

he **LINK**

November 1964

I LOVE LIFE

THE GOOD GUYS, THE BAD GUYS,
AND ME

DIVORCE, ALSO, IS DEATH

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 22 • NOVEMBER 1964 • NO. 11

STORIES

ASK UNCLE ED	L. J. Huber	14
THE WINNING SIDE	Lawrence E. Orin	46

ARTICLES

I LOVE LIFE	Lucille E. Hein	5
THE GOOD GUYS, THE BAD GUYS, AND ME	W. Truett Walton	10
THE PIED PIPER OF AUSTRIA	Dale Whitney	18
DARE WE DOUBLE-CROSS GOD?	Raymond M. Veh	24
MY DAUGHTER CONQUERED POLIO	Janet Craig-James	28
NO COVETING!	David A. MacLennan	32
LEARNING A LANGUAGE WHEN YOU'RE OVERSEAS ...	Willard A. Scofield	37
WHERE ARE THE NINE?	Kenneth F. Hall	42
THE POWER TO BECOME	Graham R. Hodges	52
DIVORCE, ALSO, IS DEATH	June Wilson	55

OTHER FEATURES

NEVER AGAIN	Mario DeMarco	13
THE BEGGAR POET	Richard R. Smith	17
DO MEN GOSSIP?	George S. Wilson	27
DAILY BIBLE READINGS		31
LET US PRAY		58
BRIEF NEWS ITEMS		59
THE LINK CALENDAR		62
DISCUSSION HELPS		63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS		64
AT EASE!		66

COVERS

Front: Thanksgiving Day. And now the turkey! Photo by Larry Fitzgerald.

Back: Percy Peaks from a view near Northumberland, New Hampshire, in a northern part of the state. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: And what is Thanksgiving without pie—served by a lovely hostess. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: "Where the deer and the antelope play . . ." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy. Occasional spots by Volk.

Copyright © 1964 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

SOUND OFF

The Best

In closing, I would like to say how much we enjoy your monthly magazine, LINK. It's the best reading material in that category to date. Keep up the good work!

—John W. Archer, No. 6 The Street, Earsham, Nr. Bungay, Suffolk, England.

Scooped Up

Our men here continue to greatly enjoy THE LINK. It seems that as fast as the copies hit the stands, they are scooped up.

Thank you again for this fine publication which we chaplains value so greatly.

—LCDR David W. Plank, CHC, USN, U.S. Naval Station, Treasure Island, San Francisco, California.

Book of Prayers

Please send by surface mail one hundred (100) copies of your redbound booklet, "A Book of Prayers for the Armed Forces." Thank you for your help. We propose to use these as birthday presents for our personnel in the 9th Infantry Division area over here.

—Chaplain (Capt) Thomas J. McInnes, Hq. 9th Infantry Div. Advisory Detachment, APO 38, U.S. Forces, Vietnam.

(Continued on page 65)

STAFF

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: A. Ray Appelquist; **EDITOR:** Lawrence P. Fitzgerald;
CIRCULATION MGR.: Isabel R. Senar; **ASST. EDITOR:** Irene Murray;
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Eleanor H. McLean

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

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

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

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

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

I Love Life

By Lucille E. Hein

Are you thankful for life?

WHO are these frustrated, discontented, unfulfilled women about whom books and articles are written? Did someone make a study of them? No interviewer asked me if I am frustrated.

Let me give the interviewer my answers.

Yes, I am frustrated. Life brings many mildly irritating frustrations every day. But my life is not one of frustration and discontent.

Perhaps I am unfulfilled. We all are—men and women—because we have capacity for greatness and attain so little of it. I am unfulfilled because I will never act out my full destiny, never use the potential I have, never reach the heights I should attain. But I do not feel that my life is entirely unfulfilled. I live my life as best I can. I love life. That is my manifesto.

I love people. I love this sometimes infamous, sometimes inspirational planet, this tragic-comic planet. I want to live. What else is there but life and death? My faith has taught me that I need not fear death. But, until death comes, I am going to enjoy life.

I love and I am loved. Perhaps this is why I am so seldom discontented. Love has many variations. Love for dear family. Love for close friends. Love for casual social encounters, neighbors, co-workers. Love for the stranger sitting beside me at the concert hall. Almost unbearable love for the one held closely, sometimes secretly, in my heart. Generous love for mankind—those people of the planet whom I will never meet.

Love for people enables me to laugh at man's caprices, weep for man's sorrows. It enables me to meet new people and go new places with a sense of curiosity and expectation, rather than with distrust of the new and ridicule of the different. The world changes. But people do not change.

I love life for its infinite variety, just as I love people for their infinite variety. Frustrations, irritations, disappointments are accompaniments to life. No sense in moaning over them.

I love being a woman. If I believed in reincarnation and thought I had a choice for my next life, I would choose to be a woman again.

My life as a woman is full of infinite variety.

But woman is not complete without man. I would never choose to live in a world without men—fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, friends, lovers, strangers. It is man who gives me the opportunity to be a woman. Relationships between man and woman are often frustrating. But the need for closeness with the opposite sex should submerge most of the frustrations.

I feel that I have an importance in life. I believe that each person is important. I think. I act. I speak. My thoughts and actions and words help to make up the thoughts and actions and words of the world. Each person, myself included, adds to the composite image of mankind.

BEING in love with life does not blind me to life's depressing aspects. I know the world is not a congenial club made up of members who are "nice."

I know that life is often sad. But when I am sad, I look to the future. Not only to my future, but to the world's future. What infinite possibilities the future holds. What hopes. What innumerable choices. What unforeseen joys.

I know we all have periods of uncertainty and bewilderment. I do. I ask myself where I am heading, where the world is heading. I ask why I am here on earth. Is there something I am supposed to do? Something God has put me here to do and given me the capacity to do?

I know life has much sorrow and pain for individuals, groups, nations.



But sorrow nobly borne makes joy more precious. Pain patiently endured steels the soul and body. From the depths of pain and sorrow we rise as better beings, more mature, with more understanding of the pain and sorrow of others. Joy often cancels out pain and sorrow. It is the joy of my life that I remember.

Call me Pollyanna. You do not offend me. There is value in being a Pollyanna. When Pollyanna has only one slice of cake, she cuts it in half and shares it with a friend. For her, a half-loaf is better than none. For her, the cup is always half full, never half empty. She can eat her cake and have it too.

I prefer to be with those who look on the world as worth living in and worth living for and worth saving for the future. I have not yet succumbed to the expectation that I will be blown up by the Big Bomb or be left with a few hundred others on a devastated planet.

Perhaps hope is what makes the difference between the affirmative and the negative life. I live in hope that tomorrow's mail will bring a check for something I have written.

I hope that the landlord will repair the storm leaks in my apartment. I hope that my nation under God will be a better nation. I hope that I will be a better person tomorrow.

Sometimes I think that the world is awful, people are terrible, and I am the most terrible of all people. But, most of the time, I am aware that this is the world I live in and it is the only world I know and, therefore, it is the best of all worlds. And I say, thank you, God, for this amazing world.

Some people confess to a feeling of great loneliness. To be lonely is sadness. To be alone is happiness. We need to be alone as often as we can. And it is difficult to be alone today with the demands of family, household, job, community, nation.

I need to be alone to review and assess my life. I need to be alone to realize how dear a loved one or a family member is and how no one can take the place of that person. I need to be alone to plan for the future. And my plans include myself and all mankind. I need to be alone to look into my own heart and talk with God.



I seek to be alone. But I can never be lonely. How can I be lonely in this world which is my home? With mankind which is my family?

I need to be with people, too. I enjoy crowds of strangers, the rush-hour mob on the subway, the more intimate crowd of the concert hall or theater. However, I seldom join groups or clubs just for the sake of belonging to a crowd. When I see friends, I prefer to see one or two at a time. Each person is an island to be explored.

Many people admit that they feel fragmented by the demands made on them. I would rather not give small fragments of myself to several groups and projects. I prefer to work hard on one project for one organization, where I believe I can make a contribution. Then go on to another project, perhaps for another organization, content that I have given the best I have.

GIVING is important in life. I cannot be frustrated, unfulfilled, discontented when I give. And I, like everyone else, have much to give. I can give time, help, sympathy, friendship, love. I can give money when I have it. I can give my heart to causes, ideals, people. I can give my talents. I must give and share what I have or I am not living for God who has given so much to me.

I thank God often. I thank him for life. This life of limitless experiences and exhilarations. This funny-sad life. I try to think big and wide when I think about life. I think of my little life in relationship to humanity. I see local events superimposed on

the map of the great big world.

I try not to be too enthusiastic about life. Some people suspect those who are enthusiastic. They think happy people are unbalanced. So—sometimes I act blasé and bored. But underneath I am quivering in expectation and anticipation, waiting for the new experience, the view around the next corner.

If I feel discontented, I can turn to nature for solace. Nature. Weather. I notice this on first arising and when I go late to bed. We are creatures of a business and industrial world, yet we still inhabit the world of weather and seasons and natural surroundings. Nature still rules the universe.

Nature and weather lift me out of myself. Sometimes, when I think I cannot bear any more pain or face the catastrophe that I see approaching, I forget it all as I look out a window, walk on a country road, or row into a still, hidden cove.

Today, below my windows, the harbor glistens. The city and the water are so bright I cannot bear to look. The sun dancing on the waves makes dancing waves on my ceilings. The glass facades of Manhattan reflect the sun. The wind is so strong that I can hear the flag snapping on its staff at the Coast Guard base below my windows.

My fears, my frustrations vanish in this one-minute pause at the window. Once more I am at peace with myself, the world, and with God.

The enthusiastic, affirmative, excited life beats its head against the wall of negation and depression, retreats to lick its wounds, comes back

to bounce off the wall again. Maybe we who lead such lives are dopes, squares, loveniks, lifeniks. Is it wrong to be in love with life? I think it is wrong to be negative about life. Wrong to turn one's back on this great phenomenon of world and people.

For me, the day is never long enough. There is so much to do. So many frustrations to be met, only I call them challenges. So much heartache everywhere to pull me out of personal heartache into the life of the world.

If agony and ecstasy are the outer limits of life, then I want to live through all the stages between. I have had moments of agony when I thought I must die. And moments of joy so ecstatic that they have almost killed me. Agony makes ecstasy sharper. It forces man to do heroic deeds and think great thoughts.

I have a sure-fire way to avoid frustration. I say to myself, "I may never walk on this street again." "I may never see another sunset." "I may never be with this friend again."

Then I try to be frustrated, unfulfilled, discontented. Impossible. Happiness is here, today, on this street, with this friend. Seize this day, this hour, this place, this sweet company of a loved one, this too too crimson sunset turning the towers of Manhattan into thumbs of flame. Thank God I have this day.

TODAY is important. The past and the future are important, too. I see life as a continuum. From the shadowy prehistoric past to the shadowy unknown future. Life con-

tinues. I never think of man disappearing from the earth. Humanity continues. The universe continues. God continues.

I should be frustrated and discontented. Often I do not even have "walking around" money—that jingling change one uses for coin telephones, subway tokens, newspapers, stamps. At such times I live discreetly, hoping there will be no emergency to expose me. Poverty has its pride.

Sometimes I live on two dollars a week for food. But I have never felt frustrated by lack of food. Music, art, books, nature, good companionship—these are foods, too.

I sometimes go for months without receiving a check. I am hard at work all that time on writing assignments for which I will be paid eventually. But in the meantime, I wonder how I will pay the rent, how keep afloat.

These periods of poverty are worrisome, but exciting, too. They are not frustrating. Many men and women have lived in far greater poverty and self-denial. Such periods refine and discipline one.

The desire for financial and material security is a human desire. But such security can paralyze. It paralyzes me. I do not seek it. Have seldom had it. I have other kinds of security. The security of love. The

security of faith—in myself, in mankind, in God.

I listen to the great sorrows and petty frustrations of others. People have such need to talk and be listened to. I talk a lot, too. I like conversation, discussion, argument. But I do not reveal much about my life. And if I choose to reveal, it is my joys, not my sorrows, that I tell. Sorrow is easier borne when I keep it to myself. Happiness is sweetest when shared.

I am no different from any other person. I have had great disappointments, deep sorrows, and what I thought were unbearable tragedies. But what happens to me seems only a shadow of tragedy when I hear the tragedy of others.

Like all men and women, I have been in deep despair and seen no glimmer of light or hope. I, too, have thought this is the end. But I am still alive, along with several billion other humans. We are still muddling through, still loving and hating, still dreaming great dreams and doing insignificant deeds.

And miraculously, God is still here. In spite of all the times I and mankind have threatened to abandon God or deny his power. I have had so much happiness that it can only be that the finger of God has touched me.

Copyright © by The Lutheran. Condensed and used with permission.

UNDERSTAND THYSELF. Nearly everyone possesses far more ability and far more intelligence than he normally employs. Nervousness, hurry, worry and fear keep us from operating at our best. In order to perform well, we must learn to understand ourselves as well as we understand our jobs.

—Don Robinson.

The Good Guys, the Bad Guys, and Me

By W. Truett Walton

BOBBY BURNS was really inspired when he wrote:

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!

This quaint way in which Burns expresses the need for honesty in life strips off the veneer of posing to be what we are not and rids us of the awful shell of self-righteousness. It stops those of us in our tracks who feel that we are everlastingly right in everything we think and do and that those who differ from us are hopelessly wrong.

Every honest hearted person hates hypocrisy fully as much as Charles Dickens did when he created Uriah Heep as one of the despicable and pathetic characters in *David Copperfield*. There are at least two kinds of hypocrisy in the land: First, there is the individual who pretends to be better than he is. This is the person we scorn and we pray to be delivered from this pretension in all its variant forms.

Second, there is hypocrisy in reverse—the individual who pretends to be much worse than he is. There are many who practice this as a protest against the first kind. And if a choice has to be made, honest folk will favor it over the former. Perhaps, after all, it is a strained form of humility masquerading in rough clothes.

What Is Man?

The psalmist (Psalm 8) raises this question and if we answer it correctly we are forced to do some solemn thinking. Man is physically weaker than the hippopotamus or the horse. He has less sense of direction than a homing pigeon. He is less cunning than the fox. He cannot climb trees as well as the orangutan. A colt can stand and a calf can run the day either is born, but the human infant must have tender care for many months if he is to survive.

