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LINK

January 1959

Open in 2082

Don't Look Back!

Spiritual Refueling

20¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



STORY

on

page 48





THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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Front: Lovely Peg Bennett is ready for the New Year. Photo by David M. Mills.

Back: The village of Reit im Winkl near Traunstein in the Bavarian Alps. Photo by Bundesbildstelle, Bonn.

Inside Front: Young lady at Hope House, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Photo by Grace Haffner.

Inside Back: Ben Swett's poetic portrayal of a city during New Year. Art work by John Crandall.

ART WORK:

Story illustrations by Charles N. Newton. Occasional spots by Volk.



THE NEW YEAR HOPE

"Men change their calendars but they do not change their hearts." So the world goes on in its weary way of selfishness, greed, prejudice, hate, and war!

What the world needs is not so much education and reformation as transformation! We must take Jesus seriously when he says, "You must be born anew."

The "old" heart of man is wicked, desperately deceitful, sinful. Man is sick and diseased at the very center of his being. And there is no hope—no cure—save through the Great Physician.

The true New Year hope, the only hope for a new world, is that men will turn to Christ and let him plant within them a new heart.

This is the New Year hope—the new man! And this means you—and me!

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald.

STAFF

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

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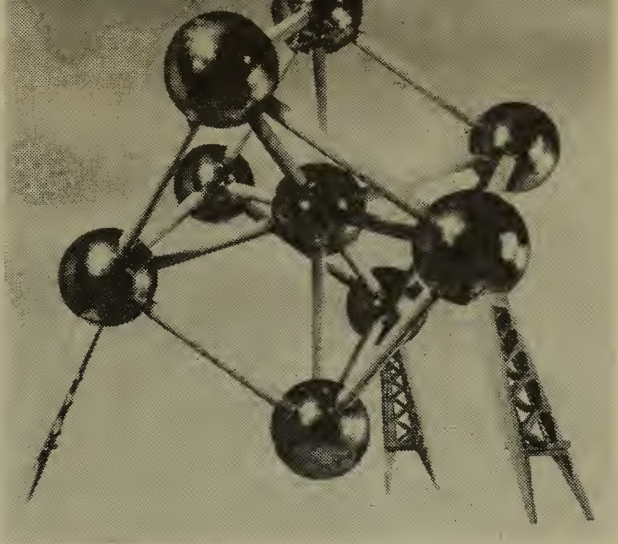
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Open in 2082

By V. CARNEY HARGROVES

If we solve the problem of survival, this letter may be read

AS part of the 125th anniversary celebration of a church, I was asked to write a letter to be placed in a Time Capsule and buried in the church yard. It is not to be opened until 125 years from the anniversary. This is what I wrote:

As I think of you living in A.D. 2082 and of what I may say to you that would be true and important, I remember the Bible verse which says, "The things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal." What I see around me may seem enormously important to me at the moment, but may seem to you the sheerest kind of trivia.

The most significant fact of our day is a deep and abiding fear of atomic power. In this year of our Lord we are desperately concerned about survival. For the first time in history we have arrived at the point where we are capable of destroying ourselves and our world. At least we think we have. If you read this letter at all, it will be because we solved the problem of survival. And if you don't read it—but why speculate about that? The ingredients which enable us to survive will still be the ones upon which your life is based. These ingredients are age-long and come to us out of the Bible—the Word of God.

ONE of these ingredients certainly is faith. Faith is not a stained-glass word reserved only for religious use, though it is essential to religion because it is essential to life. It is not something we can see on every street corner, but we dare not cross the street without it. It is not a tangible commodity, but is the real element in life that enables people to keep on choosing the right when there are countless expedient, profitable reasons for choosing the wrong.

In our day America is an industrial society. Ours is a business culture. To carry on, businessmen must have faith in one another's word—faith in government, faith in transportation, and in a hundred other things. If faith were removed for one day our whole way of life would collapse. Therefore, if we continue, it will not be primarily because of our power, our industry, our know-how, but because of faith—faith in one another and faith in God.

It must be remembered that faith has a dependence. It is dependent on truth. No matter how much you believe something, if it is false, it gets you nowhere. Columbus believed that the world was round and that he could reach the East by sailing west. He had to risk his life to prove his belief. If the world had been flat, as most people thought, Columbus, for all his faith, would simply have dropped off the edge!

HOPE is another ingredient which is essential. Hope keeps on when there seem to be many reasons for giving up. Hope is the antidote for despair. There was a time in

the history of an expanding America when we indulged in an over-extended optimism. Hope is made of sterner stuff than mere blue-sky confidence. Hope looks evil in the face and refuses to go down. Hope keeps shining, not because of the darkness, but in spite of it.

Hope is a religious word, of course. No one can work it up as you work up a charge on a battery. Hope must come from a source outside ourselves. It is the certainty that man, despite his stubborn tendency toward evil, is redeemable. Hope is assurance that forgiveness is available in God, that no matter how mean and selfish you have been, you can build a new life upon that forgiveness.

This little word even has something to say about international conflict though such a thing as war between nations may seem silly to you. By 2082 you may think largely in space terms, being as familiar with streets on Mars or Jupiter as I am with those in Philadelphia. Among us some still say war is inevitable. Others say war is not inevitable, that if we bend our efforts toward peace, the "stars in their courses" are on our side and the divine purpose for righteousness will prevail. So hope dwells in the minds and hearts of those who think this way.

With all the wild, destructive power that is running around loose in our day, there is another power which can be counted on to harness destructive forces and use it for good. The very fact that you are reading this letter means that you have found

it and used it. It is the power of love, and that is the third ingredient.

SOME consider love a weak and flimsy David to throw against the mighty Goliath of atomic energy. But love, too, is strong and mighty. It is the veteran of a thousand battles. Selfishness and greed and pride fall before it like weeds before the blade of a scythe. Love is the most powerful of all weapons. It only waits to be used. There was a time when people thought the command, "Love your enemies," was nonsense, but you have discovered it is essential since you have survived into the year A.D. 2082.

Now, you can see that I am simply speaking to you of words which were old when the great Apostle Paul wrote them, nearly two thousand years ago. If our culture lasts until your day, it will be because

these words from a timeless book are expressions of timeless truths. It is God's book. It is because God is the author of faith that we may have faith. It is because God is dependable and true that we may have hope. It is because God loves that we are capable of loving.

So in the final analysis it all gets back to God. I suspect that basically you will have much the same problems that we have. You will still have struggle and frustration, tragedy and heartache, but you will also have the challenge and joy of achievement, and the unconquerable anticipation of triumph. All of these will come to you as they came to us because of God. Even though your living may expand to include stars and planets, which are only names to us, it will be because God is at the center of the universe and the ultimate victory is His. ■ ■

JUST LIKE JIM

A man arose early one morning last week to surprise his family with hot oatmeal for breakfast.

He was dishing out a bowl for Jimmy, three, when Jimmy walked to the kitchen.

"Want honey on it?" his dad asked.

"Yes," Jimmy said.

"And milk?"

"Yes."

"Butter in it, too?"

"Yes."

He gave the bowl to Jimmy. The youngster stared at it for a while, then pushed it away.

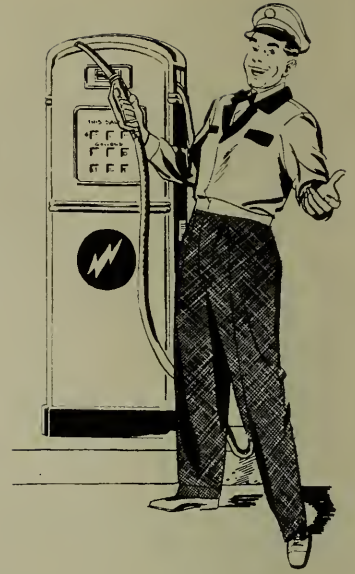
"You've got everything you want in it," his dad said. "Why don't you eat it?"

"I don't like oatmeal," said Jimmy.

—*Milwaukee Journal*

Spiritual Refueling

By JAN C. WALKER



YOU can't keep a B-52 flying continuously without refueling. When you are on an automobile trip, how many times do you stop at the service station and say to the man, "Fill 'er up!" Even the old battery runs down after a while, and you've got to recharge her. You see, energy is never constant, except as there is a constant replenishing at the source. This is true of nature, of man-made machines, and of the physical bodies of human beings.

It is no less true of the spiritual life of man.

Worship Regularly

Indeed, the nature of the universe God has made, and the nature of the Creator point up the need for the pause that refuels. God made the world in six days and *rested* on the seventh. Look at the calendar. There are the rotating seasons—Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. There is the

year, the month, the week, the day of twenty-four hours. There is the physical rest that comes with sleep—and the renewal of the body.

When you go out on a bivouac, you march a certain period, then there is a break and a pause for rest.

Similarly every first day of the week, Christians come together in the church or the chapel to worship God together. Not that worship is absent the rest of the week, but that now here on the first day in some holy place, under the direction of a man of God called to be a minister, men worship unitedly and thus gain spiritual strength that would come in no other way.

Unfortunately, too many people neglect this regular weekly worship. A little boy was asked what his church was and he replied: "I'm a seventh-day absentist!" There are millions of first-day absentists who

stay in bed, or loaf away their time, or spend Sunday on the golf course. Then these same people come back to their jobs on Monday morning trying to make a go of life and wondering why everything goes wrong and why they are so filled with fear and why they are restless and disturbed. Well, they haven't had a refill of spiritual energy. They've neglected the house of God; they've passed by united worship; they are trying to go it alone when they need the help of the God who created them!

Since this is the first month of the New Year, how about making a resolution like this: I will be in chapel or church every Sunday this year it is humanly possible! Then compare your year 1959 with other years, and you'll see how much it really means to go to church!

Take Time for Prayer

Another means of spiritual refueling is prayer. We can turn to God any time, any place, and talk with him and receive spiritual power to meet the difficult circumstances of life.

Someone has defined prayer as the meeting of "I Am and I." God is the great "I Am," and he meets with us when we turn to him.

Prayer is that electric wire that makes it possible for the energy of the dynamo to flow into your life and replace energy that has been used up—spiritual energy, that is.

It may be that you are the kind of person who doesn't need any guidance in prayer. You know what you want to say to God and you

listen for God to speak to you. On the other hand, you may feel that devotional guides would help you. Then, there are many available. Almost every denomination prints a daily devotional guide. To name a few: *The Upper Room*, *The Secret Place*, *Day by Day*, *Come Ye Apart*, *Power, Thy Will—My Will*. Your chaplain will be glad to give you help in getting the devotional guide which will be most helpful to you. And, of course, use your Bible.

The problem we all face, of course, is finding time in the midst of busy lives for prayer and quiet reflection. It has been said that if you are too busy for prayer you are too busy—which is true. The song says, "Take time to be holy; speak oft with thy Lord."

One young soldier said he solved his problem thus, "I wake up five minutes early and there in bed I talk with God at the beginning of the day." Another commented, "I talk with God at the end of the day when the lights are out and there is quiet." Still another remarked, "I don't find these special times, but when I am on my way to work, or when I'm marching, or drilling, or just sitting down thinking, my thoughts turn to God and I talk with him."

So there are many ways—if there is the strong desire.

Read the Great Books

Another source from which you can secure a spiritual refill is the mighty storehouse of great books. Our minds, our conversations, get pretty dull at times. Why? Because

we have used over and over again the old ideas that have been with us from childhood. We need fresh ideas, thoughts that challenge, insights of others, not only our contemporaries, but those heroes of the faith throughout the history of the Christian church!

And these deeper concepts of life don't come from the comics! They don't come from the shallow books!

It is amazing how much time some people spend on the shallow, silly nothings that are published today and neglect the vast storehouse of spiritual nurture found in the Bible, in the Book of Common Prayer, in the great books!

Ask the chaplain or the librarian to help you with a reading program that will mean spiritual growth for you. It will take discipline; you may have to miss some card games and movies and dances. But a little later when you take inventory of your life, you will see that you have grown! You will also see that your conversation is not as dull as it used to be! You will see that you have inner resources, the thoughts of the great men of the past, to aid you in your search for abundant living.

Walk with God

When we worship regularly, when we pray, when we read the great books, especially the Bible, we are walking with God—and that means a constant supply of spiritual energy. When a young man falls in love, he does everything in his power to find time to be with his beloved. When we love God, we want to be with him. And as we walk together, we learn more about God and what his will is for our lives. Remember that faith is a living relationship. Both God and you are persons and alive. You certainly ought to know more about God now than you did when you first started to Sunday school. Knowledge of God is a growing experience and it becomes more meaningful the more we have fellowship with him.

You with your barren lives. You who are starving for fellowship. You who are lonely. Come to the great God who is willing to supply you with all that you need for abundant living. Come to His overflowing, never-failing, source of spiritual energy and replenish your exhausted life! Come now! And come back again and again! ■ ■

DON'T HURL THE PHONE OUT THE WINDOW ———

We don't get what we want every time we pick up the spiritual telephone (in prayer), any more than we get what we want every time we pick up the phone in our office. But if we telephone J. B. and he says he won't sign the contract, we don't hurl our office phone out the window. No more should we throw out our spiritual telephone just because we don't get what we want—or think we want.

—HOWARD WHITMAN in *A Reporter in Search of God*

Don't Look Back!

By GERTRUDE BELL

Sue kept looking back, and it made her afraid to look ahead

SUE watched Don as he sharpened the willow branches to point-like precision for toasting marshmallows. He touched the last one with an experimental finger. "One, two, three!" he said. "All ready for dessert!"

She felt him look at her questioningly and she bent her flushed cheeks over the small cooking fire. After a moment he rose, stretched his long, lean body and said lazily, "I'll take Chip for a walk. You don't suppose he plans to lose me and leave me for the robins to cover with strawberry leaves, do you?"

Sue tried to match his light tone. "Watch yourself, Sarge! You never know. But you're the most improbable-looking babe in the woods I ever saw!"

"We didn't forget anything? Salt? Coffee? Bicarbonate of soda?"

"Chip's been collecting the necessities since sun-up. We could exist for a week on what he considers essential."

"Good boy! Commissary's mighty important. Hey, Chip!"

The slim eight-year-old who had been scurrying after driftwood came

running, his tow curls ruffled, his tanned face smudged, his knees grimy. "Can we hike now, Sarge?"

They tramped off along the river bank in the shadow of the ragged, naked bluff, Chip jumping over the silvered logs that an angry river had abandoned in the spring as it receded. Don slowing the drive of his long legs to keep pace with the excited boy.

Sue watched them, blinking back unexpected tears. Chip adored Don, his daddy's Old Sarge, and there was something so right about man and boy. Just as there was something right about Don looking after her, anticipating her worries and needs, patiently waiting for her to admit that life goes on, whatever happens.

And Ralph, Chip's father, would have been the first to say, "There's nobody like him, Susie. You can trust him with your life."

Which was, of course, exactly what Don was asking of her. Asking her to forget the past and the dreams and plans that perished when a truck with failing brakes smashed into their car and crushed the exuberant life from her husband.

THE first-aid kit! Thought of that dreadful night, of the busy ambulance crew, reminded Sue that she had meant to stick the kit into the picnic gear just to play safe. Eight years with a small boy over-endowed with curiosity and energy had taught her preparedness, but in the last-minute bustle she had forgotten.

"Take the car and go back for it," she ordered herself sharply, and was ashamed of the agony of terror that washed over her at thought of turning the switch, pressing the starter, releasing the brake. While her mind went through the motions her hands knotted themselves together, independently refusing to accept the task she would have given them.

It was the rankest cowardice, but since that nightmarish night she had been unable to compel herself to touch the wheel, and she hoped that Don, so cautious for her sake, didn't realize the torture that simply riding with him under the safest conditions cost her.

Automatically she fed the little fire, her mind drifting back over the picnics, down through the years, and the taste of scorched weiners, blackened marshmallows, ash-flavored buns, was as real as the other memories that had been part of Ralph's legacy to her. How many times they'd built smudgy fires here, had lounged in the shadow of this very bluff, happy with the comfortable present and the dream-filled future, watching the sullen river flow along.

