labeled each carton "up-hill" wax, and because Bob had filled the order in record-breaking time without stopping for food, water, or sleep, the Gestapo permitted him to retire to his room unattended.

The plucky American kid was in too great a hurry to retire—or await results. He waxed his own skis with his new compound, and under the cover of darkness slid over the mountains to Sweden. Arriving in Stockholm before schedule, he was greeted by newspaper headlines of Nazi ski troopers backsliding all over Norway. "Thank God," Bob breathed. His ruse had worked. He had shipped them forty-thousand cases of "down-hill" wax instead of the "uphill" wax they had bargained for.

Bob arrived in the United States in March 1945 and immediately joined Doctor Langmuir in his research laboratory. Although his wax proved unsuccessful in unmodified form for de-icing of airplanes, it was certainly a boon to Olympic skiers during time trials at Lake Placid, and has since gained national as well as international recognition.

Today, Bob has his own chemical company at Niskayuna, New York. While he was with Doctor Langmuir he obtained two patents covering both sliding and sticking. One is a new method of coating refrigerator trays to eliminate sticky ice cubes. The other is a scheme for sticking silicone rubber to metal, glass, ceramics, and almost anything. At night he found time to brew his super-fast ski wax and package it.

The "sticky" substance Bob dreamed about while in his teens has certainly reached fruition. His super-fast wax prevents snow from sticking to skis on downhill slides, and on uphill climbs, it allows skiers to get a firmer grip on the snow.



The lights were going out for Joey Chicco but he found one true friend in Tim Reardon.

Lights Out

By EDWARD CARR

TIM REARDON headed for the Shamrock to take in the rehash of the fights just concluded in the Arena. A trim, sandy-haired man, he hurried up Monroe Street with the same hustle that had carried him up into the welterweight rankings in the twenties. His fingers crinkled the two one-dollar bills in his pocket. If he nursed two beers till closing time, he'd be able to pay back the two he'd been owing Ralph, the three Bud had set up almost a month ago, even up with Eddie, and still have bus fare home.

Reardon was grateful that his wife Martha had insisted that he get out of the house. Like she said, he'd been moping too much. But when you've managed fighters ever since you've hung up the gloves and end up without a meal ticket, what else is there but worry? He and Martha had been scraping and borrowing for



over two years, ever since Babe Arvilla retired and Eddie Plankus quit to go into the garage business with his father-in-law. The new hopefuls had been fizzling out in the four-round prelims. The percentages hadn't even offset the grubstakes he'd gambled to find a comer.

Reardon rounded Fourth Street and drifted to a stop as though the current had been turned off in him. Back from the BUS STOP sign at the curb, standing by the florist's window was Joey Chicco, headliner on the Arena card that night. Reardon threw up a left hand fast over his face, turned in his tracks, and beat a retreat to the corner. Some-

how he just didn't feel up to meeting Joey.

Funny, because Joey was his number one favorite. Joey was his kind of fighter, rugged, always boring in, his heart in every thumping punch, a real crowd-pleaser. For years Reardon would have given his right arm to have him inked to a contract. Along cauliflower row it was common knowledge that Harry Koozer's take was notoriously heavy for managing an easy-going, steady-purse man like Joey, and doing next to nothing for his cut. But Reardon had never made a play to lure Joey away from Koozer like the others had. He respected Joey's sense of loyalty, despite his contempt for the object of it. But now he couldn't trust himself. And he didn't want to risk spoiling the special something in his relations with Joey.

Some people just cotton to one another. Joey and he were such a pair. The sight of Joey had always warmed him like the sound of a polka starting up. But now Reardon didn't feel up to the horseplay and the clowning, the hand pumping, the bicep punching, the heartiness of a meeting with Joey.

As he turned the corner Reardon glanced sideways over his shoulder. There was something different about Joey standing there, something wrong. Sure, it was the stiff, motionless way he held himself. Joey was the restless kind, always in motion, his feet in a perpetual shuffle, his head on a swivel, or one hand thumping into the other. Reardon turned back and drifted along the buildings. No restless energy now.

Joey was standing stock still, staring straight ahead of him. His bus, the Morningside, pulled up, loaded on passengers, edged out into traffic, but Joey just stood there.

Reardon edged closer. The eye, he saw, was swelled shut. He walked in front of the fighter. Both eyes were puffed close. He had run into that oddity before—the delayed swelling of battered tissue that had probably caught Joey as he waited for his bus. Angrily Reardon thought of Harry Koozer and the way he neglected his fighter. And you couldn't blame Joey from keeping his wife away from his fights. That was why he had moved his family out into the suburbs. Reardon looked at the battered face, the crag brows with the ointment shining on the white ridges of scar tissue, the big good-humored mouth with the grin still half-cocked in the corners. Reardon felt as though he had been spun off balance coming out of a clinch and a thumber had eyed him.

Joey needed help to get home, but Reardon hesitated. Their meetings had never been on a minor key. Joey would probably clown through it all right, but with the money worry gnawing at him for months, Reardon didn't trust himself.

He eyed the crew-cut who came up and leaned on the bus sign. At the curb he gave a tug on the polo shirt and motioned the kid up the street.

"What bus you take?"

"Morningside, why?"

Reardon's fingers separated the two bills in his pocket. He could still have a beer and pay back four.

But these days what kid gets excited over a dollar bill? He pulled the two greenbacks out of his pocket.

"That's Joey Chicco standing down there," Reardon whispered, pointing. "His eyes are swelled shut and he can't see a thing. Here's two bucks if you see him home. Just offer. Don't let on anybody put you onto it." He pushed two bucks into the outstretched hand.

Reardon waited till the kid went down and made the offer. Then he backed around the corner. He didn't go to the Shamrock. He walked along the river long enough so that Martha would think that he had had his beers with the boys. Squeezing the money out of the grocery budget, she was at least entitled to that satisfaction.

IT was almost two weeks later when Reardon heard the rest of the story about Joey's eyes. In the Shamrock, Ralph told it with the relish of a hard-shelled cynic. "When his eyes opened up, Joey went to see old Doc Withers. Couldn't see out of his left at all and the right was blinking on and off like it had a short circuit. It was supposed to be hush-hush, but you know old Withers. He blabbed it all to Koozer—with a price tag on it you can bet. And Koozer cried to everybody like a stuck pig." Ralph's faded blue eyes fixed despondently on the bubbles rising in his beer.

"But to Joey, Koozer acts coy like he don't know from nothing for fear it's going to cost him a lousy buck. And Joey's been working out every day in the gym getting konked even

with the heavy bag and everybody can see his headlights ain't working. He just blinks like an owl batting its eyes into the sun. Everybody's in the know but Joey." Ralph's hand tightened over the salt and he jerked it angrily over his beer. "And after all Koozer's gotten out of him . . . to treat him like a horse with a broken leg."

"Yeah," Reardon said. "Yeah, Ralph." But he didn't want to talk about it. He left his beer half finished.

The next morning Reardon dropped in at the Olympic Gym. He found Joey in the far corner working out on the heavy bag. It wasn't pretty watching him lurch after it. Just like Joey to go on taking punches until all the lights went out.

When Joey caught the bag and turned, he blinked a couple of times, and then his squinting eyes lit up with recognition and his sweat-beaded face broke into a real pleased grin. Reardon hadn't meant to go into the old routine, but when he saw Joey pull off the bag gloves, dance over, and push out the taped hand with the old Georgie Cohan spirit, it was like a Sousa march starting up in him.