There are three theories regarding man's status:

1. *That he is all bad.* Some have

Dr. Walton is vice-president of Hardin-Simmons University, Abilene, Texas.

argued that he is the victim of total depravity and many of the headlines in the daily papers might constitute strong argument for this. If by total depravity these people mean that man is totally incapable of saving himself and that he has to battle almost constantly against evil tendencies, then we may well accept this theory. But if this theory suggests that man is utterly incapable of ever doing an unselfish, kind, or merciful act which helps others, then it is untenable, unreasonable, and impossible to accept.

A few years ago a businessman of fine Christian character in a small city had a neighbor who had been ill for some time and for some reason had not responded well to the doctor's treatment. After the patient had tried many medicines, his physician prescribed that he take a toddy once a day. But the man lived in a dry county where not even the druggist kept whiskey in stock. So our sick friend was not able financially or physically to secure the "medicine" his doctor had recommended. Finally, the neighbor did pick up the rumor that a certain man was a bootlegger so he went to this man's home and asked for a bottle of whiskey. The bootlegger produced the article readily because he knew and trusted the businessman, but he remarked as he handed it to him, "I didn't know you drank." The businessman answered, "I don't. This is for my neighbor, Mr. X, who has been ill for several months and his doctor has prescribed it." The bootlegger reached for the bottle and explained, "Oh, if it's for a sick man, give that

back to me. The stuff is not even fit for a well man's stomach." Then he went back into a secret cache and brought out a fifth of bonded liquor bearing the federal stamp.

Here was a man who regularly broke the law of the land every day, but when it came to a defenseless person who was a victim of long illness, a little spark of conscience—maybe its last flare—lit up his whole action and he gave evidence of at least some warmth of heart and human concern. So, even a bootlegger can occasionally do a kind deed.

2. *That human nature is all good.* This is argued from the fact that man is a child of nature and he continues through natural processes ordained by the Creator. Then, since nature is good, man is good as a part of beneficent Nature. One trouble with this is that it is untrue to life, for everyone who is honest admits that he fights battles upon a dozen fronts most of the time, with tendencies and thoughts which come teeming into his mind which he realizes are wrong.

3. *A third view holds that man is a bundle of contradictions—he is good and he is bad.* This is much better than the other two. It says: Man is generous at times and selfish at other times. He is capable of both kindness and cruelty, and sometimes these may exist in the same person. He loves and he hates. He is courageous at times and on other occasions he is cowardly. He is sometimes weak and then at other times he is strong. Sometimes he is admirable and at other times he may be

so obnoxious that his best friends find it difficult to put up with him. Some of them may even desert him. This analysis leads us to believe that man does not do well when he stands alone and that he needs divine strength which can be imparted to him through sincere worship.

No one in his right mind wants to be a pious fraud. One of the most colorful and expressive examples of Christ's penetrating insight into human frailties and pompous hypocrisy grows out of his teaching regarding "the mote and the beam" (Mt. 7:4). Every man who has had the experience of sawing lumber or wood knows that he is apt to get a small bit of sawdust in his eye. Here the Master tells the story of a man who is blinking slightly because of a tiny particle of sawdust in his eye and the other character has a 4x6 beam in his eye, so he cannot see at all. Nonetheless he clumsily and hypocritically pretends to be able to help the other person get the mote out of his eye. This is biting irony and shows clearly how Jesus felt about pious frauds. However, the wonderful thought in the background is that if a man comes close to Christ, he will honestly seek to be rid of the beam in his eye.

Man—a Creature of Boundless Possibilities

There are times in the lives of each of us when faith is weak and we are humbled by our mistakes. However, we need not be bowled over when temptation strikes us. We should not lose heart when friends prove false or if we fall when we

are doing our best to stand. The psalmist assures us that, "For he knows our frame; he remembers that we are dust" (Ps. 103:14). We are dust fashioned by the care and will of the all-loving Creator and intended for greater things. We are suddenly awakened to more significant living when it dawns on us that what we think and do and say matter to the Eternal God of the universe and that we are the means that he has chosen to improve the world. He must have men who are better than the world expects them to be if his kingdom is to stand. Moreover, he is counting on us.

A glance at church history will assure us that Christ has long been in the business of taking cowards and turning them into brave men and women. In the long ago, he took ordinary men and turned them into apostles who astounded the world. He is still in this business. Today he continues to take men and women of humble background, ennobles them through Christian experience and enables them to rise to the plane of the aristocracy of character so that they may live lives of beautiful sacrificial purpose. Men like Dwight L. Moody, George Washington Carver, Albert Schweitzer, and others arose from inconspicuous beginnings to become servants of God of such fidelity as to merit undying fame. All these and thousands of others have been stabilized by His presence, strengthened by His power, and cleansed by His Spirit. The wondrous part of all this is that what He has done for others, He can do for you. ■ ■

STORIES FROM SPORTS

Never Again

MENTION the University of Minnesota and you've got to think of the great Bronko Nagurski. The two go together like a pair of sweethearts. Back in 1926, when Bronko was a husky kid of eighteen, he showed up for football one day, a day never to be forgotten by the coach. Not only did Bronk tackle but he nearly crippled the entire squad with his power runs. He had the power of a bull. When he carried the ball, it wasn't healthy for an opposing player to hit him above the ankles—his legs moved like a pair of pistons. When he tackled someone, he stayed tackled!

He played football for three years at the University of Minnesota, 1927-29, both as a fullback and tackle. He was so good in both positions that he had the unique distinction of being selected to two positions on one All-American team: in 1929 the *New York Sun* selected him as tackle and fullback. After graduation he was snapped up by the Chicago Bears in 1930. He was a star in his first year as fullback. He played in the National Football League for eight years and was selected as an All-League player in 1932, 1933, and 1934. His total of 873 rushes resulted in 4,031 yards gained for a 4.73 average and 18 touchdowns.

The Bronk was ideal for wrestling, he stood 6' 2½" and tipped the scales at 235 lbs., all bone and muscle. On his time off from football he grappled. After playing five tough championship games, he wrestled against eight of the best grapplers in the game at night. In 1937 he defeated Dean Detton in Minnesota to gain recognition as World's Heavyweight Mat Champion.

Stories are still told about this giant. During one game when he was playing fullback, he became a little heated because he wasn't gaining too much ground. On the next play he was determined to score. He got the ball, lowered his head like a charging bull and ran, knocking over the opposition like pins. He then hit the goalpost, bounced off, kept on going until he hit the cement wall of the stadium. He got up on wobbly feet, still holding the pigskin and exclaimed, "Boy! that last guy sure hit me hard!" This was Bronko Nagurski, champion in any sport that he played. There will never be another like him.

—Mario DeMarco



Ask Uncle Ed

By L. J. Huber

Uncle Ed's answer column in *The Morning Mirror* succeeds too well

WHEN J. T. Price, the owner of the *Morning Mirror*, looked at me over the top of his glasses, I knew he had something on his mind. Never in my wildest dreams did I expect the assignment he had contrived. I should have known that it was odd and offbeat just by the way he hesitated before he got to the point.

My simple mind expected something simple. Like expressing one of his pet ideas on the editorial page. As the writer and sole contributor to this section, he usually let me have a free hand but there were times when he had a thought that cried for space. When he came to my desk, threw one long leg over the corner, I knew it would be a short

session. I looked up from my work.

"Ed," he opened. "We need something new and I have a plan."

"Yes, sir," I returned politely.

"We are going to start a new feature and entitle it, 'Ask Uncle Ed.' We are going to invite letters from readers, from folks who have a problem."

"A problem about what?" I asked.

"About anything and you are going to answer them. You will be kind of an all-American expert on everything."

"Wait a minute, boss," I shouted as I saw trouble ahead. "I'm not even smart enough to solve my own troubles and you are asking me to do it for others."

"That's how it is," he said. "I've already ordered an engraving for the feature."

And that's how it was. The next edition carried a cry for letters. The engraving was a thing of beauty. It had my picture with a heavy black line around it. The spot for it was near the obituary column and that was about right for it.

Mary, who had been married to me for seven years and who should have known better, thought it was a splendid idea. Just long enough to keep from laughing at me, then she settled for a silly grin. The feature caught on and J. T. was proud and happy.

After the first month we were swamped with letters, more than I could answer. I was working harder than ever before and that did not suit my temperament or my temper. I was the target for queries that were far out of my line and I had to dig

into a variety of sources to come up with some of the answers.

Some of the questions were easy, some were outlandish. One lady wanted to know what to do about white spots on her wallpaper. I searched and found that they were caused by too much lime in her plaster. She was pleased and wrote a note of thanks. Mr. Price was loud and lavish with his compliments.

My Mary was a great help. When a certain reader wanted to know what to do about grease spots on her living room rug, she had the answer. When another had trouble with her mother-in-law, Mary suggested and I wrote. More pleased readers.

THEN came Edna. She turned out to be the most prolific questioner. She started with minor matters. Like what to do about keeping down the dust when she swept the cellar. Then she got into bigger things. Her neatly typewritten troubles came to me at least once each week. She sounded like a very clever person and I could never figure out why she didn't answer some of her own queries. I protested to J. T.

"This is the end," I screamed. "She wants to know what to do about a husband who knows that the faucets are leaking and won't do anything about them."

"She's a subscriber," he told me. "Answer her."

"Dear Madam," I talked as I typed. "Your husband is still a boy and he must be made aware of the responsibilities that go with owning

a house. Lay his tools at a place where he must see them. He will get the idea very quickly."

A few days later I heard from Edna again. She assured me that my answers could be applied to certain husbands but hers was impossible. No, something more drastic had to be advised. On top of that, now that she was in a telling mood and she could do it for the price of the same stamp, he also neglected minor repairs on the children's toys.

I shuddered over an answer but with J. T. standing over me I barged ahead. I advised the good lady to call a plumber and, when he saw the bill for the faucet repairs, he would be willing to mend many things including toys.

"Now you're clicking," Mary said when she saw that answer in my column.

My poison pen pal unloaded on me with more grief after assuring me that she would try my previous recommendations. This time she had a real complaint. There was a creaking stair step that bothered her no end. The unfair part was the fact that it did not annoy her husband. Could I advise? I went to J. T. with this one. After all, he was the main reason for my predicament.

"What do I tell her?" I asked.

"It's your problem, Ed," he snickered.

"I'm going to quit," I thundered.

"With the advance in subscriptions, due to your efforts, Ed," he said without having the courage to look me in the face. "I was just toying with the idea of giving you a nice raise."



"Oh?" I stopped.

"When are you going to resign?" he went on.

This handcuffed me to the typewriter so I went back to work. I had nothing new to offer to Edna. I suggested that her creaking stair could be eliminated by calling in a carpenter and handing the bill to her husband. I was happy with my ability to evade a direct reply. And with the feeling that I would have a bigger bulge in my pay envelope.

That was the last I heard of Edna. Each day, when I got my mail, I looked for that now-familiar envelope that was causing me to lose my hair. It was done. I got nothing more than easy questions. Would I recommend a good soap for a toy poodle? I would and I did. Could I please publish the Hollywood address of a certain movie star? Easy. What was the best way to wash a white sweater to keep it from shrinking? I turned that one over to Mary.

Then came the big day. I had just finished my efforts for the next issue when I was repaid for all the aches that J. T. had heaped on me. He rushed up to my desk and he was waving two pieces of paper.

"I should take you off that assignment, Ed," he was loud.

"What did I do?" I asked.

"I have in my hand two bills. One from a plumber for repairing a faucet and that is a simple ten dollars. Another from a carpenter for repairing my stair step. That one is for twenty dollars. Does that mean anything to you, sir?" he popped.

"Yes," I said slowly. "Mrs. Price's name must be Edna."

"That's her middle name and that's why it escaped me," he put his face close to mine just to be vehement. "Please stop this kind of advice, Uncle Ed. Get it?"

I got it. I also vowed that he had a point. His loud laugh did not distract me from the feeling that Mary might be doing the same thing if she found out that this had happened. Uncle Ed still advises but he is very careful with his answers.



The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE WORLD AND I

Sometimes I wish that I could live alone,
Where all distractions could be ever
stilled;

And in this sweet seclusion of myself
My only world would be the world I
willed.

Deaf to all except the voice of God;
Blind that I might have a sacred sight.
He would speak and I would always
hear.

The presence of my God would be my
light.

Alas, no void can test the human soul,
Nor isolation separate the dross;

The world of men must weave our
crown of thorns,

And through the crowd we too must
bear the cross.

THE NUMBERS GAME


They say it's true,
It has been done,
That two can live
As cheap as one;
But you will find,
If you keep score,
That two plus time
Makes three or four.

NO HAPPY WAY

"Keep smoking, die happy,"
Is never the answer
Of someone who knows
Someone dying of cancer.

The Pied Piper of Austria

By Dale Whitney



With a shepherd's flute, Pali Bacsí (Uncle Paul) Heber, the Pied Piper of Austria, leads a handful of the Hungarian refugee children under his care through the lovely acres surrounding their 26-room house.

Along life's way are the wonderful things that can be experienced through unselfishness and dedication to a cause higher than we are!

IN the Vienna woods, made world-famous by Johann Strauss, an unusual sight sometimes greets the eyes of straying Viennese or tourists—a bearded man with a shepherd's flute leads a flock of laughing children on a woodland romp. If the stranger questions further, he will find that this is no picnic to the country by city youngsters—for the woods are a natural playground for the children, who live in a one-hundred-year-old, twenty-six-room house nearby, complete with lovely gardens and a homemade swimming pool.

Lucky kids, the visitor might think almost enviously. But how far from the truth he would be. For the fifty-four youngsters who live in



At bedtime, Uncle Paul plays with gypsy twins, cuts little boy's toenails. "I can divide my love 54 ways—no child has less, or more, in terms of love."

this idyllic setting are among the saddest and most neglected of the world's children.

They are the unwanted leftovers of the three thousand children who fled from Hungary alone during the Revolution eight years ago, many

Uncle Paul's beard delights a little girl who has measles. Heber has assumed the heavy personal financial responsibility of becoming the legal parent of five of the children and the legal guardian of twenty-three.





Paul spends as much time as he can with the children, supervising their play, abating their fears. "We believe the best child therapy consists in doing things."

of them pushed across the border of Austria by their parents, who wanted them to attain freedom before it was too late and who hoped to join them later.

