





# The LINK



*October-November  
1951*

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# Introducing—

## Jim and the United Fellowship of Protestants

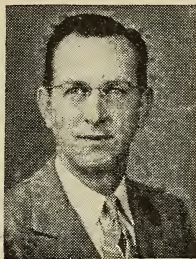
By A. Wilson Cheek

Jim was on his way, along with a gang of fellows, to Fort Lewis for his "basic." The muffled staccato of the fast-moving streamliner over the rails was almost a steady hum. The ice was broken before the fellows boarded the train. Conversation came easy for a while. But as the train sped over the miles there came a time when conversation virtually ceased. This silence wouldn't last for long, but for a little while each fellow seemed to be alone with his thoughts. Each turn of the wheels carried them further away from home. Each turn of the wheels brought them nearer to much that would be unfamiliar.

Jim thought; he wondered. He thought of the gang at home; he wondered if there would be new-found friends just as swell. He thought of the girls in the crowd at home; he wondered if he would meet girls at the base.

It was just a little village, so the train rushed through hardly slowing down, but Jim's eye spied the tiny post office. He thought about mail; would he get letters often? And the corner drug store and a small bakery; would "Mom" or Betsy send a box of candy or a cake occasionally?

The last thing Jim glimpsed was the spire of the little white church that reached higher than anything else on the landscape of this quiet, little town. He thought about his church, his pastor, the Youth Fellowship. He wondered what the services in the post



chapel would be like—men and women from all denominations worshipping together. And the chaplain? Would he be just as "approachable" as the pastor back home? Then he remembered the little card his pastor had given him as they talked before he left. Taking it from his wallet, he read "DEAR CHAPLAIN: We heartily commend to your friendship and spiritual care *James Edward Spencer* who is affiliated with our church and desires to co-operate with like-minded persons in strengthening the forces of religion and morality in the Armed Forces?" Turning it over, he read, "The bearer of this card . . . will be glad to co-operate with others in United Fellowship of Protestants. . . ." Jim didn't remember clearly all the pastor had said about the United Fellowship of Protestants. Something about all denominations going together to have a Youth Fellowship in the Armed Forces since each denomination couldn't possibly maintain its own Youth Fellowship on every base and ship around the world. Good idea! Jim felt glad that the churches were working together in such a fine way—for him, and for millions of other young people away from their home church. He knew that if the U.F.P. was anything like the Youth Fellowship at home he wanted to be a part of it—in fact he suddenly realized that he was a part of that Fellowship already. Christian Youth, wher-

ever they are, are a part of The Fellowship, and when they get together there's always a sense of oneness with home and friends and church back home—more, homes and friends and churches everywhere. "The Fellowship"—good discussions, inspiring talks, lots of fun, and food too! Jim wondered if the U.F.P. would be like that. Somehow he knew it would.

Appetites gave birth to more conversation. "Let's go to chow!" The gang lost no time in making their way to the diner. Seated at a table with three other guys, Jim asked if they knew anything about the United Fellowship of Protestants. He was pleasantly surprised when two of them pulled out cards like his own. Each was from a different denomination, but the card for U.F.P. was the same. The other fellow didn't have a card, but Jim and his friends assured him he would be welcome in The Fellowship. As they talked, Jim felt more sure than ever that The Fellowship was like—was the same as—The Fellowship back home.

What are the facts behind Jim's thoughts and the United Fellowship of Protestants of which he is a part? More than a year ago when it became evident that for some years ahead the youth of our nation in very large numbers would be in the Armed Forces, the churches asked how we might minister to these young people. During World War II there was a Service Men's Christian League but this organization has become somewhat outmoded since women are in service too, and also because the fellowship idea has grown to embrace most of the denominations.

The denominations set about through two interdenominational agencies to form a United Fellowship of Protes-

tants. The General Commission on Chaplains, a co-operative enterprise of some 40 denominations in support of the chaplaincy in the defense forces, and the United Christian Youth Movement, through which the youth work of most of the denominations is related, joined hands to develop the United Fellowship of Protestants. The youth of our churches expect to provide funds for the U.F.P., from *The Call to United Christian Youth Action* after Youth Week, 1952. The denominations have generously contributed funds to get the U.F.P. under way during 1951.

The planning committee has as its Chairman, Dr. Luther Wesley Smith, Chairman of the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches. The United Christian Youth Movement is represented by its Executive Secretary, the Reverend A. Wilson Cheek. Mr. Thomas A. Rymer, Director of The General Commission on Chaplains, represents that body. The Chaplains Board has appointed Charles Marteney to represent that body and the three branches of the service.

In addition the chiefs of chaplains those who, as counselors and interpreters, have rendered exceptional service Chaplains James K. McConchie, USA; E. J. Memphill, USN; and Elmer I. Carriker USAF. The chaplains serve not only as members of the committee but help to interpret the U.F.P. to the chaplains of their respective service.

Dr. Fred C. Reynolds, who has a rich background of experience in the pastorate, the chaplaincy, and administrative positions, was persuaded to accept the directorship until a full-time director was appointed.

The denominational youth directors and editors, through the Committee on Youth Work, will help to shape the

program of the U.F.P. and to interpret it to the youth of their respective denominations.

The U.F.P. will be related to the General Council of the United Christian Youth Movement and a delegate from each branch of the Armed Forces will be named by the Director to attend annual meetings.

THE LINK, the official magazine of the U.F.P., is intended for all Protestant youth in the Armed Forces. Each issue will carry weekly program suggestions for use by the U.F.P. These are adapted from the program materials of the various youth fellowships. THE LINK also carries articles, stories, jokes, suggestions for recreation, and many other interesting features in each issue. Every local church is urged to enter a sufficient number of subscriptions to send a copy each month to their youth in the Armed Forces.

The cards, introducing young people to the chaplains and commending them to the U.F.P., are supplied to local churches through the youth fellowships of the denominations.

Chaplains, who will be promoting U.F.P., on bases and ships, will be kept informed and supplied with guidance material in THE CHAPLAIN as well as THE LINK.

It will be quickly observed that the U.F.P. is not a formal organization—it is a fellowship. There is no constitution; organizational framework is kept to a minimum. Wherever the fellows and girls gather with their chaplain for worship, study, prayer, social activities, service projects, that is the U.F.P. Wherever youth in the Armed Forces are a part of youth fellowships in nearby churches and Christian Youth Councils, that is the U.F.P. Wherever letters, magazines, gifts, and other remembrances flow from local churches to their

youth in the Armed Forces, that is the U.F.P.



### Suggestions to Jim:

1. Learn to know your chaplain. Talk with him freely. Offer him your help.
2. Attend services of worship regularly.
3. Participate in meetings of the U.F.P. on your base or ship for worship, study, discussion, social activities.
4. Visit nearby churches; become a part of their youth fellowship.
5. Share in activities of the Christian Youth Council in a nearby town or city.
6. Hear and answer *The Call to United Christian Youth Action* (see the December issue of THE LINK for details.)
7. Correspond regularly with parents, pastor, and friends back home.
8. Read THE LINK regularly. Share it with your friends.
9. Carry the card of U.F.P., but let actions always be the clue to the fact that you are a Christian and part of the Christian Fellowship.

### Suggestions to Jim's Church:

1. Supply Jim with a card introducing him to the chaplain and the U.F.P. (Order a supply from the headquarters of your denominational Youth Fellowship.)
2. Supplement the card with a friendly letter to the chaplain.

3. Give Jim a small edition of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament and a booklet of daily devotions.

4. Send THE LINK to Jim regularly. (Order from United Fellowship of Protestants, 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year; \$1.50 a year in lots of ten or more to one address.)

5. Write to Jim often sending parish

news, church bulletin, and activities of the Youth Fellowship.

6. Remember Jim on special occasions, especially his birthday, with a gift.

7. Visit Jim whenever possible.

8. Welcome him when he is home.

9. Invite the Jims, Toms, Susies and all the others on nearby military posts to the services of your church and especially to meetings of the Youth Fellowship.

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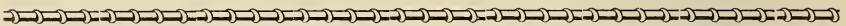
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A British whist expert left his name behind as a symbol for top authority in card games. He was Edmond Hoyle, and the books he wrote on whist and many other pasteboard pastimes were accepted as gospel for years and years after his death in 1769. Latterly his name has become associated with correct procedure in virtually every game at cards, many of which Edmond never played. Most folks, when they say "according to Hoyle," are quite unaware they are quoting Edmond Hoyle, who has been dead for almost two centuries.

—WILLIAM J. MURDOCH



# Soft Pine

by  
Edith  
Powell  
Wortman



*"We-ell," Hoke drawled, easing his old bones through the narrow opening, "seeing as how the Lord gives special points for humility, I'll jest take the reg'lar."*

**H**OKE Tolbert wasn't one to have boys messing around his workshop. But on account of me handing him his tools quicker'n he could bend his old back to pick 'em up, he allowed me to play around for a spell. That's how come I found out Hoke was a mite peculiar.

"Son," he'd say with a set look to that shaggy beard of his'n, "thar's two things I ain't had much of in this here life, so, b'gad, I aim to have 'em in the next one. One's comfort and the other'n's fancy trappings."

With that he'd tack another loop of gilt cord to the black walnut coffin he was building for hisself. I reckon as how there weren't another coffin in Hickory County to equal that one for downright comfort and fancy trimmings. There she stood, all black and shiny

with silver-bright handles and a red plush lining as soft as a gosling's wing. What's more, she was stuffed with pine shavings, and there ain't no telling what comfort she might have been to old Hoke if it hadn't been for Parson Crow.

Me and Hoke was tacking on the last loop of trimming when the parson stepped into the workshop. *Hopped in* would have been more like it. Fact is, the parson come as near being a bird without having any feathers as I ever see. What with them fluttery fingers and that mincy little hop-skip of a walk, I wouldn't have been a mite surprised to have see the man fly up to a perch somewheres, tucking his toes under him.

"Got that coffin finished for Wash Slavens yet?" he piped, irritable as

usual. "The funeral's at three, you know."

Hoke took his time about nodding his grizzly-bear head toward the plain pine box resting on the other two sawhorses.

"Reckon it's as finished as it'll ever be, Parson," he said, weary as a treed coon.

But I could see he was plague-tired at his recollection of that scoundrel, Wash Slavens. Wash had dabbled in old wrecks, used cars he called them, and he had been the worst danged crook in Hickory County. What any self-respecting preacher wanted with pawing over a varmint's carcass like that'n. . . .

"It'll be seventy-five dollars," Hoke said.

"Ain't that a little high?" the parson whined.

Hoke whacked a red bandana out of the hind pocket of his overalls and set to polishing the shiny handles of his own coffin.

"Won't hurt none fer Wash to get a little taste of his own medicine," Hoke calculated serenely.

"But it ain't Wash that's payin' the bill this time," the parson talked back, sassy-like. "It's that widow o' his'n and them five younguns. They're the ones who'll be a-settin' in that front pew lookin' up at this plain wooden box."

"That don't 'scuse no crookedness," Hoke snapped back, stubborn as an Ozark mule. "Them that Wash sold old wrecks to and charged three prices fer had women and younguns too."

The parson whittled him a pine toothpick and set to work on his teeth. "Well, I can't be a-bickerin' and a-chawin' all day. What's that thing?"

"That's *my* coffin," Hoke told him.

The parson lifted the half-lid gingerly and peeked inside. Seemed he was getting mighty noseey.

"Little ornamental-like, ain't it,

Hoke?" he said. "One'd orta be humble on his way to meet the Lord."

"Reckon Wash's coffin orta suit you then," Hoke flung back. "Give him a mighty good chance to pay fer his sins."

The parson was fit to be hog-tied, but Hoke went right ahead with his polishing.

"Anyway, I built this one fer comfort," Hoke said, getting friendly. "It's going to be a right long sleep, you know."

The parson lifted a shrewd eyebrow. "You tried it out yet?" he asked.

"No. I ain't tried it out," Hoke said. "It's a good idee though. Tell you what, Parson. I'll get in it, and you sort of rehearse my funeral sermon so's everything'll go off smooth-like when the time comes."

The parson took a squint at his fine gold watch. "What sort of sermon you want?" he asked. "Something special or just the reg'lar yoologee?"

"We-ell," Hoke drawled, easing his old bones through the narrow opening, "seeing as how the Lord gives special points for humility, I'll jest take the reg'lar."

He rested his shaggy head comfortably



on the red cushion, closed his eyes and folded his knuckle-twisted hands over his chest. There was a reverent pause, and then the parson's high-pitched whine strummed sweetly on our eardrums:

"Brothers and sisters, we are gathered here today in sorrow and tears to pay a last trib-yoot to one of Hickory's most beloved citizens, Brother Hoke Tolbert. We all mind Hoke as an honest and God-fearin' man, kind and generous-like. There ain't none of us can rightly say Hoke Tolbert turned us down in our hour of need. . . ."

Hoke shifted his position a little. "A shaving seems to be cutting into my left shoulder blade," he complained.

I thought of Hoke's long sleep ahead and of that pine shaving cutting—cutting—cutting. . . . I could see a drop of sweat trickling down the side of his forehead and into his matted beard.

"He was ever ready," the parson twanged on, "to lend a helping hand to the widow and the fatherless. . . ."

Hoke opened a wary eyelid. "'Tain't as soft as I'd like it," he fussed. "'Spect I'll have to stuff in another layer of shavings."

"I have an idee," the parson twitted, "it'll take something more than pine shavings to make it *really* comfortable. Well, I gotta be gettin', Hoke. I'll send the hearse 'round fer Slavens' coffin 'long about two o'clock. You kin send the bill to *Mrs.* Slavens."

