



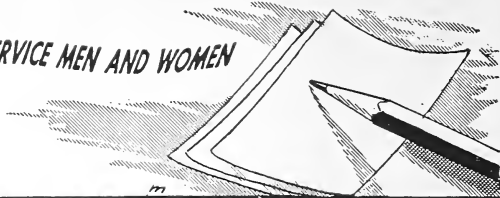
The LINK



November, 1948
15 cents

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

BY MAYO CORNELL



IT is a privilege and an inspiration to meet a truly great human being. It tightens the belt of one's faith, both in human nature and in God.

The small community from which I write had this opportunity recently, and many lives have been touched by that experience, some changed for the infinite better.

This time it was a woman, a very beautiful woman whose father was an Arabian prince of great charm, and whose mother was a school teacher in Germany. The young woman herself came up the hard way, coming to this country after the separation of her parents and becoming a dynamic figure in juvenile court work. She is now a representative of the United Nation's Aid to Children campaign, an arm of the Marshall Plan. And if, as I stoutly believe, the gauge of greatness is the willingness to become conspicuous, even ridiculous, for the sake of what one believes in, then this young woman is of that fraternity.

And there are other indications of the greatness of this lovely crusader: her gratitude towards even the most insignificant contribution to the cause, and her ability to transcend personalities. On fund-raising drives (a necessary adjunct to the vast humanitarian effort being made in behalf of starving children), this woman combs the country, and it is routine that the one to whom she is initially introduced in a town, gives his or her *private opinion* of fellow citizens. Being human, these remarks and summaries often embody old grudges, past mistakes, prejudiced opinions.

But, far above these petty appraisals, this young woman manages to smile pleasantly, keep her mind and her mouth closed, and put it all down as inconsequential to the task at hand. And gradually one feels one's self growing ashamed of one's pettiness, and in the glow of her great and generous nature, growing bigger and kinder, inside. Deeply then, one resolves to keep in mind the words of John Keats: "I have long taken for granted the genuine-heartedness of my friends, despite any temporary ambiguities on the part of their tongues or their behavior."

THE LINK

November, 1948
Vol. 6 No. 11

Contents

PAGE

Madame Entertains

Mark S. Reardon III 3

Kilroy's Origin?

Russell Newbold 7

Without Violence

Ed Galing 10

A Fire For Thanksgiving

Raymond Musser 15

Corporal Avery's Racket

Harold Winerip 17

Journey Through the Holy Land (Part I)

James L. Harte 21

Off the Records

Joey Sasso 24

Writing as a Hobby

Joseph Charles Salak 26

Exoneration

Carl Memling 31

People Who Live in Glass Houses Shouldn't!

Oliver Read Whitley 33

Features

The Low-Down	2	Batting the Breeze	45
Link Lines	9	Daily Rations	46
Topic Talks	37	Did You Know—	47
At Ease!	48		

THE LINK is the official publication of The Service Men's Christian League, published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains at 815 Demonbreun St. Nashville 3, Tennessee. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville Tennessee, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial offices and League Headquarters 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington 2, D. C. Subscription price: \$1.50 a year 15c a single copy; 10c a copy in lots of ten or more. Copyright, 1948, by The General Commission on Chaplains. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission.

Delmar L. Dyreson, Editor

Address all communications to 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington 2, D. C.



Mark S. Reardon III, whom you will remember as the author of *My Orders Are . . .* in the LINK of last April, brings us another gripping story of the struggle against the Nazi forces (*Madame Entertains*, page 3).



Russell Newbold (*Kilroy's Origin?* page 7), who enlisted for overseas service in the Infantry in January of 1941, saw the attack on Oahu and Pearl Harbor. In his three years in the Pacific he had combat duty on New Georgia, Arundel, Kolumbangara, and other islands. Back in the States with malaria in May of '44, he was assigned to the Parachute School public relations office, and it was there he first "received the yen to write." In his postwar free-lancing career he has sold stories to *Our Navy*, *Foreign Service*, *Boots*, and other magazines. At present he is leaning toward humorous writing and is branching out into cartoon gag ideas.



The name of **Ed Galing** (*Without Violence*, page 10) appeared last month as author of *The Navy in the Air*. His story of the gentle ex-Marine may remind you of someone you knew in the war years.



When **Harold Winerip** tells of *Corporal Avery's Racket*, page 17, he sounds like one who knows! However, we don't believe he was ever chair-borne, for in the course of three and a half

wartime years, mainly with the 543rd Engineer Boat and Shore Regiment, he took part in two D-Day landings—at Lingayen Gulf and Zamboanga, and was authorized assorted battle stars, ribbons, and assault arrowheads. He has been a Boston newspaper reporter and is now a free-lancer, having published in over 30 national magazines. "The most sensible thing I ever did," he avers, "was marry a girl named Tilda. She has big brown eyes, is smart, and cooks fine."



Joseph C. Salak concludes his series on *Writing as a Hobby*, page 26. In this issue he gives you more valuable tips and even offers personal assistance to those of you who want to write a hobby article. Sounds like a mighty ambitious offer to us, but he says, "I don't mind work." Step right up, Would-be authors!



Carl Memling (*Exoneration*, page 31) another free-lancer, says he is "thirty, married, and a confirmed Brooklynite." During the war he served in Italy with the First Armored Division.



Oliver Read Whitley, former Navy chaplain, returns to the pages of THE LINK with *People Who Live in Glass Houses Shouldn't*, page 33.



Coming: A series of articles on amateur theatricals and service shows by Ferris M. Weddle will begin in next month's issue. This capable author, who writes like an old trooper, discusses such points as talent, costumes, scenes, behind-the-scenes requirements, lights, music, sound and direction. No matter where you may be stationed, you can build your own service show!



Madame Entertains

by MARK S. REARDON III



AFTER the British Commandos-United States Rangers' raid on St. Nazaire during World War II, Madame Laroux was interrogated by the German zone commander. To block their pursuit by U-boats after their attack and retirement, the raiders had sunk a former American destroyer in the channel; and after the daredevils black-faced for the assault, had forced a landing, achieved their objective, and escaped to their ships, it was discovered that Col. Schwarzwald and his staff had disappeared.

In spite of a search no trace of them could be found; and the commandant concluded, even as he scoffed at the possibility to save face, that they had been captured and carried off to England. Still, military regulations demanded further inquiry.

At the hearing in the Grand Hotel on rue Ville-ès-Martin, Madame Laroux was most cooperative. Yet her complaisance belied her innermost feelings; for, after her testimony had been given to the commandant's satisfaction, she was unexpectedly startled by the calling of a surprise witness.

He was a garrulous old fox, a mender of fishing nets, who grubbed for his living in a shack by the sea. Brown and wrinkled as an English walnut, he was known to Madame to be a member of the maquis, the French underground.

Once he had spit at her and called her "Collaboratrice." Furthermore, he knew of a skeleton in her closet.

Still, he was a Frenchman; and Madame, hoping to win him, smiled; but he shunted his eyes, twisting his beret in his hands. However, instead of replying to the question, he babbled about the ban on the fishing fleets, his fishing nets, and his consequent losses in mending them, until the commandant, exasperated, ordered him from the room. Turning then to Madame, penitently prayerful, he announced:

"Who for this crime guilty is, shall for it suffer. Ja!" The veins in his temples swelled. "Pigs!" Then as his rancor ebbed, unable to understand the Allies' resistance, he sniveled, "Ja, Frau Laroux, when all the people like you understand what it is that we would do, then der Führer's New Order would be with us quick; and la belle France with all the world already would be paradise."

When the Nazis goose-stepped into the seaport, Madame did not wait for her villa to be requisitioned. She went at once to the general-in-command and offered it, asking permission only to use two bedrooms, one for herself and the other for her servant, Pierre, a one-armed veteran of Verdun.

Her limestone villa of many rooms

was situated at the mouth of the River Loire, beyond a sea wall that held back the tides. Visioning it as a possible lookout and perceiving in Madame a sensible and cooperative lady (she having neglected to mention a secret tunnel running from her sub-cellar under the sea wall to the beach), the general was flattered; and no less were Col. Schwarzwald and his staff on taking possession to have so charming a hostess; for Madame not only indulged their whims but encouraged them.

A happy family indeed, for each vied with the other to please. The Germans, remembering the Baron Robbers of the Rhine, thought no less of her because her seafaring ancestors had been smugglers; nor because her husband, fighting their fathers in 1918, had been killed at Pont à Mousson, leading his Senegalese; nor yet because her son, born after the Captain's death, had been taken a prisoner twenty-two years later by the Axis at Lille. However, they might not have been so tolerant had they heard, as Madame had by grapevine, that Fernand had fled a concentration camp to England.

Be that as it may, they did suffer her religious observances; cynically, however, her practice of having a Mass said for the dead on the first Friday of every month. Hence their ribaldry, when they heard that a crone had taunted, "Mais oui, the rest of the month she has Masses said for her liberators."

Ignoring the whisperings, Madame held her chin high and continued to promenade along the quai on the Colonel's arm, vivaciously dallying with his compliments. But one afternoon she was sorely distressed by the spreading fire of resentment against her.

Lashed by an east wind, the rising tide pounding the sea wall was rocket-

ing and splashing in spondrift; and as they neared a gamin watching the spectacle he deliberately jumped into a brackish puddle and splattered them.

Outraged, the Colonel collared the boy and raised his fist; but Madame caught his arm. "Please, Colonel, we must win them." Such were then the German high commands; and the Junker, gritting his teeth, strode on while Madame, unnoticed, dropped a franc note behind her.

As a reward perhaps for his compliance, Madame planned a surprise dinner for the Colonel's birthday, her table being well provisioned from the German commissariat. She herself would furnish the wine from her cellar.

Of course the Colonel learned about the party, but as he escorted her into the dining room on that memorable night he pinched her arm and feigned surprise. "Madame! Epatant!" He liked to show off his French and flatter her. "Topping, as the Bulls say."

Drawing out her chair, he bowed, and strutting to the head of the candlelight table, his staff deferentially waiting, he raised his wineglass and offered a toast. "Madame!" That was enough, and the expression in his bug eyes.

The iron shutters outside the windows were tightly closed and the rose velours curtains inside were drawn; but a sentry could be heard patrolling the sea wall. Still, the gloom and tension without could not dampen the glow and gayety within, for Madame could tell a story to make men laugh and forget.

To humor her the Colonel's adjutant had granted permission for Pierre to be their only waiter. He had just served dessert, rum babas, made by the hostess, when Madame cried above a roar of tipsy laughter, "Messieurs, like us French you are gourmets. Voilà, an-

other surprise, Veuve Clicquot! Special sec!" and she rose.

Shuffling to their feet the officers gripped the backs of their chairs, each hoping to accompany her. But she laughed, "No gentlemen, sit down, please. Nobody must come. Impossible!" and blowing a kiss she darted out.

In the hall Pierre handed her a flashlight and opened the cellar door. When she had descended he closed it and stood guard.

Flashing the light and brushing away a cobweb she tiptoed across the sodden earth to a wine rack, drew out a magnum of champagne, and placed it to one side. Fingering along the shelf she pressed a button. Slowly the wine rack revolved until the front rested against the seeping foundation, disclosing a sheet-iron door. Lifting its latch she pulled the door open. A gust of fetid air assailed her and she shivered.

Flashing the light, she unbound a rope passed through a pulley above and coiled around a cleat, thus letting a ladder drop into the sub-cellar. Pulling the rope through the sheave, she threw it into the smugglers' passageway leading to a trap door in the rocks beyond the sea wall. Picking up the magnum without shutting the iron door she hurried up the stairs.

As she swept into the dining room flourishing the bottle the Germans, braying the "Horst Wessel," left off to lurch to their feet with burping heils. A cork popped; the wine was poured; and the Colonel, flushed but stiff, raised his glass of bubbling topaz. "Der Führer!"

"Der Führer!" Crystals clicked to the chorus, but Madame did not join in. The Colonel, swelling, fumed, "What is?" Then Madame did something more astounding; she placed her wine untouched on the table. Eyes popping,



Foaming at the mouth, the colonel flung out his arm. A spy!

the Jerrys gaped, slapping down their glasses and splashing the cloth. A spy! Foaming at the mouth, the Colonel flung out his arm. Madame knew what that gesture meant—arrest! Trembling, she tossed up her head and uttered a cry, almost a cheer.

The street door was banging open, and a Boche sentry, bayonet charged, was rushing in and shouting, "The Commandos!" Dashing out, he pitched headlong down the stone steps in a hail of bullets. In a flash Pierre slammed the door shut. The toast to the Führer was never drunk!

Seizing their Lugers from a sideboard the supermen turned to the Colonel. He was already fumbling to open the iron shutters to snipe, but Madame caught his arm. Flinging her off he snarled "Swine!"

She clung to him. "They will break in and kill us all! It is suicide! The smugglers' tunnel is safe. You have heard of it. Its exit! They have beached their landing boats there. There you can trap them! Please, my Colonel, come!"

"Ja, Colonel," the adjutant interjected. "That is so."

Savage shouts reverberated with the onrush of stamping feet, the din of cannon, rattling the iron shutters, the chattering of machine guns, the shrieking of dive bombers and the throbbing ack-ack of flak.

The Colonel gripped Madame's arm, plumbed her eyes a moment. Then, brushing her aside, he commanded, "Show the way." Taking the flashlight from Pierre she fluttered down the cellar stairs with the demigods dogging her steps. Flashing the light into the tunnel entrance she pointed, "Down there! Deliverance!"

Snatching the flashlight from her the Colonel thrust it on his adjutant who, understanding, backed down the ladder. After a tense minute he bawled, "Ja, Colonel, I can see the door already."

The Colonel motioned to his subordinates, who climbed backwards down the ladder. Madame counted them—one, two, five; but their superior still waited, and she urged, "Vite, mon ami! Quick!"