One man did something about these homeless waifs, a Hungarian-born U. S. citizen named Paul Heber. During World War II, Paul Heber served the U. S. Army as a medic. Later, with the help of the GI Bill, he graduated from the University of Columbia with a major in anthropology.

At the outbreak of the Hungarian Revolution in 1955, Paul Heber was working in New York as a child therapist. His mother and sister were still living in Hungary and he flew to the Austro-Hungarian border to help them to freedom. As an eyewitness to the thousands of children fleeing that country, with the help

A particularly difficult teen-ager, this girl is explaining why she has painted a hysterical child. "It is herself when she first came to us in 1955," explains Paul Heber. Cases like this girl need years of patience and skillful guidance.



of the International Rescue Committee he founded a home in Austria where every refugee child was welcomed. Hundreds of children found warmth and protection in this home, and love and understanding from the man they called *Pali Bacsi* (Uncle Paul). They learned how to play and work and study again. But more important—they *learned to live without fear!*

Today many of the children have emigrated to the U. S. and Canada or have joined their families in Austria. The fifty-four who remain are those who cannot adjust to society because of the tragedy and disillusionment they have undergone. Some have physical handicaps or are retarded.

At the end of a busy 18-hour day with his children, Uncle Paul drops asleep, exhausted. He is too tired to go to bed. A little girl steals up to give him a goodnight kiss.



This sad little Hungarian girl has just arrived at the children's home. She sits by herself, lonely and suspicious. She must be taught to accept the love and secure home offered her.





Heber tries to calm the tantrums of this emotionally disturbed ten-year-old boy. "We must instill confidence in the minds of children whose lives have been warped and twisted," he says. "This takes patience and love. We cannot postpone even one child's problems. A happy child is a child without a problem. This is our moral responsibility."

"I can divide my love fifty-four ways," says Paul Heber, believing that love and patience will transform the twisted lives of the children, some of whom have been shunted back and forth to five countries. "We believe the best child therapy consists in doing things." So the children help in the kitchen and work in arts and crafts shops. They



In his children's home in the Vienna Woods, the beloved Paul Heber watches the children he is protecting grow in a sense of security and in emotional security.

Trips to the dentist with five or six children are a weekly event.



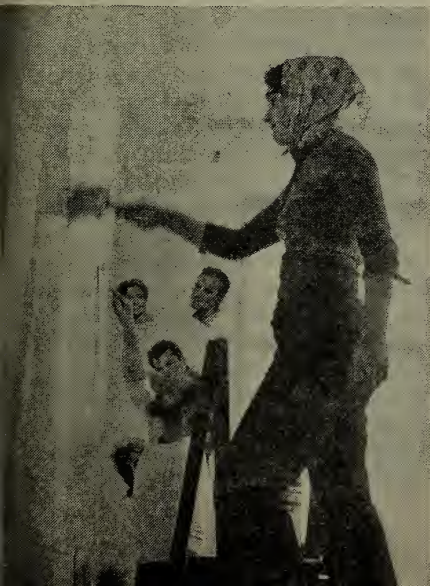
helped build the swimming pool; they tend their own garden plots and look after their own pets. Austria pays for the children's health care and Europeans and North Americans send clothes.

Today Paul Heber's children's home is the only therapy center of its kind in Europe. But its future is precarious. For some years the



While the children are in school, Paul Heber and staff often spend mornings repairing plaster walls—or painting a room—all in hopes that the children will take more pride and keep their own rooms in better order. As the 26-room house was built 100 years ago, there is always work to be done and repairs to be made.

This little girl obviously responds to Uncle Paul's love with trust and love on her part. She is being fortified for future life in the outside world.



United States Escape Program has supported this home and paid for the psychiatric care needed by these emotionally ill children. Now this aid has come to an end. If new means of support are not found, the children will return to the refugee camps which nurtured their scars. It will be a sad day indeed if the ambition and work of this noble man must come to an end . . . *"We must rid them of their fears and teach them how to be happy with our way of life."* ■ ■

Dare We Double-cross God?

By Raymond M. Veh

OUR character is in our own keeping. It is formed by what we see, what we hear, and by what we do. Everything we do in daily life makes its furrow on our character. We can rub out a pencil line or even the mark of a pen, but a line cut with a tool, a furrow, can't be rubbed out. Hence the Greek word "character" which means "to cut," to engrave.

The Set of the Sail

The famous preacher of a generation ago, T. de Witt Talmage, used to say graphically: "I stood on the beach, looking off over the sea, and there was a strong wind blowing; and, noticing that some vessels were going one way and other vessels were going another way, I said to myself: 'How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?' And I found out, by looking, that it was the difference in the way they had their sails set. And so does trouble come into this world. Some men it drives into the

harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends on the way they have their sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans of surging sorrow can't sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage."

A Song Concerning a Vineyard

Away back in the Old Testament, Isaiah gives a parable which emphasizes the two roots of character, bearing outward and downward. They are knowledge and will, but the tap root is obedience. Read the account in Isaiah 5:1-7.

This is the story of a man who planted a vineyard and cared for it. But, when the vineyard produced only wild grapes, the laborer abandoned it, tearing down the protective wall around it. He cared for it no more so that the vineyard perished.

This parable in the Bible is introduced like a ballad: "Let me sing for my beloved a love song concerning his vineyard." The first verses also have the rhythm of a ballad. A ballad tells a story, and this story is a parable about the House of Is-

Dr. Veh is editor of Builders, Evangelical United Brethren magazine for young people, Harrisburg, Pa.

rael, which the Lord planted and from whom he expected justice and righteousness, but from whom he received only bloodshed and crying (Is. 5:7).

Look for a moment at the very clever way in which the parable is used. First, the people of Israel are introduced to the vineyard and the planter and are told how the planter cared for the vineyard. Next, they find that the vineyard repaid the planter with wild fruit, not good fruit. They are then told that the planter will destroy the vineyard, a fate which they are doubtless led to approve for the worthless vineyard.

Only then do they find that the vineyard is themselves and that the laborer is the Lord, who expected of them far better things than they had given. Moreover, he expected good things, not out of bad persons, but because he had planted seeds of goodness in the children of Israel and had watched over them.

The Story of Mankind

We need not belabor the point, but the parable can be extended to the present world. Do we not resemble wild grapes in a vineyard when our actions are compared with the choice fruit of the life of Christ? When we think that we were created in the image of God, does it not seem that we have strayed very far from that image?

Here in the parable of the vineyard, the writer of Isaiah not only has told the story of the children of Israel at this particular time; he has told the story of mankind, created by God with Godlike virtues

and aspirations, but also sinful, falling short of the mark. We are like wild grapes, fit, except in the eyes of a merciful and loving God, for nothing except destruction.

God gives each individual certain talents, abilities, opportunities in life. He also gives persons freedom. If we use our freedom to "double-cross" God by misusing our talents and opportunities, we set ourselves over against the purposes of the Almighty. If we use our freedom to develop our talents and abilities in constructive ways which benefit our fellowmen and which produce personal satisfaction, our lives bear real fruitage.

A plant grows into fruition by receiving that which God has provided to sustain its life. It sends its roots down into the earth; it drinks in the sunshine, the dew, and the rain, and it receives life-giving properties from the air. So the Christian's life grows into a harvest by cultivating the Christian graces and cooperating with the divine agencies. There is a vital necessity for us to realize our dependence upon God.

The Inevitable Reaping

In the laws of God in nature, effect follows cause with unerring certainty. The reaping will testify as to what the sowing has been. The slothful worker is condemned by his work. The harvest bears witness against him. And so the faithfulness of every sower is measured by his harvest.

Every seed sown produces a harvest of its kind. So it is in human life. Every characteristic of selfish-

ness, self-love, self-esteem, every act of self-indulgence, will bring forth a like harvest.

Not only does the seed sown produce a harvest in kind, but this seed in turn is sown, and the harvest is multiplied. In our relation to others this law holds true. Every act, every word, is a seed that will bear fruit. Thus the sowing and the reaping of good and evil goes on for time and for eternity.

Every one of us knows from experience as well as observation the causes and consequences of both positive and negative uses of one's talents and opportunities. It's the old, old story of reaping what we sow. Selfishness, pride, boastfulness, snobbishness are thorns that choke our finest impulses and actions. Each person knows what thorns are pricking him into uselessness as a Christian. Some Christians don't run very deep. For a short time they are enthusiastic, but then their loyalty to Jesus Christ dies when some crisis comes. They forget their Christian standards.

How Deep Are Your Foundations?

The person who acknowledges and trusts in God as Creator, Sustainer, and Redeemer discovers life foundations; and through life these grow firmer and steadier.

All of this says that destiny is more than a trifling thing. We trifle away time; we trifle away opportunities; we trifle away responsibilities and talents that have a significant bearing on our eternal destiny. Our future life is dependent upon the kind of life we live here and

now. Faithfulness will be rewarded; unfaithfulness is the ground for punishment. Talents used will develop; unused will atrophy. The trifler is the unfaithful steward and he will go into outer darkness. Let us not trifle with things that are eternal. Indeed, we dare not double-cross God with what he has invested in us.

Henry van Dyke gives us the pungent story of the shepherd lad in the Alps who, while minding his flock of sheep, saw a strange flower at his feet. He picked it up and the door opened in the hillside. He entered and found a cave piled up with gems, in the center of which sat a gnome, who said, "Take what you wish, but don't forget the best!" He dropped his flower and loaded himself with jewels, then went out, hearing again, "Don't forget the best!" Once more in the open he remembered his "key-flower," and turned back to pick it up; but the door was gone, and in a moment more all his gems had turned to dust. He had forgotten the best, after all. "Take what you want and can of earth's treasures," but don't forget the best—a noble, Christlike character, a character molded according to his own pattern.

The common advice is to capitalize on one's talent. But Christians must capitalize on that talent for one purpose only: that God's name may be honored. Our Lord said, "Every one to whom much is given, of him will much be required," (Lk. 12:48). ■ ■

Opportunities are never lost. The other fellow takes those we miss.—R&R

Do Men Gossip?

By George S. Wilson

IT'S time to defend the ladies. Actually some of the most beautiful poetry in the world's literature has been written in praise of the fair sex. At the same time the gals take a lot of abuse. When the car ahead moves in an erratic or unconventional manner, snide remarks are made about "women drivers." Then we pass the car and the driver is bald and is clutching a cigar in his teeth! We say women are helpless, but who fixes the electric cords and appliances around your house?

We all know that the ladies are given to gossip. The dictionary defines a gossip as "a person given to tattling and idle talk, especially a woman." Now, Mr. Webster, you have smeared the lovely ones with that last phrase, "especially a woman." I would be the last to argue that women don't gossip but I must, in honesty, contend that men are similarly afflicted.

During World War II we replaced our male clerks in an overseas headquarters with WACs. I used to spend hours trying to locate my clerks until I found the male gossips gathered around the Lister Bag (field expedient for water fountain). It was amazing to discover when the gals took over the filing cabinets and the typewriters that they stayed on the job. More than this, the real juicy morsels of gossip that used to circulate almost disappeared.

The biblical writer made no distinction between men and women when he compared the tongue to a ship's rudder. It is little, he said, but even against the power of the sea it turns the ship. Men have tamed wild beasts and birds and serpents, but the tongue no man can tame.

But we can try! Remember—one's conversation demonstrates his character. ■ ■

SILENT TREATMENT

I wanted to throw in a comment or two,
But rude interruptions were never my way,
So I waited politely until he was through,
Then forgot what I wanted to say.

—Suzanne Douglass

My Daughter Conquered Polio

By Janet Craig-James

THERE have been many books and articles written regarding the tragedy of a child who is born with a physical handicap.

But what of the child who is born physically unimpaired, who enjoys competition in the athletic field and in the classroom, but who is struck down in his teens with a crippling disease? How can this child surmount the fact that he can no longer run, jump, or engage in the various social activities which he has just begun to enjoy?

This was the challenge which we faced when our seventeen-year-old daughter, Jan, returned home after a year in the hospital following an almost fatal attack of polio.

From babyhood, Jan had possessed a remarkable constitution. For years she had never had a day off school, was active in athletics, dramatics, and the school choir. At sixteen she was ready to take her degree in music and enter her last year in high school. Then bulbar and paralytic polio reduced her weight from 130 pounds to 89. The disease even affected her throat and vocal organs.

At the end of the year, modern science had done a good deal. Instead of being a bed patient or in a wheel chair permanently, as we had feared, she could take a few faltering steps with the aid of leg braces and crutches. Her dismissal from the hospital, except as an outpatient, indicated that the doctors considered little further could be done.

This is where we, as a family, took up the job, upheld by an unflinching belief in God's wisdom. Even though his purpose was obscure at the moment, we felt sure that in time this would be revealed to us.

The first blind panic was over; like battle-scarred generals we retired from the field in order to consolidate our position. We were not allowed to do this, however, without attempts at interference from the outside.

Among the Job's comforters were those who proclaimed in the voice of doom that "God had laid a heavy hand upon us," the implication being that this was some deserved retribution. As we have always believed God to be a God of love not



Janet Elizabeth James finally finds her career in teaching. Here at Prince Philip Public School in Niagara Falls she has an appreciative audience of grade 7 pupils as she presents the lesson in music for the day.

vengeance, we brushed this off fairly easily.

Another point of view which we found a little more difficult to refute was "It is God's will." Certainly God had permitted it, but which of us really knows the will of God? We decided this attitude was being taken by those who blandly used this reasoning as an excuse for shifting their responsibilities onto the shoulders of the Almighty.

And, of course, there were those who patted us on the shoulder and urged us to "adjust to the inevitable." But to me, to adjust means accepting the status quo as permanent.

The First Move

Our first move was to make a realistic appraisal of the situation, without any sentimental distortion of the facts. The attitude we took from the outset was not, *what did life have to offer Jan*, but rather, *what*

did she still have to offer life.

On the debit side of the ledger was the fact that medical experts predicted that she would always have to wear braces and use crutches. Her hands were still very weak, and she could play the piano for only a few minutes at a time. Her nervous system was still depleted from the ravages of the disease. All physical activity was out.

Then we turned to the credit side. Here, the outstanding fact was she was still alive, whereas others less seriously hit but with weaker constitutions, had died. She had been given a second chance at life, and she must make the most of it.

