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LINK

February 1968

FAMOUS LINCOLN BIBLE

GAMBLER'S ANONYMOUS

HOW TO DEAL WITH GUILT

**SERVING GOD
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS**







THE LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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NO. 2

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COVERS

Front: Skating is a risky business but fun. All cover photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Swiss chalets and church almost buried beneath the snow.

Inside Front: Somebody's precious little Valentine sends greetings to all fathers away from home.

Inside Back: This is what the winter does to Rainbow Falls, Adirondacks Mountains, New York.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton Levy.

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SOUND OFF

A LINK Reprint

"The Lift of the Club," my article which was condensed and reprinted in tract form by the American Tract Society (Oradell, N. J. 07649) has been widely distributed. I received a report from ATS that in the last year 375,000 copies of the tract had been distributed not counting the foreign English ones. I believe the tracts sell for \$1.05 per hundred.

—Chaplain Haydn L. Gilmore, Dept. of the Air Force, Hq. Lowry Technical Training Center (ATC), Lowry Air Force Base, Colo. 80230.

To Enter Christian Brotherhood

I am writing in regards to the September issue of THE LINK. After viewing the booklet for the first time, I found it an outstanding book. I enjoyed the article "Fifty Years Remembered" especially. The reason I enjoyed it so much is that I attended a Catholic retreat on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of September, just last week. I have never felt closer to God than I did during those days. My soul, my mind and body completely changed as I prayed and meditated and attended church services during those three days.

I have been church organist for the past seven years.

(Continued on page 65)

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Religion of Abraham Lincoln

This is the picture of President Lincoln used on the \$5 bill.

By Addison H. Leitch

IT IS very difficult to get into another man's religion. Even if he can express his deepest thoughts clearly, it is not necessarily true that he would want to. How can one pass judgment on another man's religion by objective criteria alone? We may say that a man is religious because of the general set of his life, his acts of charity, his expressions of continuity of character, but in the last analysis, only "God reads the heart," and he will pass the judgment.

Abraham Lincoln has been subjected to almost endless analysis, personally, politically, psychologi-

cally—the fact of the matter is, no one is able to analyze genius, and anything we think we know about the inner man is probably just an approach to truth. When we speak, therefore, about Lincoln's religion, we speak of a man in general who is too big for us, who in his own nature was very complex, and who, in his willingness to reveal his inner life, was very subtle—sometimes for political reasons, sometimes because, I am sure, his inner life was too precious for publication.

It is quite evident from all available information that he was not a member of any church. What evi-

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dence we have indicates that as a child, he belonged in some way to the Baptist Church, because of his family connections. Hodgenville, Kentucky, his boyhood home, was a Baptist settlement. Preaching services were held monthly, and it was doubtless customary for all members of the settlement to attend church when the opportunity presented itself, and surely the church was on hand for baptisms, weddings, and funerals. Dennis Hanks once wrote to William H. Herndon, "William, I have seen a book which states that Lincoln was Quakers, I say this is a mistake they was Baptist" (April 2, 1866, Gunsaulus Collection, University of Chicago Library).

Many Churches Claim Lincoln

In appendix three of his book, *The Religion of Abraham Lincoln*, William J. Wolfe reviews some of the claims of some of the denominations for Lincoln's church membership. He has been claimed by the Friends, the Roman Catholics, the Disciples of Christ, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians. The Presbyterian claim is illustrative. Dr. Gurley, who was pastor to the Lincoln family in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., claimed that, "But for the assassins who took his life, Lincoln would have made his public profession of faith in Christ on Easter, 1865." But there's the rub: "would have made!"

One of the most interesting claims ever made about Lincoln was that he was a spiritualist. Great efforts

have been made to prove this one way or the other, but the word of John Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary and biographer, scorns this suggestion. "I never knew of his attending a seance of Spiritualists at the White House or elsewhere, and if he ever did so, it was out of mere curiosity, and as a matter of pastime, just as you or I would do. That he was in any sense a so-called 'Spiritualist,' seems to me almost too absurd to need contradiction."

To conclude the matter, we have the words of Lincoln himself, when he felt under political pressure to make some statement to the voters of his congressional district. These words are in his statement: "That I am not a member of any Christian church is true; but I have never denied the truth of the scriptures; and I have never spoken with intentional disrepute of religion in general, or of any denomination of churches in particular."

Lincoln Unbound

As with church membership, so with creeds; Lincoln refused to be bound. Congressman Deming (*Eulogy upon Abraham Lincoln Before the General Assembly of Connecticut*, 1865, p.42) reported on what he called "an impressive remark" made by Lincoln: "When any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification for membership the Savior's condensed statement of substance of both the law and the Gospel, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,

and thy neighbor as thyself—that church will I join with all my heart and soul.”

His freedom from a formal creed does not mean that he did not have religious affiliations. In 1920, William Barton, in his book *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln*, devised a Lincoln creed from Lincoln’s own words, found in his speeches and writings. It follows:

THE CREED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HIS OWN WORDS

I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of Nations, our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father in Heaven, who notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads.

I believe in His eternal truth and justice.

I recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blest whose God is the Lord.

I believe that it is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, and to invoke the influence of His Holy Spirit; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon.

I believe that it is meet and right to recognize and confess the presence of the Almighty Father equally in our triumphs and in those sorrows which we may justly fear are a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins to the needful end of our reformation.

I believe that the Bible is the best gift which God has ever given to men. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book.

I believe the will of God prevails. Without Him all human reliance is vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail.

Being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father, I desire that all my works and acts may be according to His will; and that it may be so, I give thanks to the Almighty, and seek His aid.

I have a solemn oath registered in heaven to finish the work I am in, in full view of my responsibility to my God, with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right. Commending those who love me to His care, as I hope in their prayers they will commend me, I look through the help of God to a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before.



In A Year a Moment Pass

I wish the world still would stand
In a year a moment pass.
To home my heart would travel
To the ones I love the best, so full and well
Let my home but stay forever, till I no more shall roam
In the service of my nation, a soldier far from home
Prepared to fight and die for just a moment home.

—A3C Andres Becerra



What Is Soka Gakkai?

THE GREAT BUDDHA OF KAMA-KURA. Second largest Buddha, and considered the most beautiful in Japan, it is 42-feet high, and made of bronze. It was completed in A.D. 1252.

THE Soka Gakkai is a lay movement started in Japan about thirty-five years ago within the un-Buddhistically militant and relatively unpopular Nichiren-Shoshu (Nee-chee-ren Show-shoo) Sect of Japanese Buddhism by a sixty-year-old schoolteacher named Tsunesaburo Makiguchi. Makiguchi was both an experienced educator and a zealous disciple of Nichiren, the famous Buddhist reformer of thir-

teenth century Japan who is the revered patriarch of the Nichiren-Shoshu Sect of Buddhism.

Makiguchi began by writing a series of books and essays expounding his belief that an educational system based upon the religious principles of Nichiren was the sole true way to bring such values as health, prosperity, and peace to mankind.

Soka Gakkai, the name later

By Tucker N. Callaway

Professor of Seinan Gakuin University, Fukuoka, Japan,
writes about one of the world's fastest growing religions.

SYMBOLS

Soka Gakkai is a new sect of Buddhism and is written below with meaning of each syllable.

倉) So=create, start,
originate

価 Ka=value, price,
cost

学 Gaku = study,
scientific
investigation

会 Kai=association,
meeting
(gaku-kai=Gakkai)

Great - Fundamental -Price-
less Thing
大 Dai=Great

本 Hon = Fundamental,
original

尊 Zon = Price-
less thing, revered
thing, sacred

chosen for Makiguchi's group, means "value-creating society."

In 1944 during World War II, at the age of seventy-three, Makiguchi died of malnutrition in a Japanese prison. He was placed there for refusing to worship the Emperor. His small group of followers had almost all defected and Makiguchi's movement appeared finished.

There was with him in prison, however, an able young subordinate who resolved that his master's cause not be lost. Under the leadership of this man, Josei Toda, the movement got a new start.

In 1946 it was officially organized under its present name, Soka Gakkai. By 1951 its membership had increased to 5,000 households, by 1957 to 11,000, by 1962 to 2,700,000 households or 10 million persons. In 1960, two years after Toda's death, the incumbent President, Daisaku Ikeda, was elected. Under Ikeda's vigorous and discerning direction the growth of Soka Gakkai did not falter but rather has surged forward to even greater successes.

According to the latest figures there are now more than five and a-half million households affiliated with what is doubtless the fastest growing religious organization in the world.

A dramatic evidence of the number and zeal of its adherents is the success of Soka Gakkai in electing its own candidates to important posts in the Japanese government. Because there is legal separation between religion and state in Japan, it cannot operate directly as a religious group, but has established a political party called Komeito ("clean-politics-party") through which it seeks to achieve its goal in this field.

At present Soka Gakkai's party has twenty representatives in the Upper House of the National Diet (which corresponds somewhat to the United States Senate), giving it the third largest representation of any party. Further, it has 59 representatives in prefectural assemblies (similar to state legislatures), 946 in city and ward assemblies, and 260 in town and village assemblies. This means there are presently 1,285 members of Komeito holding responsible elective offices in various levels of Japanese government.

Such impressive statistics bring us to the question, What is Soka Gakkai? What are the teachings of this religion which have such a powerful appeal for the Japanese people?

Teachings of Soka Gakkai

Nichiren himself taught that among the hundreds of Buddhist *sutras* (meaning "dialogues of the Buddha"), one alone, the Lotus Sutra, should receive supreme devotion. It was his conviction that those who trusted themselves to the Lotus Sutra would be able to

overcome all difficulties, receive all benefits, and dwell in happiness. Those who relied upon other sutras or other religions were, he believed, doomed to failure and misery. He saw his primary task to be that of winning first Japan and then the whole world to undivided faith in the Lotus. There were many obstacles.

In the first place, almost no one at that time could read the difficult literary Chinese in which the Lotus Sutra was written. As in Europe, so also in Japan, illiteracy was widespread in the thirteenth century when Nichiren lived. Furthermore, only a few copies of the sutra were in existence at that time.

How could Nichiren lead people to have supreme devotion for a book which they could neither read nor own? To overcome such obstacles Nichiren devised simple substitutes for reading and owning the sutra. The Japanese translation of the full Sanskrit title of the sutra is *Namu myoho rengo kyo* ("mysterious-law lotus-flower sutra").

Nichiren taught that it was not necessary to read the Lotus Sutra in order to receive its power, but it was enough to repeat each day its "Great Title" (Daimoku) as many times as possible while trusting in the sutra's efficacy.

This practice of chanting *Namu* ("hail") *myoho rengo kyo*, with faith in the sutra's power to bless is fundamental to modern Soka Gakkai. Nichiren further taught that it was not necessary to have access to a copy of the Lotus Sutra. He created a kind of visible symbol of the



MOUNT FUJIYAMA. Sacred mountain which dominates the east central part of Japan and has become a symbol of the nation. On a clear day the majestic mountain seems to be in everyone's backyard.

sutra consisting of the Great Title written in large letters in the center surrounded by the names of many of the Buddhas mentioned in the sutra.

This ideographic representation of the Lotus Sutra which he called the "Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing" (*dai-honzon*, or *gohonzon*) could easily be copied and distributed. To chant the Great Title before one of these copies of the Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing was believed to be just as effective, indeed more effective, than to chant before the sutra itself. In this single symbol was distilled the mystical essence of Lotus. Belief in the efficacy of Nichiren's Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing is without

doubt the most important single teaching of present-day Soka Gakkai.

It is claimed that at Taisekiji (tie-say-kee-gee), Japan, there is preserved the original Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing written on a sheet of wood by the hand of Nichiren himself. It is asserted that from this graphic symbol radiates a mighty power through which all evils can be overcome and all good things realized, a power which is as real and scientifically provable as electricity.

The copies of the Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing which stand on the altars of the temples and homes of Soka Gakkai believers are believed to be merely conductors of

the insuperable energy which flows from the original symbol at Taiseikiji.

The most important addition to the teachings of Nichiren himself is the so-called "value-theory" (*kachiron*) which was expounded in the writings of Soka Gakkai's founder, Makiguchi. It has already been noted that *soka* in the name of the sect means "value-creating." According to Makiguchi, the quest for abstract philosophical or religious truth is valueless. The only things of real value are those which bring practical benefits such as physical health, sufficient food and clothing, adequate housing, happy family life, a prosperous and tranquil nation, international peace.

Soka Gakkai offers not pie in the sky, but pie on the kitchen table. All that is necessary to have such values created in the life of any individual or of any nation, according to Soka Gakkai, is simply for that individual or that nation to put complete trust in the power of Nichiren's Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing at Taiseikiji and to chant the Great Title as frequently as possible. These simple acts of faith are believed sufficient to make the ineffable value-creating energy available to anyone.

In Soka Gakkai we find a subtle attraction to those zealously patriotic Japanese whose hearts have been heavy since Japan's military defeat with the feeling that their nation's claim to unique superiority had thereby been discredited.

If the soul hope of salvation for every man is the Lotus Sutra; if



FRESH FISH can be purchased from this Japanese lady in the "Morning Market" at Wajima, Japan.

the one true prophet of that sutra is the Japanese patriot, Nichiren; if the original Great-Fundamental-Priceless-Thing from which all blessings flow is in the custody of Taiseikiji at the very heart of Japan — then, it follows that Japan is the spiritual center of the world. The only hope of true salvation for every man and every nation is to be found in Japan and Japan alone. This is a deeply satisfying faith for those Japanese who want to feel themselves citizens of a land of unique national destiny.

Just as Nichiren himself, the followers of Soka Gakkai seek to prop-

agate their faith with almost fanatical zeal.

Its Future Prospects

In general, the members of Soka Gakkai are people who for one reason or another have been caused to feel themselves outsiders in the most respectable areas of Japanese society. In spite of its rapid growth among such people, Soka Gakkai still has only a small minority of the total population.

The great majority of the Japanese tend to look upon Soka Gakkai with uneasiness and even fear. Traditional Buddhist sects in Japan (even some Nichiren-related sects) actively oppose it as an intolerable heresy.

A fundamental tenet of genuine Buddhism is absolute tolerance. Buddhism cannot, therefore, accommodate a form of Buddhism like Soka Gakkai which is intolerant of all but those who give supreme allegiance to the Lotus Sutra.