Hoke eased his lanky body out of the coffin and took a look at the danged thing. By two o'clock when Sam Sadler's rattling hearse backed up to the door of his workshop, I could tell by his face he had it figured out. But it weren't easy; he was madder'n a wet hornet. I got busy sorting nails.

Big tobacco-chewing Sam swaggered in, flicked his thumb at that Bantam

rooster helper of his'n and headed straight for the pine box.

"Howdy, Hoke," Sam said. "We're in a hurry. This it?"

"No!" Hoke barked, pointing a trembling finger at his gold-trimmed pride and joy. "That'n."

He twisted his face every which way, trying to get away from Sam's steady eyes. When a man's crying inside of him, I 'spect there just ain't no way of wiping away the tears.

Sam aimed a streak of tobacco juice at the sawdust pile on the floor. "O. K.," he shrugged. "Reckon you know what you're doing, Hoke."

Hoke held his head high and stiff when they toted the coffin out, but it weren't until we heard them rattling around Hummel's Corner that he got up spunk enough to blow his nose and make out the bill for Mrs. Slavens. He studied it for a spell and then flung it to the wind.

"There ain't nobody in Hickory County," he said, "'sgot money enough to pay for *that* there coffin."

He stole a misty glance at the pine box with its rusty iron handles.

"Reckon Parson Crow was right fer once't," he calculated, giving his nose a swipe with the back of his hand; "pine shavings ain't enough fer softness. It's going to take a whole danged pine coffin."

I'm a growed man now but I'll never forget Hoke's funeral. What with him being a hero of the Civil War, the band playing the *Stars and Stripes Forever*, and the old soldiers marching with their backs straight as ramrods, you'd a thunk it was General Grant hisself. And what was more, the American flag draped over him was so big you couldn't tell *what* his coffin was made of.

# LINK LINES

By Charles D. Giaouque

## Are We Missing a Good Bet?

Some time ago we read of a vacationist who sailed over to an island off the coast of Maine to lead a group of children in recreational activities. Standing in their midst, he asked: "How many of you have seen the Atlantic Ocean?" Not a hand was raised. Here was a group of youngsters, actually surrounded by the ocean and with the roar of its waves constantly in their ears, who did not know its name. Maybe you and I are missing a good bet by not taking advantage of available resources.

One of these is prayer. Wait a minute. Some of you may think that anyone who talks like that is balmy—his feet are off the ground. But don't turn the page yet. Today, prayer is talked about—and uttered—in circles where it has never been even thought of before. Remember the story of the miraculous escape of Col. Rickenbacker and how, after his prayers, the gull landed on his head? "But for that we couldn't have held out," he claimed.

Is that hard to understand? You enter a dark room, push a button, and the room is flooded with light. That's easy to comprehend because you know about switches, wires, and the electric power plant. Spiritual power we don't understand so well though it is just as real. Prayer is the switch that turns it on.

And "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Try it. Start simply with just an occasional "thank you" for the things that come your way. Thanksgiving Day will be here soon. It's a day set aside by presidential proclamation for giving thanks for all our blessings. Say a brief prayer at each meal—just silently, by yourself. Rather than to go to bed feeling low and with only a dark outlook for the next day, try thanking God for the *good* things you have, and see whether you don't feel better about life in general as a result.

Later on you might try just talking with God—remembering that a successful conversation must be a two-way experience. Often one just sits and listens.

Prayer should be simple (not formal) like a child talking to his father. Christ's prayers were simple, and brief, too. Our prayers will grow as we grow. What we have to do is to tune our lives to God. When we get to that point, we can let Him take over completely.

The intelligent person doesn't wait to contact spiritual power until danger or frustration appear, any more than he waits until he is starving before taking food. Just before an examination, so the story goes, a girl prayed: "O Lord, help me out now, and I won't bother you again for a long time." Let our prayers be as natural as conversation, not reserved for emergencies.

We may be missing a good bet by not taking advantage of this available spiritual power.

# Christian Recreation in the Service

BY LARRY EISENBERG

## *Is Christian recreation possible in the Services?*

There are some people outside who may say that it is not very likely, but those who have been in the service disagree.

A person can take with him his desire for life's best and can hold onto it, although boredom and loneliness may cause him unhappiness at times.

Of course the problem in many situations is not what to do with leisure time, but how to find any! But when it comes, what are you going to do besides "get off the Base?"

Here's hoping that there will be programs where you are on the Base and at the U.S.O. and in the churches which will provide relaxation, interesting friendships, wholesome stimulation. If you find that situation, so much the better.

Even there a young person has to make some choices, and if he is a Christian, he may have to turn his back on some of these leisure-time pursuits which some people call "recreation."

Recreation in the true sense is *re-creation* of the body, mind, social nature of a person. Something has been worn down or torn down and it needs to be rebuilt, re-created. That is the basic idea.

If the Christian young person in the services is interested in some standards, here are some guides that might prove

interesting. Ask yourself these questions about any proposed recreation.

1. Does it help me to relax in body, mind, spirit?

2. How does it affect my personality and my outlook on life? (Does it stifle my desire to do better, be better, become informed, etc.?)

3. What does it do to others, particularly those with whom I am involved? (It is never Christian to have fun at the expense of another person.)

4. Does it follow the line of abiding interests, those things that will last and give me satisfaction? (The light-weight and frothy is sometimes justified for relaxation, but a steady diet of it gets tiresome. It certainly has its effect upon mind and personality.)

5. Is it friendly, helpful?

6. Does it really affect my real need?

7. Does it satisfy in this three-way test: before, during, after?

The aim of the Christian is to live the full and abundant life. An abundant life is a well-rounded one. The abundant life does not mean necessarily a steady diet of reading Shakespeare, but neither does it mean a steady diet of "funny books!"

"What can you do, then, if you are in the service?" you may ask.

What about friendships? They mean a lot. That may involve meeting people, or writing letters, or being thoughtful and remembering special occasions with

cards and letters. (He who sends out mail is more likely to *get* mail!)

Hobbies—the sky is the limit—are not impossible! What about trying your hand at an interesting diary of the things you've seen or heard. A collection of stamps, of funny sayings and jokes, pictures, post cards you can make almost anywhere.

Reading good books and magazines is a good idea. Subscribe to some, and let them come to you regularly as a reminder, whether it is a magazine or the *Reader's Digest Condensed Books*, which come out quarterly. If you subscribe, keep the publisher informed about your address so that you can get the material on time and so it won't get lost.

Good music is a little harder to get at, perhaps. Forming friendships with those in the community where you are stationed might lead to the opportunity to get at a good record player and some records. When concerts are available you can take advantage of them. And, of course, maybe you can have a radio.

You may not have thought of this as being a "recreational activity," but helping other people can be one of the

finest leisure-time activities you ever heard of.

It might consist of developing a reputation for just listening. (Lots of people need a sympathetic ear.) The church or churches nearby may need just the kind of help you can give them, whether in helping to build recreation equipment, to round up some fellows or girls and bring them in, or to help with programs. And don't forget the chaplain! Why not surprise him (if you have not already done so) and tell him that you've got some time that you are willing to put completely at his disposal. He always has things ahead to be done.

The chaplain or the church might propose something for your leisure-time activity in the way of discussion groups. Any Christian who is even *half alive* will thoroughly enjoy sharing opinions with other people. If there is not a chance for a discussion group where you are, maybe you should try to help organize one. Included in this might be the reading and discussing of the Bible and other stimulating religious literature. This is recreation too, of the finest sort—a recreating of one's thought patterns, and perhaps of his whole way of life.



### *Where There's A Will*

Talk about your courageous athletes! Harvey Bartelt, of Okauchee, Wisconsin, was an ardent bowler for years, participated in the game at every opportunity. But he was struck down by infantile paralysis, and after a long siege, his right hand was rendered virtually useless.

So with night-after-night practice, and after many heartaches and much perspiration, he taught himself to bowl with his left hand. Whereupon, on January 29, 1948, he came up with a southpaw-style total of 300—the first perfect score recorded at the American Bowling Congress headquarters for the season!

—HAROLD WINERIP

# Let's Dance

BY JAY CARROLL

HE was very young—maybe eighteen—and very lonely. This dance they were having was a big affair. Naval officers in bow ties with chests full of ribbons. Navy chiefs with gray hair and chests full of ribbons. Old-timers in their second hitch. And a few, like him, who'd been in the Navy two months.

Most of all he wanted to dance. It was a swell band. Dancing, he wouldn't be lonesome any more. They had said there would be lots of girls for the fellows who didn't know anybody. But where were they? Cox said he had danced with one of them. Then, according to Cox, somebody had cut in and he could not find her again.

Where were the girls?

Back home there would have been Jean or Mary or Louise or Frances or Pat. Anywhere he looked he would have seen familiar faces. Gosh, if he'd decided not to dance, even one dance, most likely Pat would have come over and have said, "Hey, Tommy, why aren't we dancing this one?" That's the way they were back home.

Here it was different. He was a stranger. He felt like a foreigner.

He kept edging about the big gym, always looking. Some of the fellows who had partners were really cutting a rug. He could do as well—maybe better—if he could find a partner. There was a section marked "Reserved" over to the right of the dance floor. He worked his way over there.

There was a girl there, right in the front row. She was wearing a long blue dress that sort of matched her eyes and a gardenia in her hair. She had

sort of a button nose. Not pretty, he thought, but awfully cute. A little like Frances, back home.

He kept watching her. She wasn't talking to any of the people around her but was watching the dancing. She was lonely, like him. She was one of the girls.

He made up his mind quickly. Hunching his head down into his shoulders, he managed a kind of bow. "Let's dance," he said.

She hesitated and looked surprised, and he was afraid for a minute that something was wrong. Then she smiled, and she had the whitest, prettiest teeth he had ever seen. "I'd love to," she said.

She was light as a feather in his arms. The fragrance of the gardenia in her hair swirled around him. But he began to sweat. Maybe he'd made a mistake. At a distance she looked like Frances. Close up, she seemed older. She must be a lot older than he. Maybe she wasn't one of the girls.

"Look," he said, "can you jitterbug?"

"Beg pardon?"

"I said, can you jitterbug?"

"I don't know. Let's try. If I can't follow, we'll try something else."

Man, could she jitterbug! Throwing her out at arm's length, swinging her arm over her head and down behind, then pulling her toward him again were as easy as swinging any of the girls back home. This one laughed all the time.

Something was wrong. He could feel it. Maybe she was laughing *at* him instead of *with* him. He went into a few intricate steps, and she followed

perfectly. Why couldn't he just enjoy the dance and quit worrying?

Up toward the band the light was better. He kept looking at her, and now he was sure. She was a lot older than he'd thought.

"Say," he tried to make it casual, "who brought you? I mean, did you come with all the girls they—I mean—"

Smiling again, she shook her head. She looked younger when she smiled. "I came with my husband."

His heart fell toward his knees. Married! The pretty ones were always married. Even if she was a little older, it wouldn't have made any difference. They could have been pals. Now the dance was almost over. Another minute and he'd have to take her back to her husband. But she sure could dance.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Tommy," he said, grateful that she'd asked. "What's yours?"

She hesitated a moment. "Mine's Betsy."

"Betsy? Betsy what?"

"Betsy Crowder."

"Okay, Betsy, try this." He swung her out and around and back again, over and over, and she was really light on her feet. But the gnawing sense of something wrong ate at his mind. "Which one is your husband?"

She waved vaguely toward the right side of the gym. "He's over there. Black hair. Dark eyes."

There must have been fifty guys over there, all with black hair and dark eyes. They were standing behind a bunch of officers. He picked out several that would be his choice for Betsy's husband. "Which one?"

"That one." She nodded toward the officers. "That Marine."

Marine! It hit him like a ten-ton load of bricks. Marine! There was only one Marine in the whole place. He'd

seen him several times. He was a colonel. Dear God, he'd been dancing jitterbug with the colonel's wife, calling her Betsy, admiring her like she was one of the gang!

All the while the colonel had probably been glaring. He must have felt the colonel's eyes. That's why he'd known there was something wrong. He had a vision of the colonel, whispering to some junior officer: "Get that man's name. Find out where he's stationed. I'll have a talk with him tomorrow."

Mercifully, the music ended. He walked the lady back to where he'd got her, and he could feel the cold sweat trickling down his ramrod-straight back. Get rid of her fast. Tell her he'd enjoyed the dance. Vanish into the crowd. That was the thing to do. How could he have made such a mistake?

When they got over to the brass he mumbled his thanks and started off. It was no good. She held on to his hand, and he couldn't pull away without seeming downright rude. It was bad. He could feel his face flaming.

"Wait, Tommy," she said. "I want you to meet my husband."

He wished he could sink through the floor.

Out of the dim haze he heard her voice, "Tommy, this is my husband, Colonel Crowder."

All of a sudden everything was fine. The colonel was grinning. His hand-clasp was warm and friendly. "Thanks for dancing with my wife, Tommy. I know she enjoyed it."

He swallowed hard. All that brass standing around were looking square at him. He couldn't help it. There was something he had to say. He meant to say it. But he did wish they'd get interested in something besides him.

"I want to tell you—sir," he commenced, and floundered for words. "I—



I just want to say—you sure married a swell dancer.”

That colonel didn't get sore—or anything. He just beamed. “I think so, too,” he said. “Trouble is, I can't jitterbug. Thanks again.”