Another point in her favor was that she had always been gregarious. She had a multitude of friends, and was in the high school sorority. To the last "man" they stood by her all the way, and she could step right back into an understanding social group.

Can't Let World Go By

Her mental capacities had sharpened, if anything, possibly because she had no outlet for her physical energies.

We faced the future without flinching. My husband and I would not live forever. This is a spectre which haunts the parent of a handicapped child. Apart from the financial aspects which might be taken care of by endowment policies, etc., there was something more important than that. Jan had to become part of life again. She could not withdraw into some sheltered nook and let the rest of the world go by.

To start, we studied the subject of education. She had to finish high school, if at all possible, and if her hands strengthened, she would take her final music exam.

We took one day at a time. She was physically capable of studying only a few hours at a stretch, and so her subjects were spread over two seasons. For the first year her father carried her up and down three flights of stairs at high school, also to and from the car.

At the beginning of the second year her arms had strengthened sufficiently for her to climb the stairs alone. She passed her senior matriculation, and her final piano exam with honors.

In the meantime, she resumed teaching her Sunday school class and took over the church organ. While she could not use the foot pedals, she became quite ingenious in the use of the stops. Under her guidance the junior choir swelled in numbers from ten to thirty, and

she taught them four-part harmony, by rote. When they gave a carol service at Christmas, there was not a dry eye in the congregation. She also accompanied the senior choir at school.

By this time we were conscious that a pattern was gradually beginning to emerge in her life, and that in his own sure way, God was working out his purpose.

Moments of Dark Despair

There were moments of dark despair, of course, when we would wonder if the struggle was worth it. But it seemed there was always one of us filled with enough faith to jolt the others out of their despondency.

Cautiously, we began to think about a career for Jan. She had always wanted to be a teacher, but if for some reason she could not be admitted to Teachers' College, there were alternatives. She could consider Deaconess School. With her knowledge of music and young adults, she would be an asset to any church. Next on the list was teaching piano. She already had several pupils after school, and there was a long list of youngsters wishing to take lessons. If that didn't work out, we could have a kindergarten in our own home. I would help by dressing and undressing the children and keeping order.

We became quite excited about our resourcefulness, and tackled the first item on the agenda. Despite her academic standing, there was much discussion at the higher levels in the department of education. There were physical examinations to be

gone through, probing questions to be answered, and then an almost unbearable period of waiting for a decision. We hoped, and prayed. At last she was accepted at Teachers' College.

This meant going away from home and staying in a boarding house, just like the rest of the girls. It was a gruelling course, and many times Jan was almost at the point of collapse, but buoyed up by inner strength and with the end in view, she came through with flying colors. She also took summer courses which have given her a music supervisor's standing.

Jan has been teaching for four years now. She still uses crutches and braces, but when my husband took a position in another part of the country, we were able to leave her in her own apartment, knowing that she is completely self-reliant.

God does work in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. It is no easy thing for anyone to take up the threads of life again after receiving a crushing blow. He must be determined to work out his destiny, with God's help. Like Jan, he will discover that he has much to give the world, and the world has much to give him. ■ ■

NO MEASURE

How do you measure happiness?
Or how can you explain it?
The more you give, the more you have—
No measure can contain it!

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

Daily Bible Readings

NOVEMBER

DAY	READING
1 Sunday	Romans 1:1-17
2	1 Corinthians 1:1-17
3	1 Corinthians 1:18-31
4	1 Corinthians 2:1-18
5	2 Corinthians 3:1-18
6	2 Corinthians 4:1-18
7	2 Corinthians 5:1-21
8 Sunday	Galatians 1:1-10
9	Ephesians 1:3-23
10	Philippians 1:3-30
11	Philippians 2:1-18
12	Colossians 1:3-29
13	Romans 6:1-23
14	Romans 8:1-39
15 Sunday	1 Corinthians 3:1-23
16	1 Corinthians 4:1-21
17	1 Corinthians 12:1-31
18	1 Corinthians 15:1-19
19	1 Corinthians 15:20-58
20	1 Thessalonians 1:1-10
21	1 Timothy 4:6-16
22 Sunday	1 Timothy 6:11-16
23	2 Timothy 1:8-18
24	2 Timothy 4:1-18
25	Philemon 1-25
26 Thanksgiving	Col. 3:12-17; Psalm 107:1-9
27	Eph. 5:15-21; Psalm 100:1-5
28	Phil. 4:1-7; Psalm 103
29 1st Advent Sunday	Heb. 11:1-39
30	Psalm 19:1-14

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, Dale Whitney; page 29, Geo. S. Butt; page 60, U.S. Army.

Two things I've had in life and ample
Good advice and bad example. . . . *Link*

No Coveting!

By David A. MacLennan

LISTEN to an imaginary statement by Joe Doaks, the Everyman of this year of grace and crisis. He is being interviewed by a research man seeking to evaluate the moral health of the average citizen. Joe has been asked to give his honest evaluation of his own conduct in the light of the moral standards embodied in the Ten Commandments. "How do you think you are doing, Mr. Doaks?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," responds Joe, "I'm no angel and I make no claim to be a saint. I have never committed murder, or stolen any property of value. I have not committed adultery, or made any graven images. I may have lied a little, but I think mostly my fibbing consisted of white lies."

Our mythical friend Joe Doaks might be speaking for us. Many a citizen could make a similar statement, provided he could define the Ten Commandments legalistically. If we think of the Ten Commandments at all, chances are we feel at least a little virtuous that we have not broken the ones most people consider important.

Could we honestly say the same about the tenth commandment? "You shall not covet . . ." declares the tenth commandment (Ex. 20:17). In this final Rule of Living the objects not to be coveted include our neighbor's life partner, his home, and property and status symbols, and "anything that is your neighbor's." The uncomfortable truth is that

NO ONE CAN AVOID BREAKING THIS COMMANDMENT

Being human, we do covet some thing or some one beyond our grasp. That which is coveted may be another's status, rank, promo-

Dr. MacLennan is the minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester 14, N.Y.

tion, money, husband or wife or sweetheart, or ability. William Blake, a mystical poet and artist of the eighteenth century, pictured man as a child standing before a ladder reaching up into the sky with outstretched arms. He is crying, "I want! I want!" Each of us is a walking, animated package of unsatisfied wants. This of itself is not bad. It is *what* we want that causes the trouble.

"Coveting," as the commandment means it, is not the legitimate desires we have or ought to have for a better life for our family, our partner in the home, ourselves, our country and our world. It is surely right to want deeply something of the skill or the personal graces or ability shown by someone we admire. Paul urges the Corinthian Christians and ourselves to "covet earnestly the best gifts" (1 Cor. 12:31. KJV). Or, "earnestly desire the higher gifts," as the Revised Standard Version more accurately translates it.

It is when we covet that which is forbidden by the moral law, and by the example and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, that we do wrong.

JESUS KNEW THAT WE MUST FAIL

Our Lord Jesus Christ knew that when we try to keep high external standards as most decent people do, we inevitably fail. To strive to live the good life without help from a superhuman source is to fall morally flat on our faces sooner or later. Recall the story of the beaten man who heard a lecturer end with Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, "If." If you can keep your head, if you can do this and that noble thing, "You'll be a man, my son." The listener evidently had realistic understanding of his own record. He asked: "What if you can't?" The good that we would do, we simply don't do very long or very well. Jesus knew that without God's help giving such a rule as this tenth commandment is a counsel of perfection we cannot fulfill. He uncovered the reason and the source of our trouble when he said: "For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, fornication, theft, false witness, slander" (Mt. 15:19).

Thus this final commandment brings us into the spiritual and moral climate of the New Testament. It is concerned more than its predecessors with motive. (See Mark 7:15.) Thank the great and gracious God made known to us in his Son Jesus Christ, no one of us need remain guilty or defeated or hopeless. Desire is a tremendously powerful force. Reason may be the pilot but desire is the fuel in the jet plane of our personality. Until and unless God is welcomed as our

co-pilot, able to "take over" when reason proves unequal to controlling the ship, we are headed for disaster. This happens when desire is corrupted and becomes conscienceless envy.

Why are we then in real peril? Because this kind of coveting or desiring puts us on the route of ruthless acquisition of that which does not and should not belong to us. Secret desires for that which is not ours and never should be ours issue from the underground citadel of our rebellion against God.

God says, "You shall not covet" and the pronouncement means that

OUR INNER DEFENSES ARE PIERCED

However reluctant we may be to admit it, we know that we do covet the gifts, the things, the persons forbidden to us by God's moral law for his human family. More disturbing than this self-knowledge is to realize that God knows the inward desires and motives which we may successfully conceal from others. The classical Christian prayer often used in communion services expresses this fact:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open,
all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid . . .

To Him the secrets of all hearts are known. Thus a little self-examination convinces us that however well we may have managed with the other commandments, we know we have botched this one. We know also that private thoughts matter to God as much as do private acts. "From the heart" the mouth not only speaks but actions proceed. The heart is corrupt until the petition of the prayer quoted above is sincerely made to God:

Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Think of the chief of the apostles, St. Paul. Before he had his transforming encounter with the living Lord on the Damascus road, he lived a decent, eminently respectable life to all outward appearances. Few could boast of more conscientious effort to observe God's law as he understood it. But Paul knew that he did not and could not obey the law where it really matters, in what he called the inner man.

Listen to him in the letter he wrote Christians in Rome: "What then shall we say? That the law is sin? By no means! Yet, if it had not been for the law, I should not have known what it is to covet if the law had not said, 'You shall not covet'" (Rom. 7:7). This shattering discovery of his personal failure and guilt showed him that there was no hope for himself, for his nation and for the world unless somehow he could receive a kind of goodness and power to do good and to be good from beyond himself and from beyond all human power. It was the impact of this tenth commandment that put the final confirmation on his sense of sin's reality and of the necessity to throw himself upon God and his grace conveyed to him and to all men in Jesus Christ. This is why Paul could say that the commandments, the Law, played the role of a schoolteacher, a guide or tutor, to bring us to Christ. For what purpose? That we might be put into right standing with God through our trusting faith (Gal. 3:4).

CHRIST GIVES US POWER TO KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS

This is the good news of God that we may read loud and clear in the life and teachings, the person and death and resurrection of God's Son Jesus Christ: Christ retains the Ten Commandments. We need every one of them to keep this planet habitable and humane. Christ also gives us himself, his grace, his transforming love that we may keep the commandments and even go beyond them into Christlikeness.

Not the labors of my hands,
Can fulfill Thy law's demands . . .

But Christ within us, and we "in Christ," can enable us to live in that love which is the "fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13:10).

COVETOUSNESS AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

All of the above discussion of the tenth commandment is concerned with this rule of living as it applies to our personal lives. No apology need be made for this. Christianity begins with the individual, and with his relationship to God. It is also true, of course, that if Christianity ends with the individual, it ends . . . period. The New Testament knows nothing of solitary or private religion. The Ten

Commandments are given to us as individual persons, but they have significant and even earthshaking implications for entire communities—racial, national, or worldwide. Reflect on what the breaking of the tenth commandment by leaders of nations and groups of nations has done in history. A Napoleon, a Hitler, a Stalin, Japanese warlords, a Khrushchev, may have coveted the territory, the power, the natural and man-made resources of other nations. Finding specious reasons, “framing” innocent government leaders of a rival country, the covetous leader and his cohorts launched wars of aggression.

In our own time, Hungarians wanted to live in freedom and run their own country. But certain Russian leaders wanted to control Hungary. Hungarian lovers of freedom did what our American revolutionary forefathers did in our War of Independence. They revolted and fought. But their resistance was like a child with a toy cannon trying to halt a modern armored tank. The Hungarians’ revolt against the covetous aggressor failed. Many were killed and many more are refugees from the country they love and are entitled to live in and govern.

History furnishes many more examples of serious crimes committed because, among other evil motives operating, covetousness was a powerful one. Abraham Lincoln watched two boys fighting. Someone asked the President what was the trouble. Lincoln answered with his homespun wisdom: “Just what’s the matter with the whole world. They’ve got three walnuts and each of them wants two.”

From the time when “the mother of all living,” Eve, coveted the forbidden fruit, our wrong desires have led to broken marriages and broken families, to immorality, theft, deception, exploitation, lying, and war. In our larger relationships, as in the intimate person-to-person relationships, we may acknowledge this truth. We may deplore it and acknowledge that it is too much for us to handle.

This is why Christ came, and why God in Christ comes to us through the power of his Spirit. He assures us that with God all things are possible. He tells us that his grace is sufficient for us, when our own strenuous effort to keep the moral law is hopelessly inadequate. We understand better today than perhaps for a long time why the great compiler of the *Book of Common Prayer*, Cranmer, inserted after the recital of the Ten Commandments, “Lord, have mercy upon us.” It is a logical response to the high demands of the moral law. Thanks be to God that he does have mercy upon us, and that he writes these laws in our hearts and gives us power to keep them. ■ ■

*Learning
a
Language
While
You're
Overseas*

By Willard A. Scofield



AMERICANS close themselves up in little golden ghettos." So ran the comment of one European who had observed American men and women in the armed forces.

I can't say how accurate his evaluation was. I know it's not true of all service families. Sometime ago, I had the privilege of visiting a service family in Naples, Italy. The husband was a naval officer attached to the NATO headquarters there. This family was interested in many things about Italy. The wife, especially, got to know the Italian people. She learned Italian well enough to hold relaxed conversations with the peo-

ple in her apartment house. When we traveled with them through Italy, she used Italian to inquire her way around, bargain for merchandise, just like a native; and she was well-accepted.

Perhaps you say: But why should I bother to learn a strange language? It will take precious time and hard work. Surely there will always be people around who speak English! "Now if we put in a lot of work," as one man asked, "what's the ice cream and cake we'll get for it?"

Worth the Time?

For one thing, it will increase your

usefulness in certain future job openings in the military or in business. There are a good many jobs where a knowledge of a foreign language is mentioned as a "preferred" qualification. If you have some knowledge of the language in question, it could tip the balances in your favor.

Someday, there may be an opportunity back in the States to teach the language you've learned. If you should learn, say, French or Spanish in the milieu in which it is spoken, you'll be better qualified to teach it with realism than many of the present bookish language teachers. Some of these teachers badly mispronounce the language and would be hard put to hold a conversation with a native speaker.