"Don won't let Chip get hurt,"

she consoled herself, and instantly her body and mind relaxed now that cowardice had had its way. It would be like Don to carry first-aid supplies in his car, she reminded herself, and rested lazily on the scratchy blanket, listening for Chip's shrill voice and Don's deeper tones.

Why, she wondered miserably, couldn't life be like the bluff towering above her, a permanent, unchanging thing? How many centuries had brought change and heart-break to the world since the river, long ago, had bored its channel through the strata of clay and rock, to leave exposed the raw materials of the earth, weathered, crumbling slightly, but essentially the same as they had been when, a small, eager child, she had first burned her lips on melting marshmallow and rescued a fallen weiner from its ashy nest?

Briefly she was that little girl again, so completely that in her mind's ear she heard Ralph's boyish voice piping, "Race you, Susie!"

But it was Chip's voice, and he was shouting, "Race you, Sarge!"

"We found a snake!" Forgetting his challenge, Chip came headlong to her arms, excited out of all reason. "Can we eat now? Can we, Mommy?"

Don was grinning, and his pleasure at the sight of her was as tangible as a touch. "You can trust him with your life." Sue knew it, but felt a repulsion along with the assurance. Ralph had been the guardian of her life! Ralph was gone but still—

Boiling coffee, simmering weiners,

bubbling beans. It might have been any of a hundred picnics, except that, as always when she was engaged in familiar pastimes, the ghost of Ralph was beside her and it was impossible to forget.

"Take a snooze, honey," Don advised, when the papers were burned and the baskets repacked.

BUT sleep refused to come. She saw a steep, tortuous little lane down which they had driven to this quiet beach. At the top there was a small community, a half-dozen houses, a white, tidy school building, a neglected, aged church, and an ancient graveyard where blackberry vines and poison ivy had blanketed the weathered old stones.

But she wasn't thinking of that. For Sue the bumpy, rocky little

lane was peopled with a series of Sues and Ralphs. They were on bicycles, paddling fast and talking gaily; then they were in Ralph's first battered, rattling old car; later, in the new, better cars. The tears came when the last of the long procession, the Sue and Ralph with a lively, exuberant Chip, appeared at the old familiar picnic ground.

"I can't forget!" Sue whispered it, then looked quickly to see if Don had heard. But Don was asleep, arms out-flung, relaxed and comfortable.

Chip was directing himself about building a stockade of driftwood. "Easy! Watch it, men! Heave! Ho!"

Presently, lulled by the sound of the lazy river, the warm, caressing sunshine, the gentle drone of Chip's voice, Sue dozed. There was a pleas-



"Chip was directing himself about building a stockade of driftwood"

ant hint of wood smoke in the air, and, as always, this spot represented peace save for its poignant reminders of the past.

Chip's imploring voice cut through her slumber like a ripping knife. "Sarge! Sarge! Oh, Sarge, help me!"

The stockade, incomplete, had been deserted for mountain climbing. The naked clay bluff, marked here and there with initials, names, caricatures, had tempted Chip to become a mountain climber, and now he clung, frightened and helpless, less than half-way up its brown, forbidding face.

Even as Sue ran, pounding along behind Don, Chip's foot slipped; there were breathless seconds of agony before he gained a better hold. And now the white, terrified face he turned toward them showed a bleeding gash on one cheek where a sharp rock had slashed him.

"Don, he's hurt!" Sue hated herself for the childishness of her wail.

"First . . . aid . . . in . . . car," Don gasped. "Hang on, Chip! I'm coming! Don't look back! *Don't look back!*"

Then he was climbing, carefully, and deliberately, but Sue was grateful for the narrowing of the gap between Don and the small boy who clung so precariously. Somehow Chip had worked sideways until he was directly above a place where the bluff fell away smooth and straight, so that one slip would catapult him to the ground far below.

"Meet us . . . up . . . top, Sue!"

"Yes. Yes, Sarge!"

But she stood, frozen, measuring the distance between Don's assured, disciplined bulk and Chip's small shivering body. There were footholds of a sort, but they were too far apart for an eight-year-old, and it seemed incredible that the boy could cling there, almost defying gravity.

"Don't look back, Chip!" Don's voice was calm, promising help.

"No, darling, don't look back!" Sue whispered it, afraid that even the sound of her own voice would distract the child.

Then Don's body was between Chip and the ground, and she saw her son steady, obey some instruction, move deliberately and safely toward a niche where he could catch his breath and relax strained muscles.

"Meet us up top," Don had said.

RELIEF left Sue dizzy, but she remembered, turned, was running to the car, hurrying toward the first-aid kit. She'd be waiting at the top, ready to cradle her child in her arms, ready to doctor his wounds, to reassure him, to thank Don with all her heart for being there.

It was impossible not to look back, not to watch the two figures, dwarfed by the great bluff, toiling slowly up its face.

How tired they would be!

And suddenly Sue knew that, however hard she ran, it would be impossible to race up the crooked, rocky lane and be there waiting, and that anyway she couldn't ask Don to stumble back down it for the car. And suppose Chip needed medi-



“But her hands were steady as she extended them to her son”

cal attention! Suppose Don were hurt! Suppose—Suppose—

The stubborn fingers clenched, but she made them relax, made them turn the ignition key, made them grasp the wheel firmly. Twice the motor died under her inept handling, but stubbornly she compelled herself to start it again, battling with the desire to see how her two loved ones fared.

Don't look back! Now it was more than Don's voice. It seemed that a whole chorus within her brain was instructing her, compelling her to release the brake, to turn the car slowly but capably, to find the gear that would take her safely over the wretched lane.

Don't look back!

She must think of Chip and Don, of the two heads that would appear above the edge of the bluff, where she must be waiting for them. She must think of what lay ahead.

Don't look back!

It was to Sarge that Chip had appealed. It was Sarge whom Chip needed, and—in recognizing this she forgot for seconds her terror of the road and the car and the power beneath her foot on the gas feed—and it was Don that she needed.

It seemed hours before the tow curls appeared over the edge of the



bluff, with Don's dark crew-cut just below Chip's shoulder; hours while Sue waited breathless, knowing she musn't peep over lest she distract them from their difficult task. But her hands were steady as she extended them to her son, who was grinning widely and apparently undisturbed by the scraped cheek.

"Mission accomplished," Don reported cheerfully. "Give me the first-aid kit, Sue. This young commando needs repairs."

Perhaps Chip shivered; perhaps he only flinched as iodine burned into the injury. "Good thing you told me not to look back, Sarge! I knew better, but I kept wanting to anyway."

"We all do, Chip," Don said quietly. "But you'll know better next time, won't you? Skedaddle and get your sweater out of the car; you're hot enough to be a likely candidate for pneumonia in this breeze."

Sue had dropped to the grass, her knees suddenly refusing to support her now that the emergency was over. A misty curtain of unshed tears had lowered itself over her eyes, but through them she could distinguish Don's understanding smile.

"Made it fine, didn't you?"

"Don, can I quit looking back?"

"You have to, honey. The past ought to be a wonderful memory that you treasure, not a load of misery that weighs you down and makes things tough for everybody else, too. See?"

"I—I think, yes, I think so, Don."

Her eyes had cleared now, and she

looked about, at the peaceful little settlement placed high against the sky, at the river far below. Don seemed to be studying their surroundings, too, just as she was. Here the sunshine was bright and warm, while already their little beach was deeply shadowed.

Don chuckled, stooped to help her up, then took her in his arms. "I can think of better ways to get here, even that awful lane, but look what Chip and I climbed to because we didn't look back!"

Don would never, Sue thought gratefully, mention it again. And, God willing, he'd never need to!



Ever hear about a football player who had played 180 minutes in the Rose Bowl? Well, All-American tackle Bob Reynolds of Stanford did. In 1933, '34, and '35 his team was picked as West Coast Champions for the Rose Bowl. Reynolds, who played in all three games, played the full sixty minutes in each. Some player!

There Are Giants in the Land!

By DEAN I. WALTER

**Are we grasshoppers or
do we face the giants
with faith and courage?**

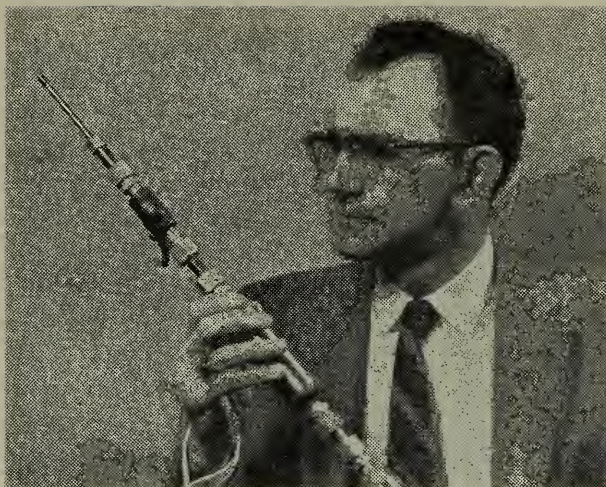
WHEN the twelve spies sent out by Moses returned to the camp of the Israelites in the Wilderness to tell what they had seen of the land of Canaan, they brought back a report that reads like an excerpt from the morning newspaper. They spoke enthusiastically about the possibilities of the Promised Land—a land flowing with milk and honey, the fulfillment of a hungry people's hopes—but they added gloomily, "There we saw the giants, and we are in our own sight as (small as) grasshoppers!"

The height to which the people's anticipation had been raised now accentuated the depths to which their hopes fell when they learned that their tomorrows, like their yesterdays, promised trouble. The majority, whose sad experiences in the past had dulled their hopes and increased their doubts, voted against trying to go into Canaan. A very small group, however, recognized that the giants across the River Jordan were made from the same stuff as the Egyptian Pharaohs in their past. It is significant to note that only the young people were willing to press forward into the land of the giants.

Time had done little to improve the vision and foresight of the majority of the people. Every time we come to a new River Jordan and wonder whether to advance, retreat, or compromise, we have a period filled with hesitation, doubt, and fear. We are in such a period now.

Fortunately for Christian civilization, the future still belongs to the young. It belongs to those who have not reached the stage of maturity where they are obsessed with the desire for security. A comfortable word in sound, "security" is actually flimsy in substance. It has meaning only when defined by a wisdom greater than our own and is realized only when his hand guides our destinies.

Today science has brought us face to face with a new frontier in world history, perhaps the most difficult frontier we have ever had to face. Across the Jordan are the giants, possessed of the wild power of



Thirty-seven-year-old Dean I. Walter, Head of the Analytical Chemistry Branch of the Naval Research Laboratory, is a native of Pa. with a bachelor's degree from Juniata College. Mr. Walter also serves as pastor of the Vicksburg, Pa. Church of the Brethren, near Altoona, to which he has commuted each week end for thirteen years.

atomic bombs and intercontinental missiles which threaten our ruin and destruction. Across there is also the promised land of these same forces harnessed to man's will, creating a power over the natural environment that man has never possessed before.

It is wise to remember that the greatest men have been nurtured in times of trouble, that the greatest achievements have been made by a small minority when the majority has despaired of hope. Times like these may be filled with giants, but they also give rise to giants among men. The spirit of the pioneer and the mind of the creative thinker were never more urgently needed or more likely to be rewarded than today.

Pioneering in the past generations meant merely new mountains to be scaled, new lands to be explored, and new resources to be found and developed. The conquests challenging us today are not nearly so restricted. Progress in all scientific fields is uncovering more mysteries than it solves. Each answered ques-

tion is raising new unanswered questions. Like a chain reaction, research begets research. The intricate resources of nature are so great, the universe is so big, and the curiosity of a man so insatiable, that opportunities lie ahead that may well stagger the minds of even the most imaginative youth.

IN the field of science, where it appears we know so much, we now realize that we are merely sailing in the shallows, sticking close to the shore of known facts as the ancient sailors hugged the known coast, while the wonders of the deep sea and the unknown lands beyond the horizon lured only the brave and hardy. We can still hear the voice of a Master who said, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets . . ."

We do not need to venture far from home to find these unexplored areas. They are right here at our very hands. The challenge of new discoveries is not limited to any one branch of science. While the physi-

cist in his laboratory is trying to harness the terrific force of the hydrogen fusion reaction to produce energy for man's peaceful activities, the biologist is studying the nature of growing things so that crop yields are obtained that our forefathers would have thought fantastic even in the Garden of Eschol.

Geologists are beginning to look deeper than the mere surface of the earth for the hidden resources of this planet on which we live. Medical scientists are plumbing the secrets of the human body and mind. Chemists are developing improved plastics; electronic engineers create instruments so amazing we salute them as "mechanical brains." Astronomers no longer merely chart the courses of the moon, planets, and visible stars. They are reaching for galaxies so far away that their light started traveling across the void of space billions of years ago. The more we learn, the more we realize how small is the beginning we have made at knowing anything.

Some of the things we are doing in the laboratory today are fantastic even by the standard of ten years ago. In the process of harnessing the power of hydrogen fusion, we have to find something that will hold the reaction and contain it. No metal or crucible can possibly do so without vaporizing. Magnetic fields now seem to hold the greatest promise. Truly in this work we are beating a sword into a plowshare with the help of the laws of physics.

Studies into the nature of growing things may soon enable us to raise many plants in a chemical solution.

As a result, the day may not be far distant when every home can have its tropical fruit fresh from its own tree or vine each morning at breakfast time. Even the most bleak areas of the world will blossom like a rose.

Truly, this is a Land of Promise, if we will but conquer the giants of misdirected science harnessed to man's destructive purposes that threaten us with extinction.

THE designer of this universe adorned it with panoramas of visible magnificence. Now we are coming to the realization that he hid within it an invisible storehouse of power and beauty, ranging from atomic nuclei to the vast reaches of distant nebulae.

When he buried his treasures, he also gave us the formula for finding them. It is so simple a formula that many pass it by; but so profound that every research scientist applies it. It simply states, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

This formula for discovery was the only one used by Copernicus, the Polish clergyman who first, employing simple surveying instruments, began to grasp how far distant were the moon, the sun, and the stars, which men had hitherto thought were hung in a fixed sky only a few hundred miles above the earth. It was the formula used by Columbus to explore the sea beyond what men then thought was the edge of the flat earth where death awaited. It guided the Curies when they first began

probing into the mysteries of atomic energy.

Today we are prevented from entering into the Promised Land, with any degree of certainty and assurance, because the giants are there, men with opposite ideologies, who intend to use the new discoveries of science to enhance their personal power to control men and to erect a human society based on the proposition that belief in God must be abolished and with it all moral law, except that dictated by expediency. If we approach science merely out of a goal of materialism, we put ourselves on the same footing as these men. What can distinguish our work is the motive that will give meaning to the discovery. If we apply our knowledge only for materialistic ends, we shall succeed only in creat-

ing a holocaust that will destroy all man has ever created.

If, however, we seek the truth on all fronts, not just in the material world but in the spiritual realm as well, we shall have the benediction on our efforts of him who said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

There is no doubt about it. The atomic age is one that will engender giants, both good and evil. They will populate the Land of Promise and propagate after their own kind.

In whose name will we seek to conquer the land across Jordan? By what guide will we travel? To whom will go the victory, the giants of materialism or the giants of the Lord? That is the question! Only youth has the answer.



BEWARE OF STRANGERS

Captain Pierre Mallon of the French Battalion was returning to headquarters from a visit to a front line company. Hiking through the hills alone, he ran across a lost "Korean" soldier.

They couldn't understand each other, but the Oriental followed briskly when the Frenchman stepped off toward his command post. After the first long hill, the stranger sign-languaged that he'd carry Mallon's pack and carbine for him. The captain accepted.

At the CP, a startled guard had a question: "Where did you find the Chinese, Captain?"

Mallon befriended no more strangers in GI Clothes.