"How's tricks, Joey," he sang out, working hard to put punch in the familiar greeting.

"Still getting groceries, man," Joey chanted back and his grin broadened as it had for years in clowning through this. There was the old pump handle and the good natured bicep pounding.

Then Reardon found himself unable to follow the familiar script.

His face went serious. "Could I talk to you, Joey?"

The grin drained back into Joey's perspiring face and he pulled the gloves back on. "Sure," he said tonelessly and his left eye kept blinking at the bag.

Reardon dropped his voice to a whisper. "Koozer and all the rest know about the eyes, Joey." He saw the calculating look as Joey's eyes lifted. The boxer hooked a savage left into the bag. And then he made with a heavy right.

"You can't go on fighting, Joey. You got to get to a better doctor than old Withers and see what you can do to save what's left of your sight." Reardon paused, watching Joey's thoughtful expression. "Mulrooney over at the foundry owes me a favor. Might be able to get you something good there."

Joey exploded a vicious right cross into the cylinder. "What happens to my contract with Koozer?"

Why was Joey concerned about his contract now? Reardon thought bitterly that there's no division for guys with white canes and seeing-eye dogs. "Don't rightly know, Joey. I was never one to pay much attention to the legal fine print. Let me know if you want me to call Mulrooney."

"Thanks, thanks a lot." Joey's broad mouth slanted into a grin and he went hamming into their old finale. A wink creased the right side of his face and he broke off with a bouncy "See ya, man." From the savage way Joey belted the bag, Reardon guessed what he was feeling.

REARDON made an angry beeline down to the Century Building where Harry Koozer kept a hole-in-the-wall office. As he rode up the elevator he felt his hackles rising. His cold war with Koozer went back over the years.

Koozer was behind the roll-top desk. His shoe-button eyes lifted and dropped quickly to the girlie "mag" on the desk top. The icebox treatment. Reardon watched the fat fing-



ers roll the black cigar along the puffy lips for reclamping and felt the hurricane warnings going up.

"Why can't you give Joey Chicco a break?" he lashed out. "He's kept you in prima donnas you thought was gonna get you a championship for years."

Koozer ran a hand in annoyance over the glistening terraces of his chin. "This ain't no association for the blind."

The unfeeling way Koozer made

the crack sent the twisters whirling through Reardon's stomach. What he wouldn't have given to puncture Koozer's smug know-it-all-ness.

"You're almighty sure he's washed up?" Reardon slipped into the bluff that he was privy to inside dope.

Koozer laughed right in his face. "If you ain't so sure, why don't you buy his contract—say for a thousand clams."

The arrogant way Koozer talked down to him—like telling a three-year-old to blow his nose.

"Five hundred measly clams," Koozer taunted.

"I'll take it," Reardon heard himself saying. He made his face a mask as if he were looking at a royal straight flush. He prayed the bluff would work and that Koozer would be scared into backing down.

"What terms you want, Reardon?"

"Hundred now. Balance thirty days," Reardon heard himself say with off-hand casualness. An old poker player doesn't live down the habit of bluffing right up to the lay-down. Reardon tried to look pleased as if he had just purchased the Empire State Building for a quarter.

Koozer showed no signs of retreat. He sandwiched a piece of carbon paper in between two white, ran it into the beat-up portable, and pecked away. He rolled the sheets out and handed them to Reardon. "If it suits you, we'll have the signatures notarized."

Reardon took the papers and tried to focus his eyes on the print. It was time to toss in his hand and pull out. But the words wouldn't come. He wet his lips, but he couldn't force

the admission out. He was all stubborn resentment at Koozer's pompous top-dog act.

In a daze he was following Koozer down the musty hall, entering the neon glare of the insurance office, signing both copies of the paper, watching the gaunt woman pressing on the notary seal. He took the paper that made Joey Chicco his property. It was madness—his paying five hundred dollars he didn't have for a fighter going blind. Him and his stiff-necked pride. He fingered the blank check out of his worn wallet, eyed the \$116.34 penciled on the back, the last of the loan company money.

He left Koozer gloating over the sealed agreement and the check, and he headed out the door, trying to conceal the terrible defeat he felt inside.

"Mind you, Reardon," he heard Koozer shout after him. "This is all legal and binding."

REARDON didn't go home for supper. He didn't have the heart to break it to Martha. Without pocket money he bought one draught at the Shamrock and stood watching it, chewing bitter cud and wondering how he could ever raise the four hundred. Lost in the Slough of Despair, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

He looked up and saw Joey Chicco, but he felt so low that he was incapable of rising to the high-spirited level of their greetings. But then Joey, too, looked grim.

"You paid \$470 dollars too much for my contract," Joey said with a sternness that Reardon had never

seen. "Koozer would have sold me for thirty filthy pieces of silver. He wouldn't even—" Joey broke off in speechless anger.

Reardon looked his sympathy. He wasn't prepared for the abrupt change that came over Joey. The fighter shrugged his shoulder and his face brightened up.

"It worked out all right, Tim, but I had it figured out so you'd get my contract for nothing."

Reardon stared puzzledly at Joey. He hadn't thought him capable of such seriousness.

"That night I stood waiting for the bus with my eyes clammed shut, I wondered what would happen if they really blinked out. It wasn't any great trick fooling old Doc Withers and with him blabbing right off to Koozer like I figured, I found out—really found out."

Reardon made out the idea in glimmering outline. "You were fak-

ing. Your eyes ain't bad."

"No," Joey sighed gratefully and added, "Thanks for getting me home that night. I knew you from the kid's description."

Reardon swallowed hard on the lump in his throat. What a different story he had to tell Martha. They had a meal ticket—the best. He saw Joey grinning from ear to ear.

"How's tricks, Tim?"

Suffering catfish, it was Joey starting up the old routine, only he had switched the lines. For a moment Reardon flubbed the cue. Then he came out strong with Joey's old line: "I'm still getting groceries, man." The switch made the lines more appropriate anyway.

It was like it had always been, the pump shaking, the punching to the biceps, all the soaring, high-spirited horseplay of two men who worked superbly well together.



"I believe the customary salute will be satisfactory, Wilkinson."

“Excuse Me” or “Use Me”?

NO one but you can fulfill your vocation. The preface in a little paperback book ends this way: “. . . every Christian, rich or poor, ignorant or educated, Western or Eastern, has his mission in the world, his vocation that no one but he can fulfill. To find that mission and to act in line with it is vital for his personal well-being. It is vital also, as far as the life of an individual can be, for the well-being of his family, his nation, and his world.” (*God and the Day's Work* by Robert L. Calhoun. Association Press.)

His Vocation

In medieval times, the guilds were composed of craftsmen who sought to express their faith through their work. In modern times Christians can do no less.

Last summer a group of us went on a caravan to some of our mission stations in Mexico. We visited local Christian congregations far off the beaten track. In one church, as the director of our group, I was given by Señor Amador Vasquez a pair of silver cuff links. Mr. Vasquez apologized for not giving something to each member of the group, but explained that these were a symbol of our spiritual friendship, a token of our bonds in Christ. When I thanked

him, praising his delicate craftsmanship reflected in the figure of the fish beaten into each cuff link, he replied, “This is the way I serve Christ. I try to be a good craftsman for him. So when you see the light shine from them, I hope you will see his light shine through my work.”

His Information

Another way the Christian establishes a place in the working world today is by being informed. The summary of the law given by Christ says, “You shall love the Lord your God . . . with all your mind” (Mark 12: 30). God never puts a premium on ignorance. He gives us minds to learn and know. There is a new emphasis in the church today upon study. There are laymen's study groups in churches all across the land. Inexpensive paperback books on religion and theology are being printed so laymen can learn the history of the church and become acquainted with its great ideas.