Getting to know the language of the people you're living with will also give you a chance to get into the life of Protestant churches overseas. You'll be welcomed into these national churches and you may be able to help a lot. U.S. churches are sending overseas what nowadays are called "fraternal workers." These workers share some of the insights and experiences of our churches in America. They also bring back to America something of the spirit and some of the ideas of the churches located in other parts of the world. Without costing your denomination a cent, you could become a kind of part-time fraternal worker. If you know the language, you could well be a help to a church overseas. And churches in America will be anxious to hear about your experiences when you return.

As important as anything, the experience of learning a new language will do something very important for you as a person. There's a good bit of resistance in each of us to real mental work, more so than to physical work. We can find a hundred and one reasons for putting off things that really demand concentration. But it's also true that when you put forth an effort and reach an intellectual goal, the satisfaction is enormous. The skids are greased for you to tackle other intellectual challenges and to learn other things, including another foreign language, if you should ever want to. Learning another language will also help you to sense things about communication that you've perhaps never realized. You begin to understand the different ways in which other people think. You begin to take a new attitude toward them. In a way, a new world opens to you.

How to Go About It

Since World War II, a new science has achieved respectable standing in scores of colleges and universities. It is called "linguistics." It is the study of the structure of languages and how they are learned. The people who work in this field have discovered some revealing things about the way a person acquires facility in a foreign language. Linguists tell us you should learn a foreign language the same way you learn English. You learn it by listening to a native who speaks the language well and then mimicking the sounds he makes. You let the native informant give you pattern

sentences and you practice using them.

What discourages a lot of people from even making a college try at language learning are the memories of language instruction in high school or college. Many a person has had three years of German in high school and maybe some more in college, yet today they couldn't order a meal in a German restaurant or ask where the rest room is. The linguists' diagnosis is that such persons learned a great deal *about* German, but they never really learned German by using it. Memorizing a guidebook on driving and actually driving a car are two different things. People who have studied languages in the States have learned a lot of grammar, memorized many rules, and used stiff little sentences that a native would never dream of using. No wonder they can't use the language today.

The linguists' prescription for language learning is to work with a native informant or tutor who speaks the language well. Try to spend three or four hours a week with him. Get the informant to work with you on the peculiar sounds of the new language. The French "r," for instance, is different from any sound we have in English. You have to bring your tongue forward to touch your lower teeth to make this sound correctly. Get the informant to drill you on words that have a strange sound until you get them right.

Then get the tutor to give you some of the basic sentence patterns in the language. All languages have idiomatic expressions that are repeated in general conversation a

thousand times a day. If you master a batch of these, you'll be able to talk. An oft repeated idiomatic expression in French is "*venir de*," "to have just." Practice a sentence like this in different contexts.

"*Je viens d'arriver.*" I just arrived.

"*Il vient de partir a l'ecole.*" He just left for school.

"*Il vient de se marier.*" He just got married.

Or take another example. "*Il faut*" is the expression in French used to give the idea of "must" in English.

"*Il faut partir.*" We must leave.

"*Il faut que nous assistions a l'eglise.*" We must attend church.

When you can talk a little, ask your informant about his country, about himself, the way they do things. Talk to him about current events. Find out how people think about things we're all interested in. When you don't understand what he's saying, stop him. Get him to say it another way, or even use motions if necessary. Then try telling him some things about yourself and the States. If you've really gotten your money's worth out of an hour like this, you'll be tired. But there's no better way to learn.

If you don't want to pay a tutor, get hold of someone who wants to learn English. It won't be hard. There are people all over the world these days who are anxious to learn English. When you find such a person, strike up a bargain. Tell him, "I'll teach you English for an hour, if you'll give me an hour's instruction in Japanese." Recently in a pension (boarding house) where we were

staying, my wife and I swapped lessons with a French schoolteacher who wanted to learn English. She read some material; we mimicked her and let her correct us. Then vice versa.

Just as important as these lessons is the practice of speaking the language in everyday contacts. Put yourself in positions where you have to speak. Go in and out of stores. Buy a few things in each one, instead of getting everything from one big store. When you start using the new language, you'll find that some people will answer you in fractured English. Just keep on talking in the new language. You want the practice as much as they do. If you have a chance to talk to children, say ten or twelve, it will be a help. Children that age aren't as careful about hurting your feelings and they'll correct you quicker than an adult will.

The more exposure, the better. A big part of mastering a foreign tongue is just getting accustomed to hearing the sounds and the rhythm of the language. Listen to the radio; look at the TV. When you're ironing or tinkering with a broken clock, put on some language records.

You'll find that attending a foreign-speaking church will help, too. If you've been accustomed to attending worship services, you'll be able to understand much of what is going on. Reading the Bible in the new language is also helpful. Some of the familiar portions you know almost by heart. You'll catch on quickly to the foreign words in these passages.

Of course, in the big cities of many

countries there are good language schools for foreigners. The *Alliance Francaise* in Paris and Brussels is a good example. Academically, these schools are good. They welcome students, and usually have flexible schedules that make it easy to work some language training into your program. One still needs to realize though that many of the schools use the "classical grammar" approach to language. If you take this kind of formal training, remember you need to practice *using* the language, too. One man who attended one of these schools confessed that his wife, who did the family shopping, was learning French more quickly than he.

The Way We Learn

If you keep at it, you'll learn. But remember there will be plateaus in your learning progress when you'll feel as though you're getting nowhere fast, or even that you're slipping back. I've felt, after watching some French TV programs, that I understood less about the program than I did about the same kind of program I'd seen two weeks before. These feelings are illusory. You're learning subconsciously even when you feel nothing is happening. Suddenly, someday, you'll jump to a new level of competence.

When you think about trying to learn a foreign language, many objections will pop up. One oft heard alibi is, "I'm not smart enough. I never was good in languages." But it doesn't hold water. A missionary in the Philippines tells of getting his shoes shined one day. The shoeshine boy, about eleven, talked with four

people during the time he shined the missionary's shoes. He talked with the missionary in English and with three Filipino boys in three different native languages. He did it without sweat or strain. You're probably as smart as he.

In the Congo, American Baptist Missionary Wesley Brown directs the Bible Institute at Kikongo. This is a training school for African preachers, roughly on the high school level academically. He reports that every student in the school speaks at least four languages, French and three

African languages. You're probably as smart as these young Congolese men.

Another objection is, "I'm too old." There's no question about it, it isn't as easy for an adult to learn a new language as it is for a child. But linguists agree that the big obstacle for an adult is not his age, but his attitude toward learning. If a man is convinced he's too old, then probably he is. But people have learned to speak effectively at all ages. The best student in a certain Arabic class was an engineer, sixty years of age, who was working for an American company overseas.

If you're in a non-English-speaking environment, count yourself lucky. If you try to learn the language, you'll open the doors to a lot of new friends. You'll get to know people with whom you'll be able to share the good side of America and some of the insights of your faith. If you gain some competence in the foreign language, you'll enjoy a pride and satisfaction in your achievement akin to that enjoyed by the accomplished musician or master craftsman.

You'll find, too, that people overseas appreciate your efforts to learn their language. They'll warm up to you and help all they can. As you progress, you'll hear encouraging comments like, "You're doing well in French." And then the day will come when you don't hear comments like these anymore. When that day comes, you'll be proud. For then people will be taking it for granted that you're competent to speak in their language. ■ ■



Where Are the Nine?

By Kenneth F. Hall

REMEMBER that billionaire who used to give away a million dollars every week on television? This unknown benefactor was interested in seeing what people would do with their million dollars.

It's always an interesting experiment to give something away and see what reactions come. If you're like me, you can't even imagine a million dollars, so let's together try for five hundred. We look around for ten people who might have real use for fifty extra dollars. Our experiment is to see just what they do to express their thanks. Will it be anything like the time Jesus healed ten lepers and only one came back to thank him?

Frank Freeloader

Our first fifty dollars goes to Frank Freeloader, a young fellow just out of military service but still unemployed after three months in civvies. We don't get any call or note of thanks, and so we send a friend around to find out what happened

to our money. "Oh, Frank was glad to get it all right," the investigator says, "Frank was sitting there with his feet on a hassock watching a football game on television. 'Sure was nice of those guys to send me that money,' he said with a yawn. 'Wish more people would do that. Here I spent four years of my life in the service of my country and now nobody will give me the breaks I deserve.'" So Frank was feeling that the world owes him a lot of things and he takes whatever does come for granted. He's glad he gets it but really feels that it's only his due.

Come to think of it, there are some other Franks in the world. They feel their parents owe them. They feel that employers or Uncle Sam or friends owe them because they're such worthy people. Gratitude, where art thou?

Frieda Falseface

Frieda Falseface gets our second fifty dollars. She's an ambitious and

Mr. Hall is the book editor for the Warner Press, Anderson, Ind.

sparkling young career girl with an elderly father and mother to help support. Her check no sooner arrives than she is on the phone gushing about the "wonderful, wonderful gift from Nice Old You." She says she is touched deeply and plans to buy something nice that her folks have been needing. But in the days that go by, other news begins to drift back in a roundabout way from Frieda. She's laughing up her sleeve at those crazy people who sent her fifty dollars. You hear that she's buying herself a new set of luggage to use on a vacation trip to Florida at Christmastime. Her insincerity sticks out all over the place.

Harry Hurry

The third recipient is a young-man-on-the-go named Harry Hurry. From him we never hear either. We run into him on the street one day, and the minute he sees us, he smiles, almost blushes. "Say, I've been meaning to thank you for that fifty bucks. It really pulled me out of a hole when it came in. I meant to sit down that night and drop you a note. But, I guess you know I'm really grateful from the bottom of my heart." With a flashing grin he then excuses himself and rushes on to the appointment awaiting him. Good intentions, too busy, grateful but in too big of a hurry to feel gratitude strong enough to do anything about it—that's Harry Hurry and his kinsfolk.

Sam Shyguy

Another fifty dollars goes out in our experiment to Sam Shyguy, a

mousy little character who hardly ever speaks to anyone and who is so tied up with himself that he doesn't make much of a go at it in his job or in his night classes. Weeks go by and we don't hear from him. Once we see him coming down the street, but as soon as he spies us he ducks down an alley. Finally, a note comes—much erased, much crumpled, the handwriting rather faint and uncertain. "I have been meaning to thank you for the money. I needed it very much and have put it to good use. I am very grateful to you, but it is something you shouldn't have done for a person like me."

See the embarrassment, the self-consciousness, the inhibitions in his social relations come out. The fellow apparently did need the money. He wanted to express his thanks for it, but he was so tangled up in himself, so afraid he wouldn't say the right thing, so fearful of how we would react that he delayed and eventually could not give free expression to his gratitude.

Thelma Thoughtless

Thelma Thoughtless is number five on our philanthropy list. We've heard that Thelma has a problem with debts and we figure our fifty might help her. But does it? No expression of gratitude ever comes back. You talk to Thelma's roommate. Even this best friend hadn't heard. "Oh, Thelma's always glad when someone gives her a present, but beyond saying at the moment, 'That's pretty,' or 'I like that,' this is all you ever hear." Apparently Thelma doesn't think very deeply

or very long about anything. So she doesn't have much to say by way of gratitude. She doesn't take time to "do" or "live out" her thanks.

George Graceless

George Graceless is a married GI in real need. We have put him on our list to receive one of the fifty-dollar gifts knowing that the money will help him care for his little girl whose recent illness has eaten up the meager family savings. When we see George, however, he looks embarrassed as he mumbles his thanks. In fact, he is almost surly about it. "You shouldn't have done it," he grumbles. "I'll pay you back as soon as I can."

"Oh no, it's a gift out of our hearts and concern," we reply. "We didn't do it for any return." "Well, I'll do something for you as soon as I can," George concludes as he walks on, head down.

George has an acute case of a common gratitude affliction. We often don't have the grace to know how to receive a gift in gratitude. We like to be independent. We don't like to be in anyone's favor. But the way we receive a gift saps the joy away from the giver. But blessed is he who knows the simple joy of receiving gracefully and without condescension. Just as a giver can sometimes clumsily patronize a receiver, so the receiver can turn the tables in such an unmannerly way.

Clarissa Cliche

Clarissa Cliché is our next recipient. Frankly, we don't know why she's on our list, except we want to

know her reaction. By return mail comes a printed thank-you note. Someone asks Clarissa about her gift. She was glad to get it, she says, but she goes on: "I'm getting so I hate to get even the nicest and kindest remembrances because I just don't know what to say. I hate writing thank-you notes or having to tell someone thanks. It's always the same old stuff. And its sheer drudgery for me to write notes."

So, Clarissa has trouble being creative with her thanks. At least, it's in her favor that she's aware of her problem and wants to express her gratitude in more creative ways. But it's not so much in her favor that she sees thanksgiving as a mere duty.

Ernie Empty

Another recipient is Ernie Empty. He comes around and says thanks. But there is no light in his eye, no feeling in his voice, no life in his posture. With his voice he says thank you, but there doesn't seem to be anything behind it all. We wonder how much he really means it. We know that he is one fellow who never gives out any favors himself. He's the kind who rarely gets mail or rarely writes letters. He does his duty, but he's not a good-neighbor type. He doesn't read much. He doesn't talk much. He's sort of an empty shell.

To perhaps a lesser extent Ernie Empty has brothers and sisters who just don't have the inner resources it takes to express real gratitude. You almost have to be somebody—a real person—to have the wherewithal to express real gratitude.

Betty Balance

Betty Balance received our ninth gift. She's the meticulous type, never really expressing any thanks but acting more like a bookkeeper. "You gave me fifty dollars," she says. "Let's see, I gave you a \$9.50 Christmas present and so that leaves me \$40.50 in the red. Here's a cake I just baked for you. I'd say, counting my hours and all, it's worth \$3.50. So, I still have some distance to go, but I'll get even." This exaggerates Betty's position, but it shows still another attitude about gratitude.

There are the nine. Maybe you see some relationship between them and the nine lepers who never came back to thank Jesus for helping them. You remember that story in Luke 17. Jesus met these ten lepers near a village as he traveled between Samaria and Galilee. As they hurried away to show themselves to the priests they found that they had been healed. Only one turned back. Perhaps he was like the tenth recipient of our fifty-dollar presents.