—CONNIE SELLERS



Blue sky above, sturdy ship beneath, sailors worship God the creator aboard the USS BAUER (DE-1025) under direction of Larry Kee, MM2, lay leader

Lay Leaders at Work

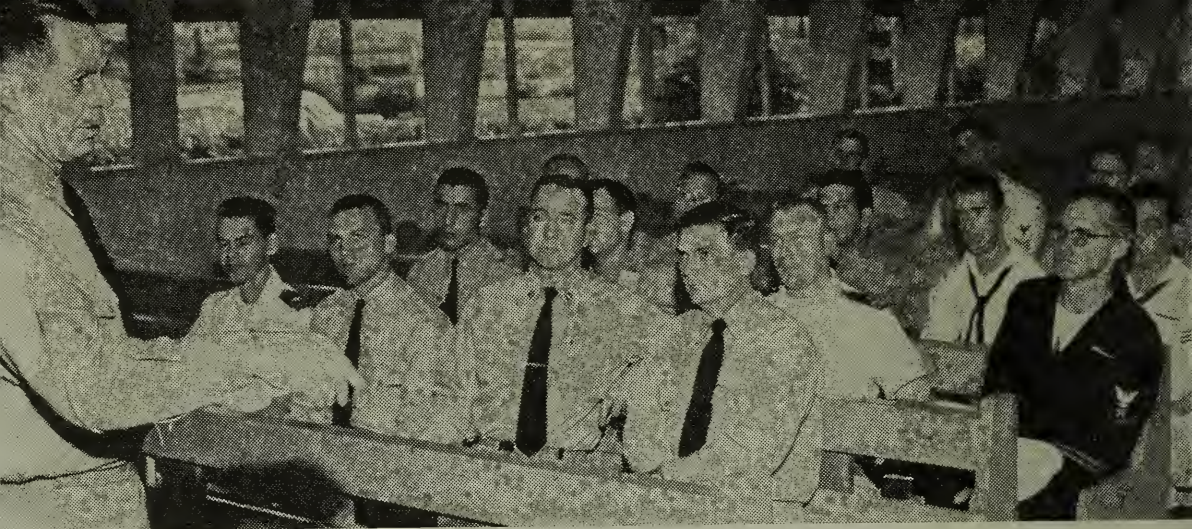
By JOHN H. SHILLING

SUNDAY morning aboard the USS *Ozbourn* (DD-846), a ship of Destroyer Division 112, somewhere in the western Pacific! The one and only Squadron Chaplain today is riding one of the other seven ships of the Squadron.

Nevertheless, church call sounds, the Church Pennant is raised, and the usual word, "The smoking lamp is out; quiet in the vicinity of Divine

Services" goes out. ENS H. M. White, USNR, the Protestant lay leader, prepares to conduct a morning worship. Fifteen or twenty of the ship's men come together and enjoy a spirited, helpful, worship service.

During the first quarter of 1958 on Destroyers in the Pacific, 345 worship services like this were conducted by Protestant lay leaders. Some 4,250 men attended these serv-



Lay leaders must be given guidance as Force Chaplain, Captain John H. Shilling, author of this article, well knows. Here he gives instructions to Protestant lay leaders of Squadron 25 and Escort Squadrons 7 and 11 at Pearl Harbor

ices and had religious worship which they would not have had if the ships had depended merely upon the chaplains. About the same number of Rosary Prayer Services were held for Catholic men by lay leaders with comparable attendance.

Let's go back to the *USS Ozburn*. With the approval of the Executive Officer, ENS White chose the place most suitable for the service, taking into consideration the ship's operat-

ing schedule, the weather, and available space. He "rigged for church," passed out hymnals and set up the tape recorder, which provides the musical background for the hymns, the Gloria and the Doxology as well as the organ prelude. Earlier in the week, he selected his theme and prepared his talk. He chose the Bible passage to read, the hymns and the responsive reading—all as a part of a unified theme.

What wonders are in the pages of the Word of God! But they need to be dug out. ENS J. W. Leth is the Protestant lay leader that is helping this group of sailors aboard the *USS INGERSOLL* to understand the Bible better



COMMANDING officers not having chaplains regularly assigned are officially encouraged to select lay leaders qualified to conduct divine worship to the extent permitted laymen in order to provide personnel of the several denominations with a means of fulfilling their religious obligations and desires.

The 130 Protestant lay leaders in the Destroyers in the Cruiser-Destroyer Force, Pacific, range in rank from commanding officers to seamen. They are carefully selected by the Squadron Chaplain and the Commanding Officer. Due consideration is given to the reputation, proper motivation and conscientious adherence to the respective faith of the appointees. The lay leader must be devout in his faith, set a good moral example among his shipmates and be a good representative of his church. He is not a clergyman—at least not in the Navy—although four ordained ministers are serving as lay leaders in CRUDESPAC (Cruiser-Destroyer Force, Pacific) ships. However, many lay leaders, among them ENS White who will enter the Presbyterian ministry, are plan-

ning on college and seminary after they have completed their obligated time in the Navy. A number have received their call to the ministry while serving as lay leaders.

The lay leaders' program is not new. It is as old as religion itself. Lay leaders are in the line of a great tradition, including Moses, Gideon, and a host of others. Nor are services led by laymen new in the Navy. There have always been earnest, consecrated men who cared enough to volunteer to conduct divine services on board ships without chaplains.

BUT what is new is the organized lay leaders' program directed by the Squadron and Force Chaplain with the cooperation of the Chaplain's Division and the stamp of approval of the Navy. The program is not confined to CRUDESPAC, of course, but it is Navy-wide.

Prior to the deployment of a Squadron or Division of Destroyers to WestPac the Force Chaplain holds a Lay Leaders' Conference, attended by the Catholic and Protestant representatives of the ships in-



A happy group of Protestant lay leaders holding a conference with Fleet Chaplain, Roland Faulk (second from left, front row), and Force Chaplain, Captain John H. Shilling (sixth from left, front row)

volved. A preliminary meeting with the Squadron Commander and the Commanding Officer of the ships is held at which time the importance of the program is stressed.

The Force Chaplain then meets with the Squadron Chaplain and the lay leaders for an intensive training period. Following a meeting at which the general aspects of the lay leaders' tasks are discussed, the Catholic lay leaders meet with a Catholic Chaplain and the Protestant lay leaders meet with a Protestant Chaplain (in this case the Force Chaplain). Rigging for church, time, place, and publicity for the services, suitable sermon material, the importance of good group singing and other similar practical factors in a worship service are discussed.

Music for the services is nearly always a problem. Taped or recorded hymns, correlated with the hymns in the small *Army-Navy Hymnal* are popular for group singing on ships without a folding organ, accordionist, trumpeter or sailor with outstanding voice. Some lay leaders have organized a quartet or small choir which adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the service. At one time completely taped services, including the sermon, were tried out but have not been popular as they are too artificial. A common reaction is, "I'd rather hear a poor sermon given by one of my shipmates than the best 'canned' sermon you can get."

A small, portable altar, complete with cross and candles, suitable to place on a mess table, is provided by the Force Chaplain.

Lay leaders in the Navy help bring divine services to every ship

The Lay Leaders' Conference is designed not only to provide practical knowledge to the men who will be leading the services, often under adverse conditions, but also to be a source of real inspiration to them.

ONCE a month the Force Chaplain's office mails helpful material to each ship for the lay leaders' use. For Protestants *The Upper Room*, *Today*, *Forward*, and similar devotional literature is sent regularly, as is *The Link*. Many lay leaders make regular use of study articles and lay leader helps in *The Link*, either for their Sunday services or for week-day Bible classes. They find it inspiring and helpful in the work they are doing.

Many of the Squadron Chaplains send monthly newsletters to the lay leaders of their ships containing suggested aids and helps for conducting services.

On many ships at sea the lay leaders offer a daily prayer over the ship's public address system. Usual times are either at 0800, immediately after quarters, or at night, immediately following taps. The Protestant and Catholic lay leaders alternate in giving the prayers, which are deeply appreciated by the crew. Many men who have had little or no connection with the church or religion for years have voiced their appreciation of the morning or evening prayers.

Prayer Is Power

By ALDEN L. THOMPSON

The outstanding job of the lay leaders is more and more being recognized by commanding officers of our CRUDESPEC ships in Subic Bay, Hong Kong, Taipeh, Yokosuko, Sasebo, and Hawaii. Some skippers who are a bit apprehensive of the lay leader program when they first assume command soon become its most enthusiastic supporters.

In port the lay leaders' function is different. The chaplain is able to get aboard for services or the men may go to a nearby ship, Navy chapel, or church of their choice. So the lay leaders help the Squadron Chaplain by passing the word about available services and see that his ship is "rigged for church" if services are to be held aboard.

Paul wrote once to Timothy, "I desire then that in every place the men should pray, lifting up holy hands" (1 Tim. 2:8). "In every place the men should pray"—big city cathedrals, suburban churches, country meeting-houses, Army, Navy, Air Force chapels, the hangar deck of a super-carrier, or the tossing mess deck of a Destroyer. And so on the "seven seas" the lay leaders are doing their part to make Paul's dream come true in the "small boys" of the Fleet.



WHAT IS LIFE?

Life is made up, not of duties or great sacrifices, but of little things, in which smiles, kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what preserve the heart and secure comfort.

—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

A RICH miser once owned considerable property. One day he decided to sell it and convert it into a large lump of gold. He buried the big lump in his backyard for safe keeping. Each day he would dig up his prize, and spend several hours gloating over it. His behavior did not escape the notice of the town thief who one dark night made off with the entire treasure.

The old miser wailed and moaned. Hearing the commotion, his neighbor came scurrying to the scene. When he learned the situation he said, "Why carry on like this? Why not just bury a large stone and pretend that it is your gold? You were making no use of the gold anyhow."

Certainly, Aesop, the great ancient Greek storyteller, did not have prayer in mind when he wove this tale. But doesn't the Christian often handle the resource and privilege of prayer a little like this miser? At best his prayer experience is often no more than the miser and his nugget. The Christian looks at it and fondles it briefly once a week in church, and then promptly reburies it until next Sunday. If a gross tragedy arises during the week he may chip

off a small token and invest it hopelessly. The miser's gold had tremendous potential for good, but not in the ground; a Christian's resource of prayer has inestimable power for good, but not lying dormant. Surprising things would happen if every child of God would uncover this nugget and harness its power for the kingdom of God.

Source of Christ's Power

Prayer was not a dormant treasure for the Lord. He invested it with the genius of an investment broker. Many of his most refreshing and fruitful hours were spent in prayer. Without a question, the remarkable feats that he accomplished through prayer prompted his disciples to plead, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Therefore, the best manual on prayer is the New Testament, and especially the life of Jesus.

Jesus, the Perfect Man, provided the perfect example for man. God's desire for man is perfect fellowship with the living God. The most obvious and practical method of establishing this fellowship is spiritual conversation with God—prayer. In prayer man fulfills his highest purpose.

Prayer is a meeting of hearts and minds—a sharing of feelings and thoughts, of desires and needs, of joys and sorrows. As such it is spontaneous and simple, never a bore or a reluctant duty. Each enjoys the presence of the other. The Christian is to come to God as he would to a loving father. With respect, indeed, but with complete confidence that God can help and that he has man's

best interests at heart. In such a relationship of love and faith, there is no need for a chain-of-command. The child of God meets his Heavenly Father in the name of Christ directly. Prayer at its best is essentially a communion or fellowship between a loving Christian and his loving God.

Is Prayer Always Answered?

Even the most dedicated Christian is frequently puzzled by prayer answers. It seems on occasion that prayer goes unanswered. The haunting question always arises in such a moment, Does God really hear? Desperately he will wonder if he had enough faith, or if he prayed fervently enough, or used the right words. These soul-wracking experiences indicate in most instances a lack of prayer experience. It takes men years to understand the personalities of their wives, then certainly it is not strange that a Christian is not able to understand God fully in a few minutes of occasional prayer.

We do not have all the answers, but I'm sure one thing in particular must be kept in mind. God answers prayer in three different ways: yes, no, or wait. An affirmative answer is obvious, even a flat negative is clear, but to wait is often misinterpreted as a negative answer. Paul refers to his "thorn in the flesh," which he asked God to remove but he did not. Apparently, Paul offered this request repeatedly to no avail. Finally, he saw the truth—God would not remove his "thorn," but he would give him the strength to rise above it (a malady?). You see,

Paul did not recognize this immediately; it came to him only as he gained a deeper knowledge of God through prayer.

Jesus in Gethsemane prayed for removal of "the cup." God did not remove it, but Jesus received the answer in his understanding that "the cup" must remain. Every man who prays can rest assured that his prayers are always answered in terms of the will of God, even though he does not at the moment understand how God has responded. Understanding grows with a Christian's fellowship with God.

Power-Packed Christians

Resources of strength and guidance are provided through the medium of prayer. When the will of a Christian is coupled with the will of God then God's strength is imparted to that man. His whole life becomes different. The more prayer that is shared with God the more closely the will of man is correlated with that of God. He never finds it necessary to hide behind alcohol or drugs to avoid facing the daily tensions of life. This man has the power of God assisting him and giving direction.

Prayer unites people. A Christian in the military can well utilize this special power of prayer. Prayer is not confined to geographical boundaries. Exploiting this aspect of prayer, one church group provides its servicemen and women with "prayer pacts." This is a small card which the man sends to a fellow Christian asking him or her to pray with him at a certain time each day.

He keeps the stub with the person's name and the time. Daily they are united in prayer. Through their correspondence they suggest prayer topics. Often a serviceman will send out several, and enjoy a special kind of fellowship and strength from the uniting power of prayer.

The power of prayer in a Christian's personal life can be felt in a thousand different ways. As his experience grows, the power of prayer in his life becomes one of the most exciting and rewarding facets of his Christian life.

World-Shaking Force

The Apostle Paul literally changed the world. Other great Christians like him have left indelible marks in history. Jesus will never be forgotten and the world will never be the same. Through prayer, all of these men were the channels of God's power to promote his kingdom.

There is no good reason why every Christian should not use the resource of prayer to the fullest. In prayer lies the energy to reshape the world.

If Christians the world over would use prayer to understand and learn to love their enemies, the result would be peace. If Christians everywhere would turn to prayer to solve personal problems, they would find poise and inner security. Indeed, in prayer is unlimited power to bring in the kingdom of God—but you've got to use it.

What are you doing about your prayer life?



When in Spain

By HAROLD HELFER

It's getting to be an old Spanish custom

MORE and more, as far as this country is concerned, it's getting to be an old Spanish custom.

There is both a practical and human reason for this. The practical reason is that Spain is undoubtedly the most solidly anti-communist country in Europe, and perhaps the best strategically placed, too; and the United States is gradually turning it into the No. 1 European bastion against the Soviet menace.

The human aspect is that we are not only pouring millions into Spain in fashioning it into a Free World citadel but we're also pouring our manpower into that land. Many hundreds of Americans, military personnel and civilians, are on hand in Spain now to help build up that country's defenses and these are but the vanguard of many hundreds, thousands, really, still to come.

The success of Spain as an anti-communist citadel and stronghold undoubtedly depends as much upon the human element as the armament and strategic build-up. For unless the peoples of these two countries get along, any pact or understanding will surely crumble and this natural redoubt against the Reds will turn into a weak sister.

Well aware of this fact of life,

the U. S. military establishment is trying to prepare its people for a nice sojourn in Spain even before they actually go. This advice would also stand in good stead American civilians whatever their business or purpose there may be.

THE first thing military authorities make clear is that there is a period one has to go through in order to adjust himself to Spain—and the first six months are the hardest. Make up your mind to get by them all right and the chances are you'll find the country growing on you.

If you find yourself disappointed in the country at first, says Major Normand H. Traverso, one of the Pentagon's top experts on Spain, then do some of the things you'd be doing in this country. Like, for instance, taking out for some lake or other and going fishing. Trout catching is about the best in the world there.

If you're a hunter, you can find yourself in your element there, too. There's a game bird there, the perdiz, that's wily and fast-moving and will give you quite a run for your money.

Now you might find Spanish



An American family in Spain. Notice the "built-in" maid in the background

dancing quite intricate and complex but it's almost impossible not to admire it. And most Americans will find if they give it some effort they can become quite good at it . . . certainly most acceptable anyway. It has become the custom of American wives to form groups and hire teachers to teach them the latest steps and movements.

If you're artistic-minded, Spain can be a bonanza for you. You can study under the tutelage of well-known masters and view priceless masterpieces of Spanish, Flemish, and Venetian schools. If you've always wanted to play a guitar, Spain could be a big break for you. You can obtain what are probably the world's finest guitars and at rela-

tively small cost. And teachers come inexpensive there, too.