Somewhere a bomb exploded, shaking the house; somewhere mortar fell with a thud on the cellar floor. Impulsively the Colonel caught her in his arms, but she pushed him away. "Schnell! Quick!"

He backed down the ladder, his face cadaverous, his eyes lecherous in the ghastly light. He reached up his hand. "Come!" She shrank back—a death's head—slammed the door shut, shot the bolt. Pressing the button, she watched

the wine-rack swing into place, concealing the direful sheet-iron door.

A flagstone with an iron ring in a groove was imbedded in the clay. She pulled the ring. An iron chain came out and when it held she secured the ring on a hook. She listened. Then above her heavy breathing she heard the swish of rushing water. She had opened a valve of a sluice. The sea was cascading into the smugglers' tunnel!

Upstairs Pierre kissed her hands and led her away. The street door was standing open. From behind it a man caught her. His face and hands were blackened, his coveralls camouflaged. Terrified, she screamed.

"Mother! Don't you know me?"

She threw her arms around him. "Fernand! Mon fis!"

"Where are they?"

She rested her forehead against his chest. "In the smugglers' tunnel."

He thrust her away. "You let them escape!"

She clasped her hands. "The trap door, mon fis, has been walled up for months now."

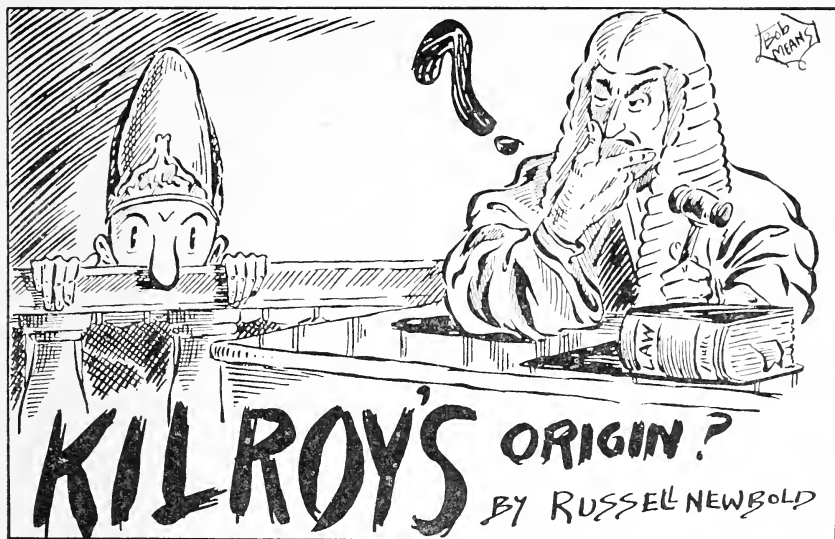
He hugged her. "A true maquis!" Then he was rushing out to join the Commandos and shouting, "So with all tyrants!"

"Oui!" A gust of wind blew out the candles sputtering on the dining room table. Sinking into a chair, she crossed herself. "Oui, tomorrow I must have a Mass said."



"The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first group. There's less competition."

—Dwight W. Morrow



BEFORE America entered the recent war an article appeared in a British magazine which purported to show the origin of a peculiar mania which eventually came to be known as "Kilroy was here!" The British article carried a sketch of an insidious-looking character peering over the top of a wire, with only his eyes and nose showing, and his fingers gripping the wire. The caption with the drawing read, "Chad was here!"

The article then tried to trace the origin of this strange diversion. It suggested that Chad was a wireless telegrapher or radio engineer on board an American or British merchant vessel. All the original details of the sketch were shown as symbols for induction, resistance, capacity, cycles, etc., that are used by radio men aboard merchant ships. The hands were symbols of resistance, and although the other symbols were universally known, most of them are used exclusively by the British merchant fleet and not the American.

It is probable that the American "Kilroy was here!" sprung from this novel method used by a merchant seaman to tell his friends the ships he had been aboard. Possibly his name was Chad Kilroy, and if this is the case, then "Chad was here!" is the father of that deep mystery, which has been the source of so much conjecture: Who started "Kilroy was here!"?

Whether or not Chad was the progenitor of "Kilroy was here!" is a matter of speculation. However, there is no doubt that Kilroy was a figure in early American history, for the records of his debut go back to March 5, 1770.

On that night the bloody Boston Massacre, an event which ranks in American history with the Boston Tea Party and the Battle of Bunker Hill, took place in Boston, Massachusetts. It was this Massacre which, more than any other injustice, incited the colonists' hatred for England and made strife inevitable.

On the night of March 5, 1770, the

citizens of Boston assembled to protest the quartering of British troops upon an unwilling populace. Some British redcoats fired on the demonstrators, killing five of the civilians. One of the soldiers who fired on the helpless citizens was identified at the trial a few days later as Pvt. Kilroy. A witness on the stand uttered a phrase which, slightly modified, has come echoing down the centuries, "Kilroy was there! I saw him!"



toric statement are still in the possession of the British Museum. Of all the manifold theories concerning the origin of Kilroy, this one is undoubtedly the most authentic, as it has been duly sworn

The records of the trial and the his- to and legally registered in a court of law.

Bound Volumes

For those of you who wish to keep a file of THE LINK in neat, compact form, the twelve issues of 1947 have been bound in red. This volume may be secured by sending \$2.00 to:

The Link
122 Maryland Avenue, N. E.
Washington 2, D. C.

This Month's Cover

"FROM the shores of Montezuma to the halls of Tripoli" the United States Marines have been fighting their country's battles "on the land and on the sea" for upwards of a century and a half. On November 10, 1775, the Corps came into official existence and has been functioning almost ever since. For this anniversary month of 1948 one of our artists, Bob Means (who is a "graduate" of the Corps himself), has done some research and drawn us a special cover showing the present-day Marine and his Revolutionary forebear—in his official uniform. Shades of John Paul Jones!

LINK LINES

By The Editor

THE American Cemetery at Caronia on that bit of the earth our geography teacher said was like a football at the toe of Italy, is one of many—too many—in which we have laid to rest our beloved comrades. We chose the picture for the back cover, at the same time remembering how it looked as a green pasture in the early days of the Sicilian campaign. Like you who read this, we want to take some time, especially this month, for reflection upon the noble deeds and supreme sacrifices made by these comrades. From all the services, Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard and others, men joined to form *one team*. Even though Will Rogers said once that Uncle Sam had never lost a war nor won a conference, we knew there was a difficult game to play and victory, if it could be had at all, appeared far off. It proved to be two full years away.

We remember a *jam session* under the trees one evening—the guitar, the accordion, the chaplain's folding organ and a horn or two, together with the peppy singing of the crowd that gathered. That was the last such happy experience for some of the members of the instrumental group as well as for the singers.

Then there was the young corporal from North Dakota, or perhaps it was South Dakota, who wrote wishing his mother a happy birthday. He expressed regret that under existing conditions he could not send her a gift. He assured her that he would make up for it later.

But the next day, even before the letter had been mailed, it was too late. He would never celebrate another birthday for his mother. Nor could his comrades who mailed the letter put a postscript in it. Security reasons!

We remember the church service which was also the last for several who attended.

Some who read this may be too young to be much concerned about it all, but others of us who are concerned with it are not exactly old by the calendar. It is of concern to us because we do not want to see foolish mistakes repeated. There are times when we appear to learn amazingly little by experience.

We all want peace, particularly those who have had experience with battle, hunger, thirst and illness because of conflict. But peace is not something we can get by resting on our oars. It is not within the destiny of human beings to become so secure that there no longer is any necessity for effort or struggle. Such a condition would be physically and morally unhealthful if it could be achieved—which it cannot.

Another way to achieve a certain kind of peace is to allow lawless elements their sway and neither resist, conquer nor destroy them. Lawless elements never fail to oppress and endanger the law-abiding citizen. We believe that righteousness is worth a struggle and that peace is not achieved by draft-dodging, disinterest, the unwillingness to fight and similar tactics. One must be up and doing the constructive tasks at hand; they will not do themselves. One must vigorously oppose the forces of destruction.

A difficulty in America is that in many respects we have had things so easy we only half believe a lot of things. Some say we should root out communism,

(Continued on page 20)



WITHOUT

VIOLENCE

BY
ED GALING

PEOPLE said Steve Thomson made a poor Marine. Why they said it I don't know. Perhaps because he disliked killing Japs. During the war there were lots of guys like Steve.

Steve was a good kid. I know because I served with him. He was tall and thin, weighing no more than 130 or 140 pounds wringing wet. He was in the medics, and before the war was over he was one of the guys who went up to the very mouths of Jap caves and with just a loudspeaker system coaxed the sons of Nippon to give up.

No one believed that Steve could do any good by talking to Japs, but believe it or not, he brought in more prisoners than anyone else in the outfit. And without violence, either.

One day I remember Steve's telling me in a husky voice, "Marks, maybe you think I'm a coward. A lot of guys think I am. But I just don't believe in violence when a little bit of common sense can do just as much good. I can't change my ways."

I used to tell him gently, "Don't let it get you down, kid. You've got plenty of guts for a Marine."

I know he liked me telling him this because we became very good buddies

until the war ended and we were both discharged.

Steve lived in a little one-horse place called Molloy County and he gave me the address. "Look me up some day, will you, Marks?" he said sadly. I promised I would.

I can safely say that Steve didn't have too many friends when he left the Marines. The rest of the men couldn't understand him. He came in the service that way and he left the same way.

Well, you know the way it is when a guy becomes a civilian. There are certain things to look after, such as getting a job. So in the next few months I lost sight of Steve. My uncle offered me a job helping him in his contracting work. He was interested in building houses for veterans and was looking for a likely spot to buy land. That's when I thought of Steve.

I remembered that Steve once told me that Molloy County was a natural for this purpose. So when my uncle offered me a big bonus if I secured the land I immediately wired Steve. In a few hours I received his reply to "come on down."

I took the next train for Molloy County and wondered how it would feel to see Steve again. I knew he was married now. Would he be changed much? Or was he still the same shy, bashful dreamer he had always been?

I must have dozed off, for when I awoke the conductor was shouting, "Molloy County!"

There weren't many people getting off at Molloy County, I can tell you that. Even through the train window I could see that it looked bleak and barren. Another Okinawa, I thought, wondering how Steve could feel so strongly for this bit of country.

When I stepped from the train there was Steve standing beside a battered



"Look me up some day, will you, Marks?" he said sadly.

old coupe, waving his hand timidly. The same old Steve, I thought as I started toward him.

We slapped each other on the back and called each other affectionate names the way Gyrenes will when they get together. Then we got in his car.

For a while I just stared out of the window, neither of us saying anything. After a while we hit the small town. And right away I knew something was up.

A large streamer stretched from a window across the main street to the other side, and the streamer read, "Steve Thomson for Mayor."

I turned to look at Steve. He was staring straight ahead, his knuckles gripping the wheel so tight I knew he was under some strain.

"What's the idea holding out on me?" I said. "Steve, you're running for mayor."

"I know it, Marks," he said quietly. Suddenly pulling up on a side street, he stopped the car. He stared at me. Then he grabbed my hand and whispered, "Marks, I can't go through with this. The people are crazy. They think I can do things for them. They're wrong. I'm a weakling. You know that."

"You're crazy, Steve," I said strongly. "Maybe you're just what this one-horse town needs."

He shook his head and frowned. Then he sighed deeply. "I wish you were right, Marks. But how do I know I've got the courage and strength for a job like they're wishing on me? Even if I should win, that is."

I tried arguing with him, but the more I argued the more upset he became. His small, thin face took on a look of such misery that I felt almost sorry for him. I couldn't convince him he was wrong. They wanted new blood and because he had been a Marine the people had put him up for mayor.

"But they don't know me—the real me—Marks," he said. "I might let them down."

We argued all the way home. Once home, we stopped arguing. He introduced me to his wife, Helen, who seemed just right for Steve, being a quiet, gentle, dark-haired little woman. She was also very understanding, for after supper she said with a smile, "Well, I'll leave you two former Marines to talk over the old days."

I was grateful for that. Alone, Steve called me over to his closet and showed me his uniform, still well-kept.

"Maybe I didn't do right by it, Marks," he said, wetting his lips, "but it's still mine."

"Sure, Steve, sure," I said.

This soft-hearted lug bothered me. He was such a simple guy. He couldn't get it out of his head that just because he wasn't a brute he couldn't be a good mayor.

We talked for a long while and I told him my plans for a housing project. His eyes lit up. "If I were mayor," he said, "I'd sure let you build those houses. This is a young town. Plenty of vets here doubling up with their folks. You're just what they need. But—I'm afraid you've come for nothing."

"You're the next mayor, Steve," I said encouragingly. "I know it. And forget that nonsense about not being a man. Some day the proof will be there for you."

After a while we must have dozed off in our chairs. I dreamed of Steve and

me, killing Japs . . . Steve behind a machine gun, a ferocious look in his eyes, squeezing the trigger and shouting, "Come on, you bums, I'll kill you all!" And there I was beside him helping him load the machine gun as I screamed, "Go get 'em, Steve!"

A terrible dream. I finally tore myself awake. Steve was still asleep. Someone was hammering on the door.

Steve opened one eye and looked at me. "The door," I muttered.

Helen had already come down the stairs, a bathrobe over her. She opened the door and heard a breathless voice, "Sorry to bother you like this, Mrs. Thomson, but there's been a jail break!"

"Good heavens! Come in!"

The men tramped in. The good people of Molloy County. Steve was scared, I could see that.

"We haven't got much time," the spokesman said quickly. "That rat Somers just broke out and wounded the guard. He's headed for Summit Ridge. By daybreak, he'll be gone. The state troopers are on their way and the whole town's on the alert. We thought you might like to come with us in case you're needed."

That's a small town for you. Everyone pitches in to help. Steve looked startled. Then he flushed. Then he winced. The test, I thought to myself. This is it. Steve knows it and I know it.

Steve said quietly, "Wait here." He went up the stairs and when he came down he was wearing a coat and hat. "Come on," he said to the men, "I'll do what I can."