Tom Thankful

Tom Thankful, upon receiving his

check, comes soon to express his thanks. He sits down and starts talking. There is no false humility or fawning. "That money is really helping me over a hump," he smiles. "And you may be interested in knowing that I had a little surplus out of this left to buy a corsage for my wife. She's been needing a lift and that is at least a token that might help her. You know, when you get given to, you feel like giving. So that's what I did. Just thought you might be interested."

There's something about Tom's manner as he leaves which says, "I have been given unto and I am glad. But this has placed a responsibility on me. I need to express my gratitude in words and in deeds. This is only a part of a chain reaction. Man does not live alone. He is given unto and in turn he gives. In this way we all share. I feel grateful to the giver and to God who prompted the giving. Now I must in turn find ways to share, not just to balance out a set of scales, but out of a loving, cheerful, and grateful heart toward people who themselves deserve to be given unto." ■ ■

REFLECTIONS

She came home today
With a star on her head
For doing so well
In her schoolwork, she said.
And I thought of the teacher
So wonderfully wise
Who sent this child home
With the stars in her eyes.

—Margaret Hillert

The Winning Side

By Lawrence E. Orin

The struggle between the communists and the lovers of freedom goes on even in a prison camp

SAM WELKER, Sergeant, U.S. Army, and now a prisoner of the Red Chinese, sprawled restlessly on his hard wooden bunk. His right knee, bullet-shattered months ago, throbbed in great surges of pain.

To his right a single window, jammed almost against the low ceiling, afforded the only ventilation in the cramped cubbyhole which served as his cell. It was a small aperture in the thick, masonry wall, innocent of glass, ten inches high and barely more than a foot wide. One vertical steel rod divided the opening in half.

Directly opposite the window a heavy wooden-plank door led out into the prison yard. The huge, well-floodlighted enclosure was a sea of sticky mud in the thawing spring weather. There was no need for the door to be locked. Day and night guards, armed with automatic rifles, patrolled the roof of the one-story pyramidal cell-block buildings surrounding the stockade.

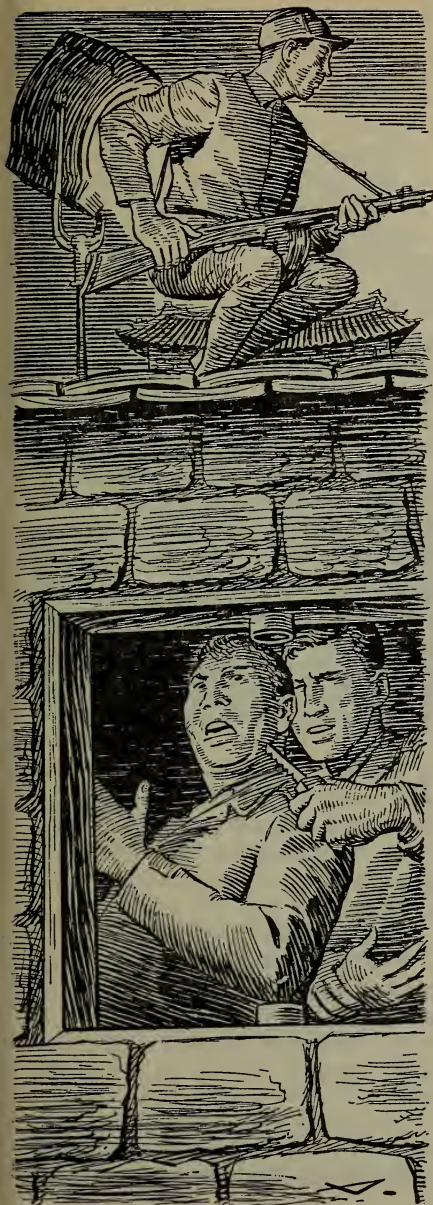
This evening, as it had for the past six nights, the rasp of a hacksaw slowly wearing its dull way through the window bar grated in rhythm with the pulsating agony in Welker's leg. Silhouetted against the patch of swarthy night sky visible through the window, he could make out Ward Clemmet's busy hands as the young man laboriously wielded the scrape of hacksaw blade. The third occupant of the room, Jim Downey, stood at the door which was now slightly ajar, peering out into the vacant compound.

Suddenly the scraping sound stopped.

"What's the matter, Ward?" Downey asked. "Did the blade break again?"

"No, it just slipped and I nicked my finger." Clemmet lowered his hands to his side, flopping his arms, trying to restore circulation to his numb wrists and hands.

"You come over and watch out for Zeller," Downey said. "I'll spell you



for awhile. Just be sure to give me plenty of warning when he shows up."

"Okay, here you are." Clemmet handed the tool to his friend. It was a four-inch fragment of hacksaw worn almost toothless and stuck into a block of wood to form a makeshift handle. "It feels as if we're almost through," Clemmet added. "I think another half-hour might do it."

Welker closed his eyes as the grating sound resumed.

THE prison, a huge gray ugly square, lay on the river bank at the southwest outskirts of the filthy little city of Antung. Sergeant Welker had been in a half-dozen prisoner-of-war camps since he had been wounded and captured by the communists seven months earlier. Each camp had been deeper into enemy territory than the one before until now he was across the Yalu in Manchuria.

At each new prison the Reds had promised him preferred treatment and special care of his wounded leg if he would cooperate with their propaganda program. His answer was always the same; he'd stubbornly refused to sign the statements they'd thrust before him. Here at Antung they'd tried a new approach.

When Welker had limped into his assigned cell, he found it already occupied by another captured American, a big, fat man named Joseph Zeller. His fellow-prisoner had been taken early in the war, and there was no doubt where he now stood.

"What's the matter with you, chum?" Zeller had asked. "Why don't

you play it cool? Give these gooks half a chance and they'll treat you right. What do you owe those fat cats at home, anyway? There they are, clipping their coupons and loafing on some sunny beach while you've been over here wallowing in the mud."

Zeller leaned back on his well-padded bunk, a pair of soft, fat hands behind his head. "Look at me, now," he continued. "I get a lot of extra chow, and not that slop they throw at you. I don't get any rough work details and no one pushes me around. Wise up, fellow! It's going to be a long war, but we all know how it's going to end, so why don't you do yourself a favor and get over on the winning side?"

Welker stared in disgust at the turncoat. Zeller was now manipulating a toothpick between his thick lips with one hand while scratching beneath his shirt with the other.

"You make me sick at the stomach," Welker said, and turned his face to the wall.

"Aw, you'll come around. They all will, you wait and see."

That was early winter, and now it was the beginning of spring in 1951, and still Welker hadn't "come around." Gradually Zeller had given him up as a hopeless case.

During the winter the prisoner population of Antung had mushroomed. Three weeks ago two more PWs had been shoved in the cramped cell with Welker and Zeller. The turncoat had complained bitterly at the inconvenience the crowding was causing him, but to no avail.

The newcomers, Ward Clemmet

and Jim Downey, were both much younger men than their cellmates. Scrawny and lank, they were still in fair physical condition. When Zeller was out of hearing, they talked of nothing but escape. There was plenty of time to discuss the subject, for "Fats," as they had nicknamed Zeller, spent more hours visiting his friends among the guards than he did in his cell.

It was Downey who had found the broken bit of hacksaw blade while on a road-repair detail. Slipped beneath the loose sole of his wornout shoe, he had managed to smuggle his fortunate find through the gate without being detected. For almost a week Clemmet and Downey had taken turns hacking away at the window bar at every opportunity. Just where his friends would go, or what they would do once outside the walls, Welker didn't know. He realized he couldn't go with them, not with his crippled leg to hold them back, but he wished them Godspeed.

DOWNEY had been toiling about twenty minutes when the bar was finally severed. He jumped down from his perch on top his bunk triumphantly waving the short piece of steel rod.

"We made it!" he exclaimed.

Welker painfully swung his feet to the bare concrete floor. "If you're going to go, you'll have to do it now," he said. "Fats will notice that bar's missing as soon as he comes in."

The two young soldiers hesitated. Now that the long awaited moment had arrived they first fully realized



the enormity of their undertaking.

"How about you?" Downey asked. "No telling what they'll do to you after we're gone. You better come along."

"You know I'd never make it, but don't let that worry you. The main thing is for you to get as far as you can before you're missed, and Zeller might be back any minute. I'll stall him as long as I can. God bless you both!"

"Okay, Sam," said Downey. "I'll never forget you."

Downey swung his slim body to the opening. Feet first, his stomach

scraping the sill, he wiggled snake-like through the window. Finally only his head and arms remained in view, then just his hands gripped the ledge, and he was gone.

Clemmet turned and grasped Welker's hand. "So long," he said. "Wish us luck." In another minute he had slithered through the opening, following his friend into the night.

Through the thick wall Welker couldn't hear them land on the rain-soaked ground outside. No alarm came from the roof above him where the guards walked their posts. So far, so good!

Hobbling back to his bunk, Welker stepped on the hacksaw with its crude wooden handle. He picked it up, intending to toss it out of the window. Before he could bring his arm back, the door burst open and Zeller stumbled in from the brightly-lighted compound. For a moment the big man hesitated, partially blinded in the comparative murky cell.

"Hi, Sam," Zeller said. "What you doin' up so late?"

Welker ignored the question.

"Where's Ward and Jim?" Zeller peered through the gloom, his eyes blinking. "Hey!" he shouted. "The window! What's goin' on here?"

From out in the compound Welker heard the sing-song conversation of the members of an approaching detail on their nightly security check. He knew they would be at his cell in a matter of minutes. For the first time in weeks he was unaware of the agony in his leg. Desperately, he whirled behind Zeller, grabbing one of the big man's arms and twisting it up—hard. With his free hand he shoved the sharp pointed end of the hacksaw blade beneath Zeller's ear. Somehow he must give Clemmet and Downey as much time as possible to make good their escape; but how? The gaping window opening gave him an idea.

"One sound out of you and it'll be your last. You understand?"

Zeller gulped and nodded his head, slow and easy.

"Okay, you do what I tell you. Get up on that bunk."

Slowly the turncoat, trembling and sweating, balanced himself on the shaky bed.

"Now, put your arms in the window and crawl through." Welker prodded a little harder with his make-shift knife. He was so excited his leg didn't pain him at all.

Zeller maneuvered his arms, head, and finally his shoulders through the opening. "Go on," Welker urged, "out you go!" He jabbed at the broad expanse of trouser seat now stretched taut.

Zeller struggled and grunted, his feet off the floor and flailing the empty air. Welker realized the big man was stuck, wedged tightly between the top and bottom of the window, his fat stomach plugging the opening.

RETURNING to his bunk, Welker awaited the arrival of the guards. He almost had to smile at the astonished expressions on their broad faces when their flashlights picked out the bottom half of a man where the window should have been.

Sergeant Welker stood leaning against the wall just outside the prison commandant's interrogation room, the one he knew so well. Beyond the door he could hear Zeller's voice raised in loud protest. At last they called him in.

Captain Ling, the prison interpreter and a graduate of a Stateside university, spoke in his excellent English.

"All right, Welker," he said, "the colonel wants to hear what you know of this escape."

"There's not much to know. We've been planning it a long time."

"We've been planning it? Who are the *we* involved?"

"Clemmet and Downey and me." Welker shrugged. "Of course, I knew from the start I'd never be able to make it.

"Zeller says he knew nothing about the breakout; that you forced him to crawl into the opening by threatening him with the knife."

"I had no knife, just the piece of hacksaw you found."

Captain Ling spoke rapidly to the colonel in Chinese, then looked back to Welker.

"We find that hard to believe, that Zeller would be afraid of you. Why are you protecting him? You certainly don't think you owe him any respect."

"I'm not protecting anyone—just telling the truth."

There was another sing-song conversation between the Chinese officers before the captain again turned to Welker.

"We don't believe you. Do you know the penalty for attempted escape? Are you just trying to keep

Zeller from being shot?"

"I'm just telling you what happened."

Captain Ling barked an order and two guards escorted Welker out into the chilly night. He hoped the trembling of his arms was not as noticeable as it seemed to him. The soldiers led him to a windowless punishment cell; one to which he was no stranger. The heavy door slammed shut and he was alone in the inky blackness. He groped to a damp, slimy wall, leaned against it and slumped to the concrete floor. One thing he knew now—they were going to let him live or they wouldn't have bothered to put him in here.

Soon Welker lost all sense of time. Finally he knew the gray Manchurian dawn had come when he heard a faint volley of rifle fire. The execution squad had performed its grim duty.

Turncoat Joseph Zeller hadn't been on the winning side after all!



A TRUE FRIEND

Trust in man's inherent goodness,
Hope for the greatness in him . . .
Help push man up, not down,
Encourage him . . .
If man stumbles, help pick him up again,
Show appreciation for others' contributions
to your happiness. . . .
Look at all men as kin,
You will realize the secret,
Men will call you friend.

—F. L. Spellman

The Power to Become

By Graham R. Hodges

TRY as I did I could not quite place this vaguely familiar tall, strapping young Army sergeant who stood at my door. "Don't you remember me, Mister Hodges? I'm Bill ——."

Then it all came back, but how he had changed! As I sat in my living room talking with Bill, my mind went back just a few years to what he had been then and how he had changed. A terrific discipline problem in school, a pest to every teacher, a first-class switchblade artist in his early teens, Bill had dropped out of Sunday school as soon as he could. More or less by accident he got on our church basketball team when fifteen. To play he had to attend church.

Two years later he entered the armed forces, radically changed but still skinny as a fence rail. Army life had put on three inches and thirty pounds, plus assurance and self-confidence gained from travel. Instead of being a jailbird, as some of his former companions have be-

come, Bill has won his way to useful adult citizenship.

The power to become, the power to change and be changed for the better, to rise above our baser selves to be true children of God—this is now the theme of Bill's life just as it was the Apostle John's, whom Jesus so aptly labeled along with his brother James, *Boanerges*, which means "sons of thunder." Freely translated, *Boanerges* means "hot-tempered, violent, easy to condemn, desirous of destroying those who frustrate, quick to seek revenge, and not slow to berate one's enemy in loud, angry terms."

Do you know anybody like this? There are "sons of thunder" quite close to most of us. Are you one of these yourself?