A group of young people were studying the living religions of the world. When they came to communism, they decided they would have one of their number play the role of a Marxist. The young man selected communist literature, parroted communist arguments, pro-

claimed their ideals, and announced the world revolution. The young Christians in the group were set back on their heels. They could not prove their faith; they had not read nor studied enough; they could not give a reason for the faith that was in them. How about you in the service? Do you know why and when and where your denomination began and what it stands for? Do you know what you believe? Like any rookie, you need a basic course in the vocabulary and doctrines of the basic Christian truths. According to the "old saw," buddy, you better see the chaplain!

His Conviction

A Christian's place in this working world is established by his standing up and being counted because of his convictions about Christ.

A young man in California was reared by his father to be a printer. During World War II he was too young to fight and he felt that he was not good enough to be a preacher or a missionary. Yet he had a firm belief that he ought to serve God. Since childhood, he had had printer's ink on his fingers. Then he heard about the work of the American Bible Society and its publication of the Bible into a thousand languages. His conviction, his information, and his vocation all rang a bell at the same time. He had found his place in the world. He had a conviction that he must serve.

Today in Guernavaca, Mexico, Al Farson and his brother are running the Inter-American Gospel Press, a laymen's enterprise. They have

twenty-three employees and print more than four million Gospel periodicals annually in thirty languages. In addition, they also do commercial printing. Al began more than ten years ago with borrowed machines and part-time help. His was just a pioneering conviction that he had a place in the world, and God opened the way for him!

Excuse Me

God *does* have a place for each one of us. Too often we say, "Excuse me, Lord," instead of, "Use me, Lord." Too often we work more for salary than for service. In every career, we need deep, full commitment to Christ. We need to give him the green light in our lives. Such a surrender brings a lilt and a lift, a glow within and a glory without. Barton Braley has expressed it thus in the poem, "The Glow Within."

Oh, you gotta get a glory
In the work you do;
A hallelujah chorus
In the heart of you.

Paint, or tell a story,
Sing, or shovel coal,
But you gotta get a glory,
Or the job lacks soul.

O Lord, give me a glory.
Is it much to give?
For you gotta get a glory
Or you just don't live!

The great, whose shining labors
Make our pulses throb,
Were men who got a glory
In their daily job.

The battle might be gory
And the odds unfair,
But the men who got a glory
Never knew despair.

O Lord, give me a glory,
When all else is gone
If you've only got a glory,
You can still go on!

To those who get a glory,
It is like the sun,
And you can see it glowing
Through the work they've done.
Oh, fame is transitory,
Riches fade away,
But when you get a glory,
It is there to stay.

O Lord, give me a glory,
And a workman's pride,
For you gotta get a glory,
Or you're dead inside!

How Ambassadors Stay Alive

A member of the diplomatic corps with his dispatch case and constant travel does not represent himself. He is in the service of the United States of America and represents his country. You in uniform also represent your country. But you also are ambassadors for Christ. You are in the service of the King of kings. As a Christian, you should say:

"I'll go where you want me to go
dear Lord,
O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say,
dear Lord:
I'll be what you want me to be."

An ambassador lives and serves the people of his country. His life counts as he gives himself to the wel-

fare of his nation. As Christian ambassadors, we represent a living, reigning, loving Christ. The more he rules in our lives, the more we are concerned for the world and the place of Christ in it. As we witness through word and work, Christ is shown forth in all his winsome glory.

Fred Nagler, a contemporary American painter, was reared by an atheist father who was also a socialist. Fred enjoyed painting landscapes, but he scoffed at everything. Then Fred was converted to Christianity. Everything changed. Now he has a veneration for life. Now most of his subjects are Biblical and religious. He has won prizes galore. A feature writer of the Associated Press declares that the secret of Fred Nagler's place in modern art is twofold: first, "he calls himself just a vehicle through which God works. He is devout"; . . . and second, "his first big strokes across every fresh canvas, covering it from end to end and shining out brightly even against the studio light, form these words, which will be hidden under the finished painting: 'May God be praised.'"



The findings of a nation-wide study of the meaning of work show that four out of every five American men now working would want to go right on working. American men like their work and 80 per cent say they are either "very satisfied" or "satisfied" with their jobs.

—*Survey Bulletin*



Official U.S. Navy Photograph

Captain Julius M. Amberson, Chief of the Preventive Medicine Division, National Naval Medical Center, supervised the health aspect of the mass evacuation of Vietnam civilians from Haipong to Saigon, French Indo-China, in September, 1954.



Official U.S. Navy Photograph

Captain Amberson confers with a British doctor at a native clinic near Mombasa, Kenya Colony, East Africa. Natives of the area are awaiting treatment for many kinds of chronic diseases.

Frontier Medicos

By HAROLD HELFER

On the world's frontiers Navy Medical men are healing humanity's hurts.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE, or Black Death, as it was also known, is something that we usually relegate to the remote medieval world along with armored knights and moated castles.

But there is someone still very much concerned with the bubonic plague—the U.S. Navy.

The reason is this—the Navy has a considerable portion of its personnel in the Orient. And in the Oriental world cases of this dread disease are still reported.

Actually, it is believed that the bubonic plague had its origin on the Tibetan border of China and from there spread around the world. In many portions of Europe, where there was no immunity at all, entire families were wiped out and half the population of cities and towns succumbed.

There is always the danger that this disease, which is by no means completely licked, could erupt again. If it should, it would wreak far greater havoc than a hydrogen bomb. Given a head start, the plague could not only decimate our

armed forces personnel in the Orient but, with some of those men inadvertently serving as carriers, there is even the danger that it could strike our country.

So far, the plague is still under control, not just by chance, but because the Navy has teams of medical men out in the Orient keeping a wary eye on the situation.

The prime concern of these "frontier medicos" is not so much isolating and curing the disease, should a case become known—although they hope to be able to do that—but to prevent the awesome disease from starting.

Since the disease is primarily one induced by rats, or other rodents, these Navy doctors seek to keep any area occupied by American military forces free of these creatures. They help the friendly country where these men are stationed to control rodents.

INDEED, these American medical teams are interested in more than just the plague. They are concerned with any kind of disease that

might prove harmful to our overseas personnel and, eventually, to our population back home.

For instance, there is a fearful disease known as "sleeping sickness." A number of U. S. military men have been stricken by it and the American medical teams are doing what they can to cure it. It is not an easy matter since the agent of this disease, the tsetse fly, lurks deep in the jungle, often breeding on the backs of rhinoceros, antelopes and other such animals.

Navy medical units travel to the far corners of the tropics on the



Official U.S. Navy Photograph

Although the bite of the large tropical bird-eating tarantula spider may be painful, it has never been known to cause death in man. However, the "Black Widow," although many times smaller, is extremely dangerous and often fatal.

track of manifestations of ancient and newly-discovered diseases. They are particularly interested in the tropics because this is a part of the world where not too much is known about diseases and ailments.

The work of the medical men is not only of tremendous importance to the military situation, but redounds to the benefit of the lands as a whole. It even goes beyond that, for these medical men pass what knowledge they pick up in one area to friendly countries who are faced with similar medical and sanitary problems.

Moreover, these men serve as good will ambassadors for our country wherever they go, from Ethiopia to Pakistan. They not only treat the routine ailments of the natives, but even perform major surgical operations.