If you're a hiker, you can't beat Spain for picturesque and rugged terrain, including some of the most challenging mountains in the world. There's excellent skiing opportunities and there are facilities for golf, tennis, swimming, horseback riding.

BUT there are problems as well. Housing is undoubtedly difficult. The difference of Spanish architectural style and kitchen equipment can be quite upsetting to American housewives. Most of the apartments have exceedingly small rooms; the kitchen is practically a "cupboard." An American, until he

begins to adjust, finds himself "all squashed in."

Shopping isn't easy either. There aren't any supermarkets there. You get bread at a bread store, cake in another shop, vegetables in still another, meat somewhere else.

Most Spanish apartments though come equipped with a maid's room and maids are quite inexpensive. Starting wages are only \$8.70 a month, although other costs, such as providing a uniform, food, cosmetics—all of which are expected—bring the maid expenses up. But many American families in Spain have maids—it is really considered the thing to do—and one of their tasks is to do the family shopping. Actually, some American families back home pay as much for baby sitters as Americans living in Spain pay for

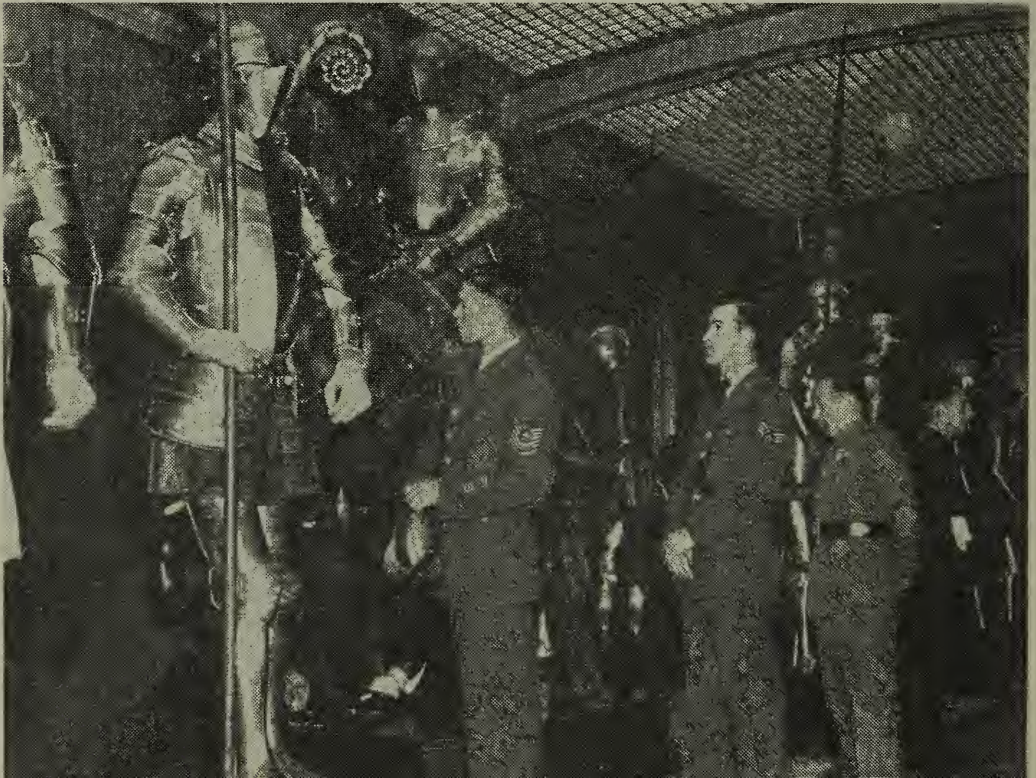
full-time, "built-in," maid service.

Another Spanish custom that American families are taking to is the hiring of seamstresses. Normally, for eighty cents a day plus two meals, a seamstress will come to the house and make clothes for the children as well as for the lady of the house.

ONE thing that Americans must assume about Spanish living is leisureliness. Practically nothing is done in a hurry. If you need some plumbing work done, for instance, it is possible that a plumber might show up on the day that you call him. But even if this happens, two or three days probably will elapse between the time of his initial "survey" and his getting down to work.

There are few fast delivery trucks

American GI's inspecting armor of Spanish warriors of centuries ago





permitted faster traveling, you couldn't do very much about it. For you'd be contending with horse-drawn carts and bicycles.

In other words, when you get down to it, there are many things about Spain that you will find advantageous and to your liking—but you will have to accept the proposition that the Spanish tempo of life is different than ours.

A nice thing is that the Spanish people are inclined to be friendly. Furthermore, they realize that the presence of Americans helps their country's economy. They naturally respect America's technical know-how. But don't expect them to do anything but resent brash reminders on the part of Americans that "in America we do it this way," implying an American superiority. Spaniards believe they know what is best for Spain, just as they give us the right to decide what is the way to do things in America.

The chances are that, if you'll just remember this, if you're willing to accept the fact that there may be an alternative to the hustle-bustle of the American scene, that you'll find yourself enjoying your stay in Spain very much. ■ ■

in Spain. Things that are brought by trucks from one point to another in this country are often carried by people on trolleys. If your car breaks down, you might have to wait weeks before it is fixed. For one thing, American auto parts are not readily available.

Driving through Spanish cities is quite a pleasure for there is little traffic congestion. On the other hand, country roads, the main highways once you leave the urban area, are predominantly rough, curving and usually only two-lane.

Even if the structure of the road

ODD MOMENTS

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.

—JAMES M. BARRIE

Use what talents you possess; the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang best.

One year of self-surrender will bring larger blessings than fourscore years of selfishness.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

CROSTIC

By WILLARD S. SMITH

A. A spot of land surrounded by that which makes "M"	<u>75</u>	<u>34</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>27</u>
B. Stick out your neck and this is evident	<u>61</u>	<u>82</u>	<u>56</u>	<u>70</u>	
C. To put out—and not too gently!	<u>1</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>87</u>	
D. A dog may give one, a man may take one	<u>32</u>	<u>84</u>	<u>17</u>		
E. A dog does, a man sometimes tries to	<u>23</u>	<u>90</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>79</u>	
F. A Chinese dynasty	<u>43</u>	<u>29</u>	<u>74</u>	<u>59</u>	
G. What the horses are when the starting gong sounds	<u>40</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>28</u>		
H. German cavalry, long before missile battalions	<u>15</u>	<u>63</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>45</u>	<u>37</u>
I. Wise to do before going swimming	<u>11</u>	<u>77</u>	<u>67</u>	<u>49</u>	<u>55</u>
J. Do, and you'll get dizzy!	<u>72</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>60</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>26</u>
K. You do this to some salads	<u>80</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>52</u>	<u>10</u>	
L. The whole works	<u>21</u>	<u>58</u>	<u>88</u>	<u>36</u>	<u>16</u> <u>47</u>
M. From which come bass, pickerel, etc.	<u>44</u>	<u>73</u>	<u>86</u>	<u>13</u>	
N. Disconcerting sensation, especially in places like, <i>e.g.</i> church	<u>7</u>	<u>83</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>51</u>	
O. Trim, as a figure is sometimes said to be	<u>30</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>39</u>	
P. "Procrastination, the ——— of time"	<u>62</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>92</u>	<u>2</u>
Q. He pays for what others eat at the party	<u>89</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>76</u>	<u>53</u>	
R. A good one is necessary for a smooth shave	<u>78</u>	<u>65</u>	<u>38</u>	<u>9</u>	
S. Once a housewife's common chore. Now largely obsolete, thanks to nylon	<u>31</u>	<u>66</u>	<u>91</u>	<u>69</u>	
T. When camping, don't let carelessness change trees to this	<u>3</u>	<u>85</u>	<u>35</u>		
U. Appreciated after a hard day's work, or after 18 holes of golf	<u>46</u>	<u>64</u>	<u>71</u>	<u>50</u>	
V. Reward your wife with this when/if she does "S"	<u>68</u>	<u>57</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>14</u>	

(For answers see page 63)

1	C	2	P	/	3	T	4	A	5	H	/	6	E	7	N	8	G	
9	R	10	K	/	11	I	12	O	13	M	/	14	V	15	H	16	L	
17	D	18	J	19	P	20	C	21	L	22	V	/	23	E	24	Q	25	C
26	J	27	A	/	28	G	29	F	30	O	31	S	/	32	D	33	K	
34	A	35	T	36	L	37	H	38	R	/	39	O	40	G	/	41	N	
42	A	43	F	44	M	45	H	46	U	47	L	/	48	J	49	I	50	U
51	N	/	52	K	53	Q	54	O	55	I	56	B	57	V	58	L	59	F
/	60	J	61	B	/	62	P	63	H	64	U	/	65	R	66	S	/	
67	I	68	V	69	S	70	B	71	U	72	J	/	73	M	74	F	/	
75	A	/	76	Q	77	I	78	R	79	E	/	80	K	81	P	82	B	/
83	N	/	84	D	85	T	86	M	87	C	/	88	L	89	Q	90	E	/
91	S	92	P	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/

DIRECTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSTIC

From the list of definitions guess the correct words. Write each word, letter by letter, on the numbered dashes opposite its definition. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. Each lined square represents the end of a word.

When all squares are correctly filled you will have a quotation reading from left to right.

When read downward the first letter of the words in the word list will form an acrostic giving the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

HE LOVES ME NOT _____

Little Janet rushed into the house and, deeply disturbed, cried out, "Mommy, God does not love me any more!"

"Why, Janet, dear," said the somewhat surprised parent, "why should you say such a thing?"

"Well," replied the small miss, "I just tried him on a daisy."

—ANNA HERBERT in *Quote*

Praying Hands

By **GLENN D. EVERETT**

A story of the love of a man for his friend

THE Collectors of Religion on Stamps Society (COROS) recently selected a stamp issued by the Saar depicting Albrecht Dürer's "Praying Hands" as the most beautiful and inspiring religious design placed on a postage stamp by any country in the world.

The Saar, a valley lying between France and Germany and until recently under joint administration of both countries, issued the stamp in 1955 with a special charity surcharge that went to the benefit of Hilswerk, the Protestant relief agency, and Caritas, a Catholic charitable organization.

An interesting and touching story lies behind this painting pictured on this stamp.

Albrecht Dürer was born in Nuremberg, Germany, in 1471, the third of eighteen children of a goldsmith. His father, noting that his son had artistic talent, apprenticed him to become a goldsmith, but young Albrecht did not like this work. He preferred painting and at the age of only fourteen produced a portrait of the Virgin Mother and Child which gave proof of his talent in this field.

His father then reluctantly agreed to let him be apprenticed to a

painter, Martin Wohlgemuth. At nineteen, he finished his training and spent four years traveling in foreign countries admiring the great masterpieces of art. In 1494, he returned to Nuremberg to settle down as a painter.

But times were hard. Young Albrecht had no money and commissions were few. He and an older friend, who also aspired to be a painter, decided to pool their resources, hoping that by living together, they could work part-time as goldsmiths and devote the rest of the time to painting. But they failed. In desperation, Dürer's friend made a suggestion, let one hold a job full-time while the other worked full-time on painting.

Dürer thought this a good idea and volunteered to go to work full-time, but the friend insisted that he do so, because he had less talent, and, being older, also had less possibility to develop what he had. So it was that Dürer's friend went to work while Albrecht studied painting.

Finally, Dürer sold a fine painting, receiving enough money to keep them supplied with food and lodging for months. His friend then



stopped working and started painting. But, tragically, the hard toil and hot metals he had handled had ruined his hands and he no longer possessed any talent with the brush.

Dürer was filled with sorrow for his disappointed friend. One day he returned to their room unexpectedly and found his friend kneeling in prayer, with his hands reverently folded.

Albrecht had an inspiration. He was doing a painting for an altar of a church in the town of Heller, showing the death (assumption) of Christ's mother, Mary, and one of the Apostles was to be depicted in an attitude of prayer.

Albrecht asked his friend to model for this segment of the painting. In patient detail, he showed those toil-worn hands, expressing humble supplication to God.

In 1508 the altarpiece was completed and hung. Dürer's friend, whose name has not even come down to us, lived and died an obscure goldsmith. Dürer went on to gain fame and modest fortune as a painter. But he constantly sought freedom that was denied him.

HE preferred to do religious paintings, although he did many portraits and secular subjects. The Roman Catholic church of that day was mired in medieval traditions. It insisted that religious paintings must show angels, demons, and saints performing miracles. It did not want pictures of the life and works of Christ, but of supposed miraculous appearances of the Virgin Mary.

In 1517 Martin Luther nailed his famous theses to the church door at Wittenberg. Suddenly, the Reformation came and, at last, Dürer knew freedom.

The gratitude which Dürer felt is reflected in a letter in 1528 to the Rev. George Spaeter, chaplain to Duke Frederick, the Elector, one of the German princes supporting Luther.

"Present my most humble thanks to His Grace," said Dürer, "that he lets himself be governed by the praiseworthy Doctor Martin Luther, for the sake of the Christian truth which is of more consequence than all the riches and power of the world—for all that perishes with time, but the truth remains for eternity.

"And if God helps me that I come to Dr. Luther, I will take his portrait with diligence and engrave it in copper as a lasting memorial to that Christian man who has helped me out of great anguish," Dürer declared.

Alas, Dürer never got to paint a portrait of Luther, which might have been his greatest masterpiece, for a short time later he fell ill and died at the age of only 56.

And what of the other friend who had meant so much to Dürer? For nearly 400 years the painting for which his hands had modeled hung in an obscure German church. Then as Dürer came to be appreciated as a great master, it was acquired by the Albertine Museum in Vienna. One day a young art student, doing sketches, saw the folded hands of one of the Apostles in that painting

and copied them. The sketch was published and instantly caught the popular imagination. Other artists came and did various interpretations of this small segment of the large painting. Its fame spread.

Fifty years ago a very comprehensive book on the paintings of Albrecht Dürer devoted only one paragraph to the Heller Altarpiece. It was dismissed as one of his early, minor works of no consequence.

Today millions of copies of Dürer's "Praying Hands" have been published and distributed all over

the world. It has eclipsed all his other work in fame.

The secret is in the hands themselves, toil-worn, showing the hard work of years with broken nails and enlarged joints. Yet they are beautiful hands. They are the hands of one who toiled to help a friend, hands symbolic of all who work humbly and pray to God.

Immortality has come to Dürer and his friend. These hands have become the symbol of the religious revival of our age.



Don't Wait Until Discharged!

By HY YOUNG

SOME Christian young men serving in the armed forces say, "I plan to serve Christ and the church when I'm discharged from the service." Included in this number are even some who intend to go into the ministry. Wait? Why wait? Why should any Christian serviceman bury his talent during these days?

Indeed, if there was ever a field white for the harvest, the armed forces of our country is it. If a man has the courage, there are few places where he can make his life testify more effectively. But how? Well, the approach doesn't vary too greatly from the same task in civilian life. You begin, of course, with prayer. You must ask for the Lord's guidance and help. Then you spot among your friends those who need spiritual help. These may be found specifically in hospitals or generally among

those who have been in trouble or suffered grief. Next, seek others who have been reared in homes where Jesus Christ is a stranger. They need to know our Lord, too.

Work with the chaplain! You will find this a wonderful opportunity to the churchman away from home. If you have talents you were using in your home church, or if you believe that you are endowed with a useful Christian talent, tell your chaplain and offer to help in any way. Sunday school teachers, singers, ushers, gifted Christians can do much to help the chaplain make his regular services more appealing to his men.

Talents are God-given. But the Lord meant for us to use them when he gave them to us. If you wait until your enlistment ends to use your talents for Christ, you may not find them when you go to dig them up!



Buddy's chute did not open. What a way to die, he thought

Stand in the Door!

By ROY J. COUSINS

THE Jumpmaster's command cut into "Buddy" Coulter's hearing above the roar of the twin-engined C-47.

"Stand up and hook up!"

That meant five minutes to the Drop Zone! Eighteen bulky figures in parachutes, Army fatigue clothes and steel helmets lurched to their feet swaying to the movement of the plane.

Buddy's scalp tightened as his skin turned to goose flesh. "Please, please," he prayed silently, "let me be brave like my father was."