John was one of Jesus' chosen twelve, a fisherman, and quite possibly spoiled and quick-tempered. He earned the title *Boanerges* when he and brother James asked Jesus to call down fire from heaven to consume a Samaritan village which re-

Mr. Hodges is minister of the Emmanuel Congregational Church, Watertown, N.Y.

fused them hospitality, when he rebuked a man for doing Jesus' work but not giving Jesus credit, and for seeking first place in the kingdom they thought Jesus would establish here on earth. There must have been other instances, too, of haste, temper, and brashness.

The Power to Become

How did he change from this kind of person to the apostle later described as the one Jesus loved? Could this hot-tempered youth be the same John, later one of the great pillars of the church and possibly the writer of the Gospel of John itself?

Perhaps the secret lies in John 1:12, "But to all who received *him*, who believed in his name, he gave *power to become* children of God."

No better illustration of this phrase "power to become" can be found than the revengeful, hasty young fisherman who was transformed into a stable tower of strength, so strong in character that Jesus included him with James and Peter as the three men closest to him. These three went with him on the Mount of Transfiguration and into the Garden of Gethsemane.

What changed him? The same force which changes any of us if we but let it—constant, close association with the Master.

John was with him in person, but Christ is no less with us in scripture reading, prayer, meditation, thought and life itself, if we but admit him to our presence. The power of his presence will change any of us from something worse than John to something equally fine.

A Human Trait

This power to become is a trait not accorded to the lower creatures of Nature, as far as we know. The spider will spin the same web its father and grandfather did. Its forebear a million years ago spun the same web. The ant makes the same nest ants did before the dinosaur.

Built-in instinct directs animals to a large extent. So, we do not deem them morally responsible. But man is different. Hemmed in and shaped in part by environment he still can say yes or no to the pressures around. Theologians call it free will. Adam and Eve "ate the apple" because they had free choice to do evil.

This power to become works both ways, unfortunately. How many times I have seen an innocent sweet-faced baby, as pure morally as the winter snows which fall in January, slowly become an unattractive, willful, and destructive youth. This is the black side of this power to become.

What happens to the sweet little infant in a dozen or fifteen years to make it into a juvenile delinquent? The answers are many and varied, too complicated to delve into here, but the fact remains that this negative process of becoming is going on right now within too many thousands of youth.

What changes a lovely fourteen-year-old girl into an embittered woman of seventeen, with two illegitimate children and a black reputation?

This transformation occurs right before your eyes. I have served my present church eight years and have

seen this power of becoming work in both heart-breaking and heart-warming directions.

Despite work by ministers, parents and teachers, this Bill or that Henry will drift downward until he settles for the lowest possible companions who can only take him further down.

Living in the same block are boys who somehow respond favorably to church, school, Scouts, and to friendly Christian adults always ready to help.

Complicated factors in each case make the difference but in this great land of America no boy or girl is very far from persons and institutions which can help either one become, like John, finer and stronger people.

American History— a Story of Becoming

American history is really the story of a becoming nation made up of becoming individuals. A boy in a Kentucky log cabin, Abe Lincoln, became our greatest President. Would anybody, in 1820, have given little Abe a chance? Not on your tintype!

Thomas Alva Edison was called stupid and too dumb to learn anything. But Edison's mother had faith in him and so did Edison himself and this man became our greatest inventor.

And so it goes with a great many of our outstanding men. And women. Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller's great teacher, was raised in a brutal orphanage in Boston, a less than nobody. George Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist, began life as a slave boy worth just a few dol-

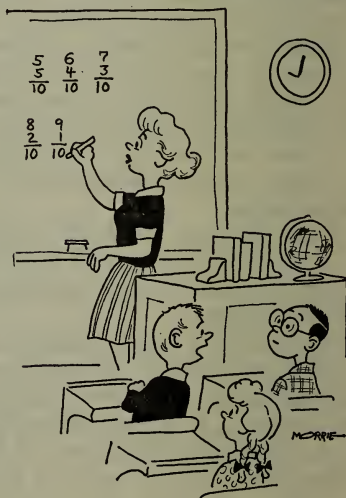
lars. As an adult he made the peanut and soybean important crops instead of interesting weeds.

Yes, we have this power to become true children of God, as John put it, if we will but let Christ work in our lives.

We have the power of choice, however much we may deny it in self-pity and alibis. With our choice of companions, choice of using our time, choice of attending divine service, choice of prayer and Bible reading, choice of leisure time use, we are really choosing what we shall become.

And whether we like it or not life chooses for us if we do not choose for ourselves. Failure to choose is adopting a drift-along policy.

If there was hope for John, Son of Thunder, there is hope for us. With God's help we can become what God truly meant us to be. ■ ■



"I wish she'd make up her mind."

Divorce, Also, Is Death

By June Wilson

A staff member of *The Atlanta Constitution* reveals a vacuum in the church's ministry where there needs to be more concern

DIVORCE is not a happy word, like "marriage." Marriage is a word like a summer dress—full-skirted, bright, and sunny. Divorce is a strict black coat, high-buttoned against the wind. Yet because marriage happens, divorce also happens. And in the spring morning of a life, winter comes in a long, black coat.

Marriage is no magic crucible which transfigures its partners by some mystic alchemy that they may ever live on a loftier plane. Marriage is an earthly condition between two human beings, not angels.

Marriage abruptly meets both the warm and the cold realities of living, and sometimes the balance is held by the clammier facts: in-laws, out-lays, taxes, temperament, and tedium. Thus, marriage is vulnerable to earthly dangers and maladies. It may happen, as already it has happened to ten million persons in our country, that a marriage can be so stricken it can only die.

This is the death we label "divorce." How does the church treat death by divorce? Does it understand, forgive, and comfort? I can better say how the church treats death by dying.

Two deaths occurred in my im-

mediate family within the span of eight months. One day in May, 1955, I returned from my sister's funeral and found that the women of the church had called. They had left a card with a message from the Scriptures and enough food for the neighborhood. It felt good to be remembered, and I was grateful.

Yet one year before—almost to the day—I had filed suit for divorce. It was a different sort of day for a different sort of dying. I remembered it.

It was the same day my church circle was to meet. That morning I suddenly realized the irony of being in the attorney's office at 4:00 and at my church circle meeting at 7:00. And there was more. I had already prepared my part on the program which was "The Christian Home." As early as I dared, I telephoned the circle chairman. I recall feeling guilty that the complicated day had crept up on me, and I could give her only a few hours' notice. Haltingly, I told her that, since I was filing for divorce that afternoon, she might want someone else to take my part. Then, thinking about having to sit through the meeting, I added that perhaps I would be absent. I

mumbled about the full day with three tiny children to manipulate through it all. I knew then, as I know now, that already I was feeling the stigma of what was about to happen.

That day in May did not come easily or hurriedly. It came, as all time comes, one day at a time, until five agonizing years of soul-searching, the counsel of a clergyman, two marriage counselors, a psychiatrist, the learning and trying and still failing were behind me. Today's ministers say divorce is not the answer to anything, but a public admission of private failure. True. But it is sometimes the better alternative to a marriage which should never have been. Then, divorce is the final door out of an intolerable place. It takes courage, hope, and faith to walk through that door.

In the days that followed my call to the circle chairman, no one in the name of the little church either visited the children or me or phoned. It would have helped at the time of great personal need if someone—anyone—from the church had called, not to take sides, but to let me know I was not forgotten, that the church had not turned its back.

Finally, the minister called at my husband's request. I had not approached him in the quest for counsel because I felt other family members also in the church might make such a role awkward and render objectivity difficult.

THE following weeks were sweltering. My three young sons brought home from vacation Bible

school every communicable malady conceivable in the very young. They were sick, irritable, and isolated. I was trapped. I could neither locate a housekeeper to be with them nor enroll them in a day nursery to look for the job I had to have. There was no money, and new bills piled on top of old ones, inherited in the wake of litigation. Sometimes that summer there was only food enough for the children, and I did not eat. They would ask, "Aren't you *ever* hungry, Mommy?" and I, already twenty pounds underweight, would smile archly and reply, "Mommy doesn't want to get too fat!" I did not intend to remember those times when the food arrived the day of my sister's funeral; I just did.

I do not feel that the church fails to forgive this death in the midst of life called divorce so much as it fails to acknowledge it. Divorce is an embarrassment to the church, an incident best ignored out of polite, good manners. What one is unaware of requires no attention. This is not to say the church is unsympathetic, for had I asked for help, I am certain it would have been given. But a strange and particular hesitancy, a sort of timidity, comes to those who experience divorce. It is born, perhaps, of time and the stigma that still casts its ancient shadow and changes the climate about us even in an enlightened world of emancipated people.

Protestant churches have liberalized their official attitudes toward divorce, and even the Roman Catholic Church, whose dictum prevents remarriage following divorce,

now has in at least one area an active "club" for divorced Catholic women. The changed attitudes are merely official; it has not reached the pews. Or has it? People are human beings who join the church; they must carry the sum of their lifetimes, and this includes inherited and acquired fears and prejudices, as well as gained understanding and attained knowledge. A fear still lurks that, should the church and its people freely acknowledge and thus attempt to deal with the fact and the aftermath of divorce, what may emerge could appear an open sanction of sinfulness. So the suddenly inarticulate, strangely shy, who physically survive the major surgery of divorce, come agonizingly to know the full meaning of that saying, "The operation was a success, but the patient died."

That loneliness is a feeling of being small, cold, and alone in the dark at the very edge of the world. I did not want either sympathy or approbation; I wanted a warm, human hand. What I needed was God, and he was there. Only he has no hands; people have hands. What is to be done? Who can help and how? It is so little true that "no man is an island." We are all islands, each most truly alone at the most vulnerable times of our lives. Communication has been described as the "highest art attainable to man," and with good cause. We are all shy before each other when it comes to important matters. Our separate islands are of a special sort; we may float near to one another, and for a moment or a handful of hours, if we

are blessed, we come close until we drift away again. But this communication is rare, and we may not plan or manipulate it. Even if we could, we dare not. We are naturally reticent because all of us can so little bear to be rejected or denied.

The church, the people with the hands, cannot be blamed for we are all the church, or only human instruments of a divine Master who knows us because he made us. We may hardly expect of others what we ourselves know not how to give. As frequently as we see death, as often as we hear it, as surely as we know it will come—not ever are we prepared to be more than helpless in its presence. Divorce, also, is death.

I do not know if the church, mine or any other, forgives divorce. I am not disposed to consider forgiveness as due from the church, but from God. It is warming to think of the church as the firm, human hand; yet He is nearer than breathing, closer than hands.

Each of us has to learn the hard way that God is not readily found, not always in the "right" places. Men have found God in odd places: upon a Damascus road, at a well, on a nearby cross. Sometimes we are so worn and discouraged and the way is so dark that we can no longer search. It is then that He comes, when everyone else is too confused, busy, or embarrassed.

He comes, even to the edge of the world where one in the midst of death by divorce stands small, alone, and afraid in the dark. And it is light again. ■ ■

Let Us Pray

O God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, give us a clear vision of Jesus who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." He came from thee and was born as a babe in Bethlehem. He lived a victorious life of service. He gave his life sacrificially upon the cross. But he arose from the dead. If we know our hearts, we believe in him, we trust him. He is the ideal, the goal of our lives. As he met the issues of his day, so may we meet ours. Grant that his power shall be in us to cleanse us from sin and enable us to live worthy and useful lives. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Almighty God, grant us God's view of man and his institutions. Forgive us for so often magnifying the institution and being less concerned about man. Help us to remember the words of Jesus, "The sabbath was made for man; and not man for the sabbath." May we judge all organizations, customs, establishments on this basis: How does it help or hinder man who is the greatest of thy creative effort? We offer ourselves to thee, O God, sinful men—our sinful selves. Take us and remake us as children of God. Through Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

God of all Nations, we thank thee for America. We are grateful that

thou didst establish it in righteousness, that we are a free nation, that we believe in good will and brotherhood. But help us also to see that thou art the God of all mankind. Grant, O God, that each of us will accept the responsibilities that are ours as Christian citizens—to vote, to analyze the men who run for office, to study the issues, to give our influence to righteous causes. Help us to uphold the men of vision and vote for them and extend the liberties we enjoy to all men everywhere. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Gracious God, from our hearts we express to thee our gratitude for all of life, for its adventure, its challenge, its hard work, its many joys. We thank thee for health and happiness, for friends and faith, for home and hope, for love and life, for mercy and majesty. We are most grateful for the beauty of this earth, our home, this place where thou didst place us to live and love and serve and die. We thank thee for Jesus Christ and the Christian church and for our salvation. We are grateful for the hope we have of everlasting life—for life that shall never die. And may our thanksgiving be shown by our thanksgiving. For Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Dial-a-Devotion

The Sewart Scribe, Sewart AFB, Tenn., reports that the chaplain section has installed a dial-a-phone devotion service. "Do you want some word of cheer or comfort? Are you alone with your problems and need a strengthening thought? Are you filled with anxiety and doubt?" asks *The Scribe*. The answer: Dial 6150.

British Clergymen Preach in America

Last summer twelve British clergymen filled pulpits in the USA under the British-American Preachers' Exchange program. They undertook some eighty Sunday preaching engagements. The British clergy came from the Church of England, Church of Scotland, Methodist, Presbyterian Church of Ireland, Presbyterian Church of England, Baptist, and Congregational communions. Most spoke in pulpits of denominations other than their own.

Methodists to Become Independent in Five Countries

The Methodist General Conference has granted permission for Methodists in five countries—Cuba, Liberia, Indonesia, Burma and Pakistan—to become autonomous. They comprise 87,057 members in 1,128 local churches. If the churches vote for independence, they would be-

come the first churches in thirty-four years to separate organizationally from the parent Methodist church (through whose missionary efforts they came into being).

Carl Boyd's Wife Dies

Heartfelt sympathy to a great servant of the Lord, Carl M. Boyd, Sr., Director of Chaplaincy Services for the Disciples of Christ, whose wife passed away last May 2. Mrs. Boyd was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Carl is a member of the Advisory Board of THE LINK.

On the Air for Thirty-five Years

Last July, the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir celebrated thirty-five consecutive years in radio with a special broadcast from the New York World's Fair. The choir, 375 voices strong, was begun in 1847. It made its radio debut in 1929.