These Navy doctors have been studying everything from the poisonous bite of the bird-eating tarantula to the painful, unseemly disease known as elephantitis, which causes the limbs of a man to grow beyond their normal size.

Long after the soldiers and sailors in these foreign bases have left and are forgotten by the native population, the work of these Navy medical units will be remembered and honored.



God created woman last because he did not want advice given to him when he was creating man.

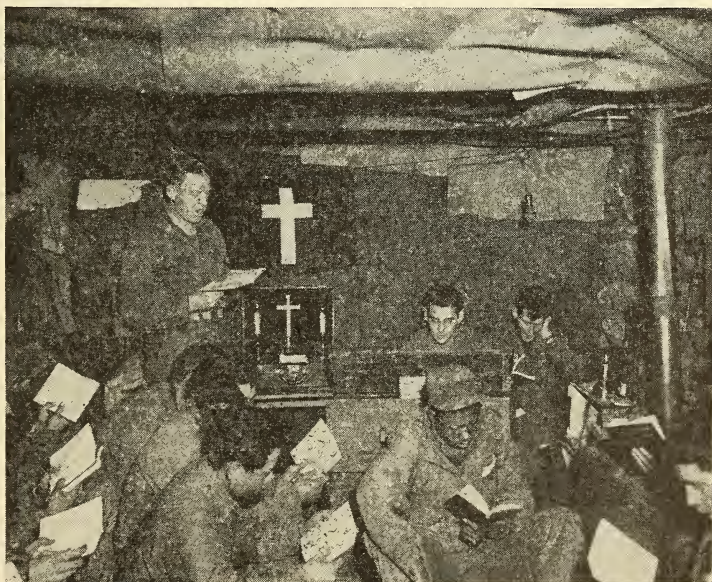
—M. R. Beasley

Memories Are Made of This

By P. C. FORAKER

THE OFFERTORY PRAYER went on and on. I glanced up in time to see that the chaplain was still praying; but there was an expression of dismay on his face. Im-

mediately, I knew something had gone wrong. This was our regular Sunday morning service in Chapel 8, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. In my position as chaplain's assist-



U.S. Army Photograph

Chaplain Roland K. Lemke conducting Protestant services in an underground bunker, west of Yonchon, Korea. The organist is the chaplain's assistant, Cpl. R. Vincent De Nardis.

ant, I was seated at the old Hammond organ, five hundred feet from the chaplain.

I was notably gifted in getting such things as church services mixed up, and suddenly I realized that I had forgotten to put the offering plates on the shelf inside the pulpit. There was the chaplain with the ushers waiting to take up the offering—and no offering plates. Finally one of the ushers tip-toed out the back door of the chapel, and came around to the front balcony where my organ and I were still droning out the offertory music. With a relieved gasp, I whispered to him that the plates were on my desk. He went by my office, grabbed up the plates and quickly entered the back door, marching to the altar where the chaplain was still praying. I saw the pained look disappear from the chaplain's face as he realized everything was now in order. He closed the prayer with a hearty Amen, the collection was taken up, and the service was finished without further incident. I suspect the chaplain's offertory prayer that Sunday morning was the longest on record.

Unlike most jobs in the army, that of a chaplain's assistant seldom becomes monotonous. But in order to hold this position a fellow must be able to type, drive a jeep, play an organ, sweep and mop floors, arrange flowers, pack hundred-pound field organs around like they are featherweights, perform wash and grease jobs on jeeps, keep statistics, polish doorknobs, shovel coal by truckloads in winter to keep the chapel warm, and listen to tales of

woe by the hundreds from lovelorn, homesick, or just plain disgusted G.I.'s.

These tales of woe range from those of real family tragedy to the ridiculous. One young soldier came to see the chaplain because his parents were getting a divorce and at the same time his wife was divorcing him. At the other extreme was the recruit who thought he had a worthy case in asking the chaplain for a fourteen-day leave because his second cousin had had a baby.

I was one of fifteen chaplains' assistants stationed at Fort Leonard Wood during the Korean conflict. According to army SOP, each chaplain is allotted one enlisted man to carry out the duties listed above, and then some. The assistant lives in the barracks and is a full-fledged soldier like the rest of his enlisted buddies. But for eight hours each day he takes on a position that is probably as unique as any in the entire military service.

CHAPLAINS' assistants are not exempt from the rigor of army inspections. About three times each year we would get the good word: "Army inspections are coming up." This meant primarily one thing: an absolutely hilarious scramble to get everything in the chapel "standing tall," from personnel files to brass tips on the flagstuffs out front.

After several frantic days of polishing doorknobs, waxing floors, getting records in order, and keeping the chaplain from having a nervous breakdown, the great day would dawn. The visiting high-ranking



U.S. Army Photograph

Chaplain Oliver E. Porter, of the Twenty-Fourth Infantry Division, and Cpl. Thomas Sawyer, chaplain's assistant, conduct their last church service for men of their regiment before being relieved at the fighting front.

chaplain would arrive amid a cloud of glorious exaltation, and the inspection was on. The visiting chaplain and the high-ranking post chaplain would make the rounds of the twelve chapels, looking for specks of dust underneath radiators and unshined flagstaff tips.

Often, the post chaplain is anxious to earn the good will of the high brass. The funniest thing I saw during my two years as a chaplain's assistant was the day the visiting headquarter's chaplain gave our chapel the "once over." As he turned to leave, our very dignified post chaplain made a flying leap of at least ten feet to open the door for him. My sense of humor being very civilian, and very democratic, I had all I could do to maintain a straight face.

I had the pleasure while in service of working under two fine, sincere chaplains. Although they were both real Christians in every sense of the word, their personalities were exactly opposite. The first one was a tall, serious-minded Yankee who insisted that the North had won the War Between the States. Even a dyed-in-the-cotton Rebel like myself couldn't change his ideas on that subject. He and I worked together for eight months and fought the Civil War nearly every day, but little was accomplished toward changing either of our attitudes.

The second chaplain I worked with was a true Rebel from southern Missouri. He and I never had occasion to fight the War Between the States, but we found other subjects to disagree upon.

Being a civilian at heart, I insisted on wearing Argyle socks with my G. I. uniform, which went over with the chaplain like liquor at a W. C. T. U. rally.

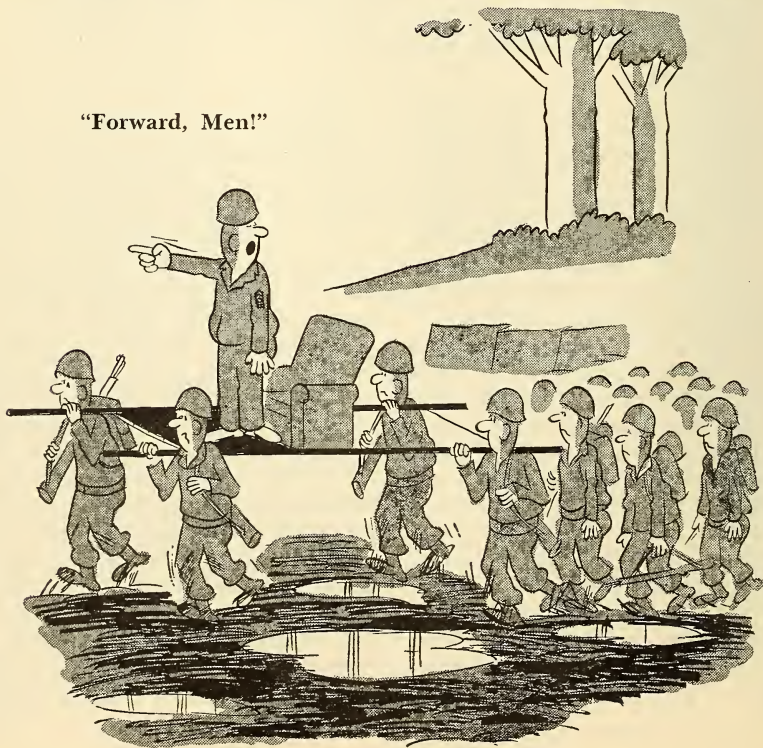
The chaplain is often the truest friend a soldier has. The chaplain is bound not to repeat anything told him in secret by any G. I. and thus he and his assistant hear some confessions that make a detective magazine look sick. If you work side by side with a chaplain, you will undoubtedly gain insight into true human nature. Often when the chaplain was not in his office, a sad-looking soldier would pour out his

troubles to me, knowing full well that I couldn't help him as much as the chaplain. However, the fellow merely wanted to get something off his chest. I was willing to listen and so he confided in me.