At present Soka Gakkai continues to grow by leaps and bounds. It is my opinion that there is only a limited number of persons in Japan to whom it is likely to appeal. Once it has taken all the converts it can from that group, the growth is bound to slow down. A failure to fulfil its extravagant promises will ultimately provoke disillusionment.

Soka Gakkai will likely continue to grow for more years yet, but this writer believes its days are numbered. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

Soka Gakkai is built upon the sands of unreality and therefore cannot long stand. In the meantime the movement constitutes both a threat and a challenge to those who seek to bear the name of Christ in the "Land of the Rising Sun."



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Soka Gakkai in the USA

On May 7, 1966, 2,300 of the West Coast membership of Soka Gakkai in America met in the Masonic Temple auditorium in San Francisco, at which time America Headquarters Chief, M. Sadanaga, announced the America Headquarters goals. These goals were set: (1) increase American membership to 70,000 households, (2) all members become a part of the Study Department of Soka Gakkai, and (3) that at least one thousand believers transported in seven chartered jet planes attend the Seventh Anniversary of the present world president in Tokyo.

An American airman in Japan and other American converts to Soka Gakkai held their first meeting in June, 1963, near Johnson Air Force Base. A Japanese speaker at the meeting said: "Sooner or later, you Americans must return to your homes in America. Your duty is to propagate the only true faith (Soka Gakkai) there."

Under New Management

By Irma Hegel

A milltown girl and man look at life differently

KAREN RAYMAN looked up from her sales chart as Judge Bruce Stanner stamped into her office. Tall and ponderous he was, with his greying hair just beginning to recede on his high forehead. He thumped a gloved hand on her desk. "I want you to get into your car and drive immediately to Lost Valley, Miss Rayman."

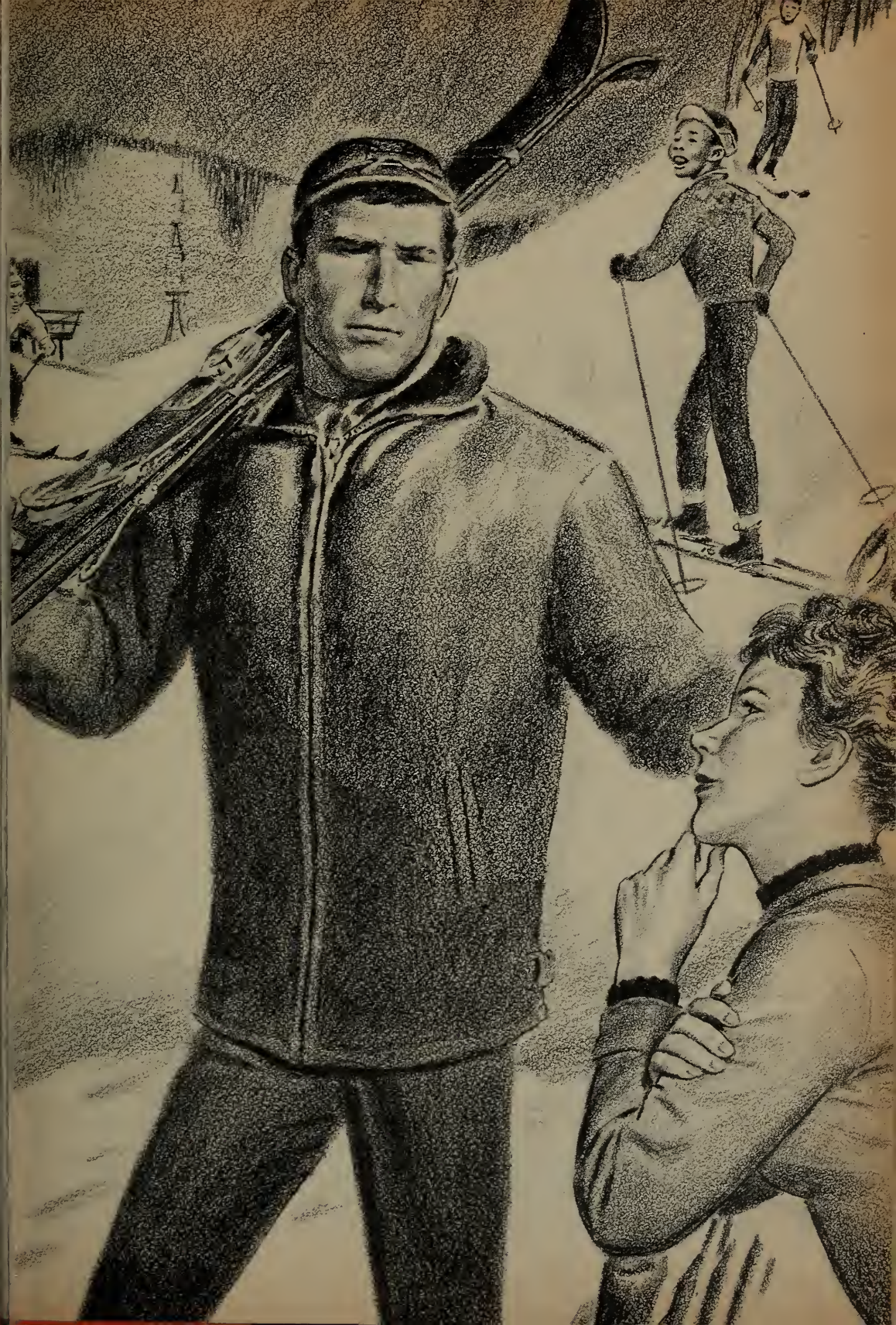
Lost Valley was in New Hampshire, a winter resort for the jet set. Karen, steeped in real estate from her small pointed shoes to the top of her shiny brown short hair, smelled a deal. "Go on."

"You must remember George Fretz who owned The Lost Valley Ski Lodge? George died and left the place to a ski instructor named Johnny Twobulls... an Indian, no doubt. George built the lodge into a successful resort. Johnny's turning the paying guests away. Before it

goes bankrupt, we have a hotel syndicate willing to buy it. You're a beautiful woman and much more effective than an aging judge, I'm sure. Offer this fellow sixty thousand dollars if you must, but get his signature on the dotted line."

Karen listened to instructions on waivers, releases, and titles. She was efficient in spite of her round dimpled face and childlike brown eyes with their ridiculously long black lashes. She had been sent on other assignments, and had closed them successfully, with added bonuses for her rapidly climbing savings account.

Ten o'clock found her on her way to Lost Valley. With the steady speed of long practice she steered her yellow Mustang on the cleared turnpike, while the unbroken stretches of whiteness receded on either side of her.



Routine business, she told herself. Sixty thousand seems a fair price for a ski lodge. Primitive places most of them, and a ski instructor who did not know how to manage it should be glad to sell.

Off the cleared turnpike now to snow-packed narrow roads. She stopped at a service station to have chains put on. "You can't make the mountain," the attendant warned her. "Better park your car in the village, and wait for the lodge sleigh to pick you up. I'm surprised the Injun didn't turn your reservation down—he has everyone else's."

In Webauga, a tiny village whose small houses and snow-topped roofs resembled a Grandma Moses card, Karen waited at the stop for the mountain sleigh. A lean white-haired professor and his wife waited with her, surrounded by their skis, poles, and bags.

"We've never missed a February at the Lodge," the professor's wife remarked. Her dark eyes glowed beneath her white hair. "Johnny is the best ski instructor in New Hampshire. Do you ski, Miss Rayman?"

"This is a business trip for me," Karen answered.

"How dull!" Carol Emmitt exclaimed. "Everyone should ski."

They should indeed, Karen thought, and tensed in anger. Her father had been a millworker, never earning much, dying young. Her mother had done daywork, struggling to keep her brother Tom, her sister Dulcie, and herself. They'd never had anything except prayers,

Bible-reading, and church. Mom had died. Dulcie had married a millworker and had died in childbirth. Tom had been among the first to fall in Vietnam.

Karen alone had been grimly determined to succeed. She'd worked her way through business college and then made herself indispensable in the company of Stanner, Hall, and Peck. No time for skiing. Yet, at twenty-seven, she had her own apartment and car.

A TINKLE of bells. Through the frost-encrusted window, Karen could see the sleigh halting. Another moment and a man, tall and erect, came into the station. In his bulky parka, buff-colored slacks and high boots, he resembled the proud chieftain of a forgotten race.

"Dear Johnny Twobulls! How good to see you again! Here's Edward, of course, and Karen Rayman. Karen doesn't ski. We must do something about her learning immediately."

Johnny Twobulls turned his high-cheeked tranquil face to Karen. "Welcome to Lost Valley, Miss Rayman."

She merely nodded. This man was different from what she had pictured. He must be around thirty, poised, and apparently well-educated.

There was an unhurried grace and strength to him as he gathered up their luggage and ushered them to the sleigh. Firmly, gently, he directed the horses up the torturous winding mountain road. Snowy

peaks rose in majestic splendor around them. Miles of virgin forest stretched endlessly along the valley below. A frozen lake sparkled like a diamond in the last rays of the setting sun.

"That thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare," said Johnny.

The 75th Psalm, Karen thought, recalling her childhood and anger surged again. Dad never saw a sight like this, nor Mom, Tom, Dulcie. She glared at the professor as he uttered a hearty *Amen*.

The ski lodge, when they reached it, was a sprawling dwelling built of logs. Smoke billowed from two great chimneys into the still, crisp air.

They entered an enormous living room. Except for the crackling of burning logs in the giant fireplace, the quiet was overwhelming.

Professor Emmitt glanced about him. "Johnny, I don't understand. Are the three of us to be your only guests? Other Februarys this lodge has been jumping."

The Indian's close-set lips parted in a warm smile. "This place will be jumping, as you put it, tomorrow, Professor. Thirty guests are coming."

"College students, I take it?"

"A much younger age bracket," Johnny replied. "Axel will carry your bags to your room. Dinner is at six. The worship hour is at seven, as usual." The Indian moved off, his boots creaking softly.

Karen whirled on the Emmitts. "*The worship hour?* Is this a church or a ski lodge?"

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Emmitt said quickly, "George always had a worship hour and the young people really were inspired by it. Johnny must be observing the same tradition. Do come."

She went, not really knowing why, following the employees of the lodge. Men and women still wearing their uniforms and coveralls, and the professor and his wife, of course. In the living room, Johnny Two-bulls, a Bible in his hands, stood before the blazing fireplace. He read slowly, "*And he said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*"

A simple prayer followed in which Johnny prayed they might be faithful stewards of their possessions and saved from jealousy of those to whom more was entrusted. The waitress who had served them at dinner walked to the grand piano, struck a few chords and they sang, "Where The Shepherd Leads Me, I Will Follow."

Tears stung Karen's eyes. She remembered it was Mom's favorite song. She remained in her chair after the others left.

Johnny looked down at her. "Shall we talk business?"

She rose quickly, ashamed of her tears. "I'm quite tired. Perhaps tomorrow night." She fled.

THE NEXT morning she awakened to young voices, laughter, doors banging open and shut. She jumped from her bed, ran to the window and thrust aside

the curtains to look down at the snowy court below. Boys of all sizes were pulling on thick sweaters, grabbing skis, reaching for poles. Johnny stood in the midst of them, laughing too, acting like a boy among boys. Karen dressed quickly.

When she reached the court below, only one Negro youth remained, intent on securing a binding on his skis. "What's going on?" Karen demanded. "Can you tell me?"

"Why, sure ma'am." The boy smiled. "Mister Johnny has been inviting twenty to thirty boys from the milltowns to this lodge every week. Some of the churches and businessmen have been givin' clothes and stuff. We're learning to ski. 'Scuse me—I gotta join the other guys." The boy ran on.

Karen glanced into the supply room where a few remaining skis hung on the wall. So that was why Johnny had been turning paying guests away! It was to make room for these non-paying guests, boys who would never have seen the mountains except for the generosity of this quiet man.

Later she watched those boys on the distant slopes, heard their shrill calls and laughter when they spilled. She saw them crowd into the dining room and eat. She observed their reverence as still red-cheeked and bright-eyed they gathered in the living room for devotions. At the conclusion of the singing, one tousle-haired boy remarked, "I allus thought God was far-off some place. He's awful close here."

One by one the boys departed to

be followed by the uniformed employees and the white-haired professor and his wife. Only Karen remained in the suddenly quiet living room, brightened by the log fire on the hearth.

Johnny put another log on the glowing embers, straightened and turned toward her. His dark eyes in his calm face regarded her soberly. "You did say you had an offer?"

She nodded dully. "Sixty thousand dollars for the sale of your lodge—a hotel syndicate. It would be a mistake," she added excitedly. "A hotel syndicate wouldn't give week-end skiing trips to boys from the milltowns. A hotel syndicate wouldn't give them worship services."

"You must have come from a milltown as I did," Johnny remarked. "George Fretz and I talked often of taking boys from the streets and showing them our mountains. Jesus prayed from a hilltop to his Father. George believed our boys would learn prayer from the mountains. Many have. But you came to bargain, not listen to a dream."

"A dream that's a reality," Karen said. "Remembering a milltown—and sharing—I only wanted to forget. I'll leave with your boys tomorrow. I'm going to pray that I'll find some way of serving, too. I wish I could come back and learn to ski like the boys."

"Why don't you?" Johnny asked. "I'll teach you."

"But your lodge is closed to guests," Karen said.

Johnny smiled. "Not to you; not

to the Emmitts. Never to people who understand. You might say this place in under new management—*His.*”

Karen grasped the slim brown

hand Johnny extended to her. “Even Karen Rayman of Stanner, Hall, and Peck knows there’s no better management anywhere than that.” ■ ■

How My Faith Has Helped Me in the Military

ALMOST 4 years ago I enlisted in the U.S. Navy, realizing there must be a place in military life for a Christian who was willing to serve for God as well as serve for his country. I have found that place in service. I have a great desire to live a Christian life, one that is pleasing to God. I want others to see my good works *and glorify God*. I believe with God’s great help, I can lead others to know Christ as their Lord and Savior.

There is never a battle that we have to fight alone, nor is there a problem that we have to solve alone. As long as God remains by our side, we are not alone. When you put complete faith in God, the wonderful thing is that it brings peace even in war.

I shall serve God and our country, with better understanding these next four years than I have in the past few years.

We are never promised that the Christian life will be easy, nor that every individual thing will be good. We do know that “all things work together for good to them that love God” (Romans 8:28).