He turned to Helen and kissed her. "We'll be back soon, honey," he told her.

"Be careful, Steve," she said fearfully. "I'm going with you," I said.

We left quickly. Outside stood a large

sound truck, the kind they use for election purposes. We piled in and headed for the mountain where this killer Somers was holed up.

Of course, when we got there the state troopers had the situation in hand. There was a large crowd of the town-folk out this night, too, and they were held back by the troopers. A large searchlight played on the mountain at the spot where Somers was holed in and the troopers were firing at it, but somehow they weren't getting anywhere.

We all got as close to the action as we could with the troopers shouting for us to clear out in a hurry.

Finally two wounded troopers made their way back from the danger zone. The captain of the troopers started cursing, "I'll be damned if I'm going to have any more of my men wounded just because the people of Molloy County can't keep their criminals in jail. Comes morning, we're going to get permission to fly a plane over and throw a few bombs down on Somers' hideout. Then we'll see how long he can last."

It was then that Steve spoke up. "Send a plane over and you'll ruin our mountain and scare the daylights out of our people. We don't want that here."

"Oh, you don't? And who are you to tell us what to do?" The trooper glared at Steve. "Now come on, all of you. Clear out of here, or—"

"Look," Steve said quietly. "There are two ways to get that man to come down. One is by shooting him out of there. The other way is by reasoning with him. I am sure he'll listen to a good argument."

"Yeh? I suppose you think you can give him one?"

"I can try. Look, we've got a sound truck here, with a mike. Let me try to get to him and I'll make him come out. Give me this chance at my own

risk. I know Somers. I'd hate to see him killed. I'll bring him down, I guarantee you that!"

Maybe it was the way Steve said it. No one would have ventured such a crazy stunt with a dangerous killer holed up in some remote spot on a mountain, but they let him do it, giving him firearm protection as much as possible.

He took the mike with him and started up the side of Summit Ridge. No one could help him. We could hear him talking in a soft voice and suddenly I thought, suppose Steve doesn't come out of this? What about his wife Helen, and his plans as mayor?

We heard Steve's voice and the returning whang of Somers' gun. Then after a while no more gunfire, and we all figured Steve had gambled and lost. The darn fool, I thought angrily, to have to try to vindicate himself by such a stunt. And the stupid troopers for allowing it to happen.

It wasn't until we saw Steve and Somers coming down together with Somers' hands in the air and Steve behind him with no weapon visible, that I knew I had witnessed a miracle.

The next thing Steve did was definitely not the way the movie heroes do it, for he fainted dead away. Somers was shackled and I could hear him muttering, "I don't know how he did it to me. That guy can sure talk. I just couldn't shoot him. By morning I'd have gotten away, too. Well, it's over now."

The newspapers ate the stuff up. By morning Steve was a hero. The papers said that an unarmed ex-Marine had gone up a dangerous mountain after a criminal and had captured him without a shot being fired. They dwelt on the fact that he used a mike through which by his very words he had accomplished

the almost impossible. Steve was brave, they said.

But all Steve had to say was, "There must be some mistake."

"Yeh, yeh," I said gently.

The election was in the bag after that.

Steve has been mayor for almost two years now. And true to his word, he's built (with my uncle's help) one of the sweetest housing projects you'll find anywhere.

When we're alone he'll look at me and say shyly, "Marks, all I did was tell Somers I'd give him a break if I became mayor. Within reason, of course. Somers was an old school mate of mine. Maybe

that helped. And then, of course, he knew he couldn't last forever up there on that lonely mountain. All you have to do is reason with a man, that's all."

And when Helen says lovingly, "But darling, what an awful chance you took, going up that mountain with just an old mike," Steve chucks his five-month-old baby girl under the chin and grins again. "Confidentially," he tells us, "I did have a gun on me that night. Just in case."

But knowing Steve the way I do, I just don't believe it. For Steve is the type of guy who just detests violence.

The Marine Corps Fathers Carry On

The next time some wise guy starts bending your ear about the terrible state of the world and insisting that nothing good came out of the war—just a lot of headaches—try telling him this story.

It's about the Marine Corps Fathers' Association of New York, which was started over four years ago. Its membership is restricted—to fathers of boys in the Marine Corps who never came back from World War II. These men got together and decided that if their sons, of many ancestries and creeds, could give their lives to wipe out racial and religious hatred, their fathers could do no less than follow their example by carrying on a militant campaign against bigotry.

But that isn't all. The Marine Fathers feel a paternal responsibility toward all ex-Marines, sons of fathers more fortunate than they, who are back in civilian life but find themselves in a spot—financially speaking. These vets may need jobs, or clothes for the new baby, or money to pay the rent. Well, the "Fathers" come to the rescue. They dig deep into their pockets and shell out, without looking at the color of a needy veteran's face or asking what church he goes to.

Typical of the men who make up this remarkable outfit is the secretary, Harry O'Donovan, who taught boxing to Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. Mr. O'Donovan is an ardent Roman Catholic who takes his Christianity seriously and gets all steamed up about man's inhumanity to man.

Recently, the Marine Corps Fathers' Association purchased a memorial grove in Palestine, dedicating the trees to their sons who lie buried under crosses and Stars of David on far-flung battlefields. Twelve of those trees are from Harry O'Donovan in the memory of his beloved son, Steve, who died within the shadow of Mt. Suribachi.

So long as there are groups like this one—and there are others—don't let anyone tell you that nothing good came out of the war.

A Fire for Thanksgiving

By Raymond Musser

ALONG with five million other Joes, I was in France in the fall of '44. "Turkey Day" came in quiet and cold, I remember, and just before the boys up ahead got bumped backwards by the Bulge. There wasn't any need to disregard the fourth-Thursday-in-November tradition, merely because we were away from home. We didn't.

Church

The Pilgrim people who hatched up the idea in the first place started off the Day by going to church. So did we. The *Reformée pasteur* and I worked out what he called a *programme du service* in two languages. I had a mimeographed program made up in two languages, the lithographed cover picturing a Pilgrim couple walking to church along rows of yellow corn shocks with a blunderbuss over the man's shoulder. At the service the *pasteur* explained the American Thanksgiving tradition to his people; an English-speaking layman gave the welcome; a French vocalist and an American violinist furnished the music; our General spoke to the occasion; the layman summarized the General's remarks for the French; and I delivered a brief sermon, following it with the benediction, the hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers"

and the last stanza of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Chatter

By previous arrangement twenty French families were prepared to take forty GIs home to dinner. I drew a pair of school teachers. The *madame*, a principal, spoke English fluently, and I learned much of the nonparochial school system there. A niece who was a doctor was present; also one of the teachers' two young daughters. We chatted through the *madame* of American ways and American life.

Chow

The meal was in six courses: apple salad, tuna fish (bought and hid away since '38), mashed potatoes and bologna, cake and chocolate pudding, fruit, and coffee (*they* called it coffee). 'Twasn't like the turkey and trimmings the others had at the GI mess, but this was interesting in its own way. The French had thin eating in those days, and, I wager, many still do. . . .

Fellowship Fire

We reassembled at the social hall of the church for tea (we furnished the tea and sugar; they baked the cookies). I got warm for the first time since I'd



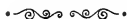
left the billet that morning. The church sanctuary had been fireless, as chill as an ice house; there had been only a little charcoal fire in the dining room of my host and hostess; but this time each Frenchman had brought a stick of wood from his meager supply—to warm up the fellowship. We did warm up, with the fire, the hot tea, and the sociability. They furnished an accordionist, folk dancers, and a girls' quartette; we supplied a basso profundo, a pianist, and a barber-shop quartet. I visited the Boy Scout room; listened to the story of a rugged *maquis* just escaped from the Dachau political prison; talked over my teacup with industrialists and professional men, with wives and students. Four laymen officially offered me the use of their sanctuary on Sundays. I was forced to decline because of the distance involved between our billet and the church. Following formal thank-you's for a lovely Thanksgiving Day, we sang the two national anthems, and

with cheers of "Vive la France!" and "Vive l'Amerique!" the Day ended.

The Fire Still Glows

Now 'tis '48. Four years have fled by, and '44 seems as remote and as unreal as a dream. Yet our cause for thanksgiving to God has increased, for both the Frenchmen and Americans, and for most other peoples, too. United States and French authorities in the western Europe coalition are working together in friendly fashion. I dunno that forty GIs could influence forty million Frenchmen much, but we did our bit. . . .

And I won't forget those sticks of stove-wood that each Frenchie brought. They made the finest fire of fellowship I ever felt! Their warmth still glows in my memory. It was a clever idea. It was Christian to the core. I believe it to be a technique that will fan the flame of friendship throughout the United Nations!



Plus Thanksgiving

Battle-starred, safely through the war years we've come.
Thanks be to God for thus bringing us home;
Home from the bombs and the shrapnel and blast;
Home from the hell and dread hush—home, at last.

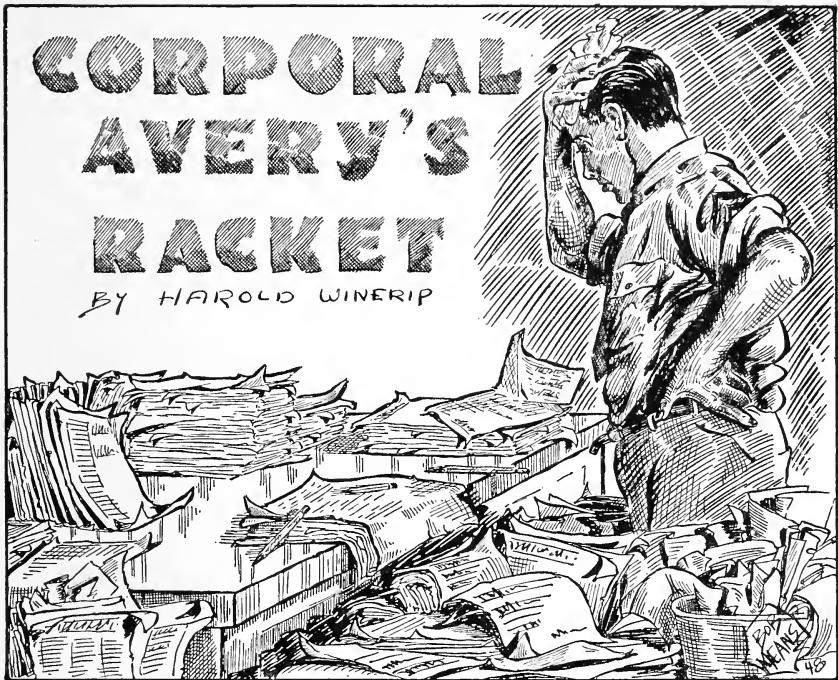
Listen—the Blue shrieks no dangerous sounds;
Look how the land with fat plenty abounds!
Our teeming tables we gladly would share—
Thanks be to God that Americans CARE!

Battle-scarred people can hardly afford
Baring their lands to another war horde;
We simultaneously, fervently raise
Strong prayers for Peace, with our Thanksgiving Praise.

—By Pleasant Christian

CORPORAL AVERY'S RACKET

BY HAROLD WINERIP



CPL. Don Avery rolled out of bed at 0530, beating reveille by half an hour. He tiptoed into the latrine, washed hurriedly, returned to his bunk, made it up and dressed in the dark, then dashed for the mess hall.

"How about breakfast?" he asked T/5 Bob Vandercote, who was busy brewing coffee. Vandercote laughed derisively. "Breakfast at this time?" he scoffed. "How do you rate special privileges? I don't see no brass on you."

"Look," pleaded Avery, "all I want is a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and jam. Gee whiz, a guy has to eat something."

"What's your hurry?" demanded the cook. "Why don't you wait until the company chows? You know we don't eat until 7 o'clock."

"Yeah," grunted Avery. "I know that. But I also know that I have to be over to Personnel in a hurry. If I don't get the pay roll out today our Uncle's going to neglect us this month."

Vandercote snapped to attention. "Pay roll!" he ejaculated. "Why didn't you say so?"

Cpl. Don almost scalded his tonsils with the coffee, but he did manage to down half a cup, then took off with a slice of bread between his teeth. He finished it before he reached the Personnel Office, then prepared himself for a day of diligence.

First he shook the sleeping C.O. until he snapped him out of his lethargy, then sent him shuffling dreamily barrackward. Next he clicked on the light over his own desk, grabbed a stack of

pay roll forms from the supply box, slipped four of them with a trio of carbon sheets into his typewriter, and began banging away.

An hour later the other company clerks came strolling into the office. "What's the early start for?" heckled one. "You buckin'?"

"Heck, no," protested Don. "All you other guys had a chance to get your pay rolls done yesterday. I was so busy making out charge sheets on those Joes in my company who acted up disorderly in town that I didn't get any deeper in my roll than master sergeants."

The other clerk clucked his tongue poissily. "My heart bleeds for you, chum," he heckled.

Avery ignored him and continued with the pay roll. He was down to the staff sergeants when Pvt. Ralph Legenbass shuffled in.

Legenbass was an uninspired Georgia cracker. "Corp," he drawled, "ah wanna take out one of them there allotments."

"Can't you wait until tomorrow?" urged Avery. "I'm working on the pay roll now."

"Corp," insisted Legenbass, "ah jes' got off a detail fer the express purpose of takin' out an allotment. Ah'll never git off tomorrow with the same excuse."

Avery sighed. "Okay, then. What kind of allotment do you want?"

Legenbass scratched his nose leisurely and yawned. He bit off a slab of chewing tobacco, stepped outside to expectorate, then returned at a Stepin Fetchit pace. "What kind've allotments you-all got?"

Avery patiently proceeded to describe the various types in detail, and Legenbass soberly mulled the matter over. He used his fingers for figuring purposes and mumbled to himself, while the clerk bit his lips nervously. Finally, the Georgian decided upon a five-dollar-a-month

Class E. Avery winced. "How far can you get on five dollars a month?" he argued.