A home-loving creature, I'll never forget what my first chapel service meant to me the first Sunday after my induction into the army. It was like a breath of home. Missionaries need not travel all the way to Africa to do the Lord's work. They can well serve their purpose in the U. S. Army as chaplains or as chaplains' assistants.



"Forward, Men!"



A Package of Ten

MY son, as you approach your thirteenth birthday and I approach my 40-odd one, I shall give you for your present some axioms, carved out the hard way from that strange mixture of slippery quicksand, impregnable granite, and bright lush green known as life:

1. No matter what you do, however worthwhile, you are bound to get some people mad at you.

2. The only faith worth having is the kind that keeps you going after it leaves you.

3. It is not the magnitude of effort but not doing what you really want to do that brings frustration and disintegration.

4. There are such things as temporary halts, realignments, new approaches, but no such thing as failure.

5. The most noble society in the world is the S. O. T.: Seekers Of Truth.

6. Character is the cement that holds you firm when the gales of misfortune or malignment come your way.

7. For you ever to be a secure person, your own name must be high on the list of those you trust.

8. Vanity is the last thing to die in a person. It is only the nature of a person's vanity that changes.

9. The word of God that has come down to us is worth heeding not because it is mystic and ethereal but because it offers the most practical way to live on earth.

10. We all have compassion on the dying but what we fail to realize is that everyone is dying.

By HAROLD HELFER

The Christian Doctrine of Work

By RAYMOND W. SCHEMBER

WHETHER a Christian pushes buttons, a wheel barrow or a pen, he has the perpetual challenge of transforming the theory of his faith into practice on his daily job. Sometimes frustration in this dilemma leads men to believe that the highest potential in Christian life is found only in church jobs. This obscures the vision of the priesthood of all believers. The Reformers' belief held that every Christian brings an acceptable offering to God, in not only worship, but in ordinary everyday work.

Much of today's work is far from ordinary, however. Technology, automation and complex organization, all separate the worker from the end product of his work. Nevertheless, the supreme challenge to the Christian is to make any work into which he goes an opportunity to build God's kingdom on earth.

The doctrine of work should not come very far from being the whole gospel applied to the whole life situation. The responsibility will always belong to the individual. The Scriptures show that man is related through his daily work to God, to man, and to things.

Man was created for work, it being God's intention that work should be a joy. But disobedience turned work into a curse. Believers are reconverted through Christ to the original intention of God. Yet all are sinners to a degree. Furthermore, we work alongside nonbelievers. Nevertheless, God governs all. Work has always been by his appointment but the pagan does not fully recognize this.

In Relation to God

Faith in Christ implies recognition of God's claim on the will of the individual in his attitude and decisions made in every phase of life. Even though he sometimes loses sight of God he is never out of God's sight. God continually communicates his claim on man's will. A Christian should be able to pray at his daily work, confident of God's presence in planning and doing his work.

Underlying his work should be the realization that his ability has been implanted in him by God. Failure to see himself as a steward leads to worship of the work or worship of the worker, himself, as creator. This



Official U.S. Navy Photograph

Work and worship must alternate. There is a rhythm to life calling for both work and worship. Here crewmen aboard a U.S. aircraft take time out from work to observe Sunday worship.

sense of mission as a coworker with God will color daily decisions. The believer will realize that at his daily work he either obeys or disobeys God. He will reject secular standards of success, not measuring work value by the size of his pay check. Neither will he scoff at a high income. In either case the worker will serve God at his work and through his use of money. All useful work will have the same value before God. It may be monotonous or distasteful but if it has fallen to one to do it he is to do it to his utmost.

The believer will select his life's work or change it by seeking to fill the greatest need his peculiar talents and training can meet. He will de-

velop his capacity to its fullest extent, being satisfied with nothing less. In short, he will be to God as a man's hand is to man.

In Relation to Man

This fragmentation of work may have decreased the independence of the individual worker but it has increased his relatedness with all other men. A man's decision in New York may effect the work of men in Chile. A worker's decision in Pittsburgh has its ramifications around the world. His vocational decisions are far reaching.

The Christian worker labors alongside the pagan. He finds himself a member of some groups by no choice of his own; others he joins.

Some of his decisions are made for him. He will always try to influence the group decision. Sometimes he will abide by it knowing that God finds ways of bending both pagan and believers' work to his will. Sometimes he will rebel against it so that it will more nearly conform to his understanding of God's will. He will make every decision a research laboratory in Christian living. There will be times when the way of Christian love will claim nothing for itself yet, for the sake of others, claim everything. This necessitates the function of criticism while, at the same time, being a love which bears all things.

The church speaks loudest by the decisions the members make in daily life. By way of the everyday work life of each believer, the church invades the week day. The basic obligation of the Christian to both God and man is in doing his daily work with his utmost power, in all honesty, diligence and craftsmanship. The co-obligation is, by so doing his work, to remind others that God is sovereign and that the love of Christ is available for all.

Those who share their personal faith informally, being sensitive to the other person's needs, and influence others by an everyday life of obedience to God, serve God as acceptably as does any professional religious worker.

In Relation to Things

The primary relation of the Christian worker to things is to work them together, subduing, controlling, sharing in creation as a coworker

with God. True happiness is in the creative act. However, many lose the dignity of work through the assembly line and by the distance which separates the worker from the product of the work. A search for this lost dignity is seen in the "do-it-yourself" movement in which men seek the sense of accomplishment in manual creative work. Similarly, within the church, but motivated by Christian love, is seen the work-camp idea. The danger in both of these movements is that either may lead to a worship of the work, rather than concentration on God who provides the work and the worker.

The sense of responsibility for the souls of one's brothers can more than offset any sense of lost responsibility, brought about by the separation of the worker from the end result of his work. The true work of the Christian is to do the work of Him who sent him to the work. The ultimate good is the conversion of the world to Christ.

This then is an approach to the Christian doctrine of work. The priesthood of all believers requires far more than a dogmatic gathering of truth. We are committed to preach the Gospel by the lives we live, especially at our everyday work. There we may be the only member of the body of Christ reaching the lives of those with whom we work. Christian workers should approach every task and all of life with the mind of Christ Jesus, and with heads bowed in humility.



The Serpent in the Bottle

By GLENN D. EVERETT

THE Republic of Turkey has been issuing some postage stamps of striking design. One of the most graphic is the commemorative stamp issued to mark the recent meeting of the Twenty-fifth International Congress Against Alcoholism at the University of Istanbul.