There are times when I’m downhearted and in need of a friend. I take my problems to our Master because I know he answers prayer.

I have no idea what the future will bring for you or me, but of this I am certain. If you really want Christ, you’ll find that he is with you wherever you’ll take him.

YN3 Ralph D. Bruce
(VT-2, Legal Office. NAAS Whiting Field, Milton, Fla. 32570)

(We’d like to hear from you, all you military personnel who read **THE LINK**, to discover what your ideas are on: “How My Faith Has Helped Me in the Military.” Write about 200-300 words. We will publish the best of these. Mail to Editor, **THE LINK**, 122 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002.)



The President of the United States, Lyndon Baines Johnson, greets Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, THE LINK, who is beaming naturally. Mrs. Fitzgerald looks on and will receive her greeting in a moment.

A Visit with the President

MY WIFE and I had been talking about the tremendous burdens our President carries in these critical times—the leadership of the free world, strife in the cities, and the war in Vietnam.

So, suddenly we decided that we could at least write him a letter expressing our faith and confidence and let him know that he was in our daily prayers.

Little did we realize then what amazing things were going to take place in the next few days.

Three days later we got a letter from the White House. Well, we sort of expected that—someone down there, perhaps an assistant would write. But the letter was from the President. Among the things he said were these:

"It gives me comfort that your prayers are with me at this time..." "No one would rather see the end of this sad war than your President..."

We felt good that he would take time from his busy life to express his thanks to us and share his inner feelings.

We thought that was the end of the experience. But it wasn't. On Monday I received a call from a presidential assistant at the White House who said essentially: "The President has received your letter and he wants to meet you. And if you are preaching regularly, he'd like to hear you preach!"

I replied that I was in the field of religious journalism but I would certainly like to meet the President. The assistant then asked: "Could you come tomorrow at 12:45 P.M. and bring your wife?"

I said I thought we could. You know when you get a call from the President, you go!

That night as we talked about the phone call, we wondered: Could this be a practical joke? A few weeks earlier someone called us on the phone purporting to be the representative of a TV contest and if we'd answer one question correctly we'd get a set of new tires for our car.

The visit of the Fitzgeralds with the President took place in the President's office. "The President is a genial and sincere man," says Mr. Fitzgerald.



Yet I really knew it was not a joke for no one knew about the letter but my wife and me.

On Tuesday we went down early and made our appearance at the White House gate about 12:20. The guard checked his list and apparently there was our name so the big iron gates were opened and we passed through on our way to the cabinet room.

As we walked through the grounds at one point my wife stopped and looked toward the Washington Monument. "Don't go so fast," she said. "This is the first time I've ever seen Washington Monument from the White House grounds!"

We waited in the cabinet room until the presidential assistant arrived to take us to the President.

We will never forget the experience. As we entered his office, the tall Texan arose from his desk and greeted us cordially with a big handshake. Then he invited us to sit at a lounge across the room. We all three sat down and our conversation began.

Now what the Commander-in-Chief said to us is "off the record." But I feel that I can give some impressions:

The President is a sincere, friendly man, and talked with ease.

One of his most anxious wishes is to achieve peace in Vietnam; but he is not willing to award aggression by giving in to the Communists.

Our call was before the Vietnam elections and the President expressed hope that the elections would result in a stable and representative government in that war-torn country.

He is diligently seeking to find a solution to the problems we face here on the home front.

He is a man who believes in prayer and is appreciative of those who remember him.

After 5 or 10 minutes, the President stood up and bade us goodbye cordially. I had an autographed copy of THE LINK (and another small book) which I gave to him and he looked at the magazine and I was glad to hear him say: "THE LINK? Yes, I know THE LINK."

Our guide met us at the door and we made our way out of the White House thankful that we live in a democracy where the President, who occupies the highest office in the land, will take a few moments to talk to some little people who wish him well and pray for him.

—Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor,
THE LINK

A grouch is a guy who has sized himself up and is sore about it.—Roger Meyer
in *Nashville Banner*.

The Flying Tokel

DID YOU KNOW that skiing dates back to the Bronze Age? Parts of skis were found in marshes in Scandinavia and one of these relics, known as the Ovrebo Ski, is in the ski museum at Frognerseter, near Oslo, Norway, proving the fact that skiing originated in that part of the globe. America owes its tremendous growth of this winter sport to a young lad who migrated from Norway to become one of its greatest skiers. Back in 1939, a young, 19-year-old lad stepped onto the shores of America from Norway; a day later this same boy had entered a ski jump and with borrowed skis easily won the match. Torger Tokle was no ordinary jumper—he had been jumping off snow-covered hills since he was six. His jump for that day was only 152 feet. A year later this husky lad had won 15 ski meets and had set nine records.

Whenever there was snow, Tokle would be found skiing off the sharp slopes, always winning. In 1941, he made the skiing world take notice, for he had made a leap of 273 feet! A year later, on March 1, 1942, at Iron Mountain, Michigan, he really achieved greatness. Pine Mountain Slide, perhaps one of the largest in the world, was icy and not in condition for jumping. On his first leap Tokle had cleared 281 feet. This was a new record for that chute. When he landed on the hard icy snow, he cracked one of his skis. Not having time to borrow another pair, he climbed back to the top of the ski jump and fearlessly pushed off. Over 20,000 spectators watched with frozen breath as he glided through the cold air. When his skis touched earth again this Norwegian-American had set a new record with an astounding jump of 298 feet!

On March 10, 1945, Sgt. Tokle, while leading an American ski patrol in the rugged mountains of Italy, was killed by an enemy shell. The Brotherhood Trophy was awarded to him posthumously for his outstanding influence in behalf of clean sportmanship in America. In the short time that he had lived in his adopted land, Tokle had broken 24 hill records while winning 42 of 48 tournaments. He is still known as the champion who put skis on America.

—Mario De Marco

Power for Living One's Life

By W. B. J. Martin

WE ARE LIVING in an age of power. Like Shakespeare's Glendower we boast we "can call spirits from the vasty deep." Yet with T. S. Eliot we are compelled to confess, "We are the hollow men." Nothing is more characteristic of our era than the disparity between man's outer and inner power. Man has unlocked the atom, but feels himself imprisoned. He has harnessed the mighty waters of sea and river, but sheds tears for his own weakness. He has exercised dominion over all the earth, but feels he is no longer the captain of his fate, the master of his soul.

All this has given modern man a bad sense of inferiority. And he is not helped by those who like to rub his nose in the dust, by pointing out how small and insignificant man is compared with the size of the universe. "Astronomically speaking," says one of these pundits, "man is nothing." To which the

appropriate answer surely is, "Astronomically speaking, man is the astronomer." It is he, after all, who uncovered the million "stars and suns of space."

In this crisis of human confidence we need to remember the words of Pascal, "Man is but a reed, the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. But if the universe were to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which killed him, because he knows that he dies and the advantages the universe has over him: the universe knows nothing of this."

Take Stock of Our Resources

This is the first step in achieving power for living: to take stock of our resources. It is neither to be pessimistic nor optimistic, but to be realistic. In the words of Genesis,

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man was created by God not only to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," but also to have dominion over his own soul. We do no service to God by denigrating our own ability, and deploring and succumbing to our weakness.

But we need to be reminded that the power promised to the Christian man is not any kind of power—power to exploit the world for his own ends, or power of the Fourth Gospel, "To as many as received him, to them gave he *power to become the sons of God.*" Many of us desire power to carry out our own plans. But there is a difference between the man who asks for God's blessing upon his plans, and the man who seeks God's blessing upon his life as he seeks to realize God's plan.

The Power We Need

If we see this clearly, then the kind of power we need becomes plain. It is not power to dislocate other peoples' lives, but power to relate to them creatively and meaningfully. It is power to make us sensitive to other peoples' needs; power to think straight; power to feel genuinely; power to act, not according to the whims and moods of the moment, but in accord with God's long-term plan.

When we examine men who exhibit this type of power, we see the price they have paid for it. They have surrendered their egotism to the claims of reality. Someone once

said, "There is no more powerful man in the world than the man who wants nothing for himself." They are the men who obey Christ's command, "Take nothing for your journey," i.e. do not arm yourself with imposing human credentials, but live with openness to your fellowmen. They are the people who would rather have hands at the end of their arms than hooks. Hooks may bring people down, but only hands can steady them, even though hands may incur the risk of the print of the nails.

When Dr. Gilbert Russell was a medical student in Edinburgh, I heard him say to a gathering of his fellow students, "I am very young to stand here and tell you what life means. But some things have become so clear to me that they can never become any clearer. I see that it is the people who go into life with the intentions of love, without any armor at all, who get the biggest response from life." Like a good doctor, Gilbert Russell certainly diagnosed the situation correctly! If we are to possess power, we must surrender all desire to use it for our own ends.

In my humble estimation, one of the most powerful men now living is the Italian architect, Danilo Dolci, who, almost single-handed has tackled and made such an impression on the slums of Southern Italy, in defiance of the Mafia and the power of vested interests. Describing his decision to undertake his mission, he says, "I suddenly realized that I was about to become fossilized. I was about to bury

myself in a materialistic society . . . Reinforced concrete and drawing boards were not enough. A home, a car, and all the rest—they were not enough. Better to be penniless and in shirt-sleeves and a nobody, merely alive in the midst of life. . . .”

When you read testimonies like that, you begin to realize why so few of us genuinely want power. It calls for surrender on our part—not the passive emptying of self to receive the Spirit, as if it were kind of holy fluid, but the active willingness to be obedient to and overwhelmed by the will of God as it is revealed to us in the life and career of Jesus Christ.

God's Power Only for Those Who Use It

God's power is only given to those who will use it. The mere desire for power as a sort of trophy is idle. As a matter of fact, most of us already have more power than we are using—divinely endowed graces and talents and abilities. But we have not been willing to meet the circumstances and challenges that will call them forth. We are like the men in the parable who were asked, “Why stand here all the day idle?” If we are honest, we shall have to confess, “Because no man has hired us.”

As a minister, I am classified by Social Security as a “Self-employed person.” I hope that isn't true! I would hate to think that is an accurate description of my life. I am only truly a man, as we all are truly men, when we are employed by and for the sake of others. “It

is a piteous thing to be. Enlisted in no cause at all,” as the poet says, “Nothing to strive for, nothing to keep alive for,” except the preservation and coddling of one's own creaturely existence.

We are most powerful when we are employed by a great cause. This is why we cannot divorce the search for personal power from the kingdom of God, and our willingness to enter it and serve it.

When Saint Paul was asked the secret of his power, he could only say, that God's strength was made perfect in his weakness, and that his dynamic, bustling, busy life of travel and organization and the care of the churches, was only made possible by the presence of Christ in him. “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me,” he cried. His power was not pumped up from within himself, but came through his response to God.

I once walked down Shaftsbury Avenue, admiring the brilliant lights of that busy street. I came to a side street where John Wesley once lived and preached. The house is no longer there, but has been replaced by an electrical sub-station. I pushed open the door and found myself in a place as hushed as a church. But it was this quiet place, marked only by the hum of the dynamos, that was the source of all the bustle and activity I had just left behind. In the 18th century, John Wesley was a powerhouse for England, and all his life Christ was the powerhouse for him. Like all truly powerful persons, his “life was hid with Christ in God.” ■■

The Soldier Husband

By Dorothy J. Meloche

WHAT is a soldier husband? The words tell anyone; first a soldier, then a husband.

In his greens, brass and boots gleaming, he parades in honor of his country; but in baggy, comfortable trousers, and in his stocking feet, he's the center of his family.

He's the kind of guy who leaves his wife and kids (and usually one more on the way) and says with a grin, "Don't come to the station to see me off. I can't stand to see a grown man cry," and knows deep down that it's not a lie.

He usually spends months on end away from his family but turns down invitations to "do the town" with a simple, "Can't do it. I've got a letter to write."

He puts in motion the yards of red tape that brings his family to his duty station, studies and learns all the complicated words, phrases, and actions to do his job; fixes broken toys, washing machinés, and vacuum cleaners, but can't cope with dressing a squirming two-year-old.

On leaving the house in the early morning, he's very careful not to wake anyone, then usually returns to meet confusion and bedlam, but with only a word or a look, sets everything right.

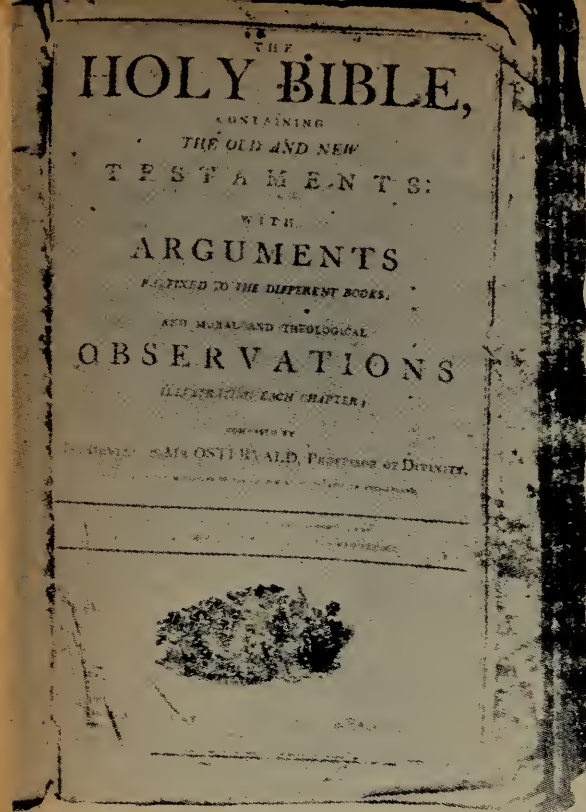
He can shoulder a rifle or a squealing little girl, and make his wife thrill with pride either time.

His job isn't easy and his load isn't light; but when he looks at his family he can say, "I'm trained and I'm ready, and for this I will fight." ■ ■

DALLAS (UPI)—A pastor, given a pie by a woman parishioner, said he found it almost inedible. His wife threw it into the garbage.

The minister, troubled about how to thank the woman and be truthful at the same time, finally wrote her:

"I can assure you that pie like that doesn't last very long at our house."
—Submitted by Leona Wintermute.



Famous Lincoln Bible

By Charles Ludwig

THE OSTERVALD BIBLE. This is the Bible that belonged to Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas Lincoln.