Tommy walked away then. But there

was a difference. The music from the band had somehow got inside him. It was a fine dance. He wasn't lonely any more.

Then he saw Cox coming toward him. “Hey, Cox,” he said, “where are those girls?”

---

### *It's Different Here*

What is it that's shaped like a haycap with a fireplace in the middle, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to get out?

Believe it or not, that's an historian's description of the first church built in Providence, Rhode Island, where Roger Williams brought his followers to find religious freedom over three hundred years ago.

Religious freedom was a new idea in 1636—and it's still new to millions of people who are struggling for freedom of conscience in other parts of the world today.

But make no mistake—there's a big difference between religious freedom as we Americans have it, and religious freedom in other countries that claim it for their citizens. Communists, for instance, say they have religious freedom, too; but we know that's just double talk. Communism—and all dictatorships for that matter—keep religion a prisoner behind church walls, not allowing it to influence or criticize what goes on in the country at large. A man who is free to attend religious services but *not* free to put religious principles into daily practice, has no religious freedom.

On the other hand, our whole American way of life is based upon the ancient precepts of the Bible: to love one's neighbor, to respect the other fellow and his rights. For this reason, inequality based on religious prejudice flies in the face of Americanism. We're airing the same double talk as the communists when we permit prejudice against a man's beliefs to keep him out of a job he's trained for, a school he's qualified for, or a home he can pay for.

It's not enough to allow a man to worship God as he chooses; he must not be penalized for the way he chooses. It's not enough to say we do not care whether a man is Protestant, Catholic or Jewish; his opportunities must not be limited because he *is* one of these.

As one modern novelist puts it: “To every man his chance, to every man his shining golden opportunity—to every man the right to live, to work, to be himself, and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him—this is the promise of America.”

This is the essence of our religious freedom, and of every other freedom in the USA. This is a good time to rededicate ourselves to the religious principles of our Founding Fathers.

# Dog Tag Radiation Detector

BY WILLIAM R. KREH

THE patrol of soldiers advanced cautiously toward the ruins. One of the men wandered away from the group and started poking around in what was left of an enemy tank.

Suddenly he remembered his commanding officer's warning: *Atomic radiation may be in the vicinity.*

Quickly he reached inside his shirt and drew out a small metal case. He pulled a tab, waited a few seconds and then examined the packet of paper in his hand. He breathed a sigh of relief as he replaced the small device inside his shirt. He'd absorbed some radiation, but not enough to harm him.

Another soldier of the patrol suddenly tripped and fell headlong into a

shell hole, half full of water. The mud held him for a minute, but he jumped out as fast as he could. Reaching into his shirt, he repeated the procedure followed by the first soldier. Glancing at the packet in his hand, he yelled at two medical corpsmen who were nearby. Soon he was speeding back to an advanced hospital unit. He'd received what could be a dangerous dose of radiation if it were not treated immediately.

This scene might be repeated hundreds of times in any future war in which atomic weapons are used—and a small device hanging around every soldier's neck undoubtedly will save the lives of thousands of our GI's.

Designed by the Army Signal Corps, this new dog tag radiation dose meter tells at a glance the amount of deadly atomic radiation to which the wearer may have been exposed.

Working on the same principle as the Polaroid Land camera, which develops photographs as soon as they are taken, the new meter is a small metal case containing a flat paper package. The package, or plaque, contains photographically sensitized film and a pod of developing solution. The film has graduated scales of various shades of gray down each edge and a dark unexposed center piece.

When the dog tag has been exposed to gamma radiation from an atomic explosion it turns light—the greater the exposure, the whiter the strip. By comparing the center strip with the scale on the edges, the user can obtain an accurate measurement of the dosage of

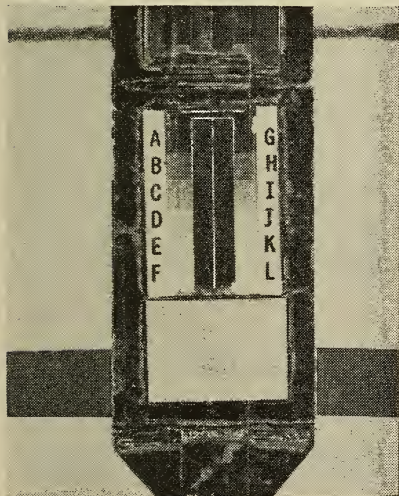


Corp. Doris J. Apgar shows how simple is the scale on the new Signal Corps self-developing photographic dosimeter, for measuring the extent of exposure to radiation.

(U. S. Army Photo)

radiation absorbed. Shielding in the case blocks out alpha and beta radiation. Gamma rays are the most important ones to be reckoned with in a radiation contaminated area resulting from an atomic explosion.

If the user suspects that he has been exposed to dangerous radiation, he pulls a tab from the case. The tab is attached to the film plaque, which is removed.



This is an enlargement of the test strips and scale for the new self-developing photographic dosimeter developed by the Polaroid Corporation for the U. S. Army Signal Corps.

(U. S. Army Photo)

As the plaque passes through a narrow slit in the case it breaks the vial containing the photographic developing fluids, spreading the chemicals over the test strip.

After approximately sixty seconds, the user opens the plaque, examines the

test strip and compares its grayness with the scales on each edge. According to the degree of lightness on the center strip, he can tell at a glance how much radiation he has absorbed. The darker the test strip, the less radiation he has exposed himself to, while the whiter the strip, the more lethal the dose.

Even when the wearer is knocked unconscious or severely wounded, the radiation dose meter still serves a purpose. When he is found by the medics, they can work the device. It will be one possible method of determining whether to treat the man for radiation or whether the treatment necessary for his other wounds will harm him because he has received radiation.

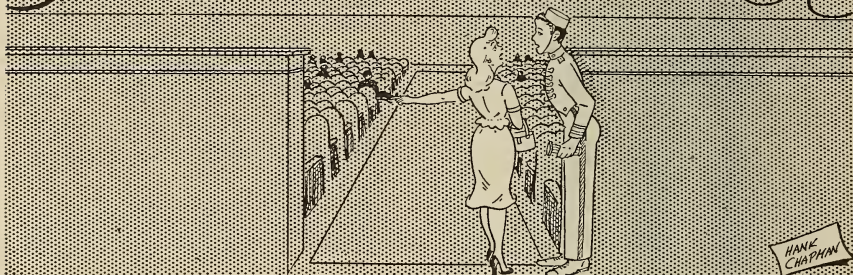
Actually, this is not the first device of its kind that has been developed. Many other types of radiation meters are now in use at atomic plants and research laboratories. These, however, range in price from fifty to six hundred dollars each and could not be used to equip an army of thousands. The dog tag style meter is one of the first economical ones produced. The metal case can be produced for less than \$1, and the film plaques cost about five cents apiece. New films have to be inserted in the cases after each exposure, but the cases themselves can be used repeatedly.

How great the distribution of the new dog tags will be has not yet been determined, but it is possible that eventually all soldiers will wear them.

Development of the midget meters is just another step forward in our country's continuing efforts to assure survival in this atomic age.

# THE MAN IN TENTH SEAT BACK...

by HAROLD HELFER



**D**AVE Geohegan was just an usher at the Palace Theater but sometimes, like now, he felt more like Scott Trusdale than himself. Being an usher was just something temporary and didn't really count. In his heart he knew he was another Scott Trusdale, fearless and masterful, always doing big, heroic things like the time he captured the three gangsters in a burning building and saved Janet Blair, or was it Gloria Grahame?

Dave Geohegan wanted to live nobly and dangerously. Being an usher was awfully boring by contrast but occasionally it had its compensations, like now when a Scott Trusdale picture was showing. He never tired of it, especially the scene in which Trusdale battled the corrupt politicians in the penthouse patio twenty-five stories above the city streets. It was an old picture, but wonderful.

There wasn't a second of it he didn't enjoy.

Only one thing kept the show from being just about perfect as far as Dave was concerned—the man in the center row, tenth seat back. He was unshaven and red-eyed and he sat with his legs sprawled out in the aisle. Sometimes he'd yawn out loud. Obviously he was getting over a drunk.

As soon as he spotted the man, Dave felt that maybe he should get him out. He imagined himself walking resolutely down the aisle, like Scott Trusdale had walked down the deserted western street that time to meet the gunman who was after him, sternly putting his hand on the man's shoulder and saying firmly, "All right, you'll have to leave."

The only trouble was that the Palace with its old second-run pictures seemed to attract a pretty uncouth and hard-

boiled clientele. Mean, suspicious-looking characters were always dropping in. And the guy in tenth seat back seemed to be as tough and beefy as any of them.

Of course, Dave Geohegan wasn't really scared or anything like that. As Scott Trusdale had remarked in *The Man From 'Frisco*: "There's one thing a man has to have—that's judgment." And Dave didn't want to start a ruckus. It wasn't smart theater business.

But maybe he ought to get the fellow out anyway. He was obnoxious, stretching without regard to people around him and making loud, unpleasant noises. Once or twice Dave started down the aisle after him. But the man's husky build stopped him. Not that size meant anything, of course. Scott Trusdale always won out over tremendous odds. But the heft of the man did indicate, Dave reasoned, that there might be quite a rumpus before he could be subdued. Maybe it was wise to forget him.

Satisfied that he was pursuing the best policy, Dave lost himself again in the Scott Trusdale film. What a strapping figure he was! Too bad that he hadn't made any recent pictures. But Dave resented the articles in the papers that referred to the actor as a has-been. A man like Scott Trusdale could never be that. There was the time, in the picture about the Foreign Legion, when he was left for dead on the desert but just the same—

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted. "That man over there," a girl complained. "I don't know whether he did it on purpose, but he doesn't seem to be quite himself. He put his hand on me and I don't like it."

She was pointing at the man in tenth seat back. Even in the dark shadows of the theater foyer Dave could tell that she was blonde and pretty. In

fact, she looked a little like Janet Blair. Or maybe it was Gloria Grahame.

"Lady, that won't happen again. I promise you." The words came out so readily and resolutely that they surprised Dave himself. "I'm going to get him out of here."

"I think you should," said Janet Blair or Gloria Grahame.

His chest pounding with excitement, Dave Geohegan started down the aisle. But as he approached the bulky occupant of tenth seat back, his knees suddenly seemed to want to buckle. He found himself on the verge of turning around.

"All brave men are afraid at times, the same as anybody else—only the brave go on to do their duty anyway." It was Scott Trusdale talking to him from the screen.

Dave Geohegan didn't turn back. Instead, he went over to the man and put a hand on his shoulder. Maybe his voice trembled a little, but not much, as he said, "You'll have to come with me."

The beefy patron stirred. "Say, what's the big idea?" he demanded.

For a moment Dave hesitated. He didn't know what to do now. Perhaps, the thought flashed through him, it would be better to get help.

From the screen Scott Trusdale called out to him, "I may get licked, but I'm going to do what I have to do!"

Dave tightened his grip on the man's shoulder. "I'm sorry," the usher said determinedly, "you'll have to come with me."

The big man slowly pulled himself out of his seat and started unsteadily up the aisle with Dave. Midway he lurched, as if he might turn around and go back, and for a moment panic surged through Dave. But the image of the indomitable face of Scott Trus-

dale swam before him, and he tightened his hold on the undesirable patron's arm. Apparently this persuaded the man not to try anything. The journey up the aisle seemed like a hundred miles to Dave, but finally the big fellow slumped peacefully into a seat in the foyer. He wasn't in anybody's way there, and a few minutes later two policemen, answering the summons of the manager, were hauling him away.

Dave Geohegan felt a wonderful glow coursing through him, as if he were on the screen with Scott Trusdale, sharing his epochal adventures.

He heard the manager congratulating him. "You handled it just right, Dave." And Janet Blair, or maybe it was Gloria Grahame, was saying, "Thanks a lot, I'm so grateful!"

In words that Scott Trusdale had used in *Pecos County* Dave Geohegan replied, "Well, sometimes there's nothing to do but take things in stride."

In the patrol wagon one of the policemen was asking the other officer, "What did you say the name was on the drunk's ID card? Scott Trusdale? Sounds familiar, doesn't it?"



## What Was That Name Again?

It was Shakespeare, wasn't it, who wanted to know what was in a name? Little enough, perhaps—except some interesting stories. Take this McCoy we've all heard so much about—the real McCoy. Somehow or other he made his name a synonym for genuineness. No one seems to know for certain how, when, or why the monicker became a stamp of authenticity, but you can have a choice of explanations.

Mr. H. L. Mencken, in his monumental volumes on the American language, reports several. There was a rum-running Bill McCoy who handled only bona fide beverages; the pugilistic Kid McCoy who had to flatten a barroom skeptic to prove his identity; a down-at-the-heels McCoy on the Bowery whose word on any and every subject was held to be unassailable; a quality-conscious McCoy of the Pennsylvania wildcat oil fields who supplied his safe-cracking clientele with nitroglycerine of the ultimate grade and unfailing dependability; and a brawling Irish-woman, apostrophized in song for the whaling she gave her McCoy husband to prove that she was indubitably superior. Each of these persons is reputed to be the prototype in the term, but it still remains a question as to which is the real McCoy.



Many men have left their names for us to use in connection with something they created or discovered. There was Joseph Aloysius Hansom, the British architect who built a better cab; Sylvester Graham, the Connecticut reformer and physiology zealot who advocated the consumption of bread made of the whole of wheat, unbolted and coarsely ground, and who for his years of preaching and lecturing and writing is remembered principally as the man who gave his name to a kind of cracker; McIntosh, whose waterproof cloth made his name a synonym for a type of foul-weather coat; and Watt, Volta, Pasteur, and many others.

—WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

# *New York's a Great Leave Town*

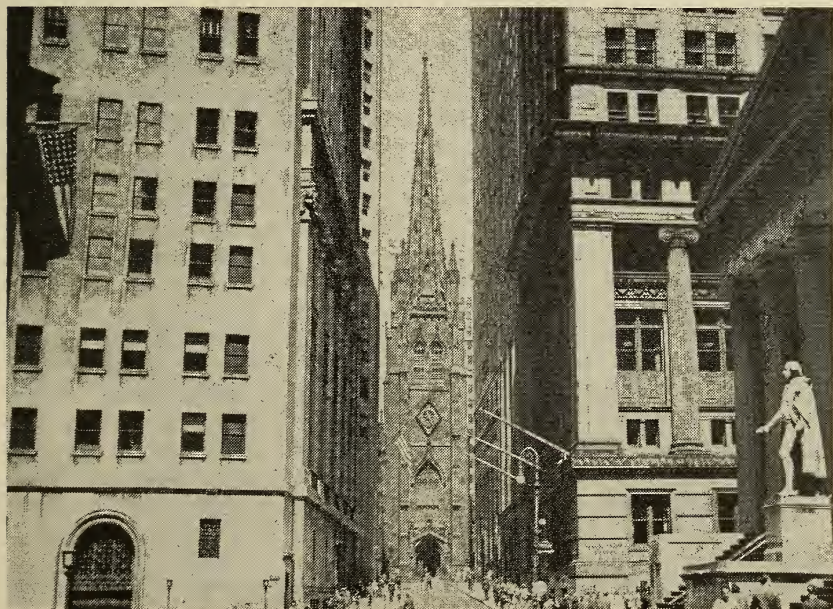
BY LOUIS C. FINK

EVEN in peacetime you see plenty of uniforms on Times Square. Now that the Armed Forces are climbing back to three million men and women, the Great White Way has resumed its old position as a Mecca for soldiers and sailors on leave. Hundreds—maybe thousands—of military personnel ride the subways to Broadway and Forty-Second Street seeking entertainment.

The trouble is that they don't find much entertainment there! I'm a native New Yorker, and every time I pass through Times Square, I can't help noticing that most of the servicemen

seem to be just killing time under the bright lights. They stand on the corners; they walk up and down past the theater marquees. Too bad, because New York is really a great place to have a good time on a three-day pass, or longer if you can get it.

Everybody who comes to New York for the first time wants to see Times Square. That's natural and understandable. Those lights on the Great White Way are really something to see. The electric news strip that runs around the *Times* Building; the great water falls of the Bond sign; the famous



*Looking west on Wall Street to historic old Trinity Church.*

Wrigley sign; the countless smaller signs made of thousands of individual incandescent bulbs—these are something to see.

But having been seen, the lights of Times Square leave something to be desired in the way of entertainment. There are a couple of dozen movie houses which don't charge any more than you pay at home. There are twenty to thirty "legitimate" theaters (musical and dramatic shows), but here the prices start to climb. The resounding smash hits like *South Pacific* will cost you real money, particularly if you arrive late and have to buy your tickets from a broker. The night clubs in the area, of course, are out of reach unless you've been putting money away for several months, or have an independent income.

What's the answer? Get away from Times Square. New York City is thirty-six miles long and over sixteen miles wide—and it packs an amazing number of things to do. Actually very few of its entertainment features are in the few blocks of Times Square; the rest are scattered liberally over thousands of streets, where you won't find things nearly so crowded. People have time to be a little more friendly away from the Great White Way.

But most visitors want to see the sensational things of New York. It's the biggest city in the world, and that's what people come to see—size. All right, then, ride an elevator to the top of the Empire State Building on 34th Street (102 stories) or the Chrysler Building on 43rd Street (77 stories). You'll get a view of the Metropolis that just can't be seen anywhere else.

New York doesn't have the biggest bridge in the world, but its George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River is second to Golden Gate Bridge—

and the New York span is 3,500 feet long. At night, New York's lights are one of the truly beautiful sights of the Big Town. The two rivers which make Manhattan an island are worth inspecting. You can get a boat downtown at the Battery or at 42nd Street in midtown and have a wonderful two-hour sail around the city. It's much easier on the feet than walking.

Maybe you want a little more active recreation—something in the sports line. In season, the Yankees, Dodgers, and Giants all play in New York, and the newspapers will tell you what the starting time is. Any cop can tell you how to reach the ball parks on the subway, and you ride for a dime.

Here's a fast run-down of other sports opportunities in the greatest city of them all: professional basketball at Madison Square Garden (which also houses ice hockey, college and professional basketball, rodeos and circuses); boxing at the garden, St. Nicholas Arena, and the Yankee Stadium; football at Fordham, Columbia, N.Y.U., and the Yankee Stadium plus professional football at the Stadium and the Polo Grounds; horse racing at Aqueduct, Belmont Park, Jamaica, Roosevelt, and Yonkers (the last two are for trotting races; you can get to all of them easily. Roller skating derbies are held in two armories; polo is played on three nearby fields; wrestling can be seen at a couple of arenas; and Forest Hills is the center of big-time tennis.

If you want some exercise for yourself, instead of just watching, you can get a swim at the Y.M.C.A. or at any of several hotels. Coney Island can be reached by subway. All the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey are handy.

If you long for a walk in the country, you don't have to leave New York. You



can go uptown to the Bronx Zoological Gardens or over to the Botanical Gardens in Brooklyn. Central Park starts at 59th Street and offers a host of attractions, including bicycle paths, bridle trails for horseback enthusiasts, sand-lot baseball, band concerts and outdoor dancing when the weather is right. The Central Park Zoo is one of the best small zoos in the world. A restaurant nearby serves meals outdoors at reasonable prices. Rowboating is another attraction—the traditional sport of sailors away from the big ships lying to over in the Hudson.

Outside of thinking that all New York is contained in Times Square, the greatest mistake is to believe that New York's only attractions are sports, theater-going, and sight-seeing. In the educational field it has no peer. New York's museums dispel any notion that museums have to be dull and boring. For a quarter the Hayden Planetarium on 81st Street offers an hour-long show that is real entertainment. What's more, you see it from luxurious chairs and to the accompaniment of soft music. It's an ideal place to take a partner—and inexpensive.

Art lovers can go to the American Museum of Natural History on 79th Street, the Brooklyn Museum on Eastern Parkway, the Cloisters at Fort Tyron Park (a building reconstructed from parts of old European structures), the Frick Collection on 70th Street, the Metropolitan Museum of Art on 82nd Street, the Whitney Museum of American Art on 8th Street, the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street, and many more. There are sixteen major museums in New York City, and all of them offer seasonal shows of the best in their collections. The public libraries, especially the famous lion-



*Grant's Tomb, at 123rd Street and Riverside Drive, built in 1897 at a cost of \$800,000. Both General and Mrs. Grant are buried here.*

guarded one on 42nd Street, also are worth a visit.

It isn't hard to find your way around New York, either. Every ten-cent store sells guides to the city, and *Cue* magazine lists all the current entertainment features. *The New Yorker* has a good guide to current attractions in every field and is sold at newsstands. One thing is necessary if you don't want to spend your time hanging around Times Square waiting for something to happen or winding up at a movie you could have seen at home. That requirement is planning. Take the time you have and decide what you want to do most. Then get a map of the city and work out a schedule. You can move as fast or as slowly as you like, but New York is so big and has so much that it's worth doing well.

Manhattan is laid out simply though New York's four other boroughs are a little more complicated. Manhattan is a long, narrow island. It starts downtown at the Battery (which is the southern tip). Here is where the Aquarium used to be, and it is here that you can catch

the Staten Island ferry (a wonderful and cheap way to spend an hour on the bay) or a boat out to see the Statue of Liberty. You move a little uptown (north) and then you see Wall Street, Trinity Church and the famous Broadway canyon, where so many heroes are welcomed with ticker tape. The Stock Exchange is here. On business days, visitors are welcomed—free.

All streets run east and west and are numbered from south to north. Union Square is at 14th Street, Times Square at 42nd Street, Columbus circle at 59th Street, and so on. Broadway and the Avenues run north and south. All subway lines run generally north and south, too. If you're headed for 125th Street and you see 23rd Street and then 14th Street flash by, you know you're going in the wrong direction.

Whether you go to church to fulfil your religious obligations, just to meditate a while, or simply to see the sights, there are several churches in New York you can't afford to miss. Saint Patrick's Cathedral is at 50th Street, and you can stop in and rest after you have been through Radio City—just across the street on Fifth Avenue. The Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, up on 112th Street, is an architectural masterpiece, still in process of completion. You may want to visit Old Trinity, where Robert Fulton is buried; Saint Paul's, where Washington worshipped; old Saint Peter's; the Little Church Around the Corner; or any of a dozen other famous churches. You can find them in the

telephone book, along with several hundred New York churches of every possible denomination.

New York is a wonderful place, whether you have twenty-four hours, seventy-two hours or fourteen days; whether you have fifty dollars in your pocket or fifty cents. If you have only fifty cents and a date, try a practically free sight-seeing trip. You've heard of Harlem, one of the largest Negro centers in the world. You've heard of the Puerto Rican colony, Greenwich Village where the artists used to flourish. You can see them all almost for free! All you have to do is ask directions, and then get on a bus. Don't take a subway, for subways run underground and you can't see anything. The buses are slower, but from a bus window you can see miles of fabulous New York and its people, and the price for the round trip will be less than a quarter.

There is so much to see and to do in New York that it would take a book to describe it all. Maybe that's why books have been written about New York. If you really want to do the little old town, buy one of those books. They're not expensive.

Whatever you do, see some of New York while you're there. See the lights of Times Square, sure, but see some of the rest of New York, too. Find out why it's the greatest city in the world in more than just size. Maybe you won't want to live there, but it's a great place to visit.



The song "Yankee Doodle" was composed by a British army surgeon to express his contempt for the Colonial Militia.

—WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

# Needleitis

BY PERRY GRANT

“NEW man, eh?” asked the old salt with the hash marks on his sleeve.

“No,” I replied, brushing some moth crystals from my jumper and checking to be sure I had placed the thirteen buttons in front, “I have been in the Navy for forty-eight hours.”

“Well, now, that makes you about ready for the square needle, don’t you think?”

“The what!”

“The square needle! The one they give you all them shots with.”

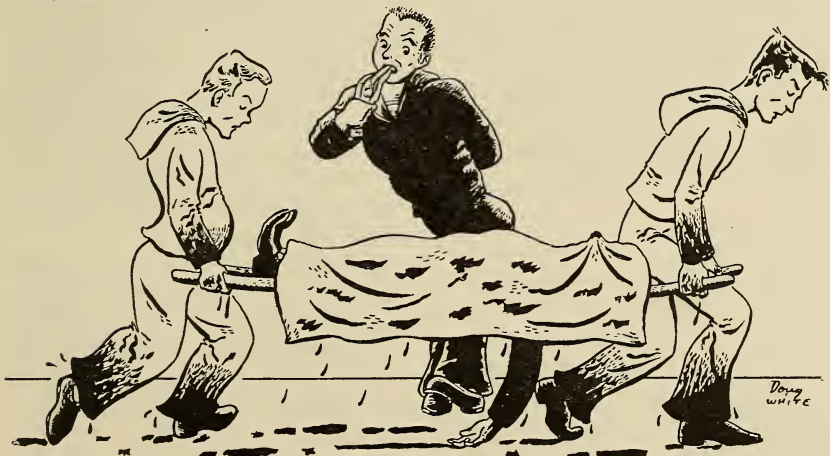
“Scuttlebutt,” I exclaimed, hoping he would notice my salty phrase.

“No, matey, fact! Just wait ’till you see it . . . a horrible, jagged, rusting thing . . . five feet long, with barbs. Got a shot for everything, too—malaria, typhoid fever, tetanus (that’s the killer), sea sickness, cat fever, salt poisoning. Puffs up your biceps like a bloated porpoise. Last time I had ’em I tried

to salute some gold braid, and it took three strong men to pull my arm down again. Mighty rough, son. Mighty rough!”

And he wasn’t just spinning a sea story, either. At 1500 I joined the line of shaking bellbottoms that led to the sick bay. We tried not to hear the screams from inside, and I squeezed my toes to keep my heart from beating too fast as one pharmacist’s mate carried in a bottle of smelling salts while two others carried out one of my buddies on a stretcher. “Courage, Mac,” I mumbled to myself as my teeth began to play a double-time version of “Anchors Aweigh.”

Well, pretty soon, I was inside. Over in the corner I saw a man pulling a needle hand over hand out of the bloody remains of a sailor’s left arm while another was standing on a chair to gain momentum for the plunge into his right.



A mate was cursing as he wiped up the antitoxin where it was running down a man's side because he had carelessly gone all the way through. "Darn those skinny arms," he growled, "I'd rather hit bones than go through skinny arms!"

Suddenly I was grabbed, and before I could call for the chaplain I felt something wet running down my arm. Forcing myself to look, I saw a red liquid just below my shoulder. "Blood!" I moaned, with visions of the Purple Heart being pinned on my chest.

"No, boot, mercurochrome," said the pharmacist's mate, as he sterilized a needle in a hot flame. When it was white hot, he came at me with a shaking hand. "Sorry to take so long," he continued with a sly smile. "I left a little piece of this thing in the last boot's arm, and it takes longer to heat the thick part that's left."