It was his first jump at the Paratroop School, Fort Benning, Georgia. The "stick" of eighteen jumpers reached up to the steel anchor cable strung the length of the plane and hooked their static lines to it as they faced the rear of the plane.

Buddy thought of his dad who had once gone through the same thing. How could he possibly follow in his father's footsteps when he was forever afraid? Buddy's mother had told him of his father's bravery a hundred times. Why didn't he have some of that courage?

He remembered a long time ago when his mother had received the telegram from the War Department telling of his father's death—killed in action in France on D-Day. His dad, a paratrooper, had jumped into combat, and had died a hero.

B UDDY recalled how when he turned eighteen he wanted to enlist, but he had been too scared at the thought of leaving home to do so! What a baby! Then he was drafted and after basic training he

had volunteered for the Paratroops. What a case of nerves he had that day!

He jiggled the snap fastener on the anchor cable to make sure it was hooked. If you weren't hooked up when you went out, your chute would stay neatly packed on your back—it would be a quick trip one thousand feet to the ground. Buddy shivered at the thought, snatches of a paratrooper song parody wheeled through his mind—"Gory, gory, what a heck of a way to die!"

"Check equipment!"

Because the jumpers were so close-packed in their single file, each man was responsible for checking his own front and the back of the man ahead.

Buddy looked at the harness release disc on his chest, making sure the safety fork was in it. If the fork were out and he accidentally hit the release, the harness would fly off. It was all right if it happened on the ground, but in the air—Buddy's mouth felt dry. His reserve chute, strapped across his front, was O.K., its red rip handle showed at the right. He hoped he wouldn't need it.

Buddy looked at "Tex" Cooper's back. "Tex" was short, stocky and a born worrier. Now he turned his head to say, "Check that break-cord close, will you, Buddy?"

"Break-cord O.K.," said Buddy. "Static line O.K.; back pack O.K." The strong webbing of the static line was packed accordion fashion on the back of the pack "Tex" was wearing and held there by rubber bands. One end of the fifteen-foot

line was fastened to the anchor cable; the other end was tied to a metal ring on the top of the packed chute with heavy twine—the break-cord.

When a jumper left the plane, he would fall fifteen feet while the anchored static line pulled smoothly out of the rubber bands. If the break-cord was not fastened, the chute would not be pulled open.

Buddy could feel Joe Crowfeather checking his back pack. He smiled; there was a real stone face. A guy like "Tex" could be read like a book; Joe Crowfeather was something else, his quiet leather-colored face didn't reveal much. He was a full-blooded Sioux Indian with hair the color of a crow's feather. He had proved that he had tremendous physical strength and courage. Buddy wondered if Joe was scared at all—he doubted it.

That's the way it had been for the last three weeks, thought Buddy. Cooper, Coulter, Crowfeather—everything they did was in alphabetical order. Fate had thrown them together. In marching formations, the chow line, even their bunks, were in the same order. Actually, they were not much alike. Physically, they ranged all the way from the squat, bull-like power of "Tex" to the well-muscled 170 pounds on the taller Buddy. Joe was tall and straight as an Indian arrow with deceptive, whip-cord strength.

They did have one thing in common; they had come through three of the four grueling one-week "stages" of jump school side by side. "A" stage had been mostly exhaust-

ing physical conditioning, getting the boys in shape for what lay ahead. As a matter of fact, hard physical conditioning was part of the daily schedule all through jump school. "B" stage was spent practicing body position for the jump and testing courage in the thirty-five-foot towers. A lot of men had quit that week. Buddy had thought about it but he was actually afraid to quit.

It was almost fun in "C" stage, being drawn to the top of the 250-foot towers in an open parachute then being released. You got the exciting feel of floating down in a free falling chute with the landing made easy in deep sawdust.

"D" stage, five actual parachute jumps, was grim business—more would-be jumpers would quit this week. "Maybe me," thought Buddy. Buddy heard Joe's deep voice close to his ear, "Equipment O.K. in back." The words brought back the present and sent a paralyzing weakness into his legs. They quivered, and for a moment he thought he would have to sit down. No! He wouldn't humiliate himself anymore! Buddy forced himself to remain standing but he couldn't stop his legs from shaking.

"Tex" turned again, "Buddy, is the break-cord O.K.?"

"Yeah, 'Tex,' it's all right."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Listen, Buddy, I want you to do me a favor. I don't know whether I can jump or not."

"Everybody feels that way, 'Tex.'"

"Listen! I want you to promise that if I freeze in the door, you'll push me out, O.K.?"

"You won't freeze."

"Promise?"

"O.K., O.K., 'Tex,' I promise."

"Thanks, Buddy, that makes me feel better."

"Sound off for equipment check!"

At the front of the plane, Number 18, who had been checked by the plane's flight sergeant, yelled "Number 17 O.K.!" as he slapped Number 17 on the shoulder. Number 17 slapped 16 as he shouted, "16 O.K.!" The count went on—"15 O.K.!" "14 O.K.!" "13 O.K.!"

Buddy began to feel uncomfortable standing in the semi-crouch that the tight parachute harness demanded. He felt Joe Crowfeather hit his shoulder, "Number 8 O.K.!" He smacked "Tex," "Number 7 O.K.!"

The check went down to one, then the jumpmaster yelled, "Stand in the door!"

The close-packed single file pressed even more tightly toward the door at the left-hand rear of the fuselage. The jumpers couldn't walk because they were front to back; they looked like a long green centipede. In order to keep their feet from tangling, they shuffled forward with the left foot always in front. At least three men stood in the open door in the blast of the prop wash. Number 1 was almost entirely out of the plane; he held on to both sides of the door as his body arched out over space. All eyes were fixed on the tiny light



“It was a streamer; the most dreaded of all parachute malfunctions!”

panel on the right of the door. The red light was on; this meant *jumpers ready*. When the green light winked on, it was time to go. A good stick of eighteen jumpers could leave the plane in four seconds! It was important they didn't scatter themselves all over the countryside.

Joe Crowfeather put his hand on Buddy's arm and said in his ear, “Good luck, Trooper, see you on the ground.” Buddy noticed that Joe's hand was shaking a little.

Buddy's brain was numb with fear. “Tex” turned his sweat-streaked face again, his voice was hoarse, “Don't forget, I've *got* to go out—don't let me freeze.”

Buddy wondered how he could do anything for “Tex” when he didn't know what he would do himself. The thought of “Tex” depending on him gave him a queer feel-

ing; *he* had always been afraid of being a coward himself. How could he carry the load for someone else when he wasn't sure *he* could carry it!

Buddy could remember when he left for camp, his mother had said, “Be like your father.” Didn't she know he wanted to be like his father with all his heart, but he was weak and afraid? The thought of his mother activated his brain—the letter! He had gotten a letter from his mother that morning at mail call but in the confusion of getting ready he had not yet read it. He fumbled in the right-hand breast pocket of his jump-suit—it was there. Buddy pulled the letter out of his pocket and with his teeth (his left hand was up on the static line) tore open the envelope. It was just a brief note:

Dear Son,

I have been thinking about you a lot lately—you are very much like your wonderful father. I know you are facing a difficult task. I just want to pass on something your father wrote just before D-Day; it may help. He said, "Courage is not being free from fear. Courage means being terribly afraid but doing what you must do anyway."

Your father was frightened but he had courage—so have you.

Your loving mother.

Buddy's heart gave a tremendous leap. His father had been afraid, too! He felt a stronger bond than ever with his father's memory—they weren't so different now. Buddy could suddenly see that the fears that had gripped him were normal; everyone had them. Just like jumping, everyone was scared but each man had to deal with his own fears as best he could. That's where courage came in.

"Is everybody happy?"

The traditional question of the jumpmaster produced the traditional answering lie, a crashing "Yes!" It felt good to yell; Buddy almost meant it.

The green light flashed on!

"Go!"

The long centipede began to move, shuffling with the left foot always forward. Buddy's legs turned to jelly and his stomach began to cramp; he got the panicky feeling that he was going to be sick. He was pushed along by the irresistible surge of the jumpers behind him. Static lines slapped against the end of the anchor cable as the jumpers went out into the prop wash in a continuous stream.

Buddy came to the door as "Tex"

disappeared; he saw the ground far, far below. His entire being revolted; he wanted to shout, "No! No! *He couldn't jump!*"

Then from somewhere deep down inside, came the sure knowledge that *he* had to jump. The flash of panic subsided. Buddy forced himself to keep his eyes open as he stepped through the door. He heard Joe Crowfeather let out a blood-curdling Sioux war whoop as he went out. The propeller-driven wind tore at him like a hurricane; he fell like a stone.

Buddy counted slowly in his mind, "Thousand-one, thousand-two, thousand-three." Nothing happened! There was no opening shock! He looked up; his chute was out of the pack but it was fluttering down after him with the shroud lines fouled around it. It was a "streamer," the most dreaded of all parachute malfunctions! Somehow, in rigging, the lines had been stowed badly, the chute could not open. There was a one-in-a-million chance of a streamer—this was it!

Again Buddy's mind was seized with panic; he couldn't think. He had a detached feeling of the ground rushing up at him; he only had a few seconds. Then he remembered his reserve chute. He clawed at the red handle. As the quick-opening chute popped out, Buddy hoped it wouldn't get tangled with his main chute. The next second or two seemed like a year; he was falling at frightful speed.

Buddy's next sensation was a tremendous, jarring impact as his chute opened. This was the opening shock



"Let me put the question to you this way, Where haven't you been?"

that punished a jumper's body—never was that pain more welcome!

Buddy looked up to see the most beautiful sight of his life—a sparkling white parachute gleaming against the blue sky. He felt like singing.

He was suddenly aware of the silence around him as the roar of airplane engines receded into the distance. Floating slowly earthward, he hit the ground in a cloud of dust. He lay there without moving for a few seconds as the realization grew that he was all right.

He got up in time to see "Tex" and Joe getting out of their harnesses. They looked at each other and just grinned; then Buddy let out a war whoop like Joe's and they ran together, locked arms and danced up and down in the Georgia peanut field.

Buddy realized he would be scared again tomorrow on his second jump, but he knew now that he could take care of that tomorrow. He knew what he had to do, just like his father had known.

NEWS BITS

More Churches Needed

The Rev. Meryl Ruoss of the National Council of Churches states that at least 2,000 new Protestant churches must be built every year to serve Americans "caught up in an era of tremendous expansion." This will call each year for an investment of five hundred million dollars.

New Head of IMC

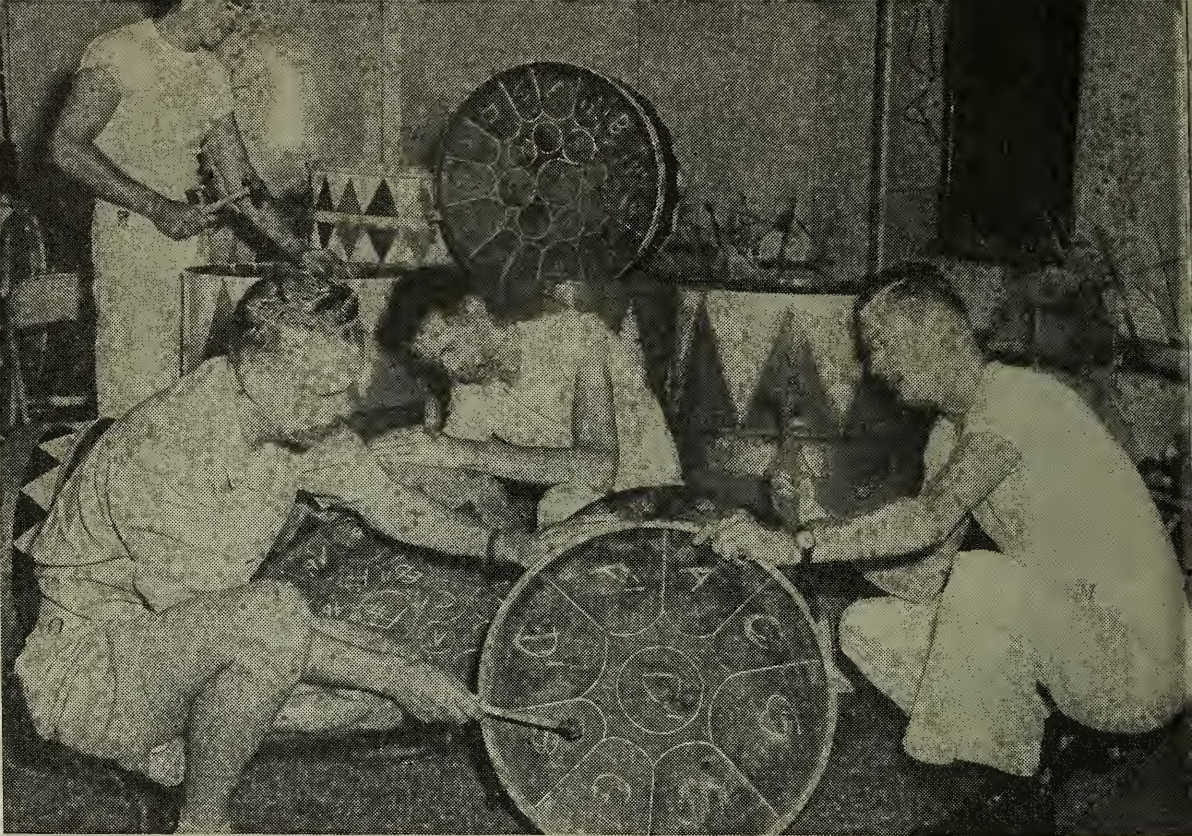
Bishop Lesslie Newbigin of Scotland and South India becomes the new full-time general secretary of the International Missionary Council on July 1, 1959.

Member of the 693rd?

"We are trying to contact all the men that fought with the Ft. Sill, Okla. 693rd F.A. Bn. from 1943 to June of 1945." Write Sgt. James Lloyd Fookes, 16962 Brighton Ave., Gardena, Calif.

New Church Center

At 4:06 P.M., Sunday afternoon, October 12, 1958, President Eisenhower laid the cornerstone for the first national Interchurch Center in the USA. The center is located on New York's Riverside Drive.



The Navy's New Beat

By WILLIAM R. KREH

THE Navy has a new sound—a sound which, until recently, was traditionally Trinidad. The famous steel drums of the British West Indies are becoming standard instruments in Navy bands around the world.

It all started last year when Rear Admiral Dan Gallery encouraged the men in his command in Puerto Rico to form a steel-drum band pat-

Musicians must tune the steel drums to required pitch (above). With cold chisel and hammer, metal worker carefully etches musical notes on a drum (below)



terned after many such bands in the Caribbean. The idea caught on. Visiting officers, after hearing Admiral Gallery's troupe perform, went back to their commands with the idea of starting their own. One such band was formed by the Commander of Naval Forces Marianas on Guam—thousands of miles from Trinidad and the westernmost piece of American soil.

The drums, made from fifty-five-gallon steel barrels have a colorful beginning in Trinidad history. Just a little larger than Rhode Island, Trinidad's population is close to five hundred thousand; the majority being descendants of imported African slaves.

INHABITANTS of the Island are completely enraptured with a traditional love of music and dancing. Every year, two days before

Lent, the whole island abandons itself to a forty-eight hour spree known as Carnival. In bygone days, people formed rhythm bands, using large sections of bamboo which they banged on the ground. With different lengths of bamboo and different rhythmic devices, a "stick band" could be a thunderous affair as the natives paraded through the streets. But, during World War II, there was a police ban put on stick bands because too many youthful stick bands had been getting into street fights and using the sticks as weapons.

In addition, for some years there had been a ban on drumming because the official church wanted to discourage the various religious groups which used drumming as an integral part of a ritual.

The people refused to be discouraged. They raided the junk-

Finished drums are viewed by Rear Admiral W. B. Ammon, USN, Commander Naval Forces, Marianas, as the band gives forth with new sounds, once traditionally Trinidad, but now can be heard coming from the Island of Guam



yards and celebrated Carnival that year with rhythm bands made up of garbage cans, brake drums from old cars, and miscellaneous metal. These were the first steel bands, and they had no melody or harmony.