HISTORIANS are amazed at Abraham Lincoln's fantastic knowledge of the Bible. He knew it better than many of the preachers of our day, and quoted it more than any other Chief Executive. Moreover, he had an uncanny way of coming up with an obscure passage that would be so appropriate his point would be clinched.

In 1864 a friend dropped into the White House and remarked that the third party convention which had just nominated John C. Fremont for President had had an attendance of only four hundred. Within moments, Lincoln opened the worn

Bible on his desk, and after a little searching, turned to 1 Samuel 22:2, and read the passage. "And everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men."

Even a biblical genius could not have topped that! But this is just one instance in a whole chapter of incidents that might be related. Here are some more.

Late in the afternoon, a little girl, walking by the inn where Lincoln

was staying during his circuit riding days, fell on the sidewalk and began to cry. Lincoln immediately left the porch, picked her up, and held her in his arms.

"What is your name?" he asked, seeking to calm her.

"M-Mary Ann Tufft," she managed between sobs.

"There now, Mary Ann, don't cry any more," he comforted, giving her a pat. "You go home and tell your mother you rested in Abraham's bosom!"

Once after Stephen A. Douglas had laid him low for two hours at Knox College in Galesburg, Lincoln's time came for reply. After tossing his coat to Salmon P. Chase, he said: "Chase, mind my garment while I stone Stephen!" And history records he followed through on his promise.

Lincoln always liked to have a Bible nearby. During his attendance at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington he usually carried a New Testament which he dubbed: "The Rock." Writing to his friend Joshua Speed, Lincoln said: "Take all of the book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith."

Students of Lincoln, finding biblical quotations throughout his speeches and correspondence, wonder where he got his scriptural background. The answer is that his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, got him started on his love for the Bible.

An early biographer claimed that Nancy began to teach him to read at five, and that at seven he was



THE BOY LINCOLN. Bronze statue by David Rubens, Indianapolis, Ind.

taking his turn at reading the Bible during family worship.

BIBLES were quite expensive during the early 1800s. This was especially true in the backwoods areas of Kentucky and southern Indiana. A Bible was discovered in which a Lincoln pastor at the Little Mount Church in Kentucky had written on the inside cover leaf: "I will by the first of April, 1814, take this Bible at \$9.00 if I can pay cash at that time. I will at all events pay 4½ then and 4½ in a few weeks. I cannot take it now. William Downs."

Remembering that Tom Lincoln made coffins for \$3.00 each and that eggs could be had at five cents a dozen, this was a high price. It meant several days of labor. Nevertheless, a large family Bible found its way into the Lincoln home.

This Bible is known to historians as "The Ostervald Bible." This is because of the preface which says:

COMPOSED BY

The Reverend Mr. Ostervald, Professor of Divinity and one of the ministers at Neufchatel in Switzerland

There are a number of notes on the rather thick volume that give us some clues as to its price and ownership.

On the inside of the back cover, there is the signature: Thomas Lincoln. It is believed that this was written in Tom Lincoln's own handwriting. Then on the back of the front cover is the signature of Abraham Lincoln along with a

number of notes about the marriages and deaths in the family.

On the back cover, there is the following inscription: "William Miller. Price \$5.00." This may indicate that it was purchased at an auction sale, and since Tom loved to go to such sales, this is very probable.

In still another place, and in another hand, the original price of 27 shillings is marked. The 27 was later changed to 30 shillings. This may indicate that the country in those days also suffered from inflation!

Ostervald had sprinkled comments throughout the Bible and some of them may have had a decided influence on young Abe. One of the statements declares: "Christians there are innumerable who are almost entirely ignorant of the Bible because those that have the rule over them suffer it to be read only by particular persons, and with the greatest precaution, as if it were a dangerous thing to put the work of God indifferently into the hands of all men...."

Whether this suggestion prompted Lincoln to study the Bible any harder no one can say. But we do know that he continued to study it throughout his life. The truth of the Bible and the rhythm of the sentences in the King James version worked their way into his thought and speech. In the Second Inaugural Lincoln refers to prayer three times, to deity fourteen times.

This Bible is now at Visitor's Center at Lincoln's birthplace in Hodgenville, Kentucky. ■ ■

Was Jesus Christ?

By David A. MacLennan

SHE WAS AN attractive young co-ed. She and some other college girls who looked like “swingers” took religion seriously enough to come to see me about Christianity; she made an honest statement of her position. She said: “I can go along with the idea that religion’s pretty important in our kind of world. I think the people who think God is dead just aren’t paying attention to the universe and what’s going on in our crazy world. But I just can’t see where Jesus comes in. I don’t get it when preachers like Billy Graham and you say I need Jesus Christ in my life.”

What would you say to her? And to many others today who couldn’t care less about this strange person who has given his name, at least the high title now part of his name, to one of the world religions? Our college friend would agree that the ethics of Jesus are the greatest, although she might insist that parallel teachings could be found in Judaism or some other religion. She might agree with so many other good citizens who say, “If only everybody had the spirit of Jesus it would be a wonderful world.”

You could say to such persons, “But it isn’t enough to know what it means to be good and just and loving in our dealings with others. I can know what I ought to do, but I haven’t the power to do it. The ethic or the highly moral way to act is one thing, but

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where do I get the dynamic to live ethically?" Then it would be logical to follow through and say, "If Jesus of Nazareth is God-in-a-human life, then everyone needs him."

So the question in the title is not just tricky; it is right on target. As you may know, "Jesus" was a fairly common name in the ancient world. It is the Latinized form of the Hebrew name "Joshua" or "Yeshua." Significantly enough "Joshua" means "God will save." "Christ" is not a family name like Jones or Cohen or McGillicuddy. It is the Greek word for the Hebrew term Messiah, the anointed one, the one specially sent by God to deliver his people.

Was Jesus the Christ, the anointed one of God? Christians claim that he was, that he was God's unsurpassed gift of himself, that he came to fulfill all the hopes and promises associated with the word "Messiah" or "Christ." The religious Jews of old thought of Messiah as one who would free them from their enemies, right all wrongs, and make God's presence real and evident among men.

(1) One truth ought to be obvious to most of us whether we accept the Bible's teaching about Jesus or the church's claims for Christ or not. It is this: *Jesus was an authentic person.* While we have no register showing the actual date of his birth, the general conclusion of reputable scholars who devoted their lives to the study of the evidence is that Jesus is unquestionably an historical figure who actually lived in what we now call Jordan and Israel. Also, a majority of learned men declare that the New Testament presents a sufficiently clear impression of the kind of person Jesus was as to justify the Christian belief in him.

(2) *Jesus was completely human.* The scripture so portrays him. The church when it has been on the beam of truth has insisted on Jesus' true humanity. An early heresy which the church denounced was that Jesus was only play-acting as a human being. The gospels and other New Testament writings show him to be "very man of very man," "tempted and tested in all ways as we are." He experienced fatigue, discouragement, and for a black moment during his death on the cross, deep despair. He was no demi-god masquerading as a man.

(3) Jesus was the Christ. *He was uniquely God in a human life.* All the great creeds of Christendom are trying to say this. The conviction came from contact with him, either in the days of his human life, or in every subsequent era through inward spiritual experience of the living Christ. "God was in Christ" said the Apostle Paul (2 Corinthians 5:19).

Here is basic Christianity in four words: "God was in Christ," uniquely, convincingly, savingly. This Jesus whom Christians call

Christ and Savior and Lord and many other titles previously reserved for God alone, was not primarily a noble prophet or a great teacher. He was not one who came to give even the best advice. He was the eternal Son of God who came to deliver men from guilt by becoming triumphant in and over death on their behalf, and so inaugurating a new creation. "If anyone is in Christ he is a new creation" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

(4) As at once completely human and divine, *Jesus Christ is the Savior* of all who put their trust in him, who change their minds about the real values of life and believe him and in him. Don't we need someone to save us from ourselves, from our weakening or vicious habits, from our sense of guilt, from the fears and anxieties which destroy our peace? What about those accusing memories that catch up with us from time to time? What about the natural fear of complete extinction?

Perhaps we have no fear of death for ourselves, but can we think of the death of a person we love or value highly and not wish we could say confidently something better than "well, that's that"? Correctly, the Scriptures and the church declare that we need a Savior, someone to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. We need forgiveness, and another chance, and deathless hope, and deep, unquenchable joy.

Millions of every race and class and temperament have confided themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ and have found that he is indeed their Savior. It was only after Jesus gave himself completely for the sins of the world and God had vindicated his faith and love and raised him from death, that this work of his could be seen and taken in. This makes him what a German martyr executed by the Nazis in the last months of World War II called him, "the man for others." He is also the divine Savior and Lord who brings to us the experience which the Bible calls newness of life, here and hereafter.

(5) Once more, *Jesus was Christ*. Jesus was human and divine, our example and our Savior. He is like a high-fidelity recording reproducing the sounds and music of God himself. He is human so that we can get close to him, and divine so that he could bring us close to God, to reality, to life and love and goodness. *Jesus Christ therefore is our eternal contemporary*. What does that mean? He is with us, beside us, on every path we take, in every part of the wild blue yonder, in every part of any ocean. As a nineteenth century poet named Francis Thompson said, Christ is "the Hound of Heaven." He follows us wherever we go, whatever we do, not to condemn us but to forgive us and to accept us, to give us back our true selves and to restore us to our place as members of the family of God. A play in verse entitled *Nicodemus* by Andrew Young asks:

Nicodemus: But tell me why; why did you follow Him?

John: I think it was our feet that followed Him;
It was our feet; our hearts were too afraid.
Perhaps indeed it was not in our choice;
He tells us that we have not chosen Him,
But He has chosen us. I only know
That as we followed Him that day He called us
We were not walking on the earth at all;
It was another world,
Where everything was new and strange and shining;
We pitied men and women at their business
For they knew nothing of what we knew—

Nicodemus: Perhaps it was some miracle he did.

John: It was indeed; more miracles than one;
I was not blind, and yet He gave me sight;
I was not deaf and yet He gave me hearing;
Nor was I dead, yet me he raised to life.

(Reprinted from *Nicodemus* by Andrew Young by permission of the publishers, Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd. London.)

The miracle of history is the living Christ. Doors may be shut, we may be far from any human companion, and yet he comes. His strength is greater than any man's and his tenderness deeper than any woman's. You do not have to be psychic or on a "trip" via some psychedelic drug to sense his presence. This is why an eminent New Testament scholar said that in a real sense the first disciples or followers of this Man never *remembered* Jesus. He was not in the past only so that he could be remembered. "Christ lives in me," Paul affirmed (Galations 2:20).

He will not force his way into our lives. He does not coerce anyone into accepting him as Christ, as Savior, Lord, and companion on every way we take. As the last book in the Christian Bible pictures him, he stands at the door of our lives, knocking, and it is entirely our choice as to whether we admit him. If we do, the presence of God himself will be felt. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," says the exalted Christ, "if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me" (Revelation 3:20).

What does it mean to open the door and welcome Christ? It means that a man acknowledges his need of what Christ offers, turns to the right, and gives all that he knows of himself to all that he knows of God in Jesus Christ. We do not know much about ourselves, but we

know enough to give ourselves to the highest we encounter. Nor do we know much about God. Nevertheless, we know enough of God in what we do know of Jesus Christ that we can bet our lives on him, and give ourselves to him in trust, in obedience, in loyal service.

You do not prove the truth of the Christian faith first and practice it afterwards. Proof and practice are linked. Before you and I and most people alive today were born there was a remarkable Christian man named George Macdonald. In seven couplets he answered the question, How can I find Christ in this hectic, electronic, technological age? How can a man who does not pretend to be either a mystic or a saint realize the presence of Christ?

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says 'Father, pardon!'
Then the Lord is in thy garden: .

When stern duty wakes to watch,
Then His hand is on the latch.

But when hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.



A Thoughtful Gift

I would like to have a subscription of THE LINK for one year sent to Don Blake (address enclosed). He had a statement in Sound Off suggesting that he'd like to obtain a copy each month. I am sure he'll appreciate the subscription I'm sending him. I have been enjoying each copy of THE LINK for the past nine years.

—Gene Anders, 29 Longview Rd., West Asheville, N. C. 28806.

Think It Through

Just about the time you think you can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.—Scram-lets, *Nashville Tennessean*.

A husband was asked where he had met his wife. "I didn't meet her," he said. "She overtook me."—*First American Bank Notes*, Nashville, Tenn.

All the Right Answers

By Richard R. Smith

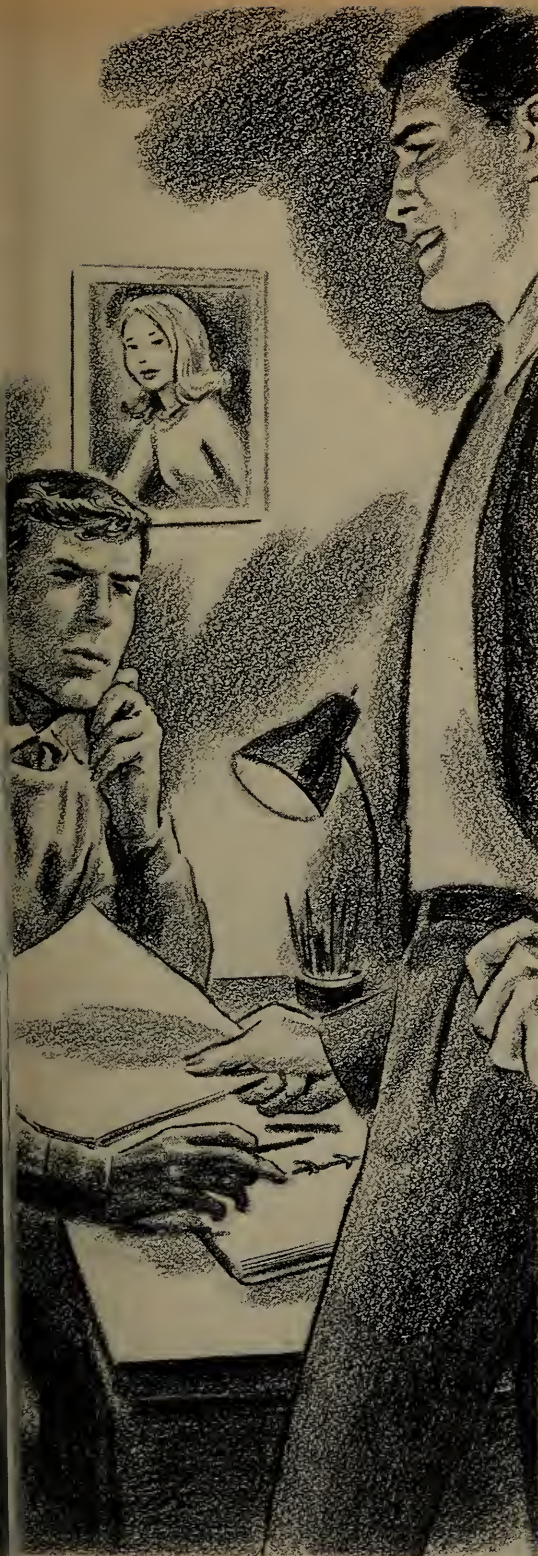
The right answer isn't always right, Ron found

SUDDENLY Bob realized that the lecture was almost over and his notebook was blank. His hand holding the pen was motionless and his thoughts miles away. Disgusted with himself, he straightened up in his seat and tried to listen attentively, but the subject was now lost. With a sense of panic he remembered that the final exam was on Monday. If he failed that one—the thought was too disastrous to contemplate.