"That's sixty dollars a year," explained Legenbass. "Leastwise that's how ah calculate it, and sixty dollars is sixty dollars."

"You've got me there," yielded Avery, whereupon he submissively prepared the forms which Legenbass required only ten minutes to sign!

Avery resumed the pay roll with a vengeance. He chain-smoked fiercely, ignored all activity about him, and was down to technicians, fourth grade, when the sergeant major called: "Avereee! Telephone for you!"

Don groaned sonorously but answered the phone. It was the C.O. "Corporal," he barked, "I've changed my mind about those charge sheets on Delaney. I want him tried under a different Article of War."

"But, Captain," wailed the corporal, "I'm working on the pay roll today. I have to get it into Finance so they can start computing it the first thing tomorrow morning. Otherwise the men don't get paid this month. You know I was held up by all those charge sheets yesterday, and—"

"Corporal," boomed the captain, "I told you I want the charge sheets on Delaney changed and I want 'em changed now. You come right over here to the orderly room and get the information. On the double!"

"Yes sir, yes, Captain. Right away, sir," said Avery. He hung up while extremely unpleasant desires for his superior flooded his mind.

By the time he had finished with the C.O. and the charge sheets it was lunch time. Avery skipped chow, settled for a couple of chocolate bars in the PX, and returned to the pay roll. He was still working on the sizeable list of

company T/4's when S/Sgt. Hoseman made his appearance.

"Corporal," he announced, "I wanna raise my insurance a thousand bucks. Can you accommodate me?"

"Gee, Sarge," pleaded Avery, "can't you wait until tomorrow? My pay roll—"

"Gosh, Corporal," said Hoseman, "I'd be happy to wait until tomorrow. Only too happy."

Avery sighed with relief.

"But the only trouble is, tomorrow I gotta take a couple of new men out to the rifle range and I'll be gone all day. You know how it is."

Avery shook his head and sighed in melancholy. "Yeah, Sarge, I know how it is." He proceeded with the sergeant's insurance, and when the staff man left Don looked at his watch. "Pete's sake," he moaned. "If I'm not bothered any more I might get through by ten tonight."

He completed the listing of T/4s, entered the accounts of the two corporals (including himself), then lined up the service records of the company's T/5's. He looked at the records momentarily and scowled. "Love of Mike, must be more *tomatoes** than privates in this outfit."

When the first T/5's name was registered, PFC Blackmoor strode up to the clerk's desk. "Corporal," he said, "I wanna know if I can stop my allotment to my wife. The last letter I got from her was a sassy one, and—"

Avery managed to straighten Blackmoor out without having to listen to the complete chronicle of his married career. He typed a few more accounts onto the roll, then Lt. Woodgill Hahn came in to register a complaint. His travel pay for his last period of detached service was \$1.50 short. He knew it was because he had figured it out to the penny,

and oh well, it was \$1.50 all right, and still it wasn't the \$1.50 so much as the principle of the thing, because after all, even though he was an officer, why should the Government—?

And then T/5 Grayson made an appearance to find out why he hadn't received his furlough ration money yet. Criminy, there were guys who were on furlough two weeks after he and they already had their dough, so what was holding him up—?

Pvt. Goldman wandered in to find out whether his last tetanus shot had been entered in the service record. He once had heard of a guy whose shots weren't recorded in the book so he had to take them all over again, and that wasn't going to happen to this GI, so if you'd just be kind enough to look it up, Corporal—

M/Sgt. Allen made his beaming appearance and laid a hundred simoleons in one and two-dollar bills on the desk. He had just won the pile in a game of chance, he reported, and he wanted to toss the works into Soldiers' Deposits, and no, he absolutely refused to wait until tomorrow because he might lose it back, and anyway, it was the company clerk's duty to accept money for Soldiers' Deposits whenever it was offered to him. It said so in AR something or other, and—

Two privates came in to settle an argument as to whether a T/5 is actually a noncommissioned officer, and can he really give orders to a line private, and—

One man wanted to know whether he was listed as a Methodist or Baptist in his service record, while one more came to inquire about his Army General Classification Test score, and still another was angry at the first sergeant so he wanted a letter typed up requesting

*Nickname for technicians, fifth grade.

immediate transfer to another company, or another Army!

It was 1800, and Avery was suffering from hunger pangs. He wasn't more than halfway through the T/5's on the pay roll with all those privates first class and privates second class to go yet, and boy, would he be lucky to finish that pay roll by midnight.

Hunger overcame him and he concluded that he'd starve to death if he didn't appease himself with a sandwich and a bottle of milk. His stomach empty, his head spinning, his eyes watery, his

throat tasting like dry ashes, he started off for the PX.

When he reached the street a couple of dirty-faced characters in fatigues approached him.

"Hey big shot!" jeered one. "Have you got the racket!"

Avery pointed at himself. "You mean me?" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah, you," snorted the character. "You pen-pushers, all the time dressed in OD's, doing nothing all day but filling out forms—and you get a rating on top of it. My achin' back—some Army!"

LINK LINES

(Continued from page 9)

fascism and other hate complexes, which indeed we should. But unless we plant the field with some useful crop and then cultivate it with care the weeds will return again, and maybe more thickly. Can it be that America's faith has decayed to the point where she has no constructive ideologies which now hold her confidence?

There are those who sing the praises of the founding fathers without realizing the great effort necessary in founding America—a nation probably unexcelled in opportunities by any other. But these opportunities carry heavy responsibilities also, one of the greatest of which is to promote understanding. To illustrate:

Only today it was necessary to remind a comrade, who survived, of the Negro mess-boy who with the 20-millimeter

gun on his LCI (landing craft, infantry) neutralized an enemy pillbox on a Sicilian beach which seriously menaced a number of us after we had reached the shore. Then, too, there was the Jewish doctor who had later saved the life of one of us.

Indeed, Caronia was once a peaceful green pasture. It is peaceful again now. We will understand one another better if we pause to think of the teamwork and understanding which together accomplished victory. Further struggle may be necessary to preserve these—they are not preserved simply by their own excellence. We must think about them, concentrate upon them and work at them. We lived together, we struggled together, we died together then; why can't we work together now?

"If folks u'd get along with each other as peaceable and understanding as people get along with dogs, the'd be a heap more comfort in the world."

—Clarence Budington Kelland, in *SUNSHINE*

Journey Through the Holy Land

By James L. Harte

PART I

"THE Ishmaelite worded the battle-song on his lips: On the ridge of Ephes-Dammim the heathen giant stood like a monolith. . . . It was a song of glory. It was the song of David who slew the giant Goliath, with the help of God and a pebble from the brook." Even then it was a part of the glory of the land that is holy, a chant of the ageless battle that Man might win the right to greet his neighbor with "Shalom Alaychem". . . . "Peace be with you."

The more than 3,000 years of recorded history of the Holy Land are replete with the songs and the tales of strife and bloodshed within the endless, timeless search for peace. At least twice the desolation of the area was so complete that there are gaps in the recorded history. More than 20 sieges have laid waste the shrines sacred to Christian, to Jew and to Moslem. But always peace has come again, and the shrines have been restored, and the pilgrimages begun again by Man with heart bright with hope. Pilgrimages of tribute to that Prince of Peace whose birthplace enshrines the Holy Land forever.

The United States Army chaplains conducted scenic tours of the Holy Land for all military personnel during the late years of World War II, tours for personnel on furlough or convalescing from illness or wounds. The tours were so popular and encouraged so much religious interest that Jerusalem stores,

in those years, were unable to keep up with the demand for Bibles. And requests of personnel to be permitted to go on such tours had to be made three weeks in advance in order to be fulfilled.

On a yearly average, more than 3,000 officers, nurses and enlisted men made the trek to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the Way of the Cross—Christ's itinerary from point of condemnation to Calvary, the Tomb of Our Lady (Mary, mother of Christ), David's Tower, the Temple of Omar, the Garden of Gethsemane, Jacob's Well, St. Stephen's Gate and other of the various gates and original streets of Jerusalem, the Pool of the Sultan, the Tomb of Rachel and the Tomb where Christ was said to have been laid after His crucifixion.

These are proud sights in the ancient and semiarid land which is linked more closely than any other with three great world religions—Christian, Hebrew, Mohammedan. And of the land, it is the Holy City of Jerusalem which first we shall visit.

Midway between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, Jerusalem has been called a meeting place of the east and west. Yet the location alone is not the reason for the importance of the city, which originally, 33 centuries ago, was named *Uru Salim*, "City of Peace." Half a mile above sea level on the watershed between the Arabian desert

and the coastal plain, the city was established near ancient trade routes. It became known as a place of refuge for travelers.

About 1400 B.C. it existed as a vassal of Egypt. Among its historic shrines today may still be seen tablets sent to the Pharaoh from Jerusalem asking for aid against expected attack from the Ishmaelites. Then, in 1048 B.C., David, the Hebrew leader, captured the city. His son Solomon erected a temple of the Israelites, and the Jewish Wailing Wall that stands today within the mile-square ancient Jerusalem settlement is believed by some historians to be a remnant of that Temple of Solomon.

The history of the Holy City under the followers of the God of the Christians, the birth and the death of Christ, is too well recorded in the Holy Book to be recounted here. Yet the citadel was a beleaguered one that, after its short years under the Israelites, fell to suc-

ceeding waves of conquerors that included Macedonians, Romans, Persians and many of the Moslem tribes. Then in A.D. 1099 Christian crusaders from Europe stormed the city and brought Latin rule that lasted until the 12th Century. The Mohammedans then regained control and maintained it until 1917, when Great Britain succeeded in ousting the Turks and establishing British mandate over all Palestine.

The modern city of Jerusalem dates back only to 1858. In its ancient streets where stand the graceful Mosque of Omar, one of the three most sacred spots in Moslem religion, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, most holy to the Christian religion, there exists a timelessness that is lost as the city spreads in all directions across the hills and valleys of Biblical Canaan. Modern office buildings on broad avenues completely surround the narrow alleys of the old section. The great Hebrew University, opened in 1925, stands on the slope of nearby Mount Scopus, looking down upon the land where once walked David and Solomon and Saul and Jonathan. An imposing medical center was erected in 1939 and in the same year a modern pipe line over 40 miles in length was laid to bring water from distant mountain springs to the arid capital of the Holy Land.

But it is of the old that stirs our hearts and not of the new. For it is the wonder of wonders that the great religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, were all born here. That the beliefs of almost all of the human race in God and Man came from this one small geographic area. For this Jerusalem was the central city; not a great marketplace, not the seat of a powerful military force, not the capital of a vast empire, but a city that has ever lived in the hearts of man as the foundation



St. Stephen's Gate, which derives its name from the fact that St. Stephen was stoned to death in the vicinity. It is part of the fortress-like wall, about 20 feet high and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, which surrounds the old city of Jerusalem. (RNS photo)

of our Western civilization, as the home of that Temple dedicated to God. In it lived and taught Jesus Christ. In it lived and dreamed Moses, David, Isaiah, Solomon, Jeremiah, Mark, Matthew, Luke, John and Paul.

To the Holy City, thence to the Christian world, from the far-off hill called Mount Sinai, came the Ten Commandments which we recognize as the foundation of moral law. And from the city and its ancient people came, too, the prophets and the apostles, and the Torah and the Old and the New Testaments. And there came the history that is our faith, of the Way of the Cross, the *Via Dolorosa*, upon which Jesus trod, wearily bearing upon His back the Roman cross upon which He left His blood and from which He spoke His last words: *Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani* . . . "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

These were words of supplication to the everlasting cause of peace as was the older battle-song of the Ishmaelite as he mouthed: "*On the ridge of Ephes-Dammim the heathen giant stood like a monolith.*" And the same were the words of Halevi who, in the 12th Century when the Mohammedans threatened, sang: "*Zion, wilt thou not ask if peace's wing shadows the captives that ensue thy peace. . . . Salute thee: Peace and Peace from every side.*"

Time was when Jerusalem was drowsy with peace. It was mellow and its very name of *Uru Salim* hung as a sleepy murmur on the lips. The fields and orchards beyond it were not over-rich, but they yielded a sufficiency of grain and fruit. The meadowland nourished flocks and herds, and the men of Israel had brought the vine into the midst of the city so that there were grapes and the wine of grapes. And the benediction seemed to have fallen upon the city from



The western slope of the Mount of Olives. It was in the Garden of Gethsemane, a plot of ground on this rise, that Christ suffered His agony and was taken prisoner. The tomb of Absalom is shown in left foreground, St. Jacob's Grotto in the center, and the tomb of Zacharias at right. (RNS photo)

the Father who might have said: "For the people have been hungry and thirsty and weary after their sojourn in the wilderness, and it is only fitting that they should eat and drink in peace."

We shall look back into that time as we visit the land of the Messiah, as we move from Jacob's Well where Joseph's brothers sold him into slavery, through the Gate of the Lady Mary, to journey along the ancient paths of the Holy Land. And we shall pause in our journey to lift a silent prayer at the American military cemetery that joins the world of today with the world of the prophets in the cause of peace. A cemetery dedicated in 1943 as an Army chaplain of Jewish faith read the invocation, the ground was consecrated by a Franciscan brother from Jerusalem, and the benediction was given by a Protestant chaplain. And it seems fitting as we begin our journey into the Holy Land to know that where Our Lord lived and taught that men should be free, there is a tiny patch of American earth.



Top Album of the Month:

The Messiah, Handel—Bibletone Records. For the first time in the history of the record industry, an abridged version of Handel's great oratorio work, *The Messiah*, has been released by Bibletone. Condensed to four records, this Bibletone album contains 24 minutes of carefully selected recordings packed full of the most precious musical gems of this oratorio master-work . . . with full consideration for continuity, both artistic and scriptural.