The stamp shows two hands firmly forcing a stopper into the neck of a bottle containing a coiled snake.

An interesting aspect is that, although Turkey is a Moslem country, the inspiration for this design came from the Christian Bible. It is based on Proverbs 23:32, "At the last it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder."

"Who has woe?" asks Solomon in this passage from Proverbs. "Who has sorrow? Who has strife? Who has complaining? Who has wounds without cause? Who has redness of eyes?"

"Those who tarry long over wine," comes the answer. (Prov. 23:29 ff.)

The Congress that met in Istanbul, with delegates present from thirty nations, came together to study the problem of those who have tarried with the wine, whose eyes see strange things and who, when they awake, all too often say, as predicted in Prov. 23:35, "I will seek another drink."

The toll of alcoholism in our

civilization is tragic. The delegates from the United States had to make the sad report at Istanbul that this nation has at least 4,500,000 alcoholics, persons whose entire lives are dominated by the craving for drink and who are a burden to society and to their families. They also had to concede that this rate is rising as the consumption of alcoholic beverages steadily increases. Americans are spending more than ten billion dollars a year on alcohol and this does not include the many millions spent on care of alcoholics or the economic waste of the loss of useful lives and services.

Mr. Clayton M. Wallace, executive director of the National Temperance League, one of the American delegates, tells us that an impressive feature of the Congress was the active role played by the Turkish young people who are members of the Green Crescent Society, which advocates total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. The Moslem religion has strong teachings against drinking.

As a result, there is a strong temperance movement in all the Moslem countries and they give active support to the international anti-alcohol movement.

Nations of Christian Europe and the Americas are put to shame at such an international gathering, Mr. Wallace concedes. We have to admit that alcoholism is growing to the proportion of a critical social problem in nations such as France, Britain, the United States, and Canada. We have to confess that the United States permits makers of alcoholic

beverages to spend \$250,000,000 a year advertising their products as harmless luxuries of life that all men and women of "distinction" imbibe and that we exert very little control over the liquor industry any longer.

Drinking is a problem that must be faced early in youth. A recent survey discloses that two-thirds of the alcoholics treated in hospitals took their first drink before they were eighteen, many of them before they were sixteen.

Experience in the Moslem countries has shown, just as it has in Christian lands, that religion is the most effective weapon with which to combat alcoholism. It alone can inspire the personal moral stamina to resist the social pressure to "drink with the crowd." It alone offers to the forlorn alcoholic who sees his life slipping away into degeneration the courage and character to break away from the "cup of fury."

This Turkish stamp is a good one to put in a collection as a graphic reminder of the danger that lurks in the bottle. No one would drink from a flask in which a poisonous adder lay hidden, but the beguiling advertisements seen on television and in newspapers and magazines never admit that the serpent is there. He is, however, just as the Bible says—and his sting is the sting of death!



Endeavor to live so that when people see your footprints in the sands of time they will see more than the marks of a heel.

The Indian Apostle

By ALFRED K. ALLAN

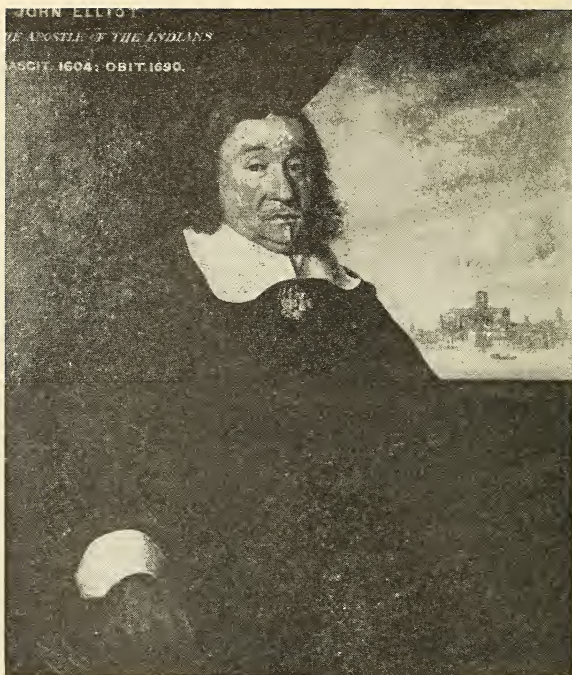
He led four thousand Indians to Christ and translated the Bible into the Algonquin tongue.

JOHN ELIOT stood tall and resolute as he surveyed the flat, barren land stretching out for miles around him. It was a clear day, this October afternoon in 1646. The devoted minister had come to bring God's word to Indians of Massachusetts. The outdoors was his church and the sky its roof. A month before, John had come to this same spot for the purpose of teaching Christianity to the Algonquin Indians who lived there. But only a few braves had gathered about him as he spoke and they had quickly turned from him in disbelief. Now he was back and eagerly waiting for his congregation to come, if they came at all. He was trying again but gnawing at his mind was the fear that once again his words of truth would fall on deaf ears.

Almost from his birth, in England in 1604, John Eliot had wanted to teach Christian ideals to people everywhere. He studied diligently for many years to become a minister and finally in 1631 was asked to

serve as the chaplain for a religious group leaving for America. Thus John Eliot came to the United States where he was to spend the rest of his life in the service of his fellow-men of all races.

He settled in Roxbury, Mass., where he became a teacher at a local church. John was generous and unselfish. He would unhesitatingly offer help to anyone in need. One day an officer of the church decided that John was going without too many of his own necessities in order to help others. So the officer took John's salary for that week and placed the money in a large handkerchief. Then he tied several strong knots in the handkerchief to make sure Eliot would not be able to open it before he got home. John stuffed the handkerchief into his pocket and started out for home. But along the way he decided to visit some friends of his. When he entered their house he discovered that the family was having very serious financial troubles. John with-



A Library of Congress Photo

A painting of John Eliot, apostle to the Indians.

drew his handkerchief from his pocket and feverishly tried to untie the knots so that he could give part of his salary to his friends. He tugged at them for a few minutes but to no avail. He then reached out and handed the handkerchief to the grave-faced mother. "Please take it," John insisted. "The Lord evidently meant it all for you."

JOHN was convinced that he must bring God's words to everyone. He thought of the thousands of Indians who lived nearby. "Surely

they should be helped to understand the beauty and value of Christian ideals," John declared. He therefore made friends with a young Indian, who a short time before had been converted to Christianity. He asked the Indian for help and the Indian was happy to grant his request. For two years, under the guidance of his Indian friend, John studied the Algonquin language and customs until he knew them fluently. Now he could go directly to the Indians and speak to them of God in their own tongue. He became the first minister

to teach the Christian religion to the Indians of New England.

Now John was here for his second try. Some Indians, their colorful, feathered headgear blowing in the breeze, rode up to meet him. They approached the place very cautiously, just a few at a time. They were curious to see this "strange-talking" white man who stood before them with a Bible in his hand. Soon the gathering had swelled to a sizable number. John climbed onto his makeshift, rock platform and spoke to them in their own language. He spoke for an hour and a quarter of the Ten Commandments, of the coming of Christ, and of the power of prayer. His voice was strong and piercing. The Indians listened carefully with increasing interest. When he had finished, they bombarded him with questions about this "new" faith.

One young brave asked John, "Does God understand an Indian's prayers?"

John answered earnestly, "God made all things and all people, not only the English but also the Indians. If he made them all then he knows what is within people and what comes from people."