He glanced quickly at Ron. As usual his roommate was slumped casually in his chair looking bored and only half-awake, and Bob knew there would be no chance of borrowing Ron's notes because he wouldn't have any. How did the guy do it? Straight A's on every exam that

Professor Simpson had given! Bob had never seen him crack a book. You had to admire a guy with that kind of brains. Whenever Bob asked him about it, he just grinned easily and tapped his forehead. "Up here, old boy, it's all up here."

Ron never seemed to worry about anything. He had everything that Bob had never had and always wanted—the only son of wealthy parents with a nice car, sharp clothes, and plenty of spending money. He was popular with the girls and had a crowd of hangers-on among the boys of which, Bob had to ruefully admit, he was one. In fact that was probably the reason that Bob was in such a mess now. Every time he sat down to study Ron always had a place to go or something to do, and



when Bob protested that he had to study the answer was always the same. "Don't sweat it, boy. Let's go." And for some reason he always tagged along.

Now he was really "sweating it" with finals coming up. Unlike Ron, Bob knew the sacrifices his parents had made to send him to college. He was the oldest of three sons and his dad, a foreman in a factory, had worked hard to give Bob this chance to "make something of himself." Well, he was sure doing a great job of it. Just barely getting by in his other subjects, and unless a miracle happened he was going to flunk this course for sure.

The bell rang and the students began gathering their books and filing out of the classroom. Bob picked up his notebook and started out when Professor Simpson said, "Mr. Wilson, if you would remain for a few minutes I would like to speak to you."

Here it comes, Bob thought, and sat down again. After the other students left the room, Professor Simpson removed his glasses and looked earnestly at Bob. "Mr. Wilson, I believe they call you Bob, you seem to be having some trouble with this class. Frankly, your performance has been rather poor, and I feel it's only fair to warn you that unless you do much better on the final examination I will be forced to fail you."

Bob swallowed painfully. "Yes, sir, I'm sorry. I will try harder. It's just...well, something must be wrong with the way I study."

Professor Simpson looked closely

at the boy. "Well, if there is anything I can do to help, don't hesitate to ask." The concern in his voice just added to Bob's feeling of guilt.

He stood up slowly. "Thanks, Prof. I'll do my best."

But as he walked out of the classroom he felt more hopeless than ever. He had only Saturday and Sunday left before the exam. How could you crowd a whole semester's work into two days? If I just hadn't been such a fool and tried to play it by ear like Ron, he thought. But then he couldn't blame Ron for having brains. Maybe his problem was just stupidity. Maybe he shouldn't be in college in the first place. He argued with himself all the way back to the dorm.

When he got back to the room, Ron was sprawled on the bed with the record player going full blast. "Well, did Simpson have you on the burner?" he chuckled.

Bob tossed his books on the desk. "Yeah, and, man, it's serious! Looks like I'll flunk unless I make out on the final. Small chance!"

Ron lit a cigarette and propped himself up on one elbow. "Well, forget your troubles and let's go over to Central City for the weekend. I know some girls over there and we can have a ball."

Bob turned on him sharply. "Oh, sure, I can have a ball all right, knowing I'm going to get bounced on my ear. Listen, Ron, I can't do it the way you do. I guess I'm not that smart or I just haven't got it, but I've got two days left to get ready for that exam. I've wasted the whole semester trying to be some-

thing I'm not. Well, I'll flunk, but at least I'm going to try."

Ron raised his hands in mock defense. "Okay, okay. Don't get all steamed up about it. I just thought if you're going to get axed, why not enjoy the last few days? You know, the condemned man ate a hearty meal and all that."

Bob shook his head slowly, a little ashamed of his outburst. "I'm sorry, Ron, but no thanks. You go ahead. I've got to be able to tell the folks I tried, even if it was too late."

Ron stood up. "As you choose, old friend. But as for me, more important things are pressing for my time."

Bob watched silently as Ron selected a tie, brushed his jacket and ran a comb through his short curly hair. He turned from the mirror after a final inspection and gave Bob a mocking salute. "Take care, scholar, and while you're burning the midnight oil I shall be burning the candle—both ends." He laughed.

After Ron had left, Bob gathered his books together and began to read. He studied far into the night. When he could no longer keep his eyes open, he set the alarm and slept for a few hours, then went back to the books.

FOR the next two days he read as fast as possible and took notes furiously, but by Sunday night, haggard and bone-weary, he knew it was a hopeless task. There was too much material to digest in such a short time, and his head swam with a confusion of facts and

figures. When Ron finally came in about nine-thirty Sunday night, he was sitting dejectedly at his desk, his head in his hands, half-asleep.

"Well, how's the student? Say, boy, you look bushed." He shook Bob by the shoulder. "Wake up, old man, and go to bed. You're not going to learn any more tonight."

Bob stretched his aching back and looked up at Ron's grinning face with weary eyes. "Guess you're right. I've had it. I should have known I couldn't do it. I've been at it since Friday and now it's all mixed up in my mind and I can't remember any of it."

Ron sat down on the foot of the bed and eyed Bob thoughtfully. Then, as if coming to a decision, he stood up quickly and walked over to his locker. He selected a key, unlocked the door and began searching through a stack of papers.

"What you need, my boy, is old Uncle Ron's sure cure for the examination virus or, as we sometimes call it, the 'final frenzies.' And as much as I loathe revealing some of my trade secrets, I feel you are in dire need. Here." He tossed some mimeographed papers onto Bob's desk and waited expectantly for his reaction.

Bob glanced at the papers, thinking it was just another of Ron's jokes, but the heading caught his eye. He held the papers up closer to the lamp. He couldn't believe his eyes. Bob looked up at Ron in bewilderment. "Why, this is Professor Simpson's final exam!"

Ron laughed lightly. "Of course it is, son. The questions and the

answers, which I did seek out myself. Must have taken me at least thirty minutes. Dreadful waste of time but we must be prepared, you know."

Bob stared curiously at Ron, unable to comprehend it all. "You mean this is the way you have done it all along? And I thought it was just because you were smarter than any of the rest of us. I thought you were about the hottest thing going and all the time you've been—cheating."

Ron colored slightly. "Well, I do have the brains all right or I wouldn't have been able to get it in the first place. So your admiration wasn't misplaced."

Bob searched his face. "Where did you get this?"

Ron was quickly on the defensive. "Never mind that little factor, boy. There is the solution to all your problems. No one is going to know. You can pull up your average and pass the course, so you make up your own mind. Either use it or give it back. It's up to you."

Bob stared at the papers in his hand. Yes, it was a solution, all right. With that piece of paper memorized he could do it. The folks would never know. They would be just as proud of him as ever. All the reasons why he should do it flooded his mind. After all, perhaps the end does justify the means. It was his only chance.

"Well, how about it?"

Bob folded the papers and spoke quietly, not raising his head. "Thanks, Ron. I'll do it."

Ron relaxed and slapped him playfully on the back. "Sure you



will. Anybody would. Don't you know that honesty is just a lack of opportunity?"

With a feeling of self-loathing that he could not shake, Bob committed the questions and answers to memory. Within thirty minutes he knew he could go in to the exam the next day and write a perfect paper. Not bothering to undress, he threw himself on the bed and sank into a fitful and troubled sleep.

ON MONDAY morning there was a hushed silence in the classroom as the students waited apprehensively for the examination papers. Bob sat with his head down as if afraid that his face might betray his deception. When the exam was placed on his desk, he stared at the now familiar questions and his mind framed the answers. They were all

there, just waiting to be written down, but he toyed tensely with his pen and could not seem to get started. He glanced over at Ron who smiled back at him and gave the old "thumbs up" sign.

The room was quiet now except for the scratch of pens on paper. Bob wrote his name across the top of the page. Funny about a name, he thought. It really meant nothing without the person who went with it. Then a name symbolized all kinds of things. He wondered what his name would eventually mean—achievement, failure, success, character? Someone said that character was made up of a lot of little decisions. Well, you can't win 'em all. Besides, maybe it was like Ron said. Maybe honest people were those who just never had the right opportunity to be otherwise. Yet in his

heart he knew this wasn't true. Anyone could find an opportunity to cheat and steal and lie if that's what he wanted.

He stared at the questions on the page and thought how easy it would be. Better miss a few so no one would get suspicious. But still he sat there. Some of the students finished. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Ron hand in his paper and leave. Another A for old Ron, he thought. What a great guy he had seemed to be, and now somehow all that "greatness" was gone.

"Well, I'm just like him," he muttered to himself. And the idea wasn't a pleasant one.

For a long time Bob stared at the questions but he made no move to answer them. Then vaguely he sensed someone standing by his desk. He looked up at Professor Simpson and realized that except for the two of them the room was empty.

"I'm afraid your time is up, Bob," the Professor said quietly, and Bob could detect the concern in his voice.

Suddenly he felt a great sense of relief. He stood up feeling rather foolish because he was smiling. "I'm afraid it was too tough for me, Prof. I couldn't answer one of them." He left the room feeling better than he had for days, with a baffled professor holding his unanswered examination paper.

Back in the room he tossed his books on a chair and fell exhausted on the bed. His problems were a long way from over, but somehow he felt he could face whatever he had to now.

He woke up with Ron shaking him roughly by the shoulder. "Wake up, boy. We're in the soup. Come on, we've got a crisis on our hands."

Bob, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, could see Ron was all shook up about something. "What's up? What's happened?" Bob sat up.

Ron was pacing the floor. "Well, we've had it, that's all. They know all about the exam."

"What do you mean they know? How did they find out?" Bob asked.

Ron hesitated. "Well, it was that girl that runs the mimeographing machine. I started taking her out at the beginning of the semester because I knew she did all the typing and mimeographing for Simpson and some of the other professors. Well, she got a little soft on me—thought she was in love or something. Not that I discouraged her. Then I fed her a line about how I was afraid I would fail and all that stuff and finally talked her into letting me see one of the exams. After that I had her where she was afraid to say anything so the rest of it was easy. But now she's had an attack of conscience. She went to the Dean and confessed all. Looks like we've had it."

Bob couldn't help but feel sorry for Ron now. Stripped of his sophisticated manner, he was being honest for the first time.

Bob spoke very quietly. "I didn't use the exam, Ron."

Ron turned and looked at him and Bob could see the anger in his eyes. "What do you mean you didn't use it? You're as guilty as I am!"

Bob didn't raise his voice. "I didn't use it, Ron. I handed in a blank paper. I flunked the test. I couldn't do it."

Ron stared at him strangely for a minute then managed something close to his old smile. "Well, maybe you're not as dumb as you thought you were, friend. In fact, maybe you're just a little smarter than I was. Well, I've got to see the Dean and then I've got a pretty good idea I'll be hitting the road. Take care of yourself, Bob. Maybe I'll see you around." And he was gone.

IT WAS MUCH later when the Dean sent for Bob. Professor Simpson was in his office with him when he arrived. The Dean got right to the point.

"Sit down, Bob, we would like to talk to you for a few minutes." Bob looked quickly at Professor Simpson who gave him a slight reassuring smile.

"I'm sure you are aware of the fact that a student at this college has been involved in obtaining examination papers. That student was your roommate and when we talked with him he informed us that he had offered the papers to you but that you had refused to use them. Professor Simpson has verified the fact that you handed in a blank paper and did not answer any of the questions on the exam. Now, Bob, did you know the answers?"

Bob met the Dean's gaze for a moment and lowered his eyes. "Yes, sir."

The Dean studied him carefully. "Even though you had the answers

and knew you were failing the course, you chose to fail rather than to use the answers that Ron had given you?"

Bob sat up straight and looked the Dean in the eye. "Don't get the wrong idea, Dean. I fully intended to use the answers when I went to class."

"What changed your mind?" the Dean persisted.

"I just felt it wasn't worth it," Bob said.

The Dean exchanged glances with Professor Simpson. The Professor put his hand lightly on Bob's shoulder. "In view of the circumstances, Bob, we have decided to give you another chance at the examination. And I am sure I couldn't possibly get around to it until next week, which should give you a little additional time to prepare. I don't think we can afford to fail integrity without a second chance."

Bob stammered, "But, Prof, I failed the exam! I left all the questions blank!"

The Dean smiled slightly. "In this case, Bob, perhaps that was the right answer." ■ ■

LILACS

Lilacs, fresh with the morning's dew,
Made by nature, a fragile blue,
Perfume the air through and through,
And lead my mind to thought of you.

Words may be written in poetry,
But words can't make a blooming tree.
For life in all eternity,
Is created by "the One in Three."

—Dick M. Bragg



Gambler's Anonymous

By Richard C. Redmond



HOW DO YOU like these rules? Do they sound like religious dogma?

1. Humbly ask God to remove our shortcomings.
2. Seek through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understand him, praying only for knowledge of his will for us and the power to carry that out.
3. Come to believe that a Power greater than ourselves can restore us to a normal way of thinking and living.

In case you don't know it these rules were issued by Gambler's Anonymous and are a suggested program of recovery for compulsive gamblers. It came about like this.