It was then that I got my first close look at the square needle, hideous and dripping with serum. The old salt was nuts—it was only four feet long. As I watched the mate pull back the plunger, I closed my eyes in horror.

"Hurry up, pal," I cried.

"Hurry up?" he exclaimed. "Why, son, it's all done."

"All done? Why the darn thing didn't even hurt!" I took one step forward. Ten minutes later I woke up on the bottom of a fresh pile of bodies.



## *Black Cats and Broomsticks*

The Eve of All Hallows, or the Eve of the Festival of All Saints, falls on October 31st and is commonly known as Halloween. Its origin lies back in the Middle Ages, in the days when belief in witches, goblins, evil spirits, and other mischief-making beings were much more common than today.

Whatever the exact origin of Halloween, it is interesting to review the customs and superstitions connected with it. Here are some of them.

Children born on that night were believed to have the gift of seeing in the future. What is more, the most common superstitions connected with Halloween have always concerned themselves with looking into the future, usually to get a clue on the "better half" to be.

What superstitious maiden has not walked down the cellar stairs backwards with a looking glass in one hand and a candle in the other, in the hopes of seeing her future husband reflected from behind her shoulder in the looking glass?

A famous Scotch custom practiced at Halloween concerned itself with burning nuts in an open fire. By naming two nuts, placed side by side in the fire, after a certain lad and lass—these superstitious people believed they could tell by whether the nuts burned quietly together or started from one another whether the courtship, and possible marriage, would run smoothly.

Another custom observed by genial people was this: Sneak out unnoticed to a beanstalk and walk around it three times. The last time around you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future wife or husband, as the case may be.

—From *Sunshine Magazine*

A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH

# Daily Rations



BY  
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL  
(Secy., promotion of  
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Society)

## OCTOBER -

**THEME: "Keep Yourself in the Love of God."**

1. **Fatherly Advice** ..... I Timothy 1:1-11
2. **Faithful and Glad** .. I Timothy 1:12-20
3. **Pray for All** ..... I Timothy 2:1-15
4. **Leaders' Standards** .. I Timothy 3:1-16
5. **Heed Thyself** ..... I Timothy 4:1-16
6. **Respect Elders** ..... I Timothy 5:1-16
7. **Proper Pay** ..... I Timothy 5:17-25
8. **Love of Money** ..... I Timothy 6:1-10
9. **The Good Fight** ..... I Timothy 6:11-21
10. **Stir Up the Gift** ..... II Timothy 1:1-18
11. **Faithfulness Rewarded** II Timothy 2:1-13
12. **Avoid Disputes** ..... II Timothy 2:14-26
13. **A Complete Man** ..... II Timothy 3:1-17
14. **Now Is the Time** ..... II Timothy 4:1-8
15. **Happy Landings** ... II Timothy 4:9-22
16. **Not Unruly** ..... Titus 1:1-16
17. **Young Duties** ..... Titus 2:1-15
18. **Stop Arguing** ..... Titus 3:1-15
19. **Full Fellowship** ..... Philemon 1-25
20. **Walk Like Him** ..... I John 1:1-10
21. **Light and Dark** ..... I John 2:1-17
22. **Father Love** ..... I John 2:18-29
23. **Child Love** ..... I John 3:1-12
24. **Brother Love** ..... I John 3:13-24
25. **God Is Love** ..... I John 4:1-21
26. **Victory** ..... I John 5:1-12
27. **Ask, He Hears** ..... I John 5:13-21
28. **Full Joy** ..... II John: 1-13
29. **Good Is of God** ..... III John: 1-14
30. **Contend Earnestly** ..... Jude: 1-11
31. **Build Yourself Up** ..... Jude: 12-25

## NOVEMBER

**THEME: "Making Yourself New Inside"**

1. **How to Pray** ..... Matthew 6:1-15
2. **What to Seek** ..... Matthew 6:16-34
3. **Read and Do** ..... Revelation 1:1-8
4. **He Overcame** ..... Revelation 3:1-13
5. **Christ at the Door** .. Revelation 3:14-22
6. **The Heavenly Throne** Revelation 4:1-11
7. **The Book** ..... Revelation 5:1-14
8. **Eternal Peace** ..... Revelation 7:9-17
9. **The Faith of Jesus** .. Revelation 14:1-13
10. **The King of Kings** .. Revelation 19:1-16
11. **A New Earth** ..... Revelation 21:1-8
12. **More Knowledge** ... Philippians 1:1-11
13. **More Boldness** .... Philippians 1:12-30
14. **The Mind of Christ** .. Philippians 2:1-11
15. **Your Own Salvation** .. Philippians 2:12-18
16. **All for Christ** ..... Philippians 3:7-21
17. **These Things Do** .... Philippians 4:1-9
18. **To Be Contented** ... Philippians 4:10-23
19. **The Living God** ..... Hebrews 10:26-39
20. **A Better Country** ..... Hebrews 11:1-16
21. **Our Duty** ..... Luke 17:1-10
22. **One in Ten** ..... Luke 17:11-19
23. **Cleanse Thou Me** .... Psalms 19:1-14
24. **My Shepherd** ..... Psalms 23:1-6
25. **We Will Not Fear**.... Psalms 27:1-14
26. **The Lord Is With Us** .. Psalms 46:1-11
27. **Ten Commandments** Deuteronomy 5:7-21
28. **Be Strong** ..... Joshua 1:1-9
29. **Seek Ye the Lord** ..... Isaiah 55:1-13
30. **What Is Good?** ..... Micah 6:1-15

# Tools of War Puzzle

BY STANLEY G. GRAYOVSKI

Scattered about the letter square below are a number of tools of war. Take up a mental outfitting position and see how many you can recognize. Start with any letter and continue with letters that adjoin above, below, or at the corners. Letters may be used as double ones, and as many times as necessary. For example, if you start with "C" in the first line, you'll be able to recognize a CANNON.

A good war observer will be able to recognize at least 12 tools of war.

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

(Answers on page 46)

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"When I was a small boy I was inclined to be sensitive about the wide distribution of my name," recalls Gen. Walter Bedell Smith. "But when I started to school the other boys immediately gave me a nickname, Fishface, and then everything was all right."

# U.F.P. Study Outlines for October—November

OCTOBER—FIRST WEEK

## On Being a Real Person

The book *On Being a Real Person*<sup>1</sup> claims the central business of every human being is to be a real person. What is a "real person"? The author claims it calls for courage and dependability, but there are more important personality factors which underlie real character. There are attitudes which detract from personality, such as stereotyping—considering individuals as representatives of a race or country and not as persons—and treating individuals as machines. To find what is a real person, consider the following:

### *Naked in Body and Soul*

Stephen Spender, an English poet, tells his observation of young people's life in Germany when Nazism was getting under way. At that time young people were enjoying themselves in innocent openness, obeying the impulses of the senses, with no feelings of guilt, believing in the rightness of their impulses, and denying the existence of sin. They could not conceive of themselves as being a part of the mistakes of society about them, blaming their parents for the mistakes which produced the First World War. They did not realize that they, too, had a responsibility. The sun was a primary social force absorbed on beaches, healing bodies, making young people feel vital, vigorous, and free, and blotting out their sense of time. Life was so enchanting they put up no

serious resistance to Nazism, became calloused to everything else, and Hitler made them his puppets.

### Discussion:

1. How can the pursuit of pleasure make us less than our human best? Because we enjoy our beaches, sports, etc., or because they are all we care about? How could so many German youth become inhuman puppets of Hitler? Are we tempted to enjoy ourselves while we can, and let the rest of the world go hang?

2. Is doing what we want a reliable expression of freedom? Why, or why not?

3. Does the pursuit of pleasure blind American youth to its responsibilities today?

4. Can we be fully human and not bother ourselves about the inhuman treatment accorded to others?

### *"Love Your Enemies"*

Read Matthew 5:3-15.

### Discussion:

1. Can a person be a human being without love?

2. Can a person be a human being without forgiveness?

3. Is the key to the Beatitudes "Seek the kingdom of God first of all"? What does this show about being a real person?

<sup>1</sup> By Harry Emerson Fosdick.

**"My Debt Can Never Be Repaid"**

Helen Hayes, the successful actress of many varied roles, explains the modern process of producing a theatrical star as giving a talented person a fine role in which he performs very well. He becomes "typed" in that role, and is not considered for others. Her own road to stardom was guided by producer George Tyler who commissioned playwrights to write parts for her, advised and worked with her over a long period of years, giving her varied roles and continuity of work, taking infinite pains to develop her. In doing this for her and others he died penniless. Miss Hayes says of him, "My debt can never be repaid."

**Discussion:**

What was involved in Helen Hayes' development into a full personality?

1. She was committed to the career before her and worked for it.

2. Can we become real persons without being beneficiaries of what others have done for us? Can you think of anyone who is actually self-made, who has not been dependent on or benefited from any sacrifice or help from others, and who does not continue to benefit? Are we at our best in not acknowledging that we are in many ways a product of what others have done for us?

3. Helen Hayes did not become typed in a role. Can we develop our best personality if we are typed?

4. Do you know people you feel are genuine human successes, but who are not financially successful?

**What Does It All Mean?**

After this analysis, list some of the attitudes that make a real person, and

in another column attitudes that prevent us from being our best.

How does the love of God, not our own ability make us real persons?

Try to define the actual meaning of a "real person."

Read I John 4:7-11.

**Worship Suggestions**

*Prayer: "For What I Want to Be and Do"*

"Dear God, guide me, I pray, into what I really want to be and into what I really want to do. Help me to use the gift of every day to move toward thy purpose for me. Don't let me be content with what is easy or with what I would choose for myself. Remind me that I always defeat myself when I turn my back on thee. Grant that I may have each day the patience to accomplish what thou hast assigned for the day. Make me honest about myself and my abilities, not setting for myself either a larger or a smaller task than thou hast provided for me. Help me to remember that all thy children can serve thee in many different ways, and that it is thou who art the only judge of whether each has served in proportion to his or her ability. Grant that I may so trust in thy power and in thy purpose for me that I may give up all my own concern for myself, and just gladly do thy command as it comes to me. So make me fit to enter thy Kingdom, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." <sup>2</sup>

*Hymns: "Men and Children Everywhere"  
"Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee."*

*(This article is a condensation of material copyrighted by The Westminster Press.)*

<sup>2</sup> *From Prayers for Young People by Abigail Acker Johnson. Copyright, 1947, by W. L. Jenkins. Published by The Westminster Press.*



# Let's Look at the Record

OCTOBER—SECOND WEEK

## Meeting Setup

To study human vs. inhuman factors in life:

1. Have a baseball fan analyze the facts and figures of the Boston Red Sox's record for the 1949 season.

2. Have someone else follow this analysis with a blackboard diagram testing the happiness quotient of members present.

3. Discuss the values and limitations of tests and measurements in rating people and showing us what they are and why.

## Why Did the Red Sox Lose in 1949?

The Boston Red Sox should have won the American League baseball championship in 1949, yet the Yankees did. Let's look at the 1949 record for the two teams and their standing in the League.<sup>1</sup> Here's the summary:

### Red Sox Yankees

10 top batters in the League (playing 10 games)	4	0
Pitchers who won over 20 games	2	1
10 leading pitchers in the League	3	3
American League all-stars	3	2
Most valuable player Ted Williams		
Fielder	top	second
Fielding	second	fifth

<sup>1</sup> From The Bulletin (Philadelphia) Almanac, 1950.

## Red Sox Yankees

Batting		
runs	131	115
hits	1500	1396
total base hits	2237	2076
2-base hits	272	215
3-base hits	36	60
runs batted in	833	759
stolen bases	43	58

Why did the Yankees win? There is a human element that can't be diagrammed, that is usually the decisive factor. The figures tell the story of sports, people, business houses, entertainment, etc. But let's question the record. Can *you*—the real you—be measured?

## Measure Your Personality

How Do You Feel Right Now (Today)?

Underline each adjective below that describes nearest how you felt most of the time today. "X" each word that does not describe how you have felt any time today. If unsure that a word applies, circle and omit it: *miserable thrilled frustrated cheerful jolly disappointed bored successful dissatisfied elated despondent jubilant radiant depressed desperate glad wretched rapturous tormented blissful delighted agonized easy prosperous distressed peaceful sorrowful triumphant sad melancholy enthusiastic discontented satisfied worried fortunate gay afflicted gloomy comfortable dis-*

heartened lucky displeased contented  
happy discouraged unhappy joyful

To score, make a fraction from which you can figure a percentage:

*Total happy reactions minus total unhappy reactions*

*Total happy reactions plus total unhappy reactions*

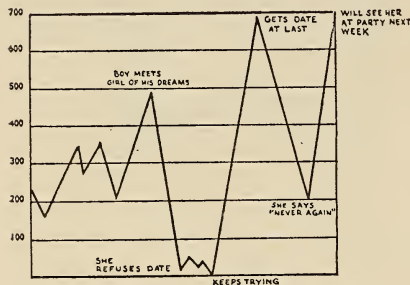
An unusually happy person's score might look like this:

$$\frac{39 - 2 = 37}{39 + 2 = 41} = +.90$$

An acutely unhappy score is:

$$\frac{1 - 33 = -32}{1 + 33 = 34} = -.94$$

According to a scientific chart for measuring personalities, the happiness diagram of a man in Youth Fellowship might look like this:



-.76 = Acutely Unhappy

### Discussion:

You as young people have taken many tests: examinations in school, filling out application blanks, etc. We have tests on-the-job; to find out what kind of people we are, how balanced we are, what is our place in life, how much we know, our mental ability, etc. How much do they tell about *us*? Figures are completely impersonal, yet it is the personal element that is important.