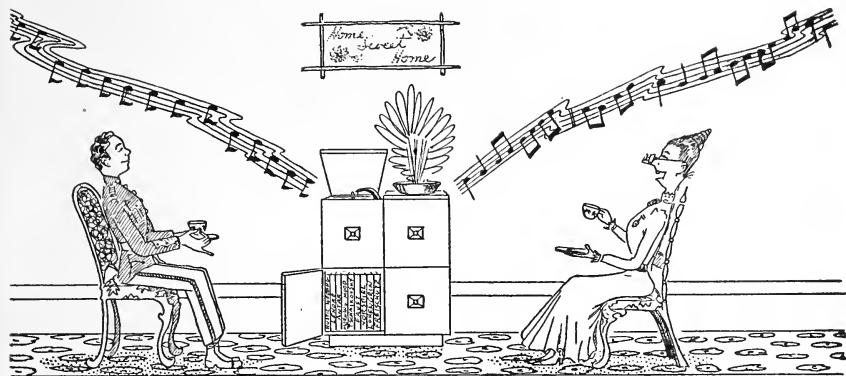
Performed by the top-ranking oratorio artists in the United States (including the 300 voices of the world-famed Augustana Choir of Rock Island, Illinois; soloists: J. Alden Edkins, Lura Stover, Harold Hough and Lydia Summers; organists: Clarence Snyder and Brynolf Lundholm; musical director: Henry Veld), this album has been acclaimed by all lovers of great music as the "finest of its kind."

The Bibletone *Messiah* includes the following well-known selections: *Comfort Ye My People, Every Valley Shall Be Exalted, Hallelujah Chorus, O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion, The Trumpet Shall Sound, recitatives, Glory to God in the Highest, I Know That My Redeemer Liveth, He Shall Feed*

His Flock, Come Unto Him. He Was Despised, and Surely He Hath Borne Our Grievs. The album is arranged so that these numbers can be played continuously on a record player, allowing uninterrupted enjoyment of this master-work.

The album cover is a beautiful full-color reproduction of Botticelli's painting, "Adoration of the Magi," from the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. The unprecedented interest shown in *The Messiah* has prompted Bibletone to start production on other master-works in abridged version.

Dream Time—Jack Fina, MGM Album. Pull up that easy chair, turn down the lights, and settle back for a half-hour of magic with music. It's time for dreaming, dreaming with the piano music of Jack Fina and the dream songs of the past decade. Jack's delicately shaded keyboard weaving sets the mood with the beautiful song from the U-I picture, *I'll Be Yours*, and as he plays *It's Dream Time*, slip back through the years and reminisce, for all these songs have memories both new and old. Every one will know the nostalgia of love as they listen to *Girl of My Dreams, All I Do Is Dream of You*, and lovers of



today and yesterday must hold a tender place for the beautiful and haunting themes of *I'll See You in My Dreams*. These and many others are all sensitively and beautifully played by the modern master of the keyboard. There are moments in every week when one must take the time for reflection—for sheer dreaming, for weaving the romantic, rose-colored picture of one's imagination. For such moments is this album meant, and in such moments will you delight in the magical, stardusted wizardry of Jack Fina.

Classics in Modern—Frank DeVol and his Orchestra, Capitol Album. *Classics in Modern* is a collection of popular music adapted from the classics, beautifully performed by Frank DeVol and his orchestra. Not so long ago popular music fans were amazed to learn that the beautiful *Moon Love* was actually taken from the second movement of Tschaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*. And classical enthusiasts were equally surprised to hear this familiar concert theme set to tempo in a lovely, romantic song. Many classical compositions have been set to popular songs in this fashion, for music that is truly great possesses

an inherent beauty and simplicity that touches the hearts of everyone, regardless of taste or temperament. This album includes the best of such music; from great composers like Rubinstein, Ravel, and of course the immortal Tschaikowsky. In popular form, these melodies were sung and played by all America, and here Frank DeVol has given each an exquisite setting, played in the tempo of the popular interpretations but employing a full concert orchestra.

Three Dances From "The Three-Cornered Hat," de Falla—Alceo Galliera conducting The Philharmonic Orchestra, Columbia. Alceo Galliera, one of the most promising young Italian conductors, has directed London's Philharmonic Orchestra in three dances from Manuel de Falla's enchanting Spanish ballet, *The Three-Cornered Hat*. The work was originally commissioned by Diaghilev for the Ballet Russe, and had its premiere in 1919 in London. The three dances which make up this suite are *The Neighbors*, *Dance of the Miller* and *Final Dance*. All three are marked by a rhythmic decisiveness, a colorful sweep of Spanish folk melodies which fairly bring the dancers before your eyes.

Writing as a Hobby

By Joseph Charles Salak

Chapter Three—Conclusion

Bright Sayings

GOING forward still further, with markets in mind, let us consider the "Bright Sayings" which are usually adult remarks from the mouths of children. When published they pay from \$2 to \$5 each.

Again you are interested in how to get "Sayings" ideas. Well, we all have at some time or other heard about the girl who ran after her man until he married her or vice versa. I used this idea in the following manner:

"My little niece Shirley was racing around the porch with our neighbor's son close at her heels.

"Why are you chasing her?" I asked.

"She pinched me," he replied.

I turned to Shirley. "Why did you pinch him?"

Blushing prettily she whispered "So he would chase me."

That same idea can be carried still further:

Five-year old Johnny stumbled into the house, battered and bruised. "Johnny," I reproached him, "what have you been fighting about this time?"

Hanging his head Johnny sobbed: "It was over a woman."

And:

Bobby, with an eye on the refrigerator and its container of soft drinks, rushed into the house exclaiming how thirsty he was.

"Here is a glass of water," I said.

Bobby looked at me and scowled. "I want a drink, not a bath."

Markets for your Bright Sayings are:

Bright Sayings Editor, Chicago Daily Tribune, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Bright Sayings, The News, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Young America, *Magazine Digest*, 20 Spadina Road, Toronto 4, Canada.

Filler Items

In the field of filler items and to continue your original resolution of 500 words a day, it is suggested you now use a little ingenuity and write a number of your most popular household hints and recipes. Mother can help you with these. Or perhaps you know of some way of cleaning your car, or repairing an awkward door jamb or any number of short cuts to labor saving in the home. Your markets, which pay from \$2 to \$5 for each accepted item, are: Helpful hints for home makers, to:

Streamliner, Stella White, Sun-Times, 211 W. Wacker, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Recipe Contest, Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Illinois.

Favorite Recipe Editor, The News, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

With these submissions, return postage is not required. Keep carbon copies of your material and if a check isn't received within two weeks submit your entry elsewhere. You can send as many as you wish, but one at a time. I have sold to these markets again and again.

Hobby Articles

The above are preliminary steps to start you writing and perhaps enable you to receive a few checks. Your first

big step forward toward feature writing is the hobby article, my specialty.

This type of material is comparatively easy to write, once you learn the specified method of presentation. But again you must study the published material. There are, however, no worries about characterization or plot formulas. Practically all hobby articles demand some research to make them interesting and informative. And again your public library is the best source. Presume that you are writing an article on coins. Cram up on a history of coins; revise, digest and condense your material. It must be understood, of course, that before you considered writing a coin article you had in mind a fresh approach.

During the war while GIs were overseas, French coins were made into bracelets, rings, earrings and necklaces. That was new then. But now it would no longer be acceptable.

Up to this stage you have noticed that I did not tell you in so many words HOW TO WRITE. That you must learn for yourself. No one can show you how to write. But I have given examples, illustrated ideas, how they are conceived and what markets exist for them. This information you will not find in any other form of study.

HOW TO WRITE can be summed up in three words—DESIRE TO WRITE. If you have that desire, talent and ability are secondary. And again I repeat, study the magazines, read each story a dozen times or more. Cut it down into thumbnail plots until you discover for yourself just what made it click and why it was published.

Try for the smaller markets first, as we emphasized previously. Your competition will be less difficult. Now back to the hobby article.

Practically everybody has a hobby of

some kind. If he doesn't he is indeed a lonely, idle and boring individual.

Hobby ideas are everywhere. Read every little item in your newspaper and you will find in isolated corners fillers on hobbies and various collections. Often the name and address of the collector is given. Write to them and express your desire to write a feature article on their hobby. Usually hobbyists are very cooperative. They love publicity. Then send them a list of questions on how their hobby started, why, when and what. Ask them the value of their hobby, how they display it and what benefits they derive from it. Go to the library and read up on the particular items they collect. Condense your findings and use the information as quotes by the hobbyist. After completing your article send it to the person you are writing about for editing and approval.



"HE'S WRITING AN ARTICLE ON
SILHOUETTES AS A HOBBY—"

Here is how I created a hobby feature, "Wedding of the Dolls." I received a copy of my neighborhood paper. In it was an item about an elderly lady who, handicapped with a severe spine injury, started collecting dolls for recuperative relaxation upon the advice of her physician. Her story was illustrated with four splendid photographs. I visited the lady, interviewed her and discovered that each Christmas she held an open house where she displayed her doll collection to her friends. Her display was complete to a bridal party, maids in waiting, doll preacher, a little church with a music box inside. The entire wedding procession was arranged under a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree. She told me that all she needed was a suitable groom doll for the bride. She had received many offers of groom dolls but they lacked the necessary historical background, they were not blue bloods. Most of her dolls were received from

foreign countries and had been handed down from generation to generation. There was my plot—a bride waiting for her groom. Then research gave me an authentic history of the first dolls, Indian dolls and dolls used for pagan rituals in the African jungles. That created interest. I visited the editorial offices where the story was first published and requested the loan of the original photographs. I wrote 2,000 words on "Wedding of the Dolls" and with the photographs the article appeared in *Profitable Hobbies*.

But before writing this story I studied the hobby magazines and decided just what magazine I'd submit it to. The hobby field is a fresh market for the amateur writer and some publications are:

Profitable Hobbies, 24 Burlington, Kansas City 16, Missouri.

The Hobby Reporter, Editor Maxfield, 301 Main St., Nashua, New Hampshire.

Hobbyists Publication, Editor Rose, 19 S. Third St., St. Louis 2, Missouri.

Send for sample copies; study them; then circulate them among your friends and neighbors. You should find at least one hobby to write about. Above all keep your ears and eyes open and your pencil sharp.

A year of this preliminary writing should prepare you for the larger markets and perhaps enable you to write fiction, which is the chief goal of every writer.

Hints on Fiction Writing

Avoid "ing" words together; they usually give an amateurish tone. An example of this violation is the following paragraph, which not only violates phrasing but is too much of a tongue twister. It was taken from an actual manuscript. "Daily deluge of conflicting regulations rescinding previous still more



contradicting rules demanding concentration."

Do not use too many adjectives with nouns. Adjectives add to a picture and many writers make their scenes more vivid with them, but they should not be overdone. Don't overdo adverbs such as "she said simply" and "he protested feebly." It is all right to use one of this type now and then but usually they should not be together.

Always check your similes and metaphors. These help more than anything else to make a writer's style original and vivid, but must be new; otherwise plain phrases should be used.

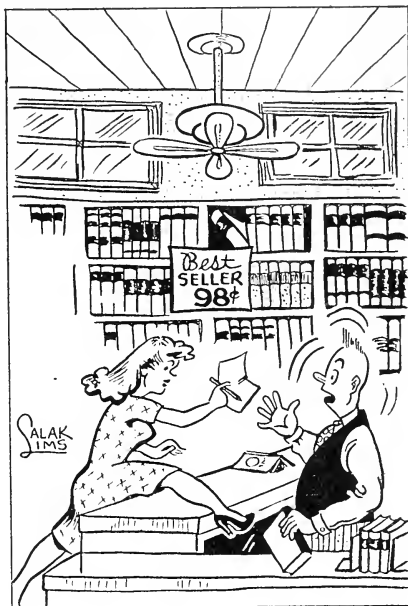
Oh, well and *why* may be used as dialogue openings now and then but they should be used sparingly. Check your fictional dialogue and omit any that won't be missed. Too many give an amateurish effect. They are sprinkled heavily through real conversation but can be rather tiresome in fiction dialogue.

Keep one person's viewpoint in a short story.

Now that you have reached this final phase of this study it is recommended that you practice the following routine:

Purchase three recent issues of one magazine that you particularly enjoy. Read every story. Write a 150-word plot outline of each story. Take five or six paragraphs from each story that appeals to you. Then write them out word for word just as they are published. Then experiment with these few paragraphs by changing them, revising and rewording them.

While doing this, study all plots, note similarities. Then write a plot outline directed to the particular magazine that appeals to you. The word length of your story should be the same as the published story. The number of main characters you use should be the same also. Ask



*"Oh, I don't read any books—
I just want your autograph."*

yourself, "When does the main character make his first appearance? When does the first conflict start?" and direct your conflict in your study story at the same point.

After you are thoroughly familiar with this routine, write a short-short original story of 1,000 words. Introduce your hero or heroine in the first 100 words. At the time you make this introduction he should be facing a conflict, a problem by which he is being worsted.

Your hero must have a good reason for being in this conflict. His motivations for wanting to continue this conflict multiply as your story unfolds.

At the same time the opposing force—villain, weather, physical handicap or a personal or financial problem—must have good logical reasons for conflicting with the hero.

At the end of the first action sequence the hero is a little worse off than he was at the beginning.

The goal or climax of the story is clearly in your mind and hinted at in the first 500 words. Every incident that does not lead to that goal should be eliminated. Every act of the hero takes him further toward his goal and the climax.

The climax and explanation are handled in the last 500 words. As you write this your first story continue your study of other short-short stories, such as appear in *Collier's* and *Liberty* magazines.

Conclusion

Returning to the first chapter of this work: When you write a letter it is because you feel you have something to say. The same procedure holds true for writing fiction or nonfiction. You have something to say, some message to convey or some idea you are urged to express. In order to experience any relief from these creative birth pains you must undergo the labor of getting the ideas

on paper. But that creative power must be stimulated by a worth-while theme.

The secret of successful writing is sometimes called inspiration. Inspiration is the ability of starting with an infant idea in mind, forcing yourself to dress it up into something entirely different, and hoping it will be more attractive than the original idea.