Ten years ago a group of prominent men in California became alarmed at the number of people

who were ruining their lives by gambling. They were familiar with the success of Alcoholics Anonymous and so they decided to form an organization along the same lines and call it Gambler's Anonymous which was shortened to simply GA.

The organization was formed to help the compulsive gambler, but just what is a compulsive gambler? There are many and varied interpretations of compulsive gambling. The explanation that seems most acceptable to GA members is that it is an illness, progressive in its nature which never can be cured, but can be arrested.

From all reports, the GA is a worthwhile organization and doing its best to correct this ever-increasing evil. GA like the AA works on a self-help basis. The techniques are similar. The phone call to a

friend when the desire hits, the regular meetings, group therapy with a psychiatrist. The GA group in New York has been in operation about a year and has well over 100 members.

The important thing to realize about Gambler's Anonymous is that it has absolutely nothing to do with the fellow who loses more than he can afford when he sits down to a card game or goes to the track. It is concerned with the compulsive gambler, the man who must bet, the one who will steal to get the money to bet.

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop gambling. Strange to say, the GA has an auxiliary for the ladies. Not of gambling women, but of gamblers' wives. It is called Gamanon.

A booklet published by the GA gives many pertinent facts about the organization. Here are a few questions and answers as taken from the pamphlet.

Q. Does the GA want to abolish gambling?

A. No. The question of abolishing gambling is a controversial issue, about which GA has no opinion.

Q. Who can join GA?

A. Anyone who has a desire to stop gambling. There are no other rules or regulations concerning GA membership.

Q. How much does it cost to join GA?

A. There are no assessments in connection with GA membership. The newcomer signs nothing, pledges nothing.

Q. How does GA support its service centers?

A. These facilities receive their support from groups and from individual members. Local services are supported by groups and members in the areas which are served.

Q. Who runs GA?

A. The GA is a unique spiritual movement having no central government and but little formal organization. There are no officers or executives who wield authority over the fellowship or the individual. Even though GA is an informal organization, certain jobs have to be done. In the local group someone has to be responsible for the meeting place, keep an accounting of the group finances, arrange for refreshments and keep in touch with local and national service centers. This means that a group needs responsible people to perform these duties. Those who accept these responsibilities are directly accountable to those they serve.

Some people might ask just why the GA prefers to be anonymous? Anonymity has a great practical value in attracting unity within the fellowship. It also has a significant value in attracting new members who might feel there is a stigma attached to the problem. It also represents a powerful reminder that we need always to place principles above responsibilities.

It is pointed out that the GA is not a religious society. It is composed of people from many religious faiths along with agnostics and atheists.

The whole organization is slanted

toward the compulsive gambler and his dream world. Here are the recognized characteristics of such an individual. He spends a lot of time creating images of the great and wonderful things he is going to do just as soon as he makes the big win. He often sees himself as a philanthropic and charming fellow. He dreams of providing his family and friends with new cars, mink coats and other luxuries. He pictures himself leading a gracious life made possible by the huge sums of money he will accrue from his "system." Servants, penthouses, charming friends, nice clothes, yachts and world tours are a few of the wonderful things that are just around the corner when he finally makes the big killing.

Pathetically, however, there never seems to be enough winning to make even the smallest dream come true.

According to the GA compulsive gambling does not arise from financial problems but from emotional problems. A person in the grip of this illness, creates mountains of imaginary problems. Naturally he creates financial problems but he also finds himself facing marital problems, employment problems, or problems with the law.

The most difficult and time-consuming problem with which the gambler will be faced is that of bringing about a personality change within himself.

Here are a few of the most important steps as advocated by the GA as a program of recovery.

Admit that you are powerless

over gambling... that life has become unmanageable.

Come to believe that a Power greater than ourselves can restore us to a normal way of thinking and living.

Make a searching and fearless moral and financial inventory of ourselves.

Admit to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

Continue to take personal inventory of ourselves, and when we are wrong to admit it.

Humbly ask God (of our understanding) to remove our shortcomings.

**The national headquarters of GA:
Gambler's Anonymous**

P. O. Box 17173

Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 ■ ■

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When a downpour hit in Mexico City recently, a reporter called the weather bureau for information.

"I'm sorry," came the reply. "I can't give the information. The gauge is outside and I cannot go out. It's raining."—A. P.



A grateful Vietnamese family holds their two young children after they have been treated at a Medical Center in Bien Hoa. Medical supplies and equipment at over 9,150,000 U.S. dollars have been provided by ten nations including the Republic of China, Australia, Japan, Canada, Germany, Ecuador, Greece, and Guatemala.

Free World in Vietnam

By Ernest C. Bradley

Are we really all alone in Vietnam?

FREE WORLD assistance to Vietnam comes in many forms from some 40 nations who are providing aid to the country in her struggle against North Vietnamese aggression. Besides troops, aid comes in the form of scholarships for students; technical schools; medical teams; civic action teams; help in the development of agriculture and the like.

An area of great concern to the Vietnamese has been the continuing shortage of professional personnel adequate to meet the needs of a nation torn by war.

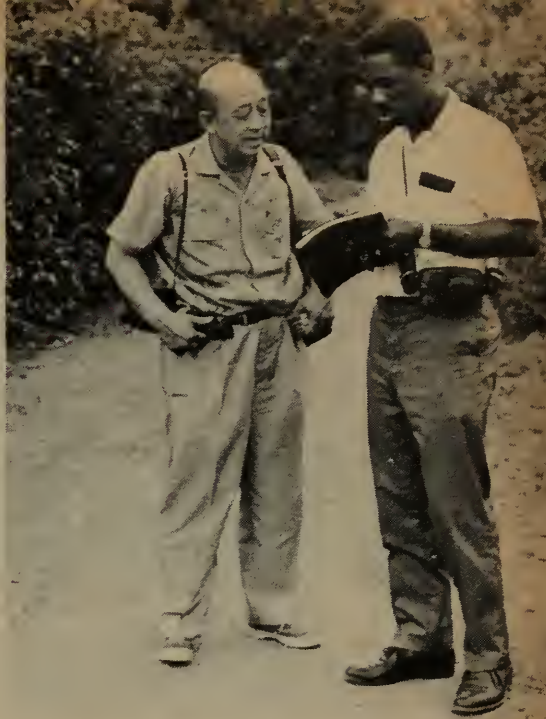
The Republic of China is one of the countries playing a leading role in the Free World Assistance program. It has a ten-man medical team in Phan Thiet Hospital. Together the Republic of China and

the United States have constructed power stations to provide the greater Saigon area with a continuous electrical supply. The Chinese have a nine-man team assisting in the development of Vietnam's electrical power capacity.

Agricultural assistance, particularly on the part of the Chinese, has helped the Vietnamese increase their food supply. Working in close cooperation with the Ministry of Agriculture and local farmers, the 74 members of the Chinese mission have taught new crop techniques which have resulted in higher yields of seeds planted.

The Republic of China has also provided farm tools and materials, fertilizer and power tillers as well as 52 units of prefabricated aluminum warehouses for crop storage.

Even in the heat of the unabated war effort, Free World and Vietnamese troops have continued to



Tommy Hsu, Sr. (left), Crop Extension Specialist from Taiwan, and George Jones, U. S. Area Industrial Development representative, compare notes while visiting one of the experimental farm centers in Bien Hoa.

Tommy Hsu, Sr. (right), Crop Extension Specialist from Taiwan discusses planting techniques with his assistants at one of the experimental farm stations in the province of Bien Hoa.





Vietnamese farmer's daughter receives instruction in plant grafting from Tommy Hsu, Crop Extension Specialist from Taiwan. Her father looks on while an unidentified man tries his hand at the tedious task.

Discussing the Improved Village Project, one of the many programs under way by Free World nations are (left to right): A. C. Hung, leader of the Bien Hoa team, CATM; Nguyen Long Ahn, supervisor of the village program; Tommy Hsu, Sr., Crop Extension Specialist, CATM; and Jonathan Woo, Sr., Specialist, CATM.



fulfill a vital second role in the area of civic action. Civic action programs of road building, school construction, land reclamation, bridges and classroom construction, dams, dikes, rice drying courts and many other projects are presently being conducted in all 44 provinces. To date, 100 different kinds of civic action programs have been undertaken. Nearly 1,000 families have had dwellings constructed under the Free World and Vietnamese civic action programs. Over 2,000,000 pounds of goods have been distributed as well as nearly 40,000 health kits.

But the whole story of the Free World's involvement is not told in statistics. The full story is seen in the individual and personal efforts of Free World citizens cooperating with the Republic of Vietnam to overcome today's threat while building for the future. Here is one example:

Because he planted soybeans, a crop new to the Vietnamese farmers, in the Mekong Delta, Nguyen Van Pham is sending a son to college. Pham learned about soybeans from a Chinese agricultural team. In the spring of 1966, he planted 4/10th of a hectare of soybeans. One hundred days later he harvested 720 kilos from his experimental plot and sold them for 36,000 piasters. This is a windfall equivalent to 305 U.S. dollars—enough to start his son Nguyen Van Lon, 21, to college at Saigon University, where he is studying law.

Because of Free World assistance the traditionalism is giving way to

modern agricultural technology; for the Free World is also planting the seed of knowledge; it is a seed destined to flourish throughout Vietnam. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

February

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Colossians	2:1-10
2	Colossians	1:9-19
3	Colossians	1:28,29
4	Colossians	3:1-13
5	Colossians	3:17-25
6	Colossians	4:1-6
7	Job	28:1-28
8	Isaiah	52:7-15
9	Isaiah	54:11-17
10	Isaiah	42:1-7
11	Isaiah	42:8-25
12	Isaiah	43:1-12
13	Isaiah	48:4-18
14	Isaiah	50:1-11
15	Psalms	1:1-6
16	Job	26:1-14
17	Job	23:1-17
18	Job	22:21-28
19	Psalms	90:1-12
20	Psalms	92:1-6
21	Psalms	19:1-29
22	Daniel	12:1-4
23	Philippians	2:1-5
24	Ephesians	4:1-7
25	Ephesians	3:1-13
26	Isaiah	40:21-31
27	1 Corinthians	2:1-10
28	1 Corinthians	1:17-31
29	1 Corinthians	13:1-13

HAIRBRUSH: Cure for unruly heir.—J.H.

How to Deal with Guilt

By Wayne E. Oates

MOST people who have consciences (which is not a universally apparent possession of all human beings by any means) experience both a conviction of sin and a vague, nameless, uneasy thing called guilt. Sin does not always carry with it the feeling of guilt. Guilt does not always carry with it the reality of one's having committed or omitted some specific act of wrong doing. Sin and guilt are related, therefore, but they are not the same. We know people who have committed awful crimes, such as that multiple, premeditated murder described by Truman Capote in his book, *In Cold Blood*. However, the sense of guilt is strangely missing.

On the other hand, we know people who are like the Mississippi farmer who said of his little girl: "She's just seven years old, preacher, but she has an unnecessary con-

science." When asked what he meant by "unnecessary conscience," he said, "Well, sir. She will be at school. She will work a problem on the board. She will forget and put the chalk in her pocket. When she comes home and finds it there, she gets all upset and is afraid to go back to school lest the teacher punish her for stealing. Don't you think that's an unnecessary conscience?" We must agree with him. Her feeling of guilt is greater than the act she sees as wrong. All that is "unnecessary." All of which causes us to ask:

"What are the causes of guilt feelings? How can we distinguish between true guilt for immoral conduct and false guilt for inconsequential actions and puritanical ideas? How can we come to understand ourselves and our particular ways of handling guilt?"

Dr. Oates is professor of Psychology of Religion, Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Ky. 40206

Some Causes of Guilt Feelings

Several causes of guilt feelings that are out of keeping with the reality of things done may be noted. First, the thing we have done may have much more *symbolic* meaning than it has immediate, present, *reality* meaning. It may remind us of ways in which we were punished in the past for this. For example, there is nothing wrong with your taking your turn in a social group and "having your say." If, however, you were reared in a home where some one person—your mother, your father, your oldest brother or sister—did all the talking for the whole family when guests were present, you may think so. Your feeling of guilt later may be associated with having been scolded for "interrupting" that person. In turn there will be a double layer of guilt because of the hostile feelings you have had toward that person through the years and maybe never recognized. Even when you see this and the matter can be laughed at, you may feel uncomfortable, nevertheless.

Second, we may feel guilty in one situation instead of another where we ought to feel guilty. We may have written a particularly harsh letter this morning and "thought nothing of it." Then, at the dinner table tonight we may say something to a family member which simply overwhelms us with remorse, all out of keeping with what we may have said. The person may feel strange that we make such a production of a little thing. He is getting the apology we would like half-con-

sciously to express to someone else.

Third, we may have a chronic low estimate of ourselves that plays feelings of unworthiness into all that we do. Nothing we do is ever as good as what other people do, we say to ourselves. We "low-rate" ourselves. Even when people seek to reassure us, we feel that they are just saying that to make us feel good. It is not really so. Out of this comes a continuing feeling of low-level depression that amounts to a feeling of continuing guilt. We have trouble justly esteeming our true worth. We are persons for whom Christ died, persons made in the image of God, and our respect should grow from this and not estimates others have put upon us and we have submitted to by thinking the same thing of ourselves.

Understanding and Handling Guilt

Several ways are useful in understanding and handling our feelings of guilt, whatever their source may be. First, we can use the "inventory" procedure that Alcoholics Anonymous has taught us. AA members purpose in their hearts to examine themselves and to see if in any given twenty-four hours they have done anything to offend the other person. If so, they seek to make it right immediately, *except where to do so is to cause more harm to the other person*. This locates the feeling of guilt in the right place and does not harbor it or spill it over on innocent bystanders. As Jesus put it, we should agree with our adversaries while we are in the way with them.

Second, we can establish a deep and trustworthy relationship with someone who loves us for what we are—our marital partner, our parent, our pastor, our chaplain, our spiritual confidant. They can help us to focus our feelings of guilt properly to reality. Everyone needs relationship, no matter how spiritually secure he may feel. The time will come when he does not feel so secure. If any man thinks he stands in dealing with guilt, let him take heed lest he fall. I myself have many such persons in my life to thank for healing and helping me. The very feeling of self-sufficiency itself is a dead give-away of unconscious guilts about which one is too uncomfortable to trust another human being to discuss. Instead he is likely to keep all these things inside until he bursts them out on others in a torrent that hurts them and himself.