Would it be wise for someone not particularly interested in a subject to teach that subject because his grades had been higher in that field than in any other? Why or why not? Should a person take a job just because tests show aptitude? What else should be considered? Service? Ideals? Life goals? Purposes? Ambitions? Dreams? Faith? Integrity? Can these be measured? Should someone leave a job he likes if tests show no aptitude?

Tests standardize. They count everything by the same process. Yet in the human sphere it is the quality that makes one person different from another which counts. What is this human factor? Could it be that divine spark that makes man, made in the image of God, reach outward and upward, striving toward something better, higher, more satisfying to his inner nature than the common levels of the everyday struggle to live reveal?

(This article is a condensation of material copyrighted by The Westminster Press.)

This is an age where faith in one's self, faith in freedom, faith in the kinship of man and God are more important to our survival than all the mighty armaments of war.

While faith lives, so does freedom.

While freedom lives, so does hope of a just and lasting peace.

PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN

# Recreation in Our Fellowship

By Clifton Ammerman and Christine B. MacKenzie

## OCTOBER—THIRD WEEK

In the words of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus gave us the pattern for many things. In Matthew 7:7, he gives us a general pattern for Christian living. First, we must ask what the circumstances around us are. We must be inquisitive as to the conditions of our world and to the reason why it is so. What are the forces and attitudes that have placed us in the present position? Then we must seek to evaluate things as they are and the methods of procedure that will bring about improvement. Where there are different courses of action, they must be weighed and compared so that the most logical one may be discovered.

Then, we must knock upon the door that opens to the more Christian way. This path is narrow and difficult and takes much consecration and effort to follow. It is reached through a door that is not open to all, but only to those who knock and earnestly desire entrance.

We are undertaking such an effort as we begin the study of recreation for our Fellowship. We must ask what the conditions are with respect to recreation, both for our own group and for ourselves as individuals. We must weigh the answer. We must discover the most logical course of action by seeking God's guidance in our study. Then we must knock on the door of Christian service and strive to take whatever measures are necessary to put the right program into action.

Jesus challenges men to turn aside

from the cares and labors of a demanding world into the presence of God as exemplified in Jesus' life and work. Without God we become bogged down in concern for things that are often trivial but which we allow to consume us. It is no mystery that when one puts God first, secondary things seem to fall into place.

Recreation is somewhat like worship. Through recreation we seek renewal of mind and body. We engage in activities which center our thoughts on something other than the details and concerns of living. These activities must be wholesome, worth while, and not wasteful of our time, efforts, and money.

Recreation is also an instrument of God. This should cause us to approach our recreation with a new sense of obligation. It is a means of recreating minds and lives so that they are better able to serve God on earth.

Why do we seek a good time? Why do we want to have fun? Here are some reasons:

1. For satisfaction. This includes achievement as a member of a team or as an individual, receiving recognition for skills and awards for abilities.

2. For happiness. Recreation should give pleasure, enjoyment, and happiness to individuals and groups.

3. For balanced growth. Persons who use only one portion of their minds or bodies in everyday work must balance their lives with leisure activities.

4. For creativeness. Healthful self-

expression, development of imagination, new manual skills.

5. For competition. This combined with co-operation satisfies in a definite urge.

6. For learning. Recreation can be, and usually is, a constant process of learning.

7. For health. Well-used leisure time adds immeasurably to the development of good mental, physical, and spiritual health.

8. For citizenship. Becoming part of a group of people and sharing the same interests can contribute much to citizenship.

9. For character. Traits of good character can be molded during recreational activities, sometimes more easily than in any other place.

10. For development of talents. A good program of interests can be a testing ground and lead toward expansion of newly discovered talents.

11. For socialization. Relationships both within the family and outside of it can be enriched.

12. For individualization. Proper use of leisure time helps provide opportunity for individual initiative and guarantees against being lost in the masses.

13. For democracy. Democracy and its related virtues of co-operation, tolerance and the like are taught most easily in the informal atmosphere of recreation. Discuss these points.

If we were to survey our recreational opportunities, what would we find? There might be youth programs or programs for servicemen sponsored by community churches, public programs sponsored by nearby schools, youth centers, centers for servicemen, canteen activities, YMCAs and YWCAs, lodges, social clubs, hobby clubs, service clubs, community-sponsored projects, homes in

the community open to servicemen, organized sports participation, privately owned and operated recreational facilities, private lessons to develop talents.

How can we measure the value of these opportunities for our own recreation?

Before we set up standards for recreation, we should tell you why we think they are necessary at all. It is like this: we need such standards to remind us constantly that the physical, moral, and spiritual level of our recreation can be kept high.

First, recreation should promote physical, mental, and moral development. By actually taking part in active games, the physical body is developed. Mental faculties of alertness, clear and quick thinking, and the power of concentration are developed. On the moral side, good recreation should help us to recognize the rights of others, to be fair in our dealings with others, to learn the give-and-take of good sportsmanship, and to achieve self-control.

Second, it should promote fellowship and social contacts with other Christian people in a good atmosphere.

Third, it should be difficult enough to challenge the interest of the participants but not too difficult for them to achieve success in it.

Fourth, it should bring a sense of joy and satisfaction to all who share in it.

Fifth, it should provide happy experiences in the atmosphere of the church.

Sixth, it should be of such a nature as to leave no regrets.

Test the recreational facilities provided for your military unit by these standards.

Test your own personal recreational activities also by these standards.

# Rebels in Their Day

OCTOBER—FOURTH WEEK

Hymn: "Now Than We All Our God," or  
"Our God, Our Help in Ages Past."  
Prayer of Thanksgiving for those who have  
had the courage to stand up for their con-  
victions at all costs.

**Introduction:** We have all heard of the Reformation, and most of us know the names of one or two of the reformers. In one sense, we are all reformers. We'd like to see some changes made.

We want to think about some reformers who set about to make changes in the Christian Church, though it cost them a great deal. Hear them speak.

*I was born in Germany in 1483. My father was a poor iron miner but saw to it that I had a good education.*

*At eighteen I left home and went to the University of Erfurt to study law. After four years I suddenly lost all interest in the subject. To the great disappointment of my father and my friends I entered the Erfurt convent of the Augustinians. The only thing that really mattered to me now was the salvation of my own soul, and I thought that the surest way was to become a monk.*

*But instead of peace I found only growing dissatisfaction. I fasted, I punished myself, I confessed every little sin that I could think of; but still there was no peace. I became a professor in the University at Erfurt, and my teaching demanded much study.*

*While teaching at Wittenberg, I had to go to Rome on business for the order of monks. I had a very strange experience there that really started me thinking! As I was climbing the staircase in the Vatican on my knees, repeating the Lord's Prayer at every step, believing that this would help my grandfather in*

*purgatory, the thought flashed through my mind, "Who knows whether this is true?" But I soon dismissed the thought and forgot all about it. My business finished, I returned to Wittenberg.*

*A few months later, studying Romans, I read, "The just shall live by faith." This was what I had been looking for! Salvation is not something I can win but something I receive from God by faith and trust in Him through Christ. I began to teach it in my classes, and I became surer and surer of its truth.*

*Four years later a man named Tetzel was sent out by the Pope to sell indulgences. Those who bought them were promised forgiveness of their sins, but salvation cannot be bought. I felt that I had to say something about it when Tetzel came to Wittenberg. I drew up a list of ninety-five statements of my ideas and posted them on the church door, inviting anyone to debate them with me publicly. After I had debated these questions a few times, I was summoned to Rome to stand trial for heresy. When I first posted my statements, I was eager only to reform the Church of Rome. But as the events kept piling up, it was inevitable that I break with the Church of Rome.*

*I publicly burned the notice of excommunication. In trial I was ordered to take back what I had said. I replied, "If his Majesty demands a plain answer, I will give it to him. It is impossible for me to recant unless I am proved in the wrong by Scripture or by manifest reasoning. I do not believe in either the decisions of councils or popes alone,*

for they have not only erred but have contradicted each other. My conscience is caught by the Word of God, and it is neither safe nor honest to act against one's conscience. So help me God, and I can do no other. Amen."

My life was threatened; I suffered many things. But today a Church that is free and based on the Bible is my assurance that I did right. I am Martin Luther.

Luther's convictions are caught up in the hymn of the Reformation which can be sung at this time.

Hymn: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

Another reformer speaks:

I came along some time after Martin Luther, the son of a prosperous lawyer and devout Catholic. From the beginning, I was to be a priest. But my father decided I should follow him in law, and so my course at the University of Paris was changed. When he died three years later, I left the study of law to become a writer and a teacher.

Greatly influenced by the writings of Martin Luther, I became a Protestant. Within a few months I had to leave France, my homeland, because of the persecution of Protestants there. I wrote *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, in which I tried to present in systematic form the teachings of the Reformation.

In 1536, I came to the city of Geneva, Switzerland, expecting only to spend the night. However, William Farel, the leader of the Protestant group in Geneva, came to me and begged me to stay. When he prayed that God would curse me if I refused to help the city in its time of need, I gave in and agreed to help him there.

I tried to do three major things in Geneva. First, I wanted to set up a

strict set of morals. It was not entirely successful: I found out that you cannot legislate morals. Second, I tried to set up an efficient form of government. We organized the city into one church with pastors over small groups. The pastors and elected representatives of the people formed the governing board of the city and church. The third, and what I considered the most important thing that I tried to accomplish there, was teaching the Bible.

One of the things I enjoyed most in Geneva was the friendship of men of like minds from all over the world. However, not all was joyful. Once the people of Geneva rebelled against our rules of living. I was forced to leave the city. Often my life was threatened, both by Catholics and by the people of Geneva; but my faith that I was doing God's will held me steady and unafraid. My name is John Calvin.

The hymn often sung by that Genevan group can be used here:

Hymn: "All People That On Earth Do Dwell."

### Discussion—Reformers Today

It is not enough to recognize the work done by reformers in the past. The real spirit of Protestantism lies in constant effort to reform the Church into the Kingdom of God.

1. What specific changes need to be made in the church and in society today in the light of Bible teachings?

2. Why are these changes needed? (Reform should never be attempted until all the facts are clearly understood.)

3. How can we make such changes?

4. In what spirit should we attempt reforms?

Hymn: "Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me."  
Closing Prayer: Thanks for these reformers and for courage and wisdom to build the church into the Kingdom of God. Amen.

# Those Tricky Emotions

NOVEMBER—FIRST WEEK

## *To the Leader*

The parable at the beginning of the topic may be presented as a story or may be acted out as a skit. The remainder of the material may then be given as informal talks, with the speakers pausing where indicated to lead discussion.

## Worship Suggestions

Hymn: "He Leadeth Me"

Scripture: *Psalm 26*

Reading: *Verses one and four, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"*

Prayer: *Have three persons offer prayers, one of thanksgiving, one for members who are absent and for other persons seeking the Lord, one for the meetings.*

## Parable for Today

A young man and his girl friend, on a summer afternoon date, went to visit an art gallery.

In the poorly lighted end of one corridor, the boy noticed that a picture had fallen to the floor. He picked it up and the girl held it with him as they studied it.

"I wonder why they have this picture," the girl said.

"Why? What's so remarkable about it?" asked the boy.

"I read about this picture once," said the girl. "It was painted by a talented man who was unable to control his emotions."

"Hmmm. You've still got me in the dark."

"Well, now look." The girl pushed the painting out from them and said, "See how that water is—the waves lashing, the spray flying, the water itself black and dirty?"

The boy looked closely and answered,

"Yes, I see what you mean. But look at the sky."

"Yes, it's beautiful and sunny, isn't it? The artist painted that on a day he was very happy. But the sea was done the night before, when he had argued with his brother and was extremely angry."

"Say, that's interesting. What about those trees there, they ought to be growing in a cemetery."

"They were painted in the middle of the night. The artist's memories had led him into a frightening dream. He forced himself to paint to forget it, but his fear was unconsciously caught in the work on the forest."

Looking at a bottom corner of the canvas, the boy asked, "How about that delicate rose in the foreground? I suppose he was in love when he painted that?"

The girl laughed. "Well, good for you. Let's stop right there."

She put the picture on the table and added: "You see, the whole picture was spoiled because the artist was controlled by his emotions. It's out of balance; it doesn't mean anything. But art critics agree that, if the painter could have kept them in check, his picture would have been a masterpiece."

## Our Basic Emotions

The artist's painting was spoiled because he was ruled by his emotions. Isn't it true that each of us is an artist in one sense, anyway? Our lives are the pictures we paint. The value and beauty of our lives depend on how we use the

abilities God has given us. And our lives can be spoiled if we are ruled by our emotions.

It's not very hard to make a list of what we call the emotions. There are anger, love, fear, hatred, grief, disgust, joy, surprise, and yearning. With a little thought, you can name others.

As Christians, we know that our bodies—and that includes our emotions—are God's gift to us. (Read I Corinthians 3:16.) Just as a contractor building a temple wouldn't put in a room that isn't needed, so our Lord wouldn't give us emotions if we didn't need them. What's more, if God gave them to us, our emotions must be good.

### Where We Fail

It's a tricky business, this matter of emotions. We say control them; isn't that like telling a racing car to drive itself? Or like telling a race horse to handle its own reins? And if you rein a horse in too much, he'll never win; just as he'll burn himself out if you don't rein him in enough.

Let's think first about persons who don't have enough rein on their emotions:

The man who's so afraid of what people might think of him that he's timid about standing firmly for what he knows is right.