To close this treatise, the famous words of Robert Louis Stevenson are, at this point, not only appropriate but encouraging: "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

Assignment: I will personally assist any reader of this publication to write a hobby article. Write me full details about the hobby you want to feature. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. If your idea is acceptable I will explain in full detail how to prepare your idea and where to submit it for publication. All letters will be answered. Address them to:

Joseph C. Salak, 6542 South Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please include a stamped self-addressed envelope with each.

"That Letter Edged in Black . . ."

The bell rang furiously. I rushed to the door. The postman handed me a letter. I tore open the envelope and read the notice quickly. Then I read it more slowly. Then I read it again with sadness and regret. Huge tears filled my eyes, both of them, and streamed down my cheeks onto the collar of my one and only white shirt, as I gazed out into the gathering twilight of the evening. An old, old friend. Such an old friend. Is it any wonder that I am in sorrow!

Once more I looked at the notice—for the fourth time. Yes, it was true. For the fifth time I read it, ere darkness came, and sighed deeply.

Yes, it was actually there, black on white. My subscription to THE LINK had expired.

—Salak

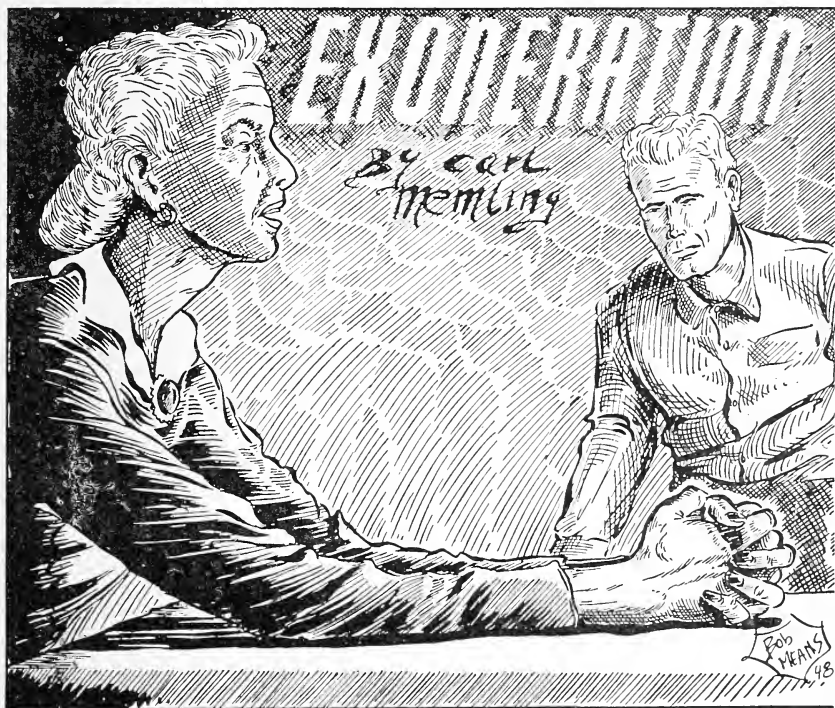
"I killed him," she said sadly.

Then the old woman began swaying in her chair in the corner of the room, her face swathed in a sliding grey mask of shadows. Thin breaths of sorrow, barely distinguishable from the creaking of the chair, kept slipping from her lips, and her shoulders twitched as

craving some form of action. This sitting and quiet moaning depressed him. He experienced it as a sort of death.

"I must go soon," he said, although he had expected to stay and reminisce for a long time.

She lifted her head, her eyelids rising slowly like dark shades in a window.



though she were being slashed by a cold rushing wind.

Her dead son's friend sat with her. He was restless, almost frightened. He had come from across the ocean, expecting a torrent of sound and tears, but so far there had been only the terse self-accusation . . . and now this low, steady keening. . . . He was young and outgoing; he found himself suddenly

"I am very sorry," he said louder, "but I must go soon."

She moved forward desperately and with one movement seemed to cast the shadow off as though it had been a grey foamy veil. Alfred hadn't resembled her at all, he thought. She had a hawk's face, dark and bony, with strength and tension showing at every pore. Alfred had been smiling and relaxed and blonde.

She smiled. It wasn't a smile of gladness, he noted. How could it be? It was a signal of return. She had withdrawn miles inside herself to some lonely, bitter shadow of a place, and now, returned, she was greeting him, Alfred's friend, Alfred's shipmate, the boy who had seen Alfred die.

"He was brave?" she asked. "The newspapers said he was brave."

"Very brave," he said. "He stayed forward in the ship, knowing all the time they would ram us. Many people cried, 'Come back, come back,' but he just waved and stayed forward."

She bounced her lips and shook her head, and for a split second he feared she intended traveling back to the shadows, but then she smiled a new greeting and he sighed with relief.

"He *had* to fight for the Jews—" she said. "He was driven by that feeling—. He had such a wonderful quiet job here in America, a translator, but his heart wouldn't let him stay."

"He loved you—" the boy said.

She smiled brokenly. "Every son loves a mother—" Then after a pause: "He was buried at sea?"

"At sea—" he echoed.

Then she shuddered. Her body shook violently, once, twice; then it shivered to a rest and she smiled again.

"We were good friends," he said lamely.

"I killed him," she said.

He shook his head dazedly. "He was killed at sea—"

"It was my hate—" she said. "I taught him my hate." Then she paused for a long, searching moment. "Alfred was not my child," she said finally. The boy shivered at the cold nakedness of the

words. They spoke themselves automatically while her eyes stared back into the shadows.

"He was a foundling in Poland. We were lonely so we took him in. He never knew he was not my child. We came to America. Always I taught him my hate for everyone everywhere who persecutes Jews; both my parents and my husband had been killed in pogroms. But did I have the right? Who knows—maybe Alfred was born of Gentiles? He was an infant, a foundling when I first saw him. Here in America he got a good job, a translator; he had already fought in the war, but when trouble started again he felt he had to go."

The boy stared at her. Now he understood. He walked quickly across the room and took her hand.

"You didn't kill him," he said.

She shook her head stubbornly. "Who knows who his real parents were? It was just chance that he wasn't brought up as a Gentile. Then he would never have known my hate. He could have had a calm, peaceful life. It was for me he went. My fault. If not for my hate he would be alive today."

The boy pressed her hand. "No," he said. "He died for everyone's hate of what is wrong and must be changed."

"I killed him!" she cried.

"Look at me," he insisted. "I was there. On board the ship. Also a volunteer. And I am a Gentile. You hear me?"

She blinked at him. Her lips quivered. No sound came forth.

"You understand," he said softly. "You understand now. It wasn't your hate."

Slowly she nodded. Then he offered his brow to her and she kissed it.



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN

Glass Houses

SHOULDN'T!

By Oliver Read Whitley

A REPORTER for a New York newspaper tells us that as he was having breakfast in a cafeteria one morning, a fellow at the next table suddenly shouted, grabbed the arm of his friend sitting near by, and pointed to a picture in the newspaper he was holding out. "See," he said, "that robber they just caught; he has a moustache! That's what I always said. It's the fellers with the moustaches cause all the trouble in this world!" If you want a simplified explanation of what is wrong with the world, here is the best one I've heard yet. Is there someone you suspect? Well, look and see if he has a moustache. If he doesn't, then you'd better look somewhere else because you obviously suspect the wrong man.

You may think it's amusing to blame all the world's ills on men with moustaches, but you'd be surprised how many people will judge other groups and races on just such ridiculous grounds as that. The story is told of a dramatic arts teacher who one day was walking down the street and met a friend. The friend would not even speak, and the dramatics teacher demanded an explanation. The woman answered, "I have heard that you have a Japanese pupil." "Why should that make you snub me?" asked the teacher.

"I don't like the Japanese," said the woman. "Why not?" "I don't know, I just don't; I hate Italians too." It is just as simple as that. There isn't any particular reason for it; I just don't like somebody. And the instances can be multiplied a hundred times.

Two years ago at his concert in Central Park, Edwin Franko Goldman read a letter to the audience. It was from a woman who had heard his famous band many times. The woman said she wanted him to "stop playing the confounded Russian music so often." Mr. Goldman answered her so everyone in the audience would know how he felt. He told her that he played music everyone likes, and he didn't care who wrote it. The important thing is not his answer to this woman's complaint. What really matters is that the complaint ever was made in the first place. The woman could not enjoy the music because she doesn't like Russia, and the music she was hearing was written by Russian composers. The truth is that if she hadn't known who composed the pieces she would probably have enjoyed them a great deal.

Time magazine, July 3, 1944, printed a letter from a soldier on the beach-head in Italy. "During the ten-minute breaks in Africa and Italy," he said,

"we have devoted a lot of effort to trying to realize in the imagination what life is like at home. . . . Today a magazine comes to the beachhead and . . . tells a story, and these pleasant images become hideous and confused. According to the story five Japanese . . . are sent to Great Meadows, N. J. from an Arizona relocation center to help Ed Kowalick run his 600 acre farm. Ed Kowalick's neighbors mount a blind patriotism against this five man oriental menace . . . Hundreds met to hunt down five, who had committed the crime of discarding their ancestry for the ties of a new country. There are crosses with Japanese names in the American cemeteries in the bitter Italian hills. These men are worthy to bear arms; how then are they not worthy to grow tomatoes? . . . Somewhere in the confusion is the central matter of what is true and what is not true about our national life. This is a very personal matter, like love or good beer or dying, and I should like someone to give me an answer."* The young man who wrote that letter was 2nd Lt. Thomas Riggs, Jr. His question about what is true of American life is perhaps the most important one I know.

Generally speaking, there are two possible answers that cover all the questions raised by the people who think that "it's the fellers with moustaches" who cause all our trouble, or who "don't like the Japanese," or who want us to "stop playing that confounded Russian music." One answer can be found in Westbrook Pegler's syndicated column printed under the headline, "Prejudice IS NOT Un-American," which he wrote back in 1943. He has shown no signs of changing his mind, so I suppose he still feels the same way. "Some of our masters talk great nonsense these days," he says, "about

the un-Americanism of racial and religious prejudices and intolerance. . . . We deceive ourselves if we believe that bigotry and intolerance are un-American. Prejudice flows in the blood of humankind and we have never been free of it nor ever will be." There you have it! Since prejudice is characteristic of many Americans it is not to be considered un-American. One wonders if he is really telling us that it is the American thing to do, to hate other people and be intolerant toward them.

This reminds me of a story I once heard about the meeting of a great patriotic society. It seems that they were having a convention. Near the headquarters were two restaurants, on opposite sides of the street. The proprietor of one, being an enterprising businessman, and wanting to get a lot of the trade from the patriotic society's convention, put up a sign in his window which read as follows: "This restaurant is 100% American; Eat here!" The convention delegates noticed this and were attracted by it. Before long the other restaurant-owner realized that he was losing his customers to the "100% American" place. Not to be outdone, he hit upon a way to remedy the situation and get his trade back. He put up a sign reading "This restaurant is 200% American; come here!" It soon aroused the curiosity of the patriotic convention delegates, and finally they went to the "200% American" restaurant and inquired of the proprietor, "What do you mean by saying that your place is 200% American? We're all 100% Americans, and there is nobody more patriotic than we are." "Well," said the restaurant man, "the fellow across the street—he's only 100% American; he hates the

* Letter of 2nd Lt. Thomas Riggs, Jr., used by special permission of Time, Inc.

Negroes and the Jews. Me—I'm 200% American; I hate the whole damned human race."

That may not be a true story, but it comes dangerously close to the way I've heard some people talk. And when I hear such talk I get scared, because it makes me think that the America I know and love is being slowly but surely poisoned by hatred and suspicion, administered by people who don't think it's un-American to spread prejudice and lies about other people. Just because a lot of people in America do have prejudices and hatreds toward others, does not make it the "American" thing to do.

The other answer to Thomas Riggs' question about American life is that prejudice toward other people because of race, color, or religion is just about the most un-American thing that I know. An America founded upon hatred and suspicion toward people who are different from us is, as Dorothy Baruch has said, "a glass house of prejudice." People who live in glass houses, so they say, shouldn't throw stones. And when we are dealing, not with stones, but with atomic bombs, we can even less afford to be careless. To throw stones at other people is to endanger the future of our country, and to convince the rest of the world that we don't really mean what we say about democracy. Don't kid yourself; the rest of the world is watching what we do in America, because they know that if we can't make democracy work here it will not work anywhere.

Well, if intolerance and hatred of others are un-American, and we do want to make democracy work (and I'm just foolish enough to believe that some people *do* care about it), what can we do? For one thing, we can refuse to believe everything we hear.

Have you heard that all Negroes are shiftless, that all Mexicans are stupid, that all Japanese are sly and crafty, that all Irishmen have fiery tempers, or that all Jews are either bankers or communists or both? If you have, brother, don't believe it, because it just isn't so.

The second thing we can do is realize where prejudice comes from. If we can do this it may help us get rid of some of ours. Prejudice comes mainly from three sources. It may come through imitation or repetition. Joe Doakes heard someone say that all radicals and undesirable people are foreigners; he repeats this to his neighbor, and before long he not only repeats it but actually believes it. Pretty soon he reverses that statement and begins to believe that all foreigners are radicals. That's one way that prejudice gets started. Another way is through unfortunate experiences which warp our minds. Jane Smith's father was cheated by a tailor who happened to be a Jew. So what does she conclude? The Jews are scheming and conniving to take over America.

The third and perhaps most important source of prejudice is what Dorothy Baruch calls "misplaced resentment." People who are unable to satisfy their wants, who get their emotions hurt, who seem to find every door in life closed to them, begin to resent and hate other people. Unable to find the person or thing that is getting in their way, they seek a substitute target toward which to aim their revenge. Such people are easy prey for the rotten minds who want to confuse them into believing that some racial or religious group is the cause of all their troubles. Remember our fellow who wanted to blame all our trouble on men with moustaches? Those who profit by the

confusion and turmoil of a society in which people are hateful and prejudiced don't care if you think it's men with dark skins or long noses, or men with moustaches. And it is people who believe these ridiculous lies about other people who smash windows, attack defenseless men and women in alleyways, and burn fiery crosses on hill-sides.