Third, a person learns much from the spiritual seers and searchers of the past and present. He can read the *Markings* of Dag Hammersjold and find there the spiritual combat of a sensitive soul with the power of guilt, fear, the quest of a brave soul for hope, light, and joy. He can be sustained by this.

The Scriptures are replete with stories of persons who fought with guilt and conquered it. Read, for example, the story of David and his struggle with both sin and guilt. (2 Samuel 11:1—12:15 and Psalm 51). Notice how his friend, Nathan, the prophet, gently helped him to cope with the reality of sin without thrusting him back into the defenses of guilt and denial.

Another easily accessible source would be Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, *The Scarlet Letter* in which Hester Prynne struggles with the public shame of adultery in an early New England Village and all the while the minister of the town struggles with both the conscious sense of sin and the isolating power of guilt. Stories such as these both enable us to understand our sin and guilt, separate them from each other and to find the resources to deal with them effectively.

Finally, habitual prayer, both of an unformed, non-verbal, personal pattern of thinking upward toward God and of an effective verbal expression of confession continually works at our feelings of guilt. Effective prayer should focus guilt on that which is real and stimulate us to laugh at that which is unreal. Healthy laughter can be a form of prayer. When we become too scrupulous, too minute, too picayunish in our praying, our prayer to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ should be for the power to laugh at our littleness of prayer. Effective prayer should prompt us to decision to rectify, reconcile, and clarify those relationships to people around us which continually infect our lives with guilt. Effective prayer finally should convince us that when our hearts condemn us God is greater than our hearts and both understands and forgives. ■■

Although it is generally agreed that this is a man's world, it seems only fair that women should share the blame.
—Anna Herbert.

The Kind Heart Plus

By Fletcher Thomas Beck

How do you make friends?

I WAS recently talking to an elderly neighbor who has made a host of loyal friends in our community. "Among all of my acquaintances," I said, "I haven't found a single person who has not spoken well of you." After a "thank you" I asked him, "Just how do you succeed in making so many people your friends?"

"Guess," he said, "the fact of the matter is I don't know." He stood for a moment in silent thought. Then smiling he said, "Maybe a story might shed a little light on your question." Raising his eyebrows he gave me a quizzical look. "When I first came to this town I bought a nearby farm and removed a dilapidated post-and-rail fence and built a new wire fence. I had just completed the job when my neighbor informed me I had bought a lawsuit as well as a farm.

"How?" I inquired. "Your fence," he said, "is ten feet over on my side of the line." I couldn't understand why I had not been informed before rebuilding the fence. But I smiled and said, "I'm sorry. I expected when I bought

the farm you and I were going to be good neighbors.' I hardly knew what to say next but after some hard thinking, I added, 'You move the fence where you want it and send me the bill. I know you'll be pleased and I'll be happy.'"

His neighbor was so stunned he was unable to reply. The result was that the fence was never moved, and thenceforth they lived as friendly neighbors.

At first I was inclined to believe that this man's behavior betrayed weakness; that he became a supine doormat for the other fellow to wipe his feet upon. But upon second thought I realized the wisdom of his solution. How easily this could have become a long-drawn-out, costly, and far-reaching problem.

The story is told of how one of William Randolph Hearst's editors came to him one day in a towering rage.

"I can't go on like this! I've tried my darndest to get along with that snob in the accounting department. It's all up. Either he goes or I do. That's final!"

Mr. Hearst was one of those men

who speaks softly, but before you realize it, has deceptively smacked you with a stunning wallop.

"You're absolutely right," he said. "I'm not surprised that you can't get along with this man. I can't. Nobody can. He is that rare phenomenon, a hundred percent s-n-o-b. But every organization seems to have at least one of his kind. He's ours. You can be replaced. He can't."

THIS IS a case where blind hatred and unyielding grudge had completely obscured one man's perception of another's talent and value to his employer. If one is so unfortunate as to have an enemy, the worst thing you can do—not to the enemy but to yourself—is to allow your resentment to dig in and seize control. The only realistic solution in such circumstances is to rise above one's ire and anger into positive goodwill. The admonition of Jesus, "Love your enemies," commonly believed to be an almost unacceptable ideal is, on the contrary, indispensable practical psychology.

Once we try this apparently unacceptable doctrine of love, its practicality appears.

Mrs. Jones moved into a Pennsylvania town where the community's relationships were closely knit. She hadn't been there very long when she learned that her neighbor, Mrs. Able, noted for her sharp tongue, had been making untruthful remarks about her. She restrained an impulse to call on Mrs. Abel and demand an explanation. A few days later she met a close friend of this

woman and graciously introduced herself. The other woman shied away as though she were well aware of Mrs. Jones's shortcomings.

"I live next door to Mrs. Abel," Mrs. Jones said brightly. "I'm anxious to tell you what a fine neighbor she is. I'm fortunate to live so near her."

A few days later, Mrs. Abel knocked at Mrs. Jones' door and said rather shamefacedly, "I'm earnestly anxious to be a good neighbor. I'm sorry I haven't been as good as you think I've been."

The matter of Mrs. Abel's gossip was never mentioned again, and the two became fast friends.

Most of us have an abundance of noble impulses, which we either forget or find inconvenient to transform into actuality. We are willing to do generous acts, only if we can do them without much personal inconvenience. Not only are we inclined to commiserate with the misfortunes of others; most of us are ready and willing to overlook and forgive their shortcomings.

The vice president of a Western college fully expected to be chosen president when the incumbent died. But the directors chose an outsider. The resentment of the vice president became a secret but all-powerful obsession; he could not sleep or concentrate.

One day he was shocked to overhear two of the teachers talking about him. "He seems," one said, "to be going to pieces."

In despair the vice president asked one of his friends what he could do. "That's not too difficult

a question to answer," said his friend. "If you have what it takes to rise above your resentment, your troubles are over." Then he added, "Help the newly elected president."

The vice president decided to try his friend's advice. The next morning he forced himself to offer a suggestion. The new president thanked him heartily. "I'm somewhat shaky in this new job," he said. "You know more about it than I do. I'll certainly be grateful for any help you may give." Relations between them changed then and there.

THE STORY of this never-ending human problem is told by Jesus in the parable of the good Samaritan. It is a well established fact that Jews would have no dealings with Samaritans. They wouldn't even speak to one another, yet Jews and Samaritans traveled the same road from Jerusalem to Jericho. One day a poor fellow who had been robbed and beaten lay wounded and helpless by the roadside. Two prominent citizens hurried by—solid, average men, probably, generous on impulse. Men willing to do a good turn so long as it caused them not too great inconvenience.

But this day it was growing late. They must hurry home to supper, perhaps to spend the evening with friends over a jar of choice old wine. Too bad about that poor fellow lying by the road. Probably drunk, they rationalized. No doubt somebody will pick him up.

The good Samaritan, like the other two prominent citizens before

him, was also thinking of a pleasant evening at home. It was as late for him as for the other two travelers. Yet he stopped, dismounted, got down into the gutter, attended to the victim's wounds, helped him up and set him upon his beast and took him to an inn. Before leaving he reached in his purse and pulled out some coins and gave them to the landlord, saying, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

What did the Samaritan have that the other two had not? The answer: compassion—a kind heart plus. That man in the ditch may have been his enemy, yet he was a human being in need of help. What if their creeds and political beliefs differed? To the good Samaritan man's inhumanity to man ended where a neighbor's need began.

It is this inward sense of love that helps us share the pain of others. It stays our hand when our old barbaric instincts threaten to get the better of us. It is the hallmark of the civilized man. It is not weak nor sentimental. It can be stern and realistic. Abraham Lincoln's love went out to all living creatures. When he swam across a swollen, ice-filled stream to rescue his pet dog and returned triumphantly with the shivering animal under his arm, it was the kind heart plus that goes all the way.

We become a creature after Christ's own heart only when we can out of generosity endure and forbear the foibles and weaknesses of our fellowmen. ■ ■

Newcomers in a Strange Land

By George B. Vogel

Here's sound advice to newcomers to Korea from Chaplain (CPT) George B. Vogel, 1 Corps (Group) Artillery, Camp Saint Barbara, APO San Francisco, 96202. His comments apply to newcomers in any strange land.

WELCOME to the Land of the Morning Calm. Already you have experienced differences from your last duty station. The climate is different, the people seem to have strange customs, the language sounds funny, and you are probably lonely. For some it is the first time in a foreign land while others are seasoned veterans. What will you make out of this tour? Or what will this tour make out of you?

After thirteen long months some will look back with remorse because they have not done more for their unit and community. Others will look back with remorse and resolve that they would not have become involved in the local problem areas if they had it to do over again. You will not leave this tour the same person that you were when you came to Korea. Either you will be stronger mentally and spiritually or weaker. One thing is certain. You will not be the same!

How can you make this tour worthwhile? Here are a few hints that worked for others:

1. *Keep busy.* When off duty, do not mope around feeling sorry for yourself. Find something worthwhile to do. Visit the library, see a good movie, take Karate lessons, work out in the gym, go to the service club, come to the chapel, play with the orphanage children, take correspondence courses, enroll at the education center, bowl, but do not let yourself become bored.

2. *Do your best on the job.* You will receive a sense of achievement when you have done your best. When you do less than your best and goof off you will be tempted to gripe about others, and

excuse yourself. Be careful because this is a subtle trap into which to fall.

3. *Associate with good companions.* Do not put yourself in the place of temptation. Sometimes the best method of facing a difficult situation where you might compromise is to avoid it entirely. Do not flirt with danger. We are all vulnerable so why place ourselves in a weakened position?

4. *Attend chapel regularly.* The chapel is conveniently located. The doors are never locked. You can come sit, pray, meditate or just be alone with yourself and your God. Regularly scheduled worship services and Bible study classes are held Sundays and during the week. See the attached schedule.

5. *Keep in touch with home.* Write regularly to the loved ones at home. You know how much mail means to you. Parents, wives, and friends will worry about you when they do not get a letter. Do not write about all your complaints because there is nothing that the folks at home can do about them.

6. *Expect adversity,* loneliness, irritation, and similar problems. It is natural to be bothered by these problems, but do not let them master you. Seek help when the problem persists. Your platoon sergeant, first sergeant, commanders, medical doctors, and chaplains are here for the purpose of serving you. Call on these resource people when in need.

These helps have aided others. If you follow them, your tour will not be any shorter, but it will be worthwhile. We hope to see you in chapel. ■ ■

Lincoln's Farewell at Springfield

A BRAHAM Lincoln's most celebrated speech is perhaps the Gettysburg address. There are others just as important. One such speech he delivered on leaving Springfield for the White House.

The day was dark and rainy, and he had not planned a speech. Arriving at the Wabash railroad station he found some 1,500 friends and neighbors gathered to bid him goodbye. Many of them shook his hand in fond farewell.

The train whistled its time for departure and Mr. Lincoln entered the train, walking through the cars to the rear platform. The faces of the crowd seemed expectant, and Lincoln began...

My friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

NOTE: Two records (806-807), "Lincoln's Speeches and Letters," by Roy T. Basler and Carl Sandburg are available from Spoken Arts, Inc., 56 Locust Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801. \$5.95 each.

Lift Up Your Heart

Quotations from the pen of Abraham Lincoln, our 16th President...

Let us have faith that right makes might.

Be sure you put your feet in the right place and then stand firm.

If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

I do the very best I know how, the very best way I can, and I mean to keep on doing so until the end.

The struggle of today is not altogether for today; it is for the vast future also.

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts.

Determine that the thing can and shall be done, and then we shall find the way.

In order to take a stand, you must have standards.

I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

Education is not given for the purpose of earning a living; it's learning what to do with a living after you earn it.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away.

—Compiled by Eva Kraus

Brief News Items

New Statue of Luther

A statue of Martin Luther has been dedicated in the Lee-Jackson Bay of Washington Cathedral, in Washington, D. C. It is the work of the sculptor Walter Hancock, of Gloucester, Mass., and shows Luther with upraised arm, hammer in hand, as though nailing his "95 theses" to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Germany, in 1517—the major event that launched the Protestant Reformation.

Alcohol and Alcoholism

The above is the title of a new publication produced by the National Institute of Mental Health. Single copies are available at NIMH, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20203. Quantity copies can be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402, at 50 cents a copy.

Methodists in India

The Methodists of India have voted to request permission from the 1968 General Conference to enter a proposed united church of North India, if there is a favorable vote in the Indian annual conference on the church union plan.

When Chaplain (MAJ) Ross C. Wright, Division Chaplain, was ready to return to the states, he gave his size 7 wide jungle boots to PFC Robert Zirkle, Battery E, 82d Artillery, 1st Air Cavalry Division, in an unofficial "Change of Boots" ceremony. Chaplain Wright said these boots were so scarce that he had seen only two pairs in eight months.





Protestant Youth of the Chapel at Carlisle Barracks recently installed these officers. Seated: Patricia Cline, president. Standing, L-R: Meg Barth, vice-president; Shari Spilman, treasurer; Margaret Weart, secretary. Advisors are COL and Mrs. Lawrence Van Buskirk.

Warm Beach USAF Spiritual Life Conference

The USAF Spiritual Life Conference held at Warm Beach, Washington, last August was one of the most successful conferences in the history of the conference site. A total of 268 were enrolled from Northern California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Outstanding conference personalities spoke on the theme: "Preparation for Service in His Kingdom."

Today's English Version of the New Testament

"Good News for Modern Man," the New Testament in Today's English Version, was last year's surprise paperback bestseller with over 5,000,000 copies circulated in less than a year. The cost has risen from 25 cents a copy to 35 cents.

Also, a new vinyl cover edition is available for \$1.00. See your chaplain or order from the American Bible Society, 1865 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10023.

Explain This One, Please

A recent publication of the U.S. Bureau of Census points out that in March, 1965, there were in this country 45 million married women and only 44 million married men. . . . — *Emko Newsletter*.

The Cost of Education

Education—one of the best things in life—isn't free. The Institute of Life Insurance says it gets more costly each year. About 10 years ago, the average cost was \$374 for Johnny for a year. Today for Johnny's little brother the cost is \$569 per pupil.

Blankets Needed

At least 100,000 blankets will be needed for disaster relief and refugee aid through church programs during 1968, according to H. Anthony Stern, associate director of the Material Resources Program of Church World Service.