One Indian asked, "How may we come to know Jesus Christ?"

"Through the word of God, the Bible," John replied.

Many of the Indians moved closer to John to thank him for coming and speaking to them.

When John returned to this spot

a few days later he was greeted by a huge crowd of Indians. Several of them approached him and said that they would like to confess their sins and ask God for forgiveness and guidance. Then John knew that he had succeeded. In the months that followed over four thousand Indians were converted to Christianity and John Eliot became known as "The Indian Apostle."

In 1651 John organized a settlement where the Christian Indians of Massachusetts could live together in harmony. By 1674, fourteen similar settlements had sprung up in the state. Four of the Indian converts went on to become missionaries and dedicated their lives to spreading Christ and Christian ideals among their people.

During this time John was also hard at work completing a gigantic task. He was translating both the Old Testament and the New Testament into the Algonquin tongue. It was a job that took several arduous years to complete. In 1663 the Indian Bible was ready and hundreds of copies were circulated among the Indian communities. He labored tirelessly for the rest of his years to help and teach his Indian friends.

A monument to his memory stands today at Newton, Massachusetts, at the exact spot where John Eliot, "the Indian Apostle," had first spoken to the Indians, the place where his lifework had begun.



Many will follow your footsteps easier than they will follow your advice.

A theory is a hunch with a college education.

Penguin-Punching Sailors

By TERRY KAY

US. SAILORS coming ashore at Cape Hallett in the Antarctic gaped in disbelief. A welcome committee of thousands of penguins crowded the small beach.

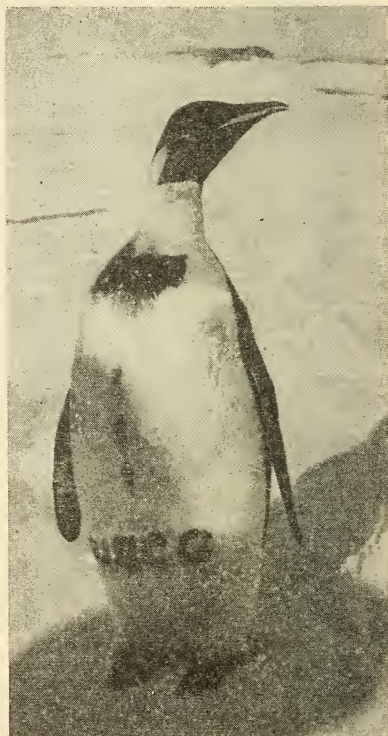
The Seabees, the Navy construction men, pushed onto the tiny beach hemmed in by lofty mountains. They had a job to do: Build eleven permanent buildings for an International Geophysical Year (1957-1958) observation party. But they hadn't reckoned with thousands of the world's best dressed birds.

It was egg hatching time and the beach was alive with a multitude of tiny, fuzzy, grey baby penguins that hopped and fluttered underfoot. The navymen found that the only level spot was this small diamond-shaped beach now occupied via squatters' rights by the myriad penguins.

But the Seabee's orders said to erect buildings here, and so they decided to fence off a section of the beach. They built their wall around a one-hundred-yard square area.

The thousands of friendly South Pole sidewalk superintendents watched and kibitzed.

Now the lovely fence stood ready. All the warmly-bundled sailors had to do was round up the tuxedo-



Official U.S. Coast Guard Photo

This four-foot Emperor penguin became so interested in the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker *Eastwind's* cargo unloading operations at McMurdo Sound that he joined the service to supervise the work.

garbed birds and their offspring and put them behind the high fence. This is where the trouble began.

Some sailors ran after the adult birds; others, basket in hand, picked up the fuzzy chicks. The Antarctica natives rebelled at the idea of being packed off to a concentration camp. Squawks, loud and many, filled the chill air. Everywhere birds floundered and scurried out of reach.

At last all penguins were gathered and placed inside the high fence. Now to the task of constructing the eleven buildings. But work stopped before it began. A violent storm lashed down upon the sailors. They fled to their ships, the cargo vessel,

Arneb; and the icebreaker, *Northwind*.

The storm blew itself out and the navymen went ashore to begin building. To their disgust the fence was down—flattened by the storm.

Completely covering their beach were the thousand-plus friendly penguins, content to let bygones be bygones. Sighing heavily the sailors set about rebuilding the flattened fence, and then the harder job of once more rounding up the penguins and herding them into their "corral."

One weary ex-cowboy navyman moaned, "When ah joined the Navy, ah nevar expected to be punchin' penguins for a livin'!"



Travel Light

By Julia W. Wolfe

Never fear the valleys,
For they will soon be past.
Never fear the mountains;
You will reach the top at last.
Never fear the long roads,
Though they give you aching bones.
Never fear the rivers,
But find the stepping stones.
Oh, 'tis not the dusty highway,
Nor the tumult of the town;
But the things you carry with you
That always weigh you down.

JUST LIKE DAD

By L. J. HUBER

WHEN I married Joel's mother I never had the idea that the boy would accept me as his own father. Nor did I expect it. The lad was old enough to remember the man so it was only normal and natural that he would respect the memory and not let some outsider dim its light.

Nor did I anticipate that he would be actually hostile toward me. His complete indifference to my presence would, at times, make me feel very low and dejected. I wanted the boy to like me even if I didn't expect him to love me as a father.

It got so bad that I knew I would be forced to mention it to Helen. She and I had been married a full year now and we were very happy. Ours had not been a freshman love affair. Rather, we were two mature people who saw alike and thought alike.

The situation was simple. I had been a confirmed bachelor looking for the right girl. Tom Blake, Joel's father, had not returned from a routine flying mission over the Atlantic. A month later the army declared him dead. They had found enough to warrant the decisions

although his body was never recovered.

When Helen and I first talked about getting married we took the boy's life into serious consideration. He needed a father, I would try to be one. He seemed to like having me around. We had many chats and, for a twelve-year-old he gave adult answers to my questions. I liked him; he returned the favor. Now at fourteen, he had turned his back to me completely.

Much as I hated prying the lid off the matter, it had to be done. I thought it might cause an eruption but Helen, with her usual foresight, had been expecting it for some time.

"Joel seems unhappy around me, dear," I ventured.

"Yes, Ed," she returned. "I've noticed."

"What am I doing wrong?" I wanted to know.

"I haven't noticed anything, Ed," she assured me.

"Have I forgotten myself? Have I been a little rude or crude?"

"No, dear," she smiled. "You haven't brought your work home with you."

She touched on a topic that we

had discussed many times. I'm a gruff man and I work in a tough business, that of construction boss. My men understand me and I know them. They know that I'm only blowing off steam when I get loud and rough. In turn, I take their reactions without getting mad and they respect me for it. Manny Boyer and I had such an exchange that very morning. He had dumped a load of bricks at the wrong side of the building we were putting up.

"I should have fired you ten years ago," I told him.

"Yeah, boss," he mumbled so I could hear him. "You'd have done me a big favor."

With that he went back to correcting the error and I pitched in and helped him. All this time we were discussing the intelligence of a man who would dump at the wrong place. Manny agreed that he was just stupid and we let it rest.

It was this type of talk that I had to avoid at home. At times I almost broke the rule. But, as Helen had just assured me, I never did. So it was not this that had caused the boy to ignore me.

With all this on my mind I decided that a fishing trip would be good for me. I was puttering around the garage, getting my gear ready, when Joel came in behind me. I had no thought of asking anyone to go with me; I wanted to be alone. I was just making conversation when I invited him.

"Ever do any fishing, Joel?" I opened.