A third thing we can do about the glass house of prejudice is to let the hate-mongers know that we know what the score is. Only a square believes some of the rot they hand out. "The so-called race question is an economic one, not social. Pay the Negro good wages, . . . give him the opportunity to demonstrate his own capacity to learn, work and earn, give him his Constitutional rights and you have solved this distorted so-called race situation. Only a demagogue tries to make political capital of social equality, of racial intermarriage. Let's not confuse ourselves and the issue with such absurdities. Make the South genuinely prosperous, so that there is economic opportunity for every citizen, white and black, and the two races will live on friendly terms." Who said that? Was it a dirty communist with a long black beard, or a 'damned Yankee' who

doesn't know what he is talking about? Guess again, doc. It was ex-governor Ellis Arnall from Georgia, who is about as far from being a communist or a 'damned Yankee' as Atlanta is from Portland. What Mr. Arnall asks for is the main issue, and for the most part he is right.

The other thing we can do is very simple. Just give the other guy a break, will you? Whoever your neighbor or fellow townsman may be, remember one thing. If he is a Negro, a Nisei, a Jew, a Catholic, a Pole, a Protestant, it should have nothing to do with the way you judge him. His religion is, after all, his own business; and he cannot help having the physical features he has, any more than you can help being the ruddy-complexioned, charming, handsome fellow you are. And in case you've forgotten, brother, this is America, the land of the free and the home of the brave. There is nothing brave about hating somebody because of his race or religion, and you can't be free when prejudice poisons your mind. The conclusion of the whole business is this: people who live in glass houses—which is what you are doing if you let your prejudices govern your attitude toward other people—SHOULDN'T!

70 know what God knows, and not to be what God is, is the most dangerous thing in the world," said Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, missionary executive of The Methodist Church. "To hold the 'secret of the universe,' as President Truman has described atomic energy, and not hold to the purpose and will of the universe's Creator, makes us mere children playing with fire that may destroy us."

Which brings to mind the late Sir Oliver Lodge's statement: "We have measured the secrets of molecular chemistry, and we are on the verge of discovering the secrets of atomic chemistry. I pray God that this generation may not make this discovery, because we are not fit to use it."

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

THE BIBLE AND HUMAN RIGHTS

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Does the Bible stand for liberty?* (Leviticus 25:10; Psalm 119:45; Isaiah 61:1-3; John 8:31-36; Galatians 5:1)

2. *Why does the Bible proclaim our equality before God?* (Proverbs 22:2; Matthew 23:8-12)

3. *Why is our human brotherhood so fundamental in the Bible?* (Psalm 133:1; Matthew 6:9; Romans 14:21; I John 4:20, 21)

4. *Why does the Bible promote justice?* (Deuteronomy 16:20; II Samuel 23:3; Proverbs 21:3; Micah 6:8)

5. *Do you think it is fitting that the Bible stands for economic opportunities for all men?* (Ecclesiastes 5:9; Colossians 4:1)

-
- *Resource material:*

We who believe ardently in human rights ought to be proud of the fact that they are recognized and rooted in this grand book that we call the Bible. When the French Revolutionists stormed the Bastille and thundered for liberty, equality and fraternity, they were making dynamic use of ideas and ideals that had been couched in the sacred writings of the Hebrews and then the Christians. It is good to understand that these great principles, and others as valid and as challenging, came from distant days and have been nourished and matured by the religion that shines from the Bible.

Take the idea of *liberty*. We first see it dimly in those Old Testament pages where it was struggling to be born.

There was a time when a slave could look wistfully forward to being free after a long period of time—when the year of jubilee should come. Then, and not until then, would his freedom be a reality. Those seem distant days to us, and indeed they were. But our own land has not been free from the blot of slavery. There are still places where slavery is inflicted upon men whom God intends to be free. But the ideal of liberty is a great and a growing ideal, and we should be proud that we can trace it back into the sacred pages of the Book.

One of the glories of the Bible is that it gives us great words—great ideals and great pronouncements—and then

inspires men to pursue those ideals and pronouncements and nurture them and make them live and bear fruit in their own lifetime.

George Walter Fiske reminds us that many a lad has found that real freedom is not gained by breaking laws, and that the inscription over the entrance to the great courthouse in Cleveland is true: "Obedience to Law is Liberty." Then he goes on to say this: "There is no real liberty in any other course. Just doing what you please, and following that impulse, is not true freedom. Obeying a sudden impulse to follow the primrose path usually starts or strengthens some bad habit which forges shackles on our characters and destroys by just so much our freedom. A lawless person is never free. He is a victim of his own unaccountable impulses and soon a slave to his bad habits."

But the Bible goes beyond liberty and talks about *equality*. Those who had a part in writing those earliest pages knew full well that all men did not have equal herds or tents or houses or phylacteries or treasures, but they knew they had a common right to worship God and a common duty to obey the law and take a man's place in the world of their day.

Can we ever forget that the Ten Commandments stand in austere regality to demand obedience from *all* men? The rich and the poor must not covet; the richest is not licensed because of his riches to commit murder or adultery. *All* must worship and revere God and honor their parents and keep the Sabbath and withhold their tongues from bearing false witness. Law loses its regality if it gives a loophole to any man because of wealth or position or political affiliation. It demands *equality* of us. And the Bible is back of that inflexible stand.

Fraternity was a dear word before

the French Revolution set it to martial music. The Old Testament had a great deal to say about brothers. The New Testament resounds with the dulcer harmonies of brotherhood. Jesus taught us to enter the sacred places of prayer to call upon God as our Father. Jesus knew well enough that the implications of *that* would eventually shame us into recognizing the world-wide fraternity of all men as children of God.

We are clamoring today that our human rights include *economic opportunities* for all men. But that principle is not as new as some of us might think. It is imbedded back in the dim Old Testament days. Long before Social Democrats and communists began to needle the rich and lift raucous voices against special privilege, a quiet old saint set down a sentence soberly and, I suspect, with deep religious fervor and conviction: "The *profit* of the *earth* is for *all*." (Ecclesiastes 5:9.)

I do not recall that Jesus ever did violence to the ideal that glowed back of those old words, nor do I remember that He ever found it either necessary or convenient to chastise the laborers or the capitalists as such. He warned against the dangers and the deceitfulness of riches, but he found rich men whose hospitality he could accept, and at the last His body was borne reverently to the unused tomb of a man of nobility and wealth. Jesus put righteousness above wealth or poverty, but *He wanted every man to have enough for his needs*.

This will come to pass when you and I join others in trying to make fraternity as real as Jesus tried to make it!

Let's never forget that these insistent pleas for human rights did not begin with modern political platforms but with the moral and religious fervor that shines from the pages of the Bible!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

FAITH AND CHRISTIAN LIVING

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What place should joy have in a Christian's life?* (Isaiah 55:12; Acts 20:24; II Corinthians 7:4)
2. *Why should we have inner peace if we have strong faith?* (Exodus 33:12-14; Philippians 4:11)
3. *Why is kindness to others so important to us?* (Luke 6:31; Romans 15:2)
4. *Why should the Christian stand guard over his spirit and try to restrain every evil impulse?* (Proverbs 16:32; 25:28)
5. *How generous should we be?* (Deuteronomy 16:17; Acts 20:35)

-
- *Resource material:*

Why do we have a right to expect that a man's faith will show its fruits in every part of his life? Don't you think, for instance, a Christian's life should show that he is joyful? Why? Certainly a good man will know the meaning of sorrow as well as repeated experiences of joy, but the general tendencies of his life should be toward happiness because his faith should help him to have many happy experiences, in adverse circumstances as well as in life's brighter moments.

Perhaps we lay too much stress upon the effort to *get* happiness. I believe it was Nathaniel Hawthorne who said: "Happiness is as a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always beyond our grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you." Our very anxiety to *grasp* happiness may often defeat our own purpose, therefore, by making us feverish when we should be serene, or covetous when we should be

contented. We should be more successful if we were more content to let happiness *light upon us!*

Inner peace of mind is a greater treasure than we can ever rightly value. The great German poet Goethe once said: "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." That is true enough, but will one ever find peace in his home unless he finds it first in his own heart and then in the hearts of others in the home?

A peaceful heart is vast treasure for any one of us, and it will add greatly to the riches of any home in which it abides.

Generosity is one of the real marks of Christian living. It was F. W. Gunsaulus who gave us these words: "There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness."

Another preacher, J. G. Holland, put it even more forcefully in these words:

"He that lays out for God, God lays up for him. But, alas! God's credit runs low in the world; few care to trust Him. Give and spend, and be sure that God will send; for only in giving and spending do you fulfill the object of His sending."

The secret of giving may be said to lie in the fact that God doesn't allow us to have a vacuum when we give something good away; in place of the thing we give is something that God gives us to fill up the vacancy! Hinton put it this way: "Never be afraid of giving up your best, and God will give you His better." It's as simple as that—and as generous on God's part!

God has riches far greater than we can imagine. And He is far more generous with us than we are ever able to realize. He gives us gifts innumerable and priceless and crowns them all with eternal life and the gift of His own Son for our enrichment and our redemption. After all this, can't we understand that God will never allow us to impoverish ourselves, however generously we may ever give to Him and to others?

Will God ever allow us to give more to Him than *He* will give to *us*? Would you let *your* child give more to you than you give to *him*?

Think that over if you are tempted to be niggardly with God!

It is easy to be niggardly with God if we are selfish and think first and last of our own needs and our pleasures. Too many of us, who otherwise are very commendable in our moral and religious living, would be ashamed if we were to itemize what we spend for ourselves and

then compare the total with what we spend for God through the work of the Christian Church and the other ways in which we can help men to find Christ and to live a larger life than they could otherwise live in the midst of privation and suffering.

Another trait that every Christian should cultivate is kindness. It is generosity and goodness carried out in countless ways. It gives hands and feet and heart and soul to our best impulses. It helps us to go the second mile when only one is required of us. It helps us to give others the benefit of the doubt. Jesus taught us to do unto others as we would like them to do to us. That is the Golden Rule. That is kindness. It will inspire a multitude of deeds that will make our lives better and others richer.

Dr. William L. Stidger tells of an act of kindness years ago that benefited a multitude of people all over the world. A poor Welsh widow walked ten miles to a doctor to beg him to come to see her sick baby boy. The doctor knew she could not pay him for that long, hard trip. But the pleadings of that Welsh mother, with the fact that she herself had walked those long miles to implore his help, induced the doctor to heed the kindly promptings of his own heart. He went. The baby boy got well. And what was the baby's name? David. And when he grew to manhood he was known to Britain and the world as David Lloyd George.

Kindness is a badge of goodness. The Christian should wear it gladly—and never take it off!

A Man is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

—Buster Rothman

- *Subject for group discussion:*

THANKFULNESS—A TEST OF CHARACTER

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why should we be thankful to God on Thanksgiving Day—and every day?* (Psalm 92:1, 2)
2. *Is there a kind of solemn urgency that makes us want to give thanks to God?* (Psalm 95:1-3)
3. *Can you account for the apparent ingratitude of the nine lepers that were healed?* (Luke 17:11-19)
4. *How did Jesus teach us to make each meal a time of thanksgiving?* (Luke 22:19)
5. *How did Paul stress the importance of being thankful to God every day?* (Ephesians 5:18-20)

-
- *Resource material:*

Would you say that thankfulness is a real mark of a good character? Why? We would all say that thankfulness is a mark of courtesy, but wouldn't you say that courtesy has spiritual values also? We say that ingratitude is a sign of poor upbringing, but wouldn't you say that our lack of thanksgiving to God brands us as being spiritually deficient? Why?

There is something very heart-warming about the gracious manners of a child who has been trained to act correctly in his social contacts. We say it is good etiquette or good manners. Shouldn't we train ourselves to be as gracious and thoughtful toward the Giver of all good gifts?

It was an unlovely incident in the New Testament when ten lepers were cleansed of their terrible disease and only one returned to give thanks to his

Healer. The other nine scurried away, presumably, homeward, so eager for other matters that they forgot their manners. They failed to give the gift of humble but joyous thanks in return for healing that was priceless.

Knowing yourself as you do, is it your honest opinion that you would have been with those nine that day in their footrace if you too had been among those healed, or do you think you would have stayed to give your thanks? Is your answer to that question based on what you ordinarily do when God gives you some unusual gift or blessing? Or must you admit that you are among the great host of those who accept God's countless gifts without so much as batting an eyelash, with no gracious word of gratitude and reverent praise to the Giver?

Tell me: if you and I do that, most

of the time, don't we make ourselves very common in God's sight? Of course you will tell me that no man is common in the Father's sight. Even so, *why should we ever allow ourselves to act as if we were common?*

Good manners are only *thoughtful and courteous* actions. To some extent they are the Golden Rule brought into our everyday actions as we move in and out among other people. If I fail to express my thanks for even a tiny gift from another human being, I brand myself as a thoughtless ingrate. Can you and I dare to brand ourselves as *that* in the sight of God?

"Don't risk *offending*," murmurs the dulcet voice of the lady on the radio who cajoles you into buying the latest touted deodorant on the market. Even better, we should not risk offending those who are kind to us, and especially the Father whose gifts are so lavish that even our best prayer of thanksgiving is small in return.

We have always a solemn obligation to offer Him our prayers of thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day can never afford us hours enough to discharge that obligation; it can only serve as a reminder to be thankful *always*.

Did you ever try to count up the things you should be thankful for? Try it! You may discover, among the multitude of them, that you have some things that no other person has money enough to buy! And while you are counting them, take a look at the ones that are so important that you may use them to bless many people besides yourself. Tennyson had the gift of a priceless song

to assure others that immortality is our sure gift from God. Tennyson shared that song and many others. Edison had a gift for conceiving new things to make life lovelier and ampler. He did not cast his ideas into a corner of his mind to be forgotten. He lighted lamps of wonder for others.