From June 1966 to June 1967, 191,050 pounds of blankets were shipped by CWS to persons in need in 26 countries. Persons may contribute \$3.00 with which CWS will purchase a new blanket. Mail blankets to: Church World Service, Box 220, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

Fasten Your Seat Belt

53,000 people lost their lives in

traffic accidents during 1966. 35,100 were drivers or passengers in automobiles. If they had been using seat belts, at least 8,200 to 10,000 of those lives would have been saved. More than half of all passenger car occupants are now provided with seat belts... BUT they are using those belts only about half the time.—National Safety Council.

Retiree to Billy Graham Evangelistic Team

After 22 years in the Marine Corps, Master Sergeant Henry M. Holly, Parris Island, S. C., on

Sept. 30 retired and brought his military career to a close. The next day, Holley signed on as a member of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association Team. He was asked about his religious faith and he said: "It was not until 1956, when I was a grown man—on Okinawa—that I really came to the point of understanding what was involved in being a Christian... Once I made this discovery, my life was changed and God has been my guide ever since." Sergeant Holley will work with the Billy Graham Team in Atlanta.

Chaplain Edward E. Jayne and Chaplain Jack Dowers are playing a tape recording of the Sunday chapel service to patients who are bed-bound at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif. Patients are, left to right: PFC William Marlin, U. S. Marine Corps; AC/2 Johnny Steeves, U. S. Navy, and CPL David Williams, U. S. Marine Corps. Marlin and Williams were severely burned while serving with the Marines in South Vietnam.



The Link Calendar

FEBRUARY, the second month, derives its name from the Latin verb *februare*, which means *to purify*. LENT begins in this month.

- Feb. 1 National Freedom Day. It was on this day in 1865 that Lincoln signed the document abolishing slavery in the U.S.
- Feb. 2 Ground Hog Day. Tradition: If the ground hog sees his shadow, spring is still 6 weeks away. If sky is overcast, there'll be an early spring.
- Feb. 3 Four Chaplains' Memorial Day. Commemorates four chaplains (Geo. Fox, Alexander Goode, Clark Poling, John Washington) who sacrificed lifebelts and lives when the S. S. *Dorchester* was torpedoed, this day, 1943.
- Feb. 4 Fifth Sunday after Epiphany. Charles Lindbergh was born on this day, 1902.
- Feb. 7 Birthday of Charles Dickens. Born this day in 1812.
- Feb. 8 Boy Scouts' Day. Marks the beginning of Boy Scouts' Week. Anniversary of the chartering of BSA, this day, 1910.
- Feb. 9 William Henry Harrison's birthday. 9th President of the USA. Born this day, 1773.
- Feb. 11 Race Relations Sunday. Also 6th Sunday after Epiphany.
- Feb. 12 Abraham Lincoln's birthday. Born this day in 1809. The 16th President of the USA.
- Feb. 14 St. Valentine's Day.
- Feb. 15 Susan B. Anthony Day. (1820-1906). Birthday of the famous woman suffragist.
- Feb. 18 7th Sunday after Epiphany. Also Universal Day of Prayer for Students.
- Feb. 18-25 Brotherhood Week. Its objective is "justice, amity, understanding, and cooperation among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews."
- Feb. 22 George Washington's Birthday (1732-1799). 1st President of the United States.
- Feb. 26 Victor Hugo (1802-1885) born this day. Poet, novelist and dramatist.
- Feb. 28 Ash Wednesday. First day of Lent, greatest period of fasting in the Christian church. Easter comes April 14.
- Feb. 29 Leap Year. The name given to every year of 366 days.

QUOTES: Whining wins you no friends, nor does it change the conditions you are whining about. . . . Friendship tells you what you ought to know; flattery tells you what you want to hear. . . . The person who always walks alone when he is young may be left alone when he is old.—Nina W. Walter.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four study articles designed not only for individual reading, but also for discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. **The Religion of Abraham Lincoln** (page 5)

Biblical Material: Matthew 22:34-40

Why do you think Lincoln never joined the church? What were some of his religious beliefs? (Note the creed.) Why is it helpful for a President to have faith?

2. **Power for Living One's Life** (page 24)

Biblical Material: John 1:1-18

How does a man tap the power of God? What kind of power do we need today? What was the secret of Paul's power? What is meant by the power of the Holy Spirit? If you had the power, in what way would you change your own life?

3. **Was Jesus Christ?** (page 31)

Biblical Material: Matthew 16:13-20

How do you like this article title? Would you like it better if it read: "Was Jesus *the* Christ?" What is the claim of the church concerning Jesus Christ? Why do we say that Jesus was both man and God? And why do we put it like this: "the God-man"? How does one receive Christ into his life? What does Christ do for him?

4. **How to Deal with Guilt** (page 50)

Biblical Material: Luke 15:11-24

What are the causes of guilt feelings? How can we distinguish between true guilt for immoral conduct and false guilt for inconsequential actions and puritanical ideas? How can we come to understand ourselves and our particular ways of handling guilt?

QUOTES: A daily nap will keep you from getting old—especially if taken while driving. . . . Some brave men contest their wife's will while she's still alive. . . . The ideal neighbor is one who doesn't borrow his lawnmower back too often.
—Anna Herbert.

Books Are Friendly Things

Christy by Catherine Marshall. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10036. 1967. \$6.95.

After ten enormously successful nonfiction books, this is Catherine Marshall's first novel. "It is a story I have always wanted to write," says the author. It is the story of Christy Huddleston who, "eager to taste life in the full," left her comfortable home to teach in a one-room schoolhouse in the Great Smokies. Arriving on a snowy morning in January, 1912, life really begins for Christy; and her life proves to be a life of struggle and adventure. The book was nine years in the making and is full of humor, suspense, and adventure. The quest of Christy for a full life, the shattering of her illusions, the facing up to herself and what she believes, and the finding of the answers to life's deepest needs, makes this truly an outstanding book—and a religious one. We predict that Mrs. Marshall's fiction will prove to be even more popular than her nonfiction.

Bud Wilkinson's Guide to Modern Physical Fitness by Bud Wilkinson. The Viking Press, Inc. 625 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. 1967. \$4.95.

With so many Americans physically unfit, this is a good book to read and practice. The first part of the book deals with the general principles of fitness; the next section takes up specific sports, golf, tennis, skiing, and the like; and the final part considers relaxing and diet. At the back also is a calorie table.

On Aggression by Konrad Lorenz. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 1967. \$1.25.

What this book is all about: "Why, and to what end, do animals of one species fight each other, why do even human beings do the same? Is there really a sinister instinct of self-destruction which, as Sigmund Freud assumes, is the counterpart to all other instincts preserving the life of the individual and the species, and which threatens humanity with annihilation?"

That Others May Live by L. B. Taylor, Jr. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 201 Park Ave. South, New York, N. Y. 10003.

The dramatic work of the Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service, the ARRS, occurs daily in Vietnam. Also on a much broader front—in 87 bases in 20 countries around the world. This is the story of the ARRS, its history, its day-by-day work, how it trains its personnel, and the kind of men who risk their lives "that others may live."

QUOTES: A man is lucky if he finds work he likes to do; he is luckier if he learns to like what he has to do. . . . **PARADOX:** Only a person who is on the level can really get to the top.—Nina Willis Walter.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

At present I am thinking of becoming a Christian brother, after my enlistment time is up.

—Alexander Kenochy Hendricks II, PFC, Dept of Army, Btry C, 2nd Bn (Hercules) 51st Art. San Rafael, Calif. 94903.

Our Hearts Go Out to Jocelyn Pritchard

I am enclosing a check for \$6.00 for a two-year subscription to THE LINK. During the past few years, I have enjoyed receiving the magazine through our base chapel (Columbus Air Force Base, Mississippi). It is always informative and inspirational, and a very fine magazine.

My husband was killed in an aircraft accident in Vietnam in July, so I am now a "civilian," but my ties to the service life are still strong and I find that I miss THE LINK very much, so I will appreciate receiving it once again. May God richly bless your work with this wonderful magazine.

—Mrs. William (Jocelyn) H. Pritchard, 5442 W. Rice St., Chicago, Ill. 60651.

Thanks for THE LINK

I happened to pick up one of the issues of THE LINK. I guess what attracted my attention was the picture of the pretty girl on the cover. After glancing through the pages and reading a few articles, I made up my mind to "sound off."

I would like to congratulate you on the outstanding job you are doing to help the morale of our servicemen and women of the armed forces all over the world. I think you are doing a wonderful job.

I have been in the service for 15 months now and I am presently stationed in Vietnam. In my opinion THE LINK has not only lifted up my spirits this day, but has given me something to think about in the near future. With so much going on in the world today, I find it a relief to be able to come to a loving God in prayer when things seem distressful.

In your October issue of THE LINK, the article "From Boot Camp to Vietnam" by Lois M. Reed sounded so similar to my past situation that I just had to let you know about it. Since I won't be going home until December, I find myself wondering what it will be like. I'm going to make it a point to compare that article with the results of my returning home.

In conclusion, I hope this letter is a blessing to you and the members of THE LINK as much as the issue of THE LINK was to me. I would like very much to order a monthly copy of each issue you put out.

—Sp/4 Art W. Trangmar, RA 54951694, Co. B, 41st Bn (CA), APO San Francisco 96238.

At Ease!



“Ralph Archibald Hoffstedder! Isn’t it high time we quit going Dutch treat on everything?”

In early spring, the minister was baptizing a new member while his friend looked on. As they stepped out of the water, the friend asked, “Is the water cold, Joe?”

“N-n-o-o,” shivered Joe.

“Better duck him again, Pastor,” said a friend. “He ain’t quite stopped lyin’ yet.”—*Woodman of the World Magazine.*

Out of curiosity, a farmer had

grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made out of the linen. Some time later, he bragged about it to a woman guest at dinner. “I grew this tablecloth myself.”

“Did you really?” she exclaimed. “How did you manage it?” It was plain that she had no idea as to how tablecloths came into being.

The farmer lowered his voice, mysteriously. “If you promise to keep the secret, I’ll tell you.”

The guest promised.

“Well,” proceeded the farmer, “I planted a napkin.”—*Ark. Baptist.*

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Her boy friend complies
With her slightest whim;
Does he take her out
Or she take him in?

—Harold L. Taylor

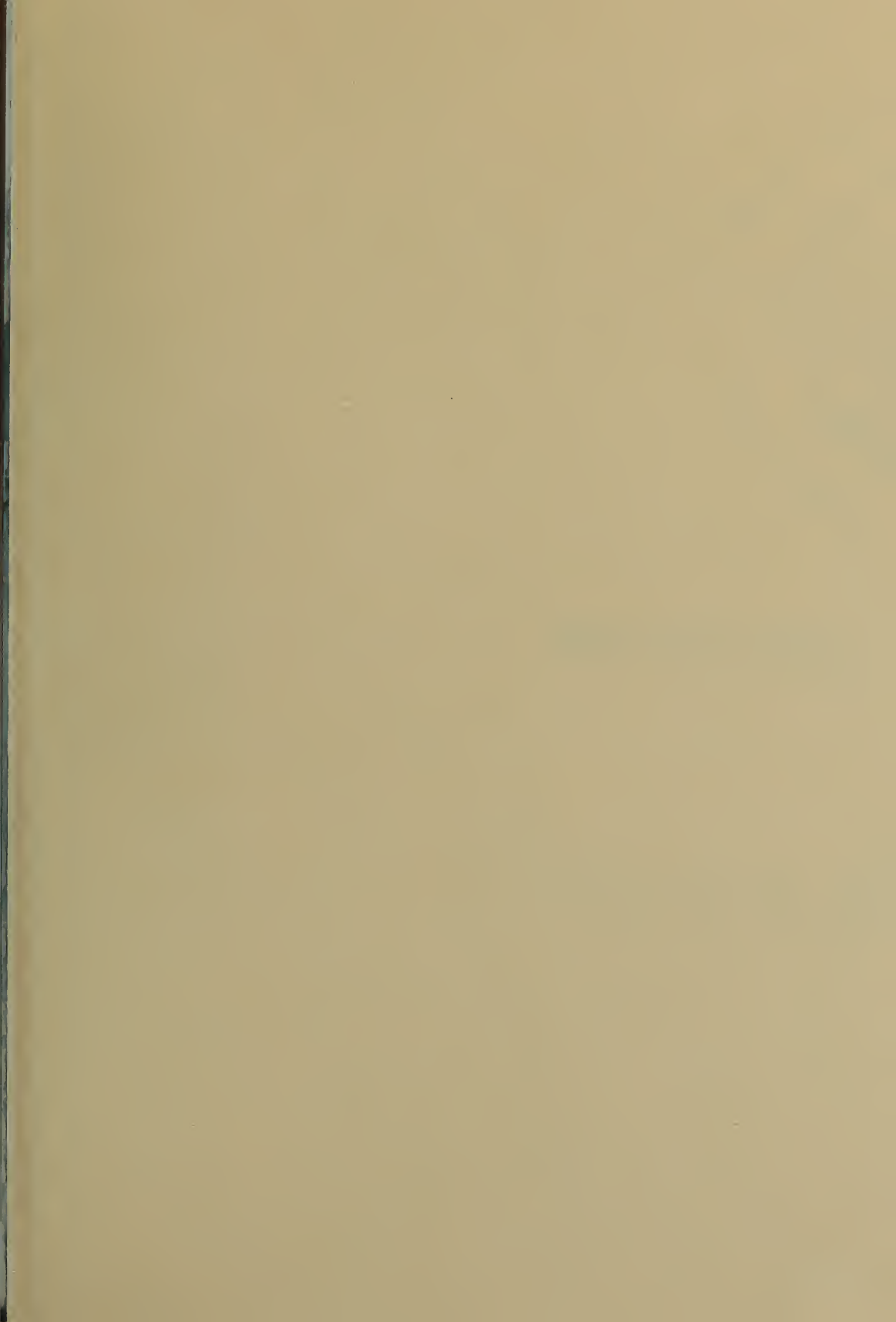
A real estate agent was trying to sell an old farmhouse to a middle-aged woman. After looking the house over and listening to the agent, she said: “I could do a lot with this house.”

Then she added, “On the other hand, I said the same thing the first time I looked at my husband.”—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

The professor returned to class with the exam papers and requested that all students sit down. “If you stood up it is conceivable that you might form a circle—in which case I might be arrested for maintaining a dope ring.”—*La Crosse Times Review.*







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