"Yes, dad and I often went fishing," he replied and managed to

bring Tom into the talk.

"Want to go along tomorrow?" I went on.

"I wouldn't mind," he came back. "I still have some of dad's tackle in the attic. I'll check it and be ready when you say the word."

Now I was beginning to doubt my own fairness in the matter. I realized that I resented the fact that he had brought Tom into the conversation. I objected, silently, when he got his tackle ready in the attic. I wanted him to bring it to the garage where I was working on mine. I didn't want to see him again that night so I told Helen to tell him when I was leaving.

BY MORNING, after the sleep had washed away my silly notions, I was in a better mood. I was even happy that the boy was up ready and waiting. He had even fried some bacon for me, something I never ate but I did it to please him. I thanked him but he was still busy with his dad's equipment so he didn't hear me.

I ventured a casual look at the stuff that had been left to him. It was cheap; it belonged to a man who knew nothing about fishing. Mine was better, mine was more expensive. I caught myself belittling something that might be standing between me and the boy, something that reminded him of his father.

We meandered up Clover Creek in search of trout and we didn't do too well. I had one good bite; Joel, with his inferior equipment, had two fish in his creel. It was nothing to write home about so we decided

to try another stream where the bass might be more responsive.

To get to our point of attack we had to cross a small wooden bridge. I was halfway across when I remembered the bass plugs were in the glove compartment. I laid my rod on the narrow bridge floor and started back. Joel passed me and I told him why I was returning. When I got back to the center of the bridge I knew what had happened. My rod was gone, the boy was looking over the side. The water was deep at this point, there was small chance for a recovery. I pounded my fist in my other hand and I exploded.

"Why, you lunkhead," I shot at him. "Couldn't you see that rod? Couldn't you—"

I clammed up quickly when I realized that I had talked as I would to Manny Boyer but he would have understood. Joel kept staring into the water, his head bent lower as I shouted. I thought he'd face me with tears in his eyes, he had a right to resent my attack. My apology was ready but he wasn't crying.

"That's what dad always called me when I did something wrong," he told me with a smile. "Only he made it sound worse but I knew he loved me when he talked that way. That's how men talk to each other. You sounded just like dad when you called me a lunkhead."

Now I didn't know what to do, what to say. I made some small remark about the rod not being worth much anyhow. It was my fault for putting it in such a position where

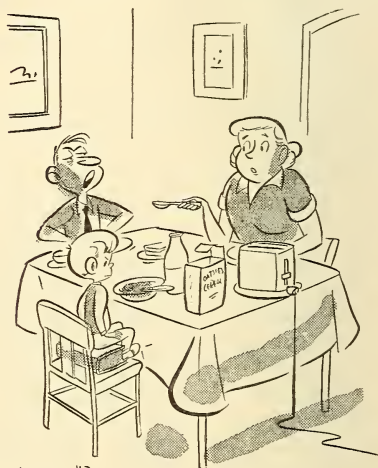
it could be kicked by someone who didn't know it was there. He talked on.

"Bet the bass aren't biting either," he offered.

"Bet not," I agreed.

"We might as well go home. Right, dad?"

I just nodded as I couldn't talk.



FILCHOK

"Quit pointing me out as an example of what happens to a guy who didn't eat his breakfast food as a boy!"

Had I tried it the lump would have choked me and I'd have exposed the whole thing. The boy who had turned to me when I used my man-talk on him might have been disappointed if he knew that it came from a guy who was crying.



Program Suggestions for January

THE major emphasis of this January issue of THE LINK is vocation—the Christian and his job. Four articles by Fred Stair, Jr. interspersed through the magazine are written on the theme—the *working world*. Here are the four titles and the subject matter covered:

1. The Working World—page 7.
2. Find the Job that Fits You—
or, My Place in the Working World—page 15.
3. Urgent Call for Christian Ministers—
or, The Church's Place in the Working World—
page 27.
4. "Excuse Me" or "Use Me"?—
or, The Christian's Place in the Working World—page 39.

Other articles which emphasize this theme are: Raymond Schember's "The Christian Doctrine of Work" which shows, as our main articles do, that to the Christian every vocation is Christian. "Memories Are Made of This" tells of the work of a chaplain's assistant. "A Fortune in Duffel Bags" points up opportunities in the import business. "Frontier Medicos" calls attention to the magnificent work done by Navy doctors. "The Indian Apostle" shows the first missionary in America in action. And in almost every article

and story you'll see something direct or indirect about what the Christian attitude ought to be toward the working world.

For the four theme articles listed above, Dr. Stair suggests the following discussion questions:

1. I am a route salesman driving a beer truck. Do I have a Christian place in this working world?
2. What is wrong with the phrase "full-time Christian service"?
3. How can a man making a spot weld on an auto assembly line have a feeling that he is working in a Christian vocation?
4. Suppose a man is in the armed forces strongly against his will and contrary to his vocational plans. How can this be said to be God's plan for his life?
5. How can a tour of duty in the armed forces contribute to a person's training for his vocation?
6. Heard on TV regarding money: "You can't take it with you, but neither can you get far without it." As a Christian steward, what are your comments?
7. What constitutes God's call to you to a vocation?
8. How can you know God is calling you to a church vocation? What are some of the important needs in church work today?

AT EASE!

The retired elderly man who lived alone in the quaint stone house on the hill was thought by his neighbors to be a bit eccentric.

One old lady was quite sure of it when one day she paused in the road and saw the strange old man holding a water-can above a flower box. She called out, "Sir, there's no bottom in that watering can."

"It's quite all right," the old man answered. "These are artificial flowers I'm watering."—*World Digest* (England).

"What's the difference between a psychotic and a neurotic?" we asked a distinguished psychiatrist friend. "In simple, everyday terms without scientific jargon," we added.

Our friend wrinkled his brow in thought. "Well," he said at last, "you could put it this way: A psychotic thinks two and two make five. A neurotic is well aware that 2 and 2 make 4, but it worries hell out of him."—*Digest of World Reading*, Melbourne, Australia.

Prisoner to fellow inmate: "I was making big money—about a quarter of an inch too big."—*Great Northern Goat*, Great Northern Ry.

"Dear Pa: If you want me to come back to the farm when Uncle Sam says he don't need me any more—here's what you'd better do: Buy 2 of the meanest mules you can find. Name one of them 'Corporal' and the other 'Sergeant.' I'll be glad to spend the rest of my days telling them exactly what I think of them. John."—*SoCaSan Piper*.



"Mr. Brewster, for talking on the phone to your girl friend during office hours, you are being demoted. Fall out at eight in the morning to be stripped of your coffee break privileges!"

Be the 1st in the office every morning, the last to leave at night, never be absent, always work through your lunch hour, and one day the big boss will call you in and say, "I've been watching your work very carefully, Jones. Just what the hell are you up to, anyhow?"—*Pacific Oil-Motive Mag.*

Today's Pioneer

By MARGARET GOFF CLARK

These mountains have been seen before by eyes
Enraptured as mine are. And other ears
Have heard the rumble of these falls in years
Gone by. Here other men have known surprise.
Have seen, as I do now, the spray arise.
Yet man still sees through Adam's eyes. He hears
As Adam did, the first bird call. His tears,
Like Adam's, consecrate his son's first cries.

Although I live too late to name the earth,
Though men of science long since told the way,
How planets whirl and how the rivers run,
I am undaunted by my tardy birth.
Each dawn I greet is my Creation Day
And I am Adam, dazzled by the sun.

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