It was then discovered that a dent in the bottom of a garbage can gave off a musical pitch. The people experimented making various sized dents, and they worked out ways of controlling pitch and tone. By trial and error they developed, within a few years, ways of getting as many as twenty-five or more notes from the disc of one fifty-five-gallon oil drum, and thus developed a whole

range of lower pitched instruments.

From this start, the steel drum has grown to be Trinidad's national instrument. The people are as proud of it as the Scots are of bagpipes.

Today, there are more than two hundred separate bands, totaling several thousand members, on the island. Last February, the entire population, young and old, rich and poor, crowded the streets of Port of Spain to dance to the music of the steel bands.

And now, thanks to the U. S. Navy, the fame of the steel band is spreading throughout the world.



MAN'S TREASURE

By Margaret Goff Clark

In these small comforts man has made for man
He takes delight: a shelter from the rain,
A bed to lie upon, a drug for pain,
And fire. These he has sought since time began.
Down through the ages, here and there, one can
Discern a thinking man above the plain,
His ardent mind determined to attain
A comprehension of the cosmic plan.

But comfort cannot satisfy the ache
Of loneliness. Of knowledge one can tire.
See now the wisest man reach out to find
Another's hand. See him, surprised, awake
To mark in love more comfort than in fire
And in love's eyes the wisdom of mankind.

What Do Bibles Cost?

By J. CARTER SWAIM

HOW much do Bibles cost? If we think in terms of money, the answer could be, "Almost any amount you want to pay." Copies of single books of the New Testament can be had for a few pennies; if you are broke, there are agencies which will give you a Bible. If you wish a Bible bound in handsome red leather, you can obtain one for eleven dollars. If you wish a large pulpit or family Bible bound in sealskin you can pay as much as one hundred dollars.

But even this is a small amount compared with prices sometimes paid for Bibles. The first book made from movable type in the Western world was the Gutenberg Bible, published about 1450. Of this edition, forty-six copies are known to have survived, of which thirteen are in the United States. In 1923 an American paid sixty thousand dollars for a copy, but even that is a small sum compared to the price which the British people in 1934 paid for a hand-written Bible in the Greek language.

This manuscript, dating from the middle of the fourth century and containing both Old and New Testaments, had been found in the 1850's at a monastery on the traditional site of Mount Sinai. Because the monastery belonged to the East-

ern Orthodox Church, this manuscript was brought to the city then called St. Petersburg, where it remained until the British Museum purchased it for the largest sum ever paid on earth for a book—one hundred thousand British pounds, then the equivalent of \$511,000.

So the price of Bibles may come pretty high, if it is money we have in mind. Sometimes Bibles have been paid for in other media. The first complete English Bible, made at the end of the fourteenth century, was the work of John Wyclif. Printing had not been invented and the process of copying books by hand was so expensive that private individuals hardly ever expected to own one. Persons sometimes gave as much as a load of hay just for a chance to read a few chapters of Wyclif's rendering of John or Paul. In various parts of the world today people sometimes buy a Bible with a hen or a bushel of peanuts or some other item of produce.

Bibles Have Cost Lives

Actually, the price of Bibles cannot be measured in terms of money, for it took suffering and even martyrdom to give us the Word of God. The Bible in English is so commonplace that we assume English Bibles have always been around, but the

Bible originally was not an English Book. It was written in Hebrew and Greek, with a translation into Latin made at the end of the fourth century.

If English-speaking people were to read the Scriptures, it had to be taken out of these tongues and put into their own native speech. Yet when Wyclif made his translation, it met with violent opposition from the established church. Even after the death of Wyclif, his body was not allowed to rest in peace. By a decree of the Council of Constance, the old Reformer's bones were dug up and burned, the ashes flung into the River Swift.

When Wyclif's work was carried out, the Hebrew and Greek originals were unknown and his English translation was made from the fourth century Latin translation of Jerome. During the Renaissance the Hebrew and Greek scriptures were once more discovered and the first English New Testament translated from the Greek was the work of William Tyndale. Born about the time America was discovered, Tyndale studied at Oxford and Cambridge, where he became acquainted with the Greek Testament of Erasmus. When he resolved to translate this into English, the church refused permission, saying that there were matters in the Bible too sacred to be put into English.

Since the church would not sanction the translation, Tyndale could find no place in England where he could do the work, but was forced to go to the Continent where the influence of Martin Luther won hos-

pitality for such a venture. There Tyndale labored hard to create an English version of the New Testament. When it was finished, a group of English bishops referred to it as "a certain heretical and damnable book," and ordered all copies gathered and burned.

Such a reception for one's work might have meant defeat for a weaker man, but when Tyndale's New Testament was burned, he said of the church authorities: "They did none other than that I looked for, no more shall they do if they burn me also." Wyclif's Bible had been written out by hand, but printing had now been invented and Tyndale's New Testament was reproduced by the printing press. Since freedom to circulate these books had been denied, Tyndale smuggled them into England. In bales of cloth, boxes of hats, bushels of grain and other items sent from the Continent to the British Isles, these precious books were hidden and they continued to circulate in spite of all the frantic efforts to suppress them.

The fate which befell Tyndale's earliest books later befell him also. The powers of the established order caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison in the castle of Vilvorde in the Low Countries. There he remained for sixteen months, working out for us the cost of the English Bible. At the end of this time he was taken from prison, strangled, and then burned at the stake. Before the executioner's violence choked off his power of speech, he uttered his last words, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

The Five Authorized English Translations

God did open the King of England's eyes and within a dozen years of Tyndale's death, the Bible was being printed in England by permission of the king. Since that time, nobody has been burned for making an English translation, but translators have labored long and arduously that each succeeding age might have God's Word in its own language. The Great Bible, published in 1539, became the first authorized English version. The second, published in 1568, is known as the Bishops' Bible. The third was the King James Version, which appeared in 1611. The fourth authorized English version was the English Revised Version of 1881-85.

Of the latter, the American Standard is a variant.

Although none of its translators suffered martyrdom, the time they gave to the undertaking was a labor of love. The Committee met over a period of twenty-nine years from 1872 to 1901. Seven hundred and ninety-two days were spent in conference on the Old Testament; 407 days for the New Testament.

Expenses of attendance at the meetings were provided, but nobody ever received a penny for his work. The only compensation bestowed upon the translators consisted of ten copies of the finished product. When the publishers offered to reimburse the surviving members of the Committee, Dr. Thayer exclaimed, "If I took money for this work, I should be ashamed to meet President Woolsey in Heaven!"

The fifth authorized English Bible is the Revised Standard Version, published in 1952. The translation is the work of the Standard Bible Committee, appointed in 1929 by the International Council of Religious Education, which has since become the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches. The Committee product was authorized by the 1952 General Assembly of the National Council of Churches as "a basic contribution of this Council to the prophetic mission of the Church."

As with preceding versions, the Revised Standard is a gift to the Church and to ourselves for which others have paid the price. Its translators, all of whom were professional scholars teaching in seminaries, did the job on their own time. No professor was ever paid for his work nor even excused from his classes that he might attend meetings of the Standard Bible Committee. Instead, all meetings were held during time when the professors might ordinarily have had opportunity to rest or work on their own projects: sometimes over the Christmas holidays, sometimes over Easter recess, generally in the summertime. The typical session would extend for thirteen days with the translators working morning, noon, and night except for Sunday morning.

If each of us can now read the Bible in his native language, it is because many have paid the price for what we can only accept as a gift.



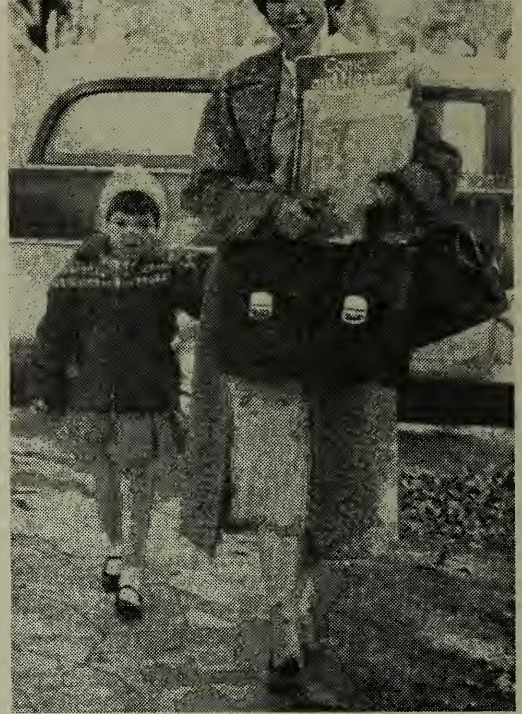
Benefactor to the Retarded

By HELEN CROCKETT

**The retarded child, too, is
a precious bit of humanity**

VIRGINIA OPINCAR, who collects in true feminine fashion Meissen porcelain and concocts cosmetics from ancient Egyptian formulas, has the faith that moves mountains and generals. She showed the Army that retarded children can be taught and established Opincar Center in Frankfurt, Germany, the first school for mentally retarded American children in Europe. Her unique organization became the pilot model M/R school for the Armed Services.

"I trained a severely retarded group for entrance to the special class in the dependent school. Although one was blind, one deaf, another a post-polio case, a fourth had cerebral palsy, they all made the grade. The Army just had to



Virginia Opincar and a pupil arrive at Hope House School in Colorado

accept them," she added with a smile.

"I became interested in helping the handicapped through my own handicap," she continued.

"I was born totally deaf. My own childhood was unhappy. For fifteen years I lived in a world of lonely silence. When I saw a person smile or laugh I wondered what sort of an emotion that person could be experiencing.

"After my parents brought me to America for an 'open window' operation on my ears, I got back 30 per cent hearing. I had long ago learned to lip-read. The wonder of sound was the turning point in my life.

"I decided that I wanted to help handicapped children achieve a measure of happiness. With this in

mind I took a nursing course at Emergency Hospital School in Washington, D.C. in 1939."

Next Mrs. Opincar enrolled in one of the first special education classes in this country and graduated from George Washington University with a Bachelor of Science degree. After her marriage she furthered her studies at the University of London, when she accompanied her husband M/Sgt. John Opincar, to Europe.

Zindra, their little daughter, dark and slender as an Egyptian princess, was the inspiration for the school which was to become the Opincar Center. Zindra, who had contracted rheumatic fever, could not run and play like other children.

"When I tried to enroll her in special education classes such as we have in the United States, I found there were none available in Europe. At that time there was nothing in Army dependent schools for handicapped children," related her mother.

UNDAUNTED by this first hurdle, Mrs. Opincar set up a tiny school in her one-and-a-half room apartment. Another little girl crippled by polio was Zindra's first classmate.

"Soon I began to hear of other handicapped children who were not in school." A survey conducted by the Army Public Health nurse showed that there were twenty-two children in the Army community who needed help. But although the authorities were interested, there was no money or supplies available for a larger school.

"The Army said they could not

provide any equipment, so we made our own," she reported quietly.

Zindra became her mother's self-appointed chief assistant. She ran errands, helped in remedial reading classes, and assumed the role of hostess number two.

As the school grew, Virginia's charm and tact won over the Army. A sympathetic housing officer requisitioned a larger building. The entire first floor was turned into classrooms.

"I scouted around and discovered salvage material. Then I would go to the commanding officer and ask him for an order to requisition old desks, scrap lumber and battered tables. He always graciously cooperated."

She was the guiding spirit of the school and the only permanent full-time teacher during the three years she was in Germany. But mothers and instructors from the dependent school usually gave one day a week on an "I'll-come-if-I-can" basis.

Despite these drawbacks and the fact that the Opincars were still carrying the complete financial burden, the project prospered.

"We felt a great satisfaction in bringing the joy of learning to children who had once been alone in a never-never land of mental isolation. Our whole problem was to convince others that the retarded child is not hopeless. He too is a precious piece of humanity."

When Colonel John Dilley arrived in Frankfurt he swiftly recognized the splendid work Mrs. Opincar was accomplishing, and put the school under his famed Parent-Youth Asso-

ciation. Thus it became eligible for non-appropriated fund support. Now organizations as well as individuals could donate to the support of the school.

"We now had twenty children and an enthusiastic group of volunteers. But I was still the only full-time teacher. My husband was due for reassignment to the States," explained Mrs. Opincar. "We were afraid that after we left interest might wane and that there would be no one to keep the school going."

It was then that Major Donald Devis of the Child Guidance Clinic of the Frankfurt Army Hospital became vitally concerned that Mrs. Opincar's school should not go under. He suggested making it into a legal corporation and offered to head a self-perpetuating board. Now Mrs. Opincar's dream was a reality. The school in the lovely sixteen-room house became the Opincar Child Center. It can hire a professional staff, collect funds, and operate as a foundation for the education of American retarded children.

ONE of the nicest things that ever happened to Colorado Springs was when the Army transferred M/Sgt. Opincar to Fort Carson. Mrs. Opincar decided to continue her work with retarded children and joined the staff of Hope House, school for M/R children, started by a group of courageous parents when they found no educational facilities in the community. Virginia Opincar was soon asked to become principal.

"The twenty-four students . . .

and we have a waiting list . . . are divided according to ability, academic, training in self-help, and special therapy class," explained the new principal. Those in the academic program reach third grade. We retrain children rejected by the special education classes for entrance into the public schools. We have returned several children to kindergarten and special education classes.

"We teach them how to behave in society. They are learning how to button their clothes and to lace their shoes. They also learn how to feed themselves and they learn good table manners."

Before Mrs. Opincar hires a new staff member she gives her a two-week trial to let the teacher discover if she really likes working with retarded children. Virginia Opincar has also initiated a home training program, using one of the greatest untapped assets—the parents. She believes in a firm liaison between school and parents. Another innovation is the Parents' Advisory Service. Any problems or suggestions can be dropped in a question box.

What is this gifted teacher's reward for all her years of devotion to retarded children? You can see her satisfaction in the sparkle of her dark eyes. Her recompense is opening up a whole new world of hope to these children—a lonely child finds companionship at school, a speechless child begins to utter her first halting words, an unwanted child finds that someone cares.



Letter from Home

By MINNIE MAY LEWIS

Dear Johnny:

Remember when you came home on furlough? At Pete's joyous bark I looked up and there you stood grinning like a banshee. A real surprise attack! Funny how I send you off with a grin and cry like a baby when you return.

Your deep voice and infectious laughter were everywhere. Sis loved being teased. Pete scarce left your side. Every moment was "filled to the grim" as you called it when small. There were so few days to consume the fruits of your absence; to harvest new memories against that long hungry period of your future migrations.

You have become a man. You think and talk and act like a man. We were heartened with your pride in self. Your inquiring mind is refreshing. You are not easily poured into a conventional mold.

The next time you see Sputniks basting their temporary stitches across the dark folds of the sky, tarry long enough to marvel anew at the countless numbers, the ordered beauty, the constancy of God's myriad-starred canopy. Take comfort in the knowledge that you were included in the eternal plan when God flung those stars into their orbits such a long beginning ago.

So many questions crowd close. You don't need all the answers. You will need faith and trust. A resolved willingness to seek God's plan for you.

May 1959 be a prosperous and blessed year for you. We're already looking forward to the next furlough time.

Love,

MOM

God and My Vocation

By FRED CLOUD

WHAT I want is a job that pays a good salary and that isn't too hard work," my companion on the bus stated candidly. He wasn't too sure what line of work he would like best. And the question of his own talents—or "vocational aptitudes"—seemed not to have entered his mind.

Good pay for light work—that is the goal of many Americans in this new year of 1959. Why? What has happened in America in recent times to change the ideal of "an honest day's work for an honest day's pay"? How can young adults find satisfaction in their work? These are questions of practical importance for all of us.

Is Work Punishment?

Children often think that parents are being hard on them when they require the children to do a few chores before going out to play or before settling down to watch TV. Some adults seem never to have outgrown this attitude. Work to them is punishment, or at least unpleasant. Loafing, taking it easy, is—in their minds—a far better state of existence.

Many people in America today envy the playboy—the socialite who can go to Florida in the winter and

bask in the sun—dance and dine at night clubs with great frequency, and spend the afternoon at the race-track or on the golf course any time he chooses.