Trueblood Around the World

Dr. Elton Trueblood of Earlham College, Indiana, founder of Yokefellow groups, is on a round-the-world trip which started in August at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and is taking him across the USA on to Japan and around the world in a westerly direction. He is meeting with Japanese Yokefellows in October, under the care of Tetsuo and Emily Kobayashi.

Lit-Lit Christmas Cards

Each year, the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature of the National Council of Churches (known as "Lit-Lit") conducts an art competition contest to secure art work for its Christmas cards. The two winners this year are Heung Chang Kim of Korea with his painting "God With Us" and Lemuel Patole of India with his "Dream of the Future." Cards are 6x6 and are priced at 30 for \$5.00, boxed.

"Face Lift" for Scriptures in Hong Kong

In an effort to present God's Word more attractively to the people of the new age in Hong Kong, the American Bible Society reports that many of the publications have been undergoing a "face lift." The most

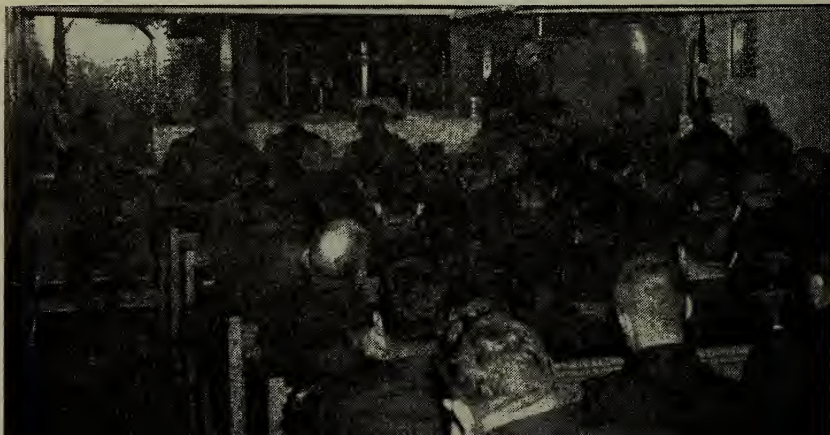
important new edition of this program is a printing of 20,000 each of the illustrated four Gospels and Acts, using different colored inks for each book. Total circulation of the Bible for the Hong Kong office during the year amounted to 983,305.

. . . The American Bible Society also reports that arrangements have been made with a Chinese newspaper in Saigon, Vietnam, for a weekly scripture reading to be included free in the Sunday edition. The Gospel of Mark is the first book to be serialized in this fashion.

Roman Catholic Church Joins Tulsa Council

A May announcement of the National Council of Churches reports that the Roman Catholic Church of Madalene in Tulsa, Okla., joined the Council of Churches of Greater

Chaplain (Capt) David L. Wilson, USA Research Support Group, serving communion on a typical Sunday morning at Camp Tute, Northern Greenland. Following this service, he flies 138 miles by H-34, or Otter, to Camp Century, "The City Under the Ice," for an afternoon worship service.



Tulsa. The Very Rev. James McNamee of the Church of Madalene explained that his church had worked with the Tulsa Council for several years and "admired its stand on community improvement and civil justice." This is a further indication of the remarkable growth in the ecumenical spirit taking place in this country and the rest of the world.

U.S. Bastion of the Pacific Under Attack

The *Washington Report* states that the Ryukyans have petitioned the Congress of the U.S., the Japanese Diet, and the United Nations to have the Ryukyu Islands, including Okinawa, removed from under the administration of the United States, Col. W. A. Kelley (Ret.), guest editor, believes that this has come about because the Ryukyans have never been considered as people. He contends that the USA should make the Ryukyu Islands a showcase of democracy. The people really want to be our friends and we have an opportunity to change their attitude if we will convince both the Ryukyans and the Japanese the administration of their own affairs will be returned to the Ryukyuan people. So states Col. Kelley.

Bible in 1,216 languages

According to the American Bible Society, portions of the Bible have been published in 1,216 languages and dialects, but over 1,000 mutually unintelligible languages or dialects have no Bible. Only 231 have the

entire Bible. More than 3,000 translators in 130 nations are currently at work translating and revising previous translations.

Mrs. Vining Helps Foundation

Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining, author of *Windows for the Crown Prince*, is chairman of the Women's Planning Committee of the Japan International Christian University Foundation, which raises funds from individuals and fourteen Protestant denominations in the U.S. and Canada to help support the university.

Two Annual Conferences and Bishop Transferred in Methodist Church

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., who has served in Liberia, was assigned to the newly formed New Jersey Area Conference under the Northeastern Jurisdiction of The Methodist Church. The move resulted in the first assignment of a Negro bishop to supervise a predominantly white conference of the church. Two annual conferences were transferred from the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction into the Northeastern Jurisdiction in an historical move at the same time.

NCC to Aid COFO

The civil rights arm of the National Council of Churches committed itself fully to the aims and safety of student volunteers working in the Mississippi Project. The Commission on Religion and Race increased recruitment of "minister-counselors" accompanying the students.

The Link Calendar

- Nov. 1. All Saints' Day.
- Nov. 1. Reformation Sunday.
- Nov. 1-30. March Against Muscular Dystrophy.
- Nov. 2. Birthday of Warren G. Harding, 29th Pres. of the USA. B. 1865.
- Nov. 3. ELECTION DAY. VOTE. VOTE. VOTE.
- Nov. 5. Guy Fawkes Day. United Kingdom. On this day in 1605 the plot of Fawkes to blow up the Houses of Parliament was discovered. Fawkes is ceremonially burned in effigy each year.
- Nov. 6. World Community Day. Purpose: To define Christian responsibility in international relations.
- Nov. 8. Stewardship Day. Theme: "Thanks Be to God."
- Nov. 8-14. YMCA World Fellowship Week.
- Nov. 8-14. American Education Week. To focus national attention upon our schools and colleges.
- Nov. 9-15. Youth Appreciation Week. To honor the accomplishments of youth.
- Nov. 10. Marine Corps Birthday. Established in 1775.
- Nov. 11. Veterans Day.
- Nov. 15-26. National Retarded Children's Week. To inform and educate the public concerning the mentally retarded.
- Nov. 15-18. Meeting of Council of Bishops, Methodist Church, Chicago, Ill.
- Nov. 15-Dec. 31. National Christmas Seal Campaign. Fund raising for elimination of TB and other respiratory diseases.
- Nov. 19. The birthday of Jas. Garfield, 20th President of the USA. B. 1831.
- Nov. 19. Equal Opportunity Day. To focus on positive efforts to insure fair and equal treatment of all citizens.
- Nov. 22-28. Share-our-Substance Week. Surplus foods made available for distribution overseas.
- Nov. 23. The birthday of Franklin Pierce, 14th President of the USA. B. 1804.
- Nov. 24. Zachary Taylor's birthday. He was 12th President of the USA. B. 1784.
- Nov. 26. THANKSGIVING DAY.
- Nov. 26-Dec. 25. Worldwide Bible Reading. Consider Bible's place in the life of the community.
- Nov. 27. Geese flying south (*Farmer's Almanac*).
- Nov. 27-Dec. 5. International Livestock Exposition. Chicago, Ill.
- Nov. 29. Advent. The Sunday nearest St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30). Four weeks preceding Christmas.
- Nov. 30. Christmas Parade. Hot Springs, Ark.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for help to lay leaders who prepare sermons and talks.

1. The Good Guys, the Bad Guys, and Me (page 10)

Bible Material: Psalm 8

What is your own definition of man? Tell about your experience of the following: Have you observed people who have character traits objectionable to you and yet have shown kindness and sympathy for others? What are some of the "beams" we get into our eyes?

2. Dare We Double-cross God? (page 24)

Bible Material: Isaiah 5:1-7

How is character formed? What does God do in the development of character? What does man do? After reading Isaiah 5:1-7, how would you answer: How did Israel disappoint God? How do we?

3. No Coveting! (page 32)

Bible Material: Exodus 20:17

What is your definition of coveting? Why does this commandment have in it a sting the others do not have? In what ways does popular advertising increase covetousness? What chain reactions may arise from coveting? How does Christ give us power to do what we cannot do in our own strength?

3. Where Are the Nine? (page 42)

Bible Material: Luke 17:11-19

How can a person give without feeling superior and condescending? What inner resources do you need to accept gifts with genuine gratitude and grace? How do you show gratitude in a society that has grown as impersonal as ours?

5. The Power to Become (page 52)

Bible Material: Mark 1:16-21; 3:17. Luke 9:51-55

Tell of persons who have become different from what they were a few years ago. How did these changes come about? In what ways do we become finer, stronger, more Christlike persons?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Faith of Robert Browning by Hugh Martin. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209. Paper, \$1.50.

Some of us used to be forced to read Wm. Lyon Phelps' interpretations of Browning's poetry to know what Browning was talking about. But, anyway, in spite of this man's intricate writing, he was—and is—an outstanding poet and a deeply religious man. Browning was, as we'd say today, a Christian "in depth." He dug down, he sought for meanings—and he found them. "Love is the key to the meaning of life, and the ultimate truth about God as revealed in Christ. . . . This is the faith of Robert Browning."

Teach Me to Teach by Dorothy G. Swain. The Judson Press, Valley Forge, Pa. Paper, \$1.50.

There's an old saying: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach; those who can neither do nor teach, teach others to teach. That's about as wrong as any statement could ever be. If you are a Sunday school teacher and you want to know what real teaching is, what some of the more creative methods are, how to test your teaching—and the like, you'll find this a helpful book.

Tracks Across the Sky by Page Shamburger. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. \$4.95.

Here is an elaborately illustrated history of the intrepid men who flew the main postal routes in the years between the wars. There were some real heroes among this group of courageous men.

The Prospects of Christianity Throughout the World. Edited by M. Searle Bates and Wilhelm Pauck. Scribners, 597 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y. \$4.95.

In many sections of the world, Christianity is a minority religion, but in spite of this, it exercises an influence far out beyond its mere numbers. What are Christianity's prospects for the future as it faces other world religions, as it faces secularism? Outstanding leaders on six continents seek to answer that question in these essays written as a tribute to the work of Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, retired President of Union Theological Seminary.

Man's New Home by Herman F. Reissig. United Church Press, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Paper, \$2.50.

Dr. Reissig is international relations secretary of the Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ. In this book, he seeks to get the reader to look at all organizations, establishments, customs, everything, from the point of view of the living person. He considers the world revolution, nationalism, the use of power, peace and war, Communism, foreign aid, the church—all from one standpoint: How can we make this world what God intended it to be—a home for man?

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

Another Young Man Going Into the Ministry

I am in the U.S. Air Force and I am an avid reader of THE LINK. I am a Christian, am married, and have two wonderful children and a wonderful wife, thanks to God, I am blessed with them.

I'll be discharged from the Air Force soon and I feel that I should be a minister. Could you send me information as to where I could obtain brochure on Methodist seminaries and financial assistance to attend these seminaries?

My wife will help all she can and I know God will also. I completely trust in God for everything. If you could be of assistance, I would greatly appreciate it. Thank you so very much.

—AIC Hadren L. Moore, Box 35E, 461 Bomb Wg (H) (SAC), Amarillo AFB, Texas.

(We replied to Airman Moore's letter congratulating him and we also suggested he write: The Methodist Church, Department of Ministerial Education, P.O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn. Also we recommended two books: Preparing for the Ministry by Chas. F. Kemp, Bethany Press, Box 179, St. Louis 66, Mo. \$1.50, and Minister, Man-in-the-Middle by John B. Coburn, Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave. New York 11, N.Y. \$3.95. We'd like to hear from all young men in the military who are going into the ministry.)

Letter from France

Permettez-moi, tout d'abord, de vous remercier de la fidélité avec laquelle vous m'avez fait parvenir régulièrement vos deux revues: "THE CHAPLAIN" et "THE LINK" que j'ai lues avec un grand intérêt. Il était précieux pour moi d'apprendre tout ce qui se fait dans votre Pays dans le domaine de l'aumônerie militaire.

Avec toute ma gratitude, je vous prie, Monsieur le Président, d'agréer l'assurance de ma haute considération.

—Pasteur Charles Pittet, Eglise Nationale Vaudoise, Renens (VD).

(We take it, Pastor Pittet is expressing appreciation for receiving THE CHAPLAIN and THE LINK. We are glad they're being read in France and many other countries.)

A Letter from the Netherlands

It has afforded me much pleasure to get your publications—THE LINK and THE CHAPLAIN. I read them with great interest. Now they will go to the new secretary of the Commission.

—Joh. Gerritsen, Jr., Synodale Commissie Voor Kerk en Strudkrachten. Leede 119, Rotterdam-Zuid, Netherlands.

Why Not Write Us?

The staff of THE LINK is always glad to hear from our readers.

At Ease!



"Now, . . . imagine you're being discharged."

The young suitor had just asked the wealthy banker for his daughter's hand in marriage. "Young man," the banker demanded, "how do I know you're not marrying my daughter just for my money?"

"Well," retorted the young man. "We're both taking a chance. How do I know you won't go bankrupt in a year or so?"—F. G. Kernan.

On the Other Hand
Although some things are so funny
That I'm overcome with glee,
I'm not always quite so sunny
When the joke is on me.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

A Chinese was worried by a vicious-looking dog, which barked at him in an angry manner.

"Don't be afraid of him," said the owner. "You know the old proverb, 'A barking dog never bites.'"

"Yes," said the Chinese. "You know ploverb, and we know ploverb, but does dog know ploverb?"
—*Watchman-Examiner*.

It was the little boy's first visit to the planetarium, and he was most impressed with the ticket office that took reservations for a rocket trip to the moon.

"I'd like a ticket to the moon," he told the clerk.

"Sorry, young fellow," the clerk said with a twinkle, "but all the trips to the moon have been cancelled for the next few days."

"Why is that?" the boy asked in surprise.

"Well, you see," the clerk answered, "right now the moon is full."—*Illustrated Weekly of India*.

Comment about a starlet who had just become engaged: "They're made for each other. He owns oil wells, and she's always gushing."—*English Reader's Digest*.

In our parish, five-year-old David, my grandson, was being rescued from rising flood waters. Perched on his rescuer's shoulders in knee-deep water he saw that the flood stretched as far as he could see. Looking around nervously, he said, "I think God ought to ask his friend to build another boat."—Mr. Fern Inskeep in *Catholic Digest*.