The girl who is so in love with a fellow that she doesn't bother about his not being a Christian.

The fellow whose yearning is a selfish lust.

The woman who is so lost in grief that she refuses to recognize her opportunities to overcome it.

There are many other examples. (Take time to mention them.)

Now God gave us our emotions with our bodies; it's sensible that one needs

exercise as well as the other if they're to keep healthy. Psychologists and other men who study minds say that many people have mental upsets because their emotions lack the proper exercise. Suggest ways we may properly exercise our emotions.

### How Control

How are we going to know how much control we must exert over our emotions? We do sometimes control our emotions. Perhaps we can't control all of them all of the time, but we do control some of them some of the time. What emotion do you have greatest trouble with?

We control some of our emotions because we've learned to. We've made it a habit. How helpful is habit in keeping our emotions in check?

When we're having trouble with our emotions, it's a satisfaction to know that other persons have had the same trouble and have overcome it. What are some sources of help in understanding and controlling emotions?

While we are able to control some of our emotions as we grow older, others develop.

How fortunate are the fellows and girls who have given their lives to Jesus Christ.

Loving God, they have a powerful reason for exercising their emotions in a grown-up, healthy manner.

### An Alternate Program

For another kind of a program, invite a Christian doctor or psychiatrist to speak to your group about emotions. Be ready to ask him questions about emotional problems you feel are close to Fellowship members.

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# Why Democracy Depends on Christianity

NOVEMBER—SECOND WEEK

## To the Leader

You and two helpers are designated One, Two, and Three. You sit at different places in the audience and rise to speak, Town Hall fashion. For the discussion, the three of you go to the front together and finish the rest of the program there. Don't let the discussion run too long; keep your conversation going rapidly.

## Worship Suggestions

Hymns: "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies"  
"In Christ There Is No East or West"

Scripture: Psalm 119:33-48

Verse: "Our father's God to Thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King."  
(—From America, by Samuel F. Smith.)

Prayer: *Our Father, we thank thee for the benefits of democracy, and ask thy help in overcoming its weaknesses. We pray thee that we might be good citizens. But of all our hopes and prayers, our truest and deepest are those that tell thee that Thou art our Father and that our only real liberty is the freedom which we have in Jesus Christ. Amen.*

## Town Hall Tonight

*One*—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." Who said that?

*Two*—It is the creed of American democracy, the Declaration of Independence. The author was a tall, red-haired genius, Thomas Jefferson. In the Declaration, he summed up what democracy is and at the same time told the

world why the United States was being formed.

We see that Jefferson said that men have rights and that he made a point of the fact that these rights came from God. In doing so, he was echoing the feeling of our forefathers. They knew, as we must know today, that democracy depends upon Christianity.

*Three*—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Who said that?

*One*—"You'll read it in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, verse 10. It is also inscribed on the Liberty Bell, an American treasure and one of democracy's symbols. The bell was cast in its present form in 1753 and, as so, it is evidence that our forefathers thought about liberty and the Word of God even before the United States was founded.

## Christians Added

*Two*—"But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Who said that?

*Three*—It was Jesus Christ, our Lord. The words are in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, verses eight to eleven. Christ told his followers, "All ye are brethren." Those words form

one of the bases of the belief in equality that is inherent in our idea of democracy today. (*Three* may also read Matthew 20:26 ; II Corinthians 8:14; and Galatians 3:28.)

And so our Christian faith gave men the idea of equality. But many, many years passed before men realized that democracy and equality went together.

### And in America

*One*—"The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time." Who said that?

*Two*—Thomas Jefferson again, expressing the same basic truth of democracy.

*Three*—The democracy that existed in Jefferson's day still exists today. In one form or another it has spread to many parts of the world. It failed in Greece; it is not failing us.

*One*—I'm sorry, but I'm not convinced. I have some questions I think we should discuss.

### Discussion

Aren't there people in our democracy who can say, with reason, that they don't feel free and equal? What are we doing about them?

Suppose we do pass laws to make people more equal. There are laws against gambling and other crimes, but persons still break them. I don't think we can make our democracy work just by passing laws. Do you?

I've heard lots of folks say that

there are so many laws today that it's hard to feel free. Are we losing our liberty? Can we really depend on ourselves to govern ourselves?

*One, Two, and Three* read alternate verses of 1 John 4.

### Now It's Clear

*Three*—It's all that matter of love, isn't it?

*Two*—That's exactly it.

*One*—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

*Two*—Right!

*Three*—Now let's not go too fast. Can we say that democracy is government by free and equal men?

*Two*—And whether democracy is good and will last depends on the goodness of the people in it, what they believe, and how they live.

*Three*—Well, we agree, don't we, that the only good in men is that which was given them by God?

*One*—Most important, though, is to realize that this good in men comes to the surface of their lives and increases only when they have given up their lives to the cause of Jesus Christ.

*Two*—As we have just read in I John 4, ". . . God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him."

(Reprinted from *The High Call*)

# I Know I Should, But . . .

NOVEMBER—THIRD WEEK

## Explanatory Note:

This program begins with a questionnaire. It is hoped each member of the group will have 5 or 6 minutes to check those statements that are for him stumbling-blocks. The questionnaire is intended only as a thought starter and should not be collected.

The rest of the program is based on two Bible stories of people trying to live up to their best. It may seem advisable to divide into smaller groups, each taking one of the stories to discuss. After about ten minutes the whole group can share the results of the discussions. Additional stories, if desired, are: Peter's denial (John 18:12-27); The Rich Young Ruler (Mark 10:17-22); Peter and John (Acts 4:5-20); The Good Samaritan (Luke 10:25-35); and Adam and Eve (Genesis 3:1-24).

**Introduction:** All of us, as Christians, have a high standard for "our best." We know we ought to live up to it, but we often find ourselves not doing it. We will try to see a little more clearly what it is that helps us do right when we know what to do, and how we can develop that will power and self-control.

**Hymn:** "The Light of God Is Falling Upon Life's Common Way," stanzas 1 and 2.

## Questionnaire

1. I know I should keep all my promises, but sometimes I  
*forget what I promised to do.*  
*find something more fun to do.*  
*find it is inconvenient.*  
*think there is someone else who*  
*could do it better.*

2. I know I should always be honest, but sometimes I

*have to be tactful.*  
*forget to repay or return things I*  
*have borrowed.*  
*have to get out of a tight spot some-*  
*way.*

3. I know what's right on a date, but sometimes I

*hate to make my date mad.*  
*think I sound sissy.*  
*get with a faster crowd.*

4. I know I should keep my body as healthy as possible, but sometimes I

*have to stay with the crowd.*  
*can't be rude, so I take a drink.*  
*hate to miss out on the fun to get*  
*home early.*

5. I know I should stand up for what is right, but sometimes I

*hate to sound like a sissy.*  
*hurt other people doing it.*  
*find it's too hard.*  
*don't know how.*  
*am not sure I am right.*

One of the main difficulties in doing right is knowing what is right. What are some of the standards for knowing right from wrong? (List these on the blackboard. After about five minutes' discussion, reread them.) Susanna Wesley gave some helpful suggestions to her sons. This was her test of behaviour: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is sin."

But that's just the beginning of the

solution to "rightness." What makes us able to do right? No one ever said it was always easy to do right. Let's look at some "cases" and try to discover in these people what made them do right or what they lacked that would have helped them do right.

### Case I: Esther

Read the short book of Esther and tell the story. This outline might help.

1. *Esther had been chosen as a favorite of the king and crowned queen. The king didn't know she was a Jew.*

2. *Haman's pride was hurt because Mordecai, Esther's uncle, refused to bow down to Haman at the king's general's command.*

3. *Haman talked the king into decreeing a mass murder of the Jews, which caused them, including Mordecai and Esther, great distress and fear.*

4. *Mordecai advised Esther to request the king to overrule such a law, but if Esther approached the king uninvited, he could have her killed.*

5. *Esther made the request to the king, despite the danger to her life, and the Jews were allowed to defend themselves.*

**Discussion:** Following the presentation of each case study we want to ask four questions: (*put answers on the blackboard.*)

1. What was the right thing to do?
2. What made it hard to do?
3. What was the basic motive behind what was done?
4. What made it possible (or would have) for her (or him) to do the right thing?

### Case II: Ananias and Sapphira (Acts 5:1-10)

Emphasize the motive that caused them to lie to Peter.

**Discussion:** based on the four questions.

*The Leader may sum up the answers to the questions in both cases. It will be noted that one's motives and loyalties are largely responsible for making one able to do the right thing even if it is hard. In the cases of Adam and Eve and of Ananias and Sapphira, though they knew what was right, they still didn't do it. James sums up this fault in chapter four, verse 17, "Whoever knows what is right to do and fails to do it, for him it is sin."\**

### Suggestions for Right Living.

1. Call the temptation by its name.
2. Know your own weak spots and avoid occasions which may attack them.
3. Fill your time with positive and useful service. Dwight L. Moody said, "The best way to get air out of a bottle is to fill it with something else."
4. Keep your body and mind in sound health.
5. Cultivate wholesome friendships and the compelling pressure of the proper crowd.
6. Avoid discouragement like a plague. It is the devil's most useful instrument.
7. Forget the failures of the past. This applies to our successes as well.
8. If you do fail, go back to Christ confessing your failure, asking his forgiveness, and claiming his strength for the next temptation.

9. Immediately give your attention to something positive and constructive.

10. Remember God's promise to limit your temptations to your ability to meet them. (I Corinthians 10:12; John 15:5; and Philippians 4:13.)

Hymn: "Christ of the Upward Way," 3 stanzas.

Scripture: *Philippians 3:12-16; 4:13, 19.*  
*Closing Prayer*

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# A Steward for God's World

NOVEMBER—FOURTH WEEK

The purpose of this session is for genuine thanksgiving, but the depth of thanksgiving is not plumbed without confession and dedication.

Opening Hymn: "The Spacious Firmament on High"  
Scripture Lesson: *Psalm 104*

*Leader:* God is the Lord of life. He, not man, created the world, the earth, and all that dwell therein. The earth is thus sacred and holy. If we are to live, we must recognize our dependence upon the power of God manifest in soil and air, sun and water. The people that sin against these sacred gifts will perish. Our abuse and wastage of the soil and its resources is a denial of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the consequences are revealed to us in the hunger and insecurity, the fear and violence which are daily destroying our people.

We must learn the ways of God revealed in the structure of the universe and reverently submit ourselves in obedience to them. Those who despoil the earth stand under the judgment of God no less than those who oppress his people. Bread, brotherhood, and beauty can be achieved only by our intelligent and creative co-operation with the forces of God resident in the land and its resources, and with one another.

Thus does God reveal to us the material basis of our spiritual life. To thus regard the earth is not to engage in nature worship but to acknowledge

the Lordship of the Eternal God and man's partnership in the divine design for a fruitful earth.

Discuss these statements carefully and determine one's individual responsibility.

## A Warning

Thanksgiving is a hole knocked in the end of November and stuffed with football and turkey. Both of these are distinctly American institutions. So is the tradition of a national day of Thanksgiving. Too frequently, however, the stuffing so completely fills this annual Thursday that there is little or no room for giving thanks. As a matter of fact, the giving of thanks is most naturally associated with the relief of privation and hunger. Americans have so rarely and infrequently, since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, experienced any serious lack of the necessities of life that we tend to give the matter no thought. It is difficult for one who has never been hungry to be thankful for food. It is hard for one who has never been cold or homeless to be thankful for clothes and shelter. America has had such a bountiful store of nature's gifts that even the poorest families have enjoyed a standard of living far above the best in many other countries. There is a clear warning, however, in the subject of our meeting this week. This condition of plenty may not always prevail. Unless each American becomes truly "A Steward of God's World," many of

our natural resources will be so depleted that the United States may become a "have not" nation. We can imagine a time then, in the not too distant future, when the most appropriate symbol of our unheeded Thanksgiving will be a large, golden cornucopia—with nothing in it.

How well is America conserving its material resources?

### Our Native Land

When we open our history books and read how our "forefathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," we visualize a vast panorama of fertile fields and virgin forests. When the Pilgrims first landed on Plymouth Rock, this country possessed a boundless wealth of topsoil seven to nine inches deep—a topsoil that had taken perhaps a minimum of five hundred to one thousand years per inch to form. On its face grew acre upon acre of forests, untouched by the ax of exploitation, providing a natural protection for the soil that gave these forests life. This was the new land which became for you and me "our own, our native land."

But let us turn the pages of these same history books to the years 1934 and 1935. We see dark clouds of dust, the fertile topsoil of the Great Plains of the Mississippi Valley, frightening and strangling our people and driving them from their homesteads by the thousands. We see vast acres of land on which once grew the lush tall grass that nourished our numberless herds of wild bison laid waste—our own, our native land impoverished and worthless as sand dunes.

What do these things mean to you, the young men and women of America, the generation on whom in a few short

years will be placed the full responsibility of guiding our nation into peace, plenty and prosperity, or into poverty, famine and possible annihilation? Do you know why there is such a contrast in the picture which confronts you today and that which your forefathers beheld some three and a quarter centuries ago? Do you know what you can and must do to preserve and rebuild our native land? As future citizens of a democracy it is your duty to find out, in order that you may be ready to undertake the task before you. What are the conditions today? Today reliable authorities estimate that less than half of our original topsoil is left, and unless something is done to put better land management into effect, that which is left can be destroyed in a generation. That is the situation you face as you shoulder the responsibility of your country. What can you do about it?