Yet it is not "sour grapes" to say that such a life, devoted to the pursuit of pleasure exclusively, would quickly lose its satisfactions. Man is created in the image of the Creator, who, in the words of Jesus, is still working (John 5:17). A man without work loses his self-respect and sense of purpose in life. Strange as it seems, work is a great blessing. Not every kind of work, of course, is positive and constructive. Some jobs degrade the worker. But all that genuinely ministers to human need is worthwhile.

The Great God Security

A few years ago, *Fortune* magazine conducted a survey of the ambitions of young men about to graduate from college. What did they want from life? What price were they willing to pay for what they wanted?

A typical comment ran something like this: "I don't want to be president, or even to be a 'captain of industry.' I just want a modest income—say \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year—the chance to travel in Europe occa-

sionally, a summer cottage where my family and I can enjoy life on vacations, and a nice home." Modest ambition! Most of the students seemed unaware that their level of expectation was high or that it was not in every man's reach.

Signally lacking was any expression of desire to change the world, to clean up politics, or to help people achieve abundant living. Security has become the great god not merely of the middle-aged, but also of the young!

In such a security-conscious age, jobs are usually picked because of the salary, retirement benefits, and steady tenure. Yet all this questing for security is not resulting in great happiness, even among those who are successful in reaching their financial goals. As one critic of the scene has commented, "Something prevents us from adopting the proposition that to inhabit a well-feathered nest is the chief end of man."

In short, security doesn't satisfy. We must look for our answers to the Protestant concept of vocation—one's calling under God to do work that is socially constructive.

More Than a Job

A man's work is one of the chief contributions that he can make to the world. Most of us never accumulate a fortune from which we can endow colleges, establish hospitals, and provide scholarship aid to needy students. However, we do have our daily jobs. The way in which we *do* these jobs makes a tremendous difference, to us and to the world around us.

This applies not only to "important" jobs—affecting the lives of hundreds or thousands of employees—but to what would seem to be insignificant jobs, such as janitorial work or being a night watchman in a building. Two of the most genuine and enjoyable persons I know serve in menial capacities, one operating an elevator and the other carrying mail from the business house to the post office and vice versa. Their quick smiles and friendly words brighten up the days of many persons in the "upper levels" of management. Any honest work can become a point from which a person can change the world for the better.

How Shall I Choose?

It's better to choose a job and then find that one has to change to another more satisfying kind of work than merely to drift into a job and stay there aimlessly. For nothing is more frustrating than to feel that one is in a rut vocationally. That's the situation on which ulcers feed and tempers fray.

How shall we choose our vocations? What are some guide lines by which we can pick a job with some assurance that "this is what God would have me do?"

First, *we can take a look at our own particular likes and dislikes.* We tend to do well that which we enjoy, and to do poorly that which gives us little satisfaction. A man with a real flair for things mechanical, for example, would probably be happy and do effective work as a mechanic, or mechanical engineer, but be perfectly miserable as a desk

worker. And vice versa. These basic aptitudes are one of the guide lines by which God tells us, in a general way, what kind of work he would like to have us do.

Second, *we must take a look at the world's needs.* Is there a shortage of schoolteachers, farmers, doctors? Do any of these fields challenge *you*, personally? (Hold off the questions about salary, and so forth, for the time being.)

Third, *match up your talents or aptitudes and the world's needs.* You can get a lot of help from vocational counselors, especially through the use of vocational aptitude tests. Even though you don't particularly care for tests, these would be good ones to take—and they might make a great difference in your satisfaction with the work that you ultimately do.

It has often been stated that "God calls us to become co-workers with him in the world at the point where our talents and the world's needs cross." This is a pretty good principle. However, a great many persons find themselves already in jobs in which they are fairly happy, but about which they are not enthusiastic. The question is, What should they do?

Such a person can take comfort in the fact that the average worker changes jobs several times in the years between eighteen and twenty-eight. This is a time of "exploration." We needn't be afraid of making a change, if it has been thought through and seems the best use of one's talents and more appealing in kind of work.

Self and/or Others?

It seems pretty clear that many persons approach their "work" in a purely selfish manner. What can I get out of it? You can almost see the dollar marks in their eyes. Men set up bars, taverns, gambling casinos, and a host of other morally undermining businesses for the money they can make out of it. Even the wholesome, service type professions, such as medicine, can be approached primarily from the standpoint of financial gain. Such persons often cut corners, give inadequate attention to their customers or patients, and charge fees beyond the ability of their customers to pay.

The opposite extreme is not the Christian position, however. There is a definite ascetic streak in American church life, stemming from the days of the Puritans. Some persons feel that it would be sinful—or at least questionable—to seek more money than they are presently receiving, even when that is inadequate to meet their basic needs. Paul pointed out that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Would not something like the following be closer to the spirit of Christianity? We are to seek to serve the best interests of others—the community and world at large, as well as the nearby neighbor—to the full extent of our ability. We will train ourselves, develop our talents, and seek to give full value for money received. In turn, we will expect—and request—adequate pay for our work, so that we can enjoy the abundant life that God wants us to have.

Letter from Commanding Devil

By R. G. HUTCHESON, JR.

FPO, Hades

From: Commanding Devil

To: All Duty Devils and Tempters

Subject: Profanity and Vulgarly, utilization of

1. Past performance of Duty Devils and Tempters in the encouragement of the use of profane and vulgar language has been outstanding. Keep up the good work!
2. The following principles should govern the utilization of this method of undermining character:
 - 1) *Profane language.* Use the name of the Enemy or his Son as a "cuss word." (This is what the Enemy calls "taking my name in vain.") When the subject has been taught to do it automatically, no matter what he is talking about, we are clearly succeeding in undermining his respect for the Enemy.
 - 2) *Vulgar language.* Primarily the use of four-letter words having to do with sex. This is useful to us chiefly because it cheapens the subject's whole approach to sex. Our goal is always to associate sex with what is dirty and evil.
 - 3) Tempters will continue to encourage the idea, which has long been useful to us, that profanity and vulgarity are indications of toughness, manliness, and "saltiness."

COMMANDING DEVIL

MIGHTY CHILLY

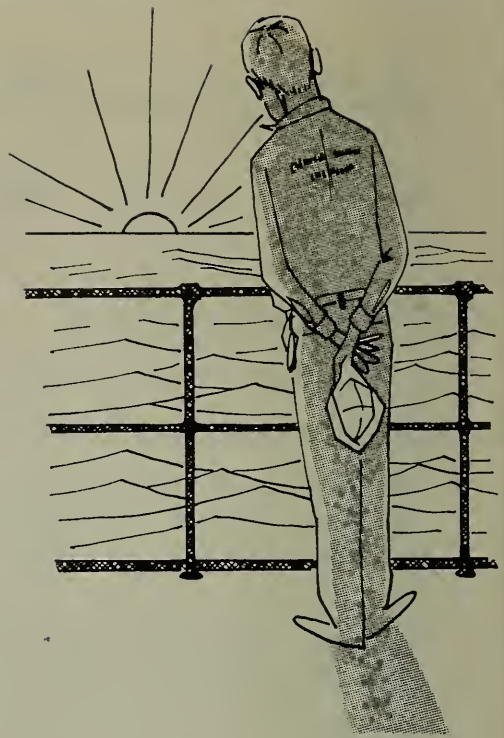
"Johnny," said a minister to one of his small parishioners, "every time I hear you swear, a cold chill runs down my back."

"Gee!" said Johnny. "If you had been at our house the other day when Dad caught his finger in the door you'd have frozen to death."

—Tid-Bits, London

Today

By LeROY NORMAN FRIESE



THIS is the dawn of a new day—a gift to me from the Creator. Yesterday is gone except for what I have gleaned from it—good or evil. Today I have another choice—a divine privilege which swells my heart with hope and purpose. This is my day, the purity of a new beginning.

I will receive from this day exactly what I give to it. As I do good things, I will make my contribution of service to the world and receive God's blessing. It is my desire to so mold my life that I can be more and more an effective witness.

This is my day for faith and courage for myself and all those around me. With clarity of vision, I begin this day with no stumbling blocks of fear or defeat. God has given me this choice and I accept it.

This is my day for love because I know that as I love I will be loved. Hate and jealousy cannot conquer the power of love. I will be sustained by this miracle of God's creation and this day will be lightened for me by love for others.

Today I will do my best without thought of failure. I'll never allow anxieties for the future to black out the present. I want so to live that when this day is ended, I will have no regrets.

Tomorrow, today will become yesterday; and with the dawn will come a new today. As the light of this day fades into eternity, I know that I will reap what I have sown. This is God's law of life, and so now I joyously set forth upon the adventure of this new day.





The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

On to Nigeria

In 1960 Nigeria, Africa, is scheduled to gain her independence. During this crucial interim period before then the Pocket Testament League is conducting a gigantic campaign of Scripture distribution and mass evangelization. Gospels for distribution are being printed in five languages—English, Ibo, Yoruba, Hausa and Aljemi. Nigeria has a population of thirty-five million and after 1960, it will have the largest independent Negro population in the world.

Conference of European Churchmen

This month in Switzerland, European churchmen will gather to discuss the problem of the secularization of Europe.

Our Basic Goals

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has outlined the basic facts and convictions on which the United States foreign policy is based:

1. That the peoples of the world universally desire the elimination of war and the establishment of a just peace.

2. That the designs of aggressive Communist imperialism pose a continuous threat to every nation of the free world, including our own.

3. That the security of this nation can be maintained only by the spiritual, economic, and military strength of the free world, with this nation a powerful partner committed to this purpose.

4. That change is the law of life, for nations as well as for men, and that no political, economic, or social system survives unless it proves its continuing worth in the face of the ever-changing circumstances.

5. That the effectiveness of our collective-security measures depends upon the economic advancement of the less developed parts of the free world, which strengthens their purpose and ability to sustain independence.

6. That in all international associations and combinations within the

free world, of which the United States is a member, it considers all nations, including itself, as equals. The sovereignty of no nation will ever be limited or diminished by any act of the United States.

Bibles to the Military

Last year the American Bible Society furnished 1,079,391 volumes of the Scriptures to military and VA chaplains.

Oxnam on the Ku Klux Klan

"Once again the Ku Klux Klan burns crosses and masquerades in white," notes Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D.C., president of Methodism's Council of Bishops. "It proclaims its message of racialism, anti-semitism and religious bigotry. Many church members, who proudly declare they are 'saved,' belong to this un-American and un-Christian body . . . The preacher who pledges himself to follow Christ and then stands silent in the presence of segregation betrays his Lord . . ."

Foreign Relief Aid

The three major faiths in the U.S. give \$300,000,000 in goods and services each year to the world's needy. Contributions of foods, clothing, medicine, tools, etc. go out to more than sixty countries.

Mail Advertising of Obscenity

The U.S. Post Office Department has within a year's time received more than 50,000 complaints from parents of children and youth who have received advertisements of

pornography through the mails. . . . Postal inspectors estimate that fifty million direct mail advertisements for pornography are now going into homes across the country annually. The former wife of a promoter of pornography said that her husband "raked in" \$750,000 in just a few months. The Post Office and Justice Departments are asking Congress to let them prosecute the promoters of unclean material where it is sent through the mails. Howard Whitman in a series of published articles on "Our Crisis in Morals" states: "The most intimate aspect of human existence has become, in our times, the most widely exploited, the most cleverly commercialized, the most temptingly flaunted."

Preaching Missions

Preaching missions for the personnel of the United States Air Force in the USA and overseas are under way and have been held in the Pacific Area, the Alaskan Air Command, and the North Atlantic Area. These have been very effective.

Christ and Law

Last September a unique conference was held in Chicago. Theologians and legal authorities (lawyers, judges, heads of law schools, etc.) met together to discuss Christianity and law. One speaker pointed out, "Christian jurisprudence uses law as a means of creating situations in which the love Christ taught can be shared." Another said, "The church-goer who stays home from the polls on election day through indifference or ignorance or a con-

viction that 'politics is dirty' is failing in a Christian responsibility."

Queried on the subject of a Roman Catholic for president, one panel of a judge, a government lawyer, and a theologian—all Protestants—agreed that religious faith was beside the point, that record, experience, and character were what counted in voting today.

"Bearer of the Book"

This is the title of a new 28-minute sound motion picture in color on the world-wide work of the American Bible Society that highlights the Society's distribution of the Scriptures in many tongues and many lands. For more information write American Bible Society, 450 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Scene from *Bearer of the Book*, a new American Bible Society motion picture showing far-flung activities of the Society

Spiritual Life Conferences

More than 1,220 Air Force personnel and members of their families

from 139 installations and sites in all parts of the USA participated last summer in two Protestant Spiritual Life Conferences conducted by the USAF at Estes Park, Colo., and Ridgecrest, N.C.

Christians in Japan's Government

Eighteen Christians, including twelve members of the United Church of Christ, were elected to the Japanese House of Representatives in the last election. Christians thus comprise 4 per cent of the House (18 out of 467) although Christians make up only one half of 1 per cent of Japan's population (500,000 out of 91,000,000).

Students in Action

The USCC (United Student Christian Council) has voted a six-year study and teaching project, "Life and Mission of the Church." The common theme for the twelve nationally organized intercollegiate student Christian movements for the year 1958-1959 is "The Biblical Faith and the Calling of the Church Today." The 1959-1960 theme will be "The Mission of the Church Throughout the World." Students are looking forward to the merger of several student organizations into one in 1959 to be known as The National Student Christian Federation.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 3, U.S. Office—Brussels World's Fair; pages 19, 20, 21, U.S. Navy; pages 27, 28, U.S. Air Force; page 33, Library of Congress; pages 42, 43, U.S. Navy; page 48, Grace Haffner; page 59, American Bible Society.



The Link Calendar

JANUARY is an exciting month—the first month of the year, a new month, the land of beginning again. It gets its name from the two-faced Roman god Janus, the god of the beginning of things. One face looked back, the other ahead. So we take inventory of our lives and we look ahead to build a more glorious future.



Make the most of several Christian emphases which occur this month. To start with, of course, there's **NEW YEAR'S DAY**. This is the day of the Mummers' Parade in Philadelphia, the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, but it ought to be something more. Perhaps a quiet religious service could be held when participants would make resolutions. "I'll read one good book each week this year. I'll pray every day. I'll attend chapel every Sunday. I'll win one person to Christ this year." These are samples. On January 1, 1863, Lincoln signed the emancipation act. But there are still thousands of people in the world subject to slavery in one form or another. A good resolution would be: "I'll work this year as never before for the freedom of man."



January 4-11 has been declared **UNIVERSAL WEEK OF PRAYER** by the Central Department of Evangelism of the National Council of Churches. Prayer is certainly a good emphasis. Why not seek to get every Christian to begin every day with prayer—the first thought of the day a prayer! See the study article on "Prayer Is Power."



January 6 is The Feast of Epiphany in the church calendar. It comes twelve days after Christmas and traditionally the baptismal day of Christ. The word *epiphany* means "appearance" and is celebrated not only as Christ's baptismal day but the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles—that is, to the three Magi or Wise Men of the East. This is a good time to stress the spiritual freedom of man in Christ. It was on January 6 that Franklin Roosevelt gave his address on the Four Freedoms.



YOUTH WEEK is a significant event the last week of January. This year January 25-February 1. The theme this year "Dare We Live in the Household of God?" If you have not done so, order your Youth Week Packet (\$1.00) from the P & D Division, National Council of Churches, P.O. Box 301, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y. How about letting youth take over the church or chapel this week? You may be surprised at what a good job they do!



Birthdays this month of importance are: 7, Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the USA. b. 1800; 11, Alexander Hamilton, b. 1757; 14, Albert Schweitzer, b. 1875; 17, Benjamin Franklin, b. 1706; 18, Daniel Webster, b. 1782; 19, Robert E. Lee, b. 1807; 19, Edgar Allen Poe, b. 1809; 21, "Stonewall" Jackson, b. 1824; 25, Robert Burns, b. 1759; 30, F. D. Roosevelt, b. 1882.

Helps for Lay Leaders

GETTING off to a good start in the New Year is important. As a lay leader, perhaps one of your New Year's resolutions ought to be: I'm going to do a better job this year than ever before.

This year we are inaugurating a new plan. Instead of planning four study articles around *one* theme each month, we are going to emphasize several themes. This will make for more variety, and we feel will fit better into the changing situation of the military.