Much of our failure to thank God is because we are spiritually immature. We write bread-and-butter notes when we have shared the hospitality of someone who has invited us in to dinner. But far too many of us sit down to our own table, day in and day out, to gorge ourselves with the gifts of God, and give not even a thought to lifting a gracious prayer of thanksgiving to Him! That isn't right! It isn't gracious! It isn't responsible! More damaging yet, it shows that we are not spiritually mature! For maturity, in the realm of the spirit as much as elsewhere, recognizes causes and effects; it recognizes responsibilities and obligations that are laid upon us because of our privileges.

If we are obligated to write a gracious note afterward when a friend has us to dine, we have an infinitely greater obligation, for time and for eternity, when God ministers to our bodies and our spirits constantly with innumerable gifts, many of which are so priceless that no hostess has money enough to buy them!

Can we ever be grudging or tardy in our gift of thanksgiving to Him when we remember *these* things?

Let's give Him the praise of our thankful hearts, now and always!

Do not let the good things of life rob you of the best things.

—Buster Rothman

- *Subject for group discussion:*

GET THE MOST FROM YOUR LIFE!

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why is it so important to us to be able to recognize moral values?* (Genesis 3:5)
2. *Can any man safely ignore or neglect his spiritual development?* (Job 32:8)
3. *Why should we try to make the utmost of our talents and our opportunities?* (I Corinthians 3:16)
4. *How did Paul challenge us to seek God's help in trying to become our best?* (Ephesians 4:20-24)
5. *Why is our self-realization climaxed by our serious efforts to make the most of ourselves spiritually?* (II Peter 1:2-8)

-
- *Resource material:*

Can you think of a better adventure than setting out to get the most and the best from your own life? Is it true that a man is the master of his own fate? If you believe that, what are the most important things for you to do in order to make your life successful to the fullest extent? It will pay us to give some serious thought to this very important matter.

For one thing, you should know just what sort of person you are. What are your strong points? What are your weaknesses? Take a look at yourself. At what points are you most vulnerable to temptation? What can you do to avoid or overcome those temptations? Try to strengthen your defenses. Do not sabotage the forces that would help to protect you and make you strong and victorious. Nothing else is so important to us as the development of a strong Christian faith and a noble character.

We need also to train our minds and develop our talents and abilities. Get a good education before you start your chosen work in life. Heartening words are coming from colleges across this land concerning the hard and successful work that former GIs have been doing in college. Not long ago an administrative officer in a very good eastern college wrote to me in high praise of veterans in his school. He stressed especially their fine attitude, and stated that they are more ambitious and work harder than they did previous to the war.

That ties in with other reports that I have had. Veterans have come to a degree of maturity. They know the score and they are out to make the most of their time and their opportunities. Their hard experiences in training and in combat have sharpened their appreciation for quieter and more constructive hours in classroom and library and

laboratory. The veteran knows full well that this is his golden opportunity to prepare for larger living. He is putting himself into his work with zest, for college will help him to get the most out of life.

I hope many of you who read these words will get to college as soon as possible, if you have not already begun work there. You can pass up some things in life, but don't pass up college if you can possibly go!

Build up good habits of study, whether you are in or out of the classroom. Delve into good books. Learn to study to the best advantage. It may help you to improve your speaking voice if you read good literature aloud.

Study the Bible, for it has vast riches for the thoughtful student. No other book has ever influenced human lives so greatly and in such multitudes. Build the Bible into your life! You will never regret it, and you will never outgrow it.

A great soldier and a famous president of our country once made this emphatic and challenging statement: "Every soldier and sailor of the United States should have a Testament. . . . We plead for a closer, wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact, as well as in theory, 'doers of the Word, and not hearers only.'" That soldier and president was Theodore Roosevelt.

No soldier can read his Bible or his

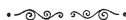
New Testament without feeling a deeper sense of the importance of moral and religious values. They *must* undergird his life if he is really in earnest about trying to become his best. He can no more neglect moral and religious values than he can neglect the proper intake of food and vitamins into his physical body.

We should set high and distant goals for ourselves, and then try to reach them. We should compare ourselves with Jesus and the greatest of the other great souls in the Bible. We should measure our lives by His teachings. We should remember also to measure our daily work not merely for its value in the day itself but by this question: *How far have I advanced today toward the great goals that I have set for myself in life?*

Deeds count tremendously. They show what our moral standards are. They show also what our religious beliefs are really *doing* for *us* and for *others*. Deeds show whether or not we are *in earnest about life*. They show how much we really care about others. They show whether or not we are trying to *arrive somewhere* in this earthly pilgrimage that we call life.

John G. Holland once wrote: "A noble deed is a step toward God."

How many steps will you take today *in that direction*—for the sake of being your very best?



Several years ago a lonely young Marine on Guadalcanal wrote home, asking that his parents read a chapter of the New Testament each day. "I will read the same chapter way across the other side of the world," he promised, "and I will feel somehow we are united, sort of joining invisible hands." From this beginning, right in the ranks of you service men, has grown an annual world-wide Bible reading between Thanksgiving and Christmas of each year, sponsored by the American Bible Society. November 25 this year will see its fifth year of operation, and in the month following, you and your folks can be joined in spirit, part of this international fellowship. The texts will be published in our "Daily Rations" column. (See page 46 for November.)

Batting the Breeze



Pen Friends

In our form there was a wish to correspond with English-speaking boys or girls (boys preferred). So we turn to you asking if you could possibly send us a few addresses or otherwise publish our request in your magazine. Our aim is to exchange thoughts with people in other countries, but not to beg CARE parcels.

We are about 17 years old.

Laurenz Wauzl
(13a) Hof/Saale
Bayreuther Strasse 95
U. S. Zone, Germany

Heinz Ruckdäschel
(13a) Hof/Saale
Krenzsteinstrasse 2
U. S. Zone, Germany

I should like to correspond with a young man American nearly of the same age as I. Can you get a pen friend for me. I am French of very good family and I am 24 years old.

Philip Cortyl
30 rue Sainte Croise
Mortagne (Orne) France

to me. But I cannot remain indifferent or rather selfish toward my boys with regards to the joy and life which this magazine gives me; I should like to share the blessings it gives with my boys. I should like therefore, to appeal to you by sending me copies for distribution to these boys who I think will be more than glad in receiving the same. Can you send me about fifty copies of these magazines every now and then?

Pedro C. Lusung
1st Lt., Ch-C AUS
0-18997066

I'm reading THE LINK and feeling very much joy in the small book in Japan. I'm a Japanese boy aged 17 and first year student of a senior high school in Osaka. Well, would you kindly guess how I am glad to have the opportunity to write to you, Editor?—who have me influenced for good in everything.

So well as the information of the German boy's letter in the May issue of this year, we Japanese boys, who intend to reconstruct the nation to be democratic, are thankful to be given the American books and magazines such as your LINK, LIFE, and so on, or to be permitted to use the Civil Information and Education Library and the churches—latter, in the what-not of the place I may take this magazine freely.

Fan Mail

I should like to express my appreciation for reading THE LINK, which I occasionally get from other Protestant Chaplains here in Okinawa. Its articles and humor bring enlightenment and life

I have been favored this present since a year and am very glad to find brightness and happiness of the people or to see the godliness which reflects a phase of the American, who was described and impressed on us by the military, ultranationalist and anti-American grown-ups as Yankee goblin and very much material.

Moreover, especially, the cover picture of every issue such as chickens in March and Johnny Mize in April appear very impressionable in conjunction with education and art itself and has very nice perfume of the ink and paper likely to bring exotic feeling.

Otherwise, the living language American itself, not English, can be learned easily.

To make a long story short, THE LINK, being dreamful, hopeful and joyful from every angle, is the source of curing and satisfying my curiosity and thirst for the foreign country and the better future.

In Japan it is the time in the early summer when bright and clear are all skies and there, under such skies, flutter the national flag of the U. S. A. and "the corps pennant," according to the Japanese old and usual custom, in the sea of young and green leaves.

Finally, I hope you print many articles such as "After Two Years in Japan."

Shigeyasu Hazama
No. 16, 2 ho-me, Oyodo Ward
Osaka, Japan

••

We enjoy your magazine very much, especially in your May issue the poems "Thanks" by Doro on page 10 and "From Occupational Zones" by Lashley on the back.

K. Anderson (Mrs. James B.)
Aberdeen, Mississippi



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Sec'y., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

1. Proverbs 14 Up Right
2. Proverbs 15 The Know-How
3. Proverbs 16 The Do-Gooder
4. Proverbs 17:1-18:18 Not So Bad
5. Proverbs 18:19-19:29

How to Win Friends

6. Proverbs 20 And Influence People
7. Proverbs 21 A Wise Man
8. Proverbs 22 A Good Name
9. Proverbs 23 Now Hear This
10. Proverbs 24 Evil Men Out
11. Proverbs 25 Got the Word?
12. Proverbs 26:1-27:10 Thou Sluggard
13. Proverbs 27:11-28:28

A Study in Contrasts

14. Proverbs 29:1-30:9. He's Up—He's Down
15. Proverbs 30:10-31:31. Mother's Counsel
16. Joshua 1 Be Strong
17. Exodus 20:1-17 The Ten Words
18. James 1 Do It Well
19. Galatians 6 Bear a Hand
20. Revelation 22 The Last Chapter
21. I Corinthians 15 The Next Life
22. Psalms 37 Where Is Security?
23. Psalms 51 I Would Do Better
24. John 10 The Good Shepherd
25. Psalms 103 Grateful Praise
26. Psalms 90 God Is Eternal
27. Psalms 91 Trust Him
28. Psalms 23 Everybody's Favorite
29. Ephesians 6 The Whole Man
30. Philippians 4 Peace of Mind

did YOU know-



A WOMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF THE "LAST THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER" AS A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

A HATRED OF CHRISTMAS BY SOME GROUPS OF EARLY SETTLERS, AIDED THE GENERAL ACCEPTANCE OF THANKSGIVING DAY BY THE COLONIES!



BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR THE SOUTH DID NOT CELEBRATE THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING.



BEAR'S MEAT NOT TURKEY WAS THE CENTER OF THE FESTIVE BOARD IN RHODE ISLAND AND IN CONNECTICUT DURING EARLY THANKSGIVINGS.



chapman



"And what is the baby's name?" asked the minister softly.

The young father smiled proudly as he hoisted the little fellow up on his arm. "Chauncey William Robert Montgomery Finley."

Up shot the minister's eyebrows, as he turned to his assistant: "More water, please."

Cp. Lee Traveller

★

Two black crows were flying cross country when a P-80 went zooming past, its jet propulsion spurting flames from its exhaust.

"Boy," exclaimed one crow, "is that bird in a hurry!"

"Yes," said the other crow, "and I bet you'd be, too, if your tail was on fire."

The Seabag

★

"Mama, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie, why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard dad call the hired girl an angel the other day. Will she fly, too?"

"Yes, Willie, tomorrow."

Boston Naval Shipyard News

★

Getting up early in the morning is merely a question of mind over mattress.

Medi-Cal

He was sitting at a restaurant table sawing away at the fricasseed leg of chicken. Finally he put down his knife and fork, leaned over to the next table, pointed to the bottle of A-1 sauce, and said loudly to the lady sitting at the table: "Pardon me, madam, would you please pass the liniment? This crow has rheumatism."

Exchange

★

Egotist—A man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself.

The Oakleaf

★

Two sailors, at sea for the first time, were looking out over the mighty ocean. Said one, "That's the most water I ever saw in my life." The other replied, "You ain't seen nothin' yet. That's just the top of it."

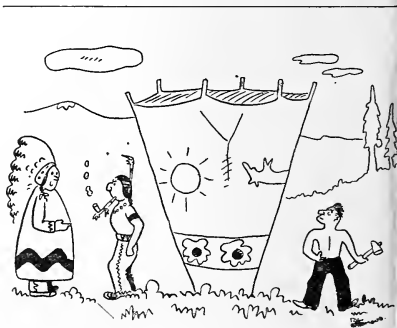
Exchange

★

First GI: "The service club sure is crowded tonight."

Second ditto: "I'll say so. Half an hour ago I fainted and had to dance around four times before I could fall."

Exchange



"To collect. Because, to get out of the District, we will have."

Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

ORGANIZATIONS:

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ

Say of us that, "lighthearted and carefree were we."
In our files . . . files that met the sea.
From the schools, from the farm, for some the city brightness.
Now, all this was behind us.
Eagerly we marched to the sea, "each unto his own", as silently
We were overseas borne.

Gay were the voiced adieus, waving were the gentle hands.
Violently at an oceanide we met that alien shore, huddled in files,
Files we remember . . . forevermore.
First it had been a strange din: "Open file . . . close file . . . right by
Left . . . column right . . ." Ours to obey, those commands of yesterday.
"The way it was"—yes. Not then, "ours to question why."
Now, crosses on our right, crosses on our left, 'midst those
Rows after rows, our files of yesterday.
Eternal rows for us to honor and obey.

Softly and sadly some of us return with a friendly oceanide.
Softly, we of all who remembered those of them, who are now
Numbered. Now our thoughts are numbered.
Numbered, yes; "unto that day," lest we forget those friendly
Voices, those gentle hands, now mute, now still, that marked their
Faith, "heard by angels on high."
Faith for us to hold high.

Friendly voices, now silent. Eternally silent? nay,
Lest we disturb those files, sacred files of our yesterday.
Let us say, reverently say, at this eventide, "Our
Shining today," as we reflect o'er our national greatness, o'er our
Fields of martial strife and story, that those rows after rows of
Our crosses, "do mark their faith."
That, "that faith" speaks to us, the living free of today.
Of, "a promised Trinity," for us . . . forevermore.

— *Sergeant Victory Sullivan*