### XI Commandment

Thou shalt inherit the Holy earth as a Faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land, thy fruitful fields shall become sterile ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from off the face of the earth.

—Walter C. Lowdermilk

Genuine thanksgiving to be pleasing to God must be expressed not so much by hymns and prayers as by intelligent co-operation with and obedience to His laws.

(Adapted from the November 1950 youth studies of Highroad.)

# Recreational Activities

## *Easy to Do Fun Ideas*

By Larry Eisenberg

Sometimes on a trip or lounging around before meals, you'd like to have something to do to while away the time. Here are some fun ideas that you and your friends may enjoy:

### Coin Tricks

1. Coin on the glass. Put a tumbler upside down on a table and lay a coin on the bottom of it, then cover with a hat. Say some magic words, and tell the audience that if someone will remove the hat they will now find the coin on the bottom of the glass, not the top. When the hat is lifted, the coin is in the same place, of course, but it is on the *bottom* of the glass.

2. Four in a row. Put six coins at a right angle. Move one and have two rows of four coins each. The answer is to move the one in the row of four to the corner position, on top of the corner coin.

3. With the same six coins, form a cross with six coins. Move one and have two rows of four coins each. (Answer: place lowest coin over center one.)

4. Removing the dime. In the bottom of a curved bottom glass, such as a dessert glass with a stem, place a dime and cover it with a half dollar. The idea is to remove the dime without touching the half dollar. You should be able to blow it out with a sharp blast of air on one side of the glass.

### Try These!

*Hand Slap.* Players are in twos. One player extends both hands, palms

down, and the other extends both hands, palms up and underneath the hands of the other. The object of the one with hands underneath is to withdraw them quickly and slap the backs of the hands of the other player. If successful, they change over.

*Six and circle.* Try making a large 6 in the air with right hand, at the same time making a large clockwise circle with right foot.

*Piling matches.* See who can pile the most matches on the mouth of a narrow-necked bottle.

*Individual Dumb Crambo.* "I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with sight," says one player. The others have to guess what it is, acting out their answers. They cannot say a word. Whoever guesses correctly is *it* the next time.

### Brain Teasers

1. Pete owns a peacock. If the peacock laid an egg in Bill's yard, would Pete or Bill own the egg? (Answer: peacocks don't lay eggs.)

2. Is the capital of Kentucky pronounced "Louis-ville," or "Lou-a-ville?" (It is pronounced "Frankfort.")

3. If you had 20 sox or stockings in a drawer, half of them cotton and half nylon, and if you reached into the drawer in the dark, how many would you have to get to be sure you had a pair? (Answer: three.)

(All of these games can be found in *The Pleasure Chest*, a handbook for recreation leaders.)

# Forward with Faith

BY MAEANNA CHESERTON-MANGLE

Columbus was a man of many talents. He could do many things—and well. But the mission that brought him fame was his search for a new world. Columbus had more than a navigator's skill and an adventurer's daring. His was a fearless mind that probed beyond the boundaries of proven knowledge. His was a constancy of purpose that braved countless setbacks and ignored the scoffers. When his frightened crews threatened mutiny, he met the counsels of despair with the insistent words: "Sail on!" Although his little company had been sailing the Atlantic for many months with no land in sight, he had faith in his expedition. He knew that "faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." With that faith he sailed on. Out of that faith America was discovered.

But for all this, Columbus alone could not have reached the new world. He plotted the course; but it was his crew that manned the ships—men from Italy, Spain and Ireland; black-skinned Moors and white men; men of no religion sailing side by side with Christians and Jews—men of vastly different backgrounds united by a common goal and inspired leadership.

Such a combination has led to the discovery of more than one new world. Here in the United States, men of every race, creed and national origin, forging forward together, have opened up new frontiers of freedom and opportunity for all.

The age of daring is not over. Physically, our waters are charted; the maps filled in. But still there remain other

frontiers to conquer. Spiritual and social frontiers loom large on the horizon of opportunity and responsibility. From the depths of an anguished world we hear the cry for help. Hunger, fear and despair still stalk the highways and haunt the byways. As followers of the Living God, we have the answer; but with that answer, a grave responsibility. The faith that is within us must be shared with others. It must be translated into the practical activities of everyday life. What good our faith if it be but theoretical? What good our faith if it be directed in selfish channels?

Exploratory ventures parallel to Columbus' voyage can be undertaken today. The United Nations, for instance, sails uncharted seas as dangerous as any traversed by the *Santa Maria*. Like the shipmates of Columbus, those on board need all the encouragement we can give. It takes faith to head into the teeth of squalls, to ride out the winds of rivalry, of racial and religious bigotry, of stubborn pride and lust for conquest that threaten to capsize the boat. It takes steady hands at the helm to reach those distant shores where God's law and man's goodwill toward his brother protect all human kind from terror, oppression and war.

In this and many other fields we, as Christians, can lend our encouragement, our faith, our hand of fellowship. Then when we, like Columbus, scan the horizons, we may be confident that there are new and better worlds beyond. We turn today to the ships we man, and prayerfully bid them "Sail on!"



# The Big Blow

BY RALPH FRIEDMAN

"IF you can imagine the winds from every corner of the seven seas banding together to hurl their fury at one tiny object; if you can visualize waves a hundred feet high pounding with the force of giant hammers at one small piece of wood, then—even then, you can't realize the horror that befell the S. S. *Dauntless* during that great storm near the Cape."

It was Fat Joe, the butcher of our Australia-bound victory ship, painting this tense and fearsome picture. Six of us were sitting in the crew messhall, engaging in our usual after-dinner occupation of batting the breeze, and tonight the subject was rough weather on the deep. The salt yarns were stormy until Joe took over. Then a typhoon was unleashed.

A seafaring veteran of twenty years who had obviously missed his calling as an actor, Fat Joe pointed a bulky finger at young Roberts, the scullion. "Were you ever in a spot like that?" he demanded dramatically.

"N-no," stammered Roberts, a land-lubber making his first trip. "But I'd sure be scared."

"And so was all the crew," continued Joe, holding down the deck unchallenged. "Even the skipper was as pale as that white paint on the alleyway bulkhead. Seasick, too, for the first time in his forty years in the Merchant Marine."

Fat Joe slapped his bulging middle for emphasis and sailed on with his tale. "The *Dauntless* should have been scrapped long before but like a gambler who doesn't know when his luck is up



it had to make one more trip. When the storm hit, all hands knew the only port of call she'd ever make was Davy Jones's locker—right there and then.

"The lifeboats were snapped to bits—like this!" He broke a match and flung the pieces at the deck. "The bridge was sent crashing below, and the wheel, lifted up like a feather, was driven through the air until a bolt of lightning speared it. A wave roared like a wounded bear and with one slap of its paw ripped off the bow. The radio shack went floating out to sea as driftwood, and all communication was cut off. Fog cut visibility down to zero. You couldn't see past your hand!"

Joe stopped suddenly and nonchalantly began surveying his fingernails. "What happened?" Roberts asked eagerly.

Joe looked up casually. "Oh, you interested?"

Roberts gritted his teeth. "This ain't the end of the story, is it?"

"Not at all," said Joe, gesturing for

silence. "The worst is yet to come. The captain ordered the anchors out to keep the ship a-keel, but the waves snipped the anchors off clean as a whistle. Just then the port windows were smashed, and the ocean poured in. There she was, rudderless, anchorless, cut off from the world, the lifeboats gone and the sea rushing in."

With that terrifying summary completed, Fat Joe leaned back in his chair and folded his hands over his belt, like a ridge over a hill.

Roberts jumped up, his patience gone. "But what did you do?" he asked eagerly. "What did you do in a situation like that?"

"Me?" said Joe innocently. "I was so excited I was sitting on the edge of my seat."

"The edge of your seat? On the ship, Joe?"

"No, kid. In the movie house. You think I'd be dumb enough to get on an old tub like that?"



Albert Einstein, the great German scientist, who was driven from his own country because of his racial blood stream, and is now an American citizen, said: "Being a lover of freedom, when the revolution came in Germany, I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth; but, no, the universities immediately were silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers whose flaming editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks. . . ."

"Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced thus to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly."

*—The Christian-Evangelist*



## ANSWERS TO TOOLS OF WAR PUZZLE

(page 26)

You should find the following 16 tools of war in the letter box:

1-Bayonet	5-Gas	9-Pistol	13-Saber
2-Bomb	6-Grenade	10-Plane	14-Submarine
3-Cannon	7-Mine	11-Radar	15-Tank
4-Carbine	8-Mortar	12-Rifle	16-Torpedo



This Week, Our Navy, Mr., and Man  
To Man.

Edith Powell Wortman ("Soft Pine," page 5), who appears in THE LINK for the first time, has had much material published both in this country and in Canada. In addition to her short stories which have been run in such magazines as *Family Digest*, *Today's Health*, *The Toronto Star Weekly*, and *Fashion*, her poetry has been featured in *The Denver Post*, *Poet's Reed*, and *The American Poetry Magazine*. Mrs. Wortman is a "Minnesota Yankee transplanted to southern soil [Albany, Ga.], married, with two grown children."

Jay Carroll ("Let's Dance," page 11) is a Naval Officer who has been writing fiction as a hobby (and a profitable one) for the past six years. His stories have appeared in *Young America*, *Jack and Jill*, *Christian Life*, *Christian Herald*, and *The Kiwanis Magazine*.

William R. Kreh ("Dog Tag Radiation Detector," page 14), whose article "The Peacetime K-9 Corps" appeared in a recent issue of THE LINK, is an associate editor of *Armed Forces Magazine*. His free-lance articles have been featured in such magazines as *Sir*, *Grit*,

Harold Helfer ("The Man in Tenth Seat Back," page 16) needs no introduction to readers of THE LINK, for his stories and articles ("The Padre and the Garden, A Clammy Business," to mention a couple) have appeared many times in this magazine. The recent issues of *Blue Book* and *The American Magazine* contained stories by him.

Louis C. Fink ("New York's a Great Leave Town," page 19) is familiar to LINK readers for his series of articles entitled "Army Lawyer," and for his story, in a lighter vein, "Old Lady-Newspaper Detective."

Perry Grant ("Needleitis," page 23), who is presently living in Los Angeles, has sold humorous material to *Colliers*, *Liberty*, and *American Home*. This is his first work to appear in THE LINK.

Ralph Friedman ("The Big Blow," page 45), also a first-timer in this magazine, has been writing for 18 months and in that time has sold to such magazines as *Ford Times*, *Frontier*, *Travel*, and *Motor News*. An Army veteran, Mr. Friedman hopes "to make a living out of writing someday. In the meantime, I am sharpening my tools."



The Army top sergeant, after giving his squad a rough time on the line, announced that the orientation officer was going to give an educational talk on Keats. As the men gave a sigh of relief, the sergeant snarled, "Of course I don't suppose any of you ignorant guys know what a keat is."

—*Christian Observer*

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

—*Christian Union Herald*

There was once a cow named Zephyr  
Who was quite an amiable hephyr;  
When the farmer drew near,  
She kicked off his ear,  
And now the farmer's much dephyr.

—*Dope Sheet*

The young reporter was told to cut his story to the bare essentials. So his next one came out this way:

"J. Smith looked up the elevator shaft to see if the car was on its way down. It was. Age 45."

—*Exchange*

Mischa Elman used to tell a story of his early youth. He was playing at a reception given by a Russian prince,

and played Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, which has several long and impressive rests in it. During one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Play something you know, dear."

—*Exchange*

A Scotchman hopped a train at a little railroad station and no sooner did he get on than he and the conductor had a hot and heavy argument.

"The fare is 25 cents," said the Scotchman.

"The fare is 30 cents," said the conductor.

"25."

"30."

Just then the train passed over a bridge and the conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and threw it overboard.

"Well," said the Scotchman, "it isn't enough that you overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy."

—*Exchange*



G.P.B.

"If they think it's a straight line, it doesn't matter whether they walk it or not."



November was made for Thanksgiving. All the promise of the fresh coloring of many flowered spring has ripened into the golden harvest of beauty that is splashed across woodland and plain in never ending variation. It is the month when nature shouts aloud to all living things and bids them be thankful.

The wild inhabitants of the forest, dropping the shells of new grown nuts, or feasting upon ripe red berries, or munching the sugary pulp of the delicious persimmon, reflect the joy and fatness that mankind associates with this day of all days marked on his calendar as Thanksgiving. On this day new birds sing old songs, the sun adds an ever-fresh brilliance to seasoned coloring, and the lean and hungry among living things feed themselves fat.

As human beings gather about their festive board, laden with many colored fruits, with nuts, and pig and fowl, and a variety of edible roots, they lift their thoughts in joyous gratitude to the Giver of the riches of mother earth.

In this country we have much in addition to our physical blessings. For more than a thousand years men have offered and given their lives to develop a civilization where men can be free. For this Moses stood before Pharaoh, the Greeks fought the Persians, Englishmen faced their king and demanded the Magna Carta, American heroes won their independence; and for this Jesus taught and died. And even today the great powers of many nations, inspired by the ideal of a free people, are tirelessly working, despite discouragement, to establish a free world. For this ever increasing tide in the affairs of men, our voices should rise evermore in thankfulness for the spirit which has led through years like a beacon of hope and promise.

We are thankful too for friendships—for those people who bring courage, and wisdom, and sweetness in their train; for the prattle and laughter of children; for the dreams and inspiration of youth; and for the promise of everlastingness for the nobility of a redeemed life.

All good things are of God. On this day we turn to Him in gratitude and try, in vain, to enumerate His blessings.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever."