FIRST WEEK: Spiritual Refueling (see page 6)

General Comments: Here's a good opener for the year. Remember the slogan of a certain beverage: *The pause that refreshes*. We are dealing here with *the pause for refueling*. Urge everyone to read the article in advance this week and every week so discussion will not be merely the pooling of ignorance. You'll have something solid to build on.

Bible Material: Exodus 20:9-11; Luke 11:1-4; Genesis 5:22, 24.

Discussion Questions: Why does the Christian need spiritual refueling? What are some of the best ways to get this?

Hymns: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord"; "Take Time to Be Holy"; "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."

SECOND WEEK: Prayer Is Power (see page 23)

General Comments: This is a subject we deal with again and again, but it is extremely vital. If a Christian can learn how truly to pray and will practice daily prayer, his life will usually go straight and accomplish God's will. Take some time in this meeting for silent prayer as well as for spoken prayer.

Bible Material: Mark 9:14-29.

Discussion Questions: What is prayer? How can we find time to pray? How does prayer bring power? What constitutes an answer to prayer?

Hymns: "My Faith Looks Up"; "What a Friend"; "Close to Thee."

THIRD WEEK: What Do Bibles Cost? (see page 45)

General Comments: The Bible is the Word of God and shows us the way of life. We need to become more familiar with it. And we need to realize at what tremendous cost the Bible has come to us. It is no little thing. It took the blood of the martyrs to give us the Bible in our own tongue. This session ought to help everybody have a greater appreciation for the Holy Bible.

Bible Material: Psalm 119:105; Acts 17:11; 2 Timothy 3:16.

Discussion Questions: How many translations by individual scholars can you name? (Read from some of these if you have them at hand.) Why did church officials once oppose Bible translations? What Bible passages are most meaningful to you? What price would you be willing to pay for a Bible?

Hymns: "O Word of God Incarnate"; "Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord"; "Break Thou the Bread of Life."

FOURTH WEEK: God and My Vocation (see page 52)

General Comments: Many young people in military service are face to face with the question of their life's vocation. They are asking: What ought to be my lifework? If I don't know it, how do I discover it? What does God have to do with my vocation? And the like. This is an important subject. Take time to think it through thoroughly.

Bible Material: Matthew 4:1-11 (this is the story of Jesus' entrance upon his vocation).

Discussion Questions: Do you consider work an unpleasant necessity or a satisfying activity? Why? What standards are you using in choosing your lifework? Can a Christian serve both self and others? How? How does what you are doing now in military service help in the choice of your lifework—and help you do a better job after you get into your lifework?

Hymns: "God of Grace and God of Glory"; "Work for the Night Is Coming"; "O Master Workman of the Race."

Books Are Friendly Things

THE thrilling story of the translations of the Holy Bible into English is highlighted in a study article in this issue. (See "What Do Bibles Cost?" page 45.) It is unusual for *one man* to translate the whole Bible, or even the New Testament. Usually it is a group of scholars. But once in a while some outstanding man rises to the occasion. J. B. Phillips, Canon Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, England, is such a man.

The New Testament in Modern English by J. B. Phillips (Macmillan Co., New York. \$6.00) is undoubtedly a landmark in Bible translations.

In southeast London during World War II, J. B. Phillips, Vicar at The Church of the Good Shepherd, Lee, met with a lively group of young people. These meetings were closed with the reading of portions of Paul's letters in the King James Version. Quickly aware that these young people did not understand "Bible language," Phillips set himself to the task of putting the letters into words which would be meaningful to them.

One day he showed his translations to C. S. Lewis (then of Magdalen College, Oxford). Dr. Lewis was enthusiastic, encouraged Mr. Phillips to go ahead and complete his work. This was done and the translation of Paul's epistles was published under the title "Letters to Young Churches." Next came "The Gospels" in 1953; then Acts in 1955; Revelation in 1957. Now all are combined in *The New Testament in Modern English*.

Since we are talking about reading the Bible, how about some group reading of the Bible through a verse-speaking choir. Harry Overstreet says: "A great poem is a record of a great experience. When it is expressively read aloud by a group of people who have given it the very best of their intelligent understanding, the effect is singularly beautiful." But how to read these stories—and how to read them well? There's where the book *Great Bible Stories for the Verse Speak-*

ing Choir (Westminster Press \$1.00) by Harry Heltman and Helen Brown will be useful.

In the book, you'll find some of the great stories of the Bible—Creation, Christmas, Easter, psalms of thanksgiving and praise, words of wisdom, the crossing of the Red Sea, the Fiery Furnace, and the like—arranged for male and female voices with instructions on how to read these effectively. Try some Scripture reading by a verse-speaking choir for the chapel. It takes work but you'll brighten the service. And sometimes have some choral reading just for fun.

On the lighter side, if you're looking for a good joke, try Bennett Cerf's *Vest Pocket Book of Jokes for All Occasions* (Random House, 95 cents).

FOR JANUARY

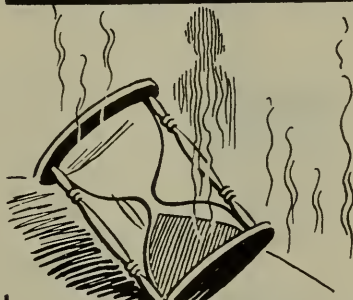
Here is an appropriate verse for the month of January (James 4:14). At the beginning of the year, we do pause to ask, What is your life? James points out that life, like a vapor, is here only for a short while. How true, even with a man's three-score years and ten! Since time is so fleeting, we ought to give ourselves diligently to the work to which God has called us. Someone has said, "You're not going to live a thousand years." You're not. So make 1959 a year of work and prayer.

AMONG THE LINK WRITERS

Brief notes on a few of our writers

Dr. V. Carney Hargroves, author of "Open in 2032" (page 3), is pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Germantown, Pa. . . . Jan C. Walker, who did the first study article—"Spiritual Refueling" (page 6)—is a Chaplain (1ST LT), Lincoln Air Force Base, Nebraska. Jan is a Lutheran . . . CAPT John H. Shilling is Force Chaplain, Cruiser-Destroyer Force, Pacific. He tells all about "Lay Leaders at Work" (page 19) . . . The author of "What Do Bibles Cost?" (page 45) is Dr. J. Carter Swaim, Secretary of the Department of the English Bible, National Council of Churches.

BIBLE VERSE



JAMES 4:14

Whereas ye know not what *shall be* on the morrow. For what *is* your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

ANSWER TO CROSTIC.

(See page 30)

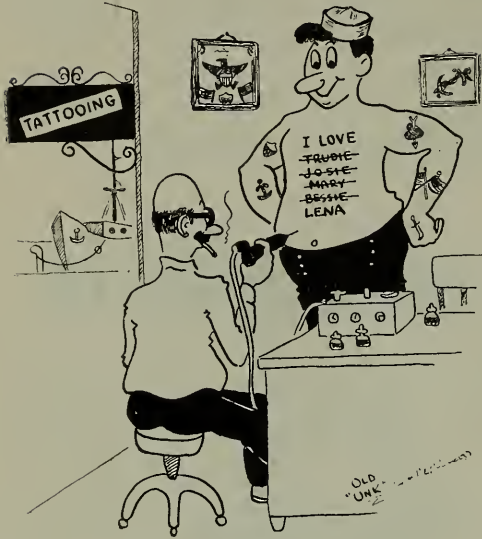
Of all life's sad surprises,
You'll find nothing to compare
With stepping in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

ANONYMOUS: *Step in the Dark*

One of the best ways for a woman to catch a man is to keep her trap shut.

—GENE SPERRY in *Quote*

AT EASE!



A group of well-heeled young executives were exchanging confidences on how they had overcome early difficulties. "Things were pretty tough for me," admitted Rogers when his turn came, "but I just gritted my teeth, rolled up my sleeves, spat on my hands—and borrowed another hundred thousand dollars from my father."

—Bennett Cerf in *The Life of the Party*

A well-meaning lady held a cooky above a dog and commanded, "Speak! Speak!"

"Why," said the dog modestly, "I hardly know what to say!"

—Arkansas Baptist

The teacher was discussing the wonders of modern science, and in particular various kinds of machines. Asking the nine-year-olds what were the most wonderful machines they had ever seen, she got all the stock answers—airplanes, television, robots, etc.—until she pounced on one thoughtful little girl who answered, "A hen!"

"Why, Maudie," said the teacher, "whatever makes you think a hen is the most wonderful machine you know?"

"Well," said Maudie, "do you know anything else that will take all our leavings and turn them into fresh eggs?"

—Leonard G. Vine in *Rotarian*

Endeavoring to teach her charges to think, a third-grade teacher was asking tricky questions. "Johnny," she said, "give me an example of 'nothing.'"

Unhesitatingly, Johnny answered, "'Nothing' is a balloon with its skin off."

—Progress News

In America anybody, if he's ambitious and fortunate, can grow up and not be Vice President.

—Franklin P. Jones in *Quote*

A man has reached middle age when he is warned to slow down by a doctor instead of a police officer.

—Sidney Brody in *Quote*

If a chicken crosses the road these days, the reason is she's lucky.

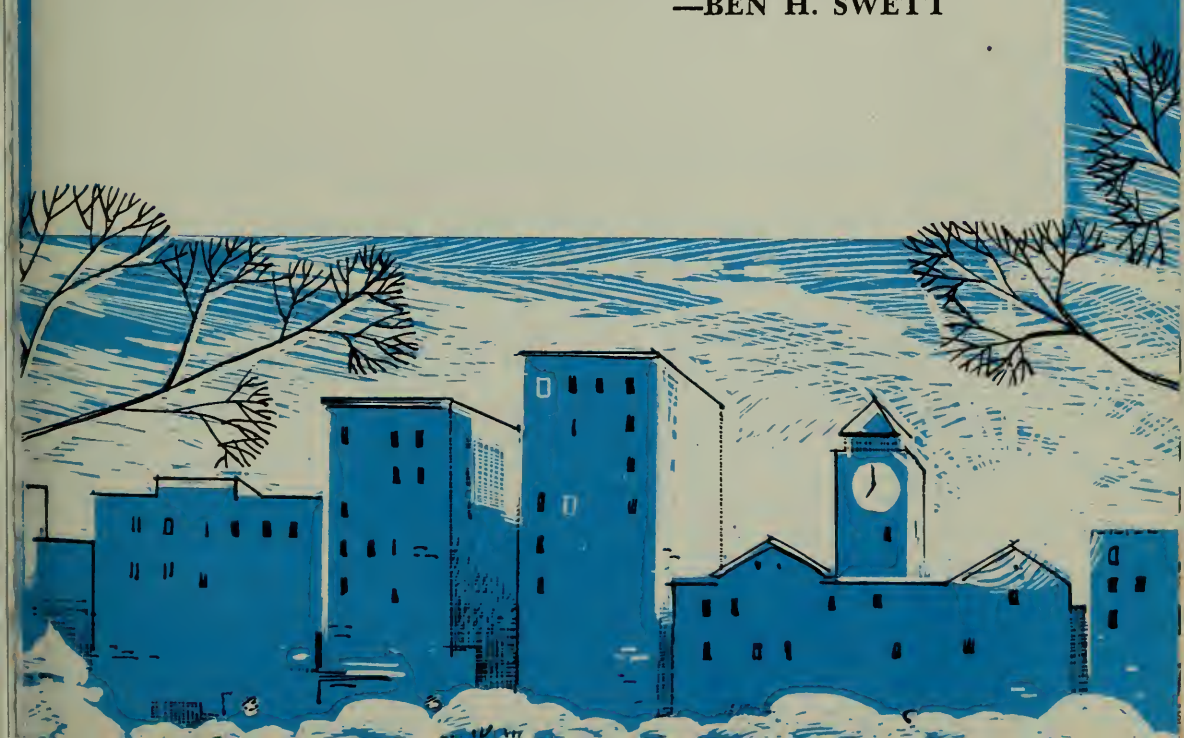
—Franklin P. Jones in *Quote*



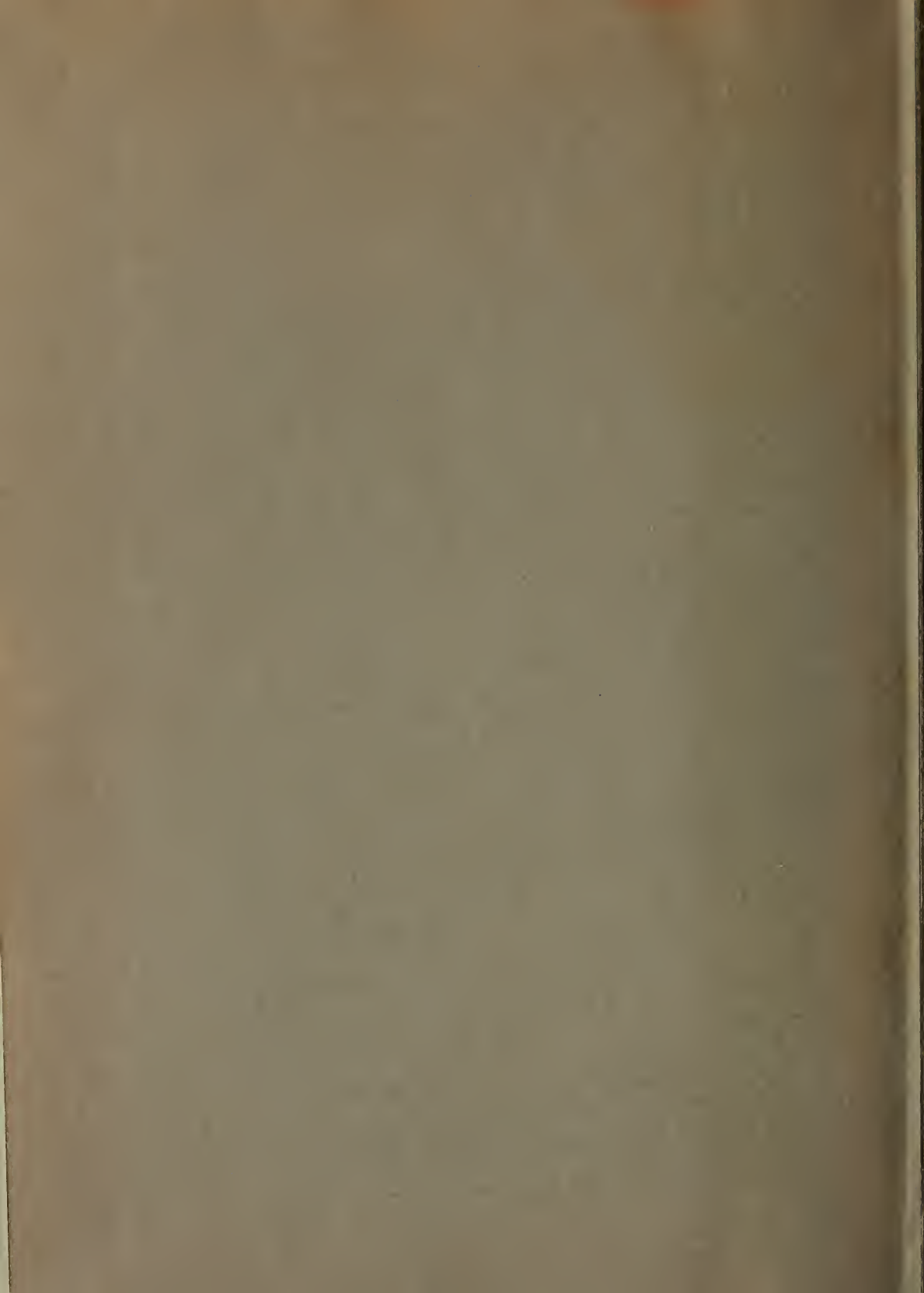
A City During New Year

A city during New Year is a lurching, drunken woman;
A wanton she, devoid of pride, tho painted with vermilions
She goes half naked to the dance because she thinks it smart.
The giggling lushness of her form is not a work of art.
She throws herself with lustful glee into one night of "fun";
But rises groaning, when at dawn, the senseless rape is done.
I find no beauty in her, this party-ravished city;
But, in the cold light of the dawn, I feel a lingering pity.

—BEN H. SWETT







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