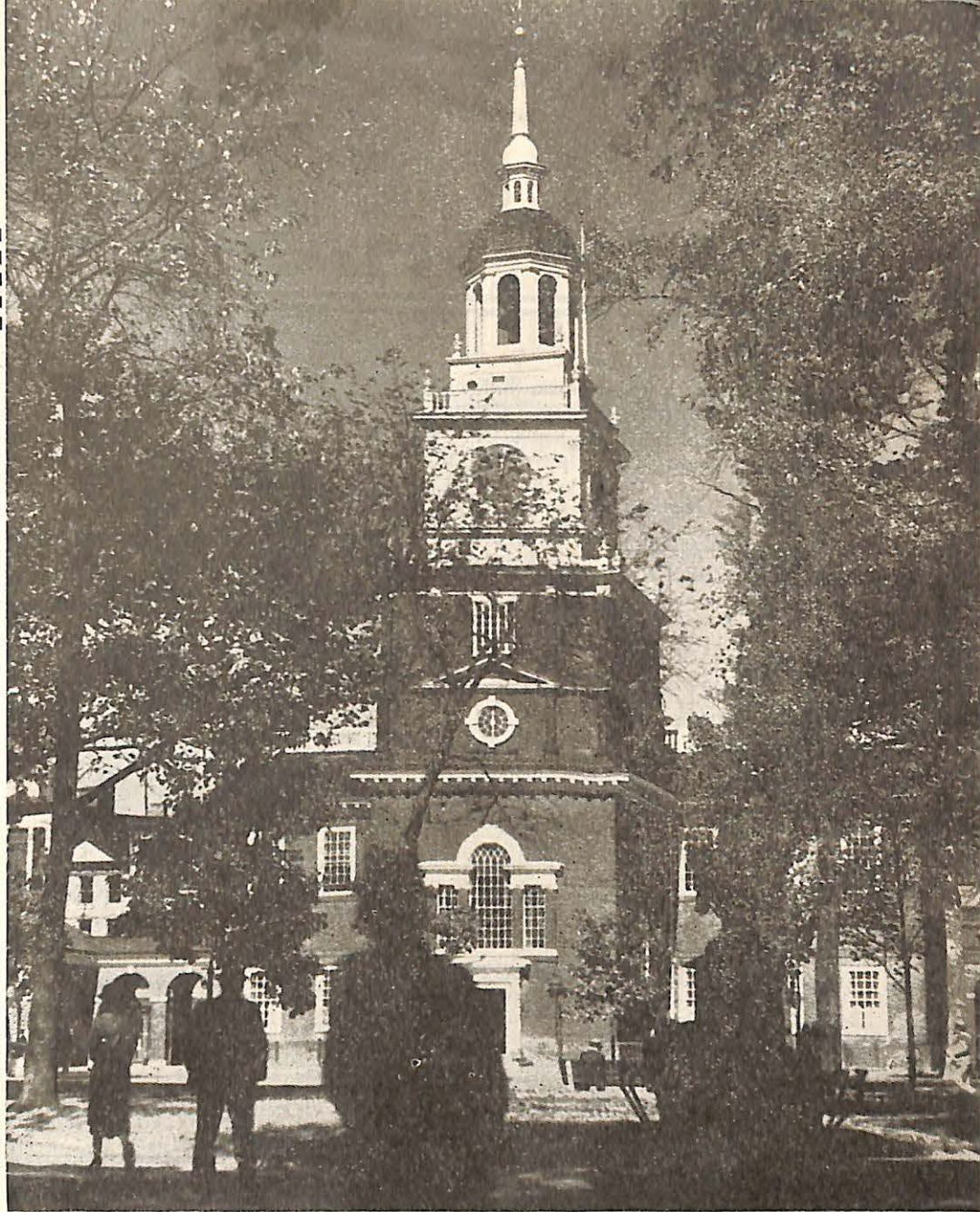


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Independence Hall of Philadelphia, the Cradle of American Liberty

BAPTIST HERALD

Printed in U.S.A.

July 1, 1943

WHAT'S HAPPENING

● The Ebenezer Baptist Church near Elmo, Kans., has called Mr. Otto Pankratz of Durham, Kans., who has been a teacher in the local high school, as its pastor to succeed the Rev. John Broeder, now of Holloway, Minn. Mr. Pankratz has accepted the call and has already begun his ministry on the field. He is a nephew of the Rev. J. A. Pankratz of Chicago, Illinois.

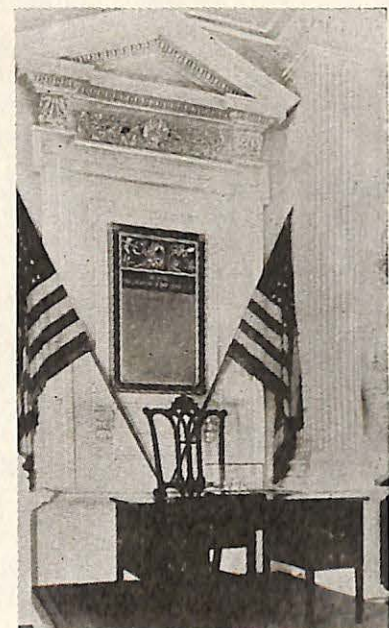
● The Rev. Theo. W. Dons, general denominational evangelist, served the Round Lake Baptist Church of Gladwin, Mich., for two weeks from May 23 to June 4. A fine spirit prevailed in the meetings, and four conversions were recorded. The Rev. Thomas Stoeri is pastor of the church. On Sunday, June 6, Mr. Dons supplied the pulpit at both services of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kankakee, Illinois.

● On Sunday, June 6, the Rev. A. Felberg, pastor of the Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., brought the baccalaureate address for the Lodi High School at the school auditorium. Mr. Felberg spoke on the theme, "Your Kingdom." This appointment was by special request of the High School student body and the ministerial association of Lodi.

● The Kossuth Baptist Church near Manitowoc, Wis., has called Mr. Lawrence E. Wegner, a student of the Northern Baptist Seminary of Chicago, Ill., as a temporary pastor for the three summer months. Mr. Wegner began his ministry in the Kossuth Church on Sunday, May 30. He is a member of the Round Lake Baptist Church of Gladwin, Mich., of which the Rev. Thomas Stoeri is the pastor.

● The Rev. Herman P. Bothner of Pound, Wis., presented his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Churches of Pound and Gillett, Wis., and announced his acceptance of a call from the Presbyterian Church at Houghton, Mich. Mr. Bothner was accepted by the Presbytery on June 1st after a satisfactory examination. His change of residence and field of labor will have been effected by July 1st.

● The Rev. Oscar Luchs, son of the Rev. R. Luchs of Seattle, Wash., recently received the Bachelor of Divinity degree from the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School of Berkeley, Calif. He also was a joint recipient of the scholarship prize. Mr. Luchs will continue his studies at the Divinity School next year in preparation for the Mas-



On July 4, 1776, John Hancock as President of the Continental Congress, was seated in this chair before this table in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., when the Congress decided upon the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The silver inkstand on the table was used in signing the Declaration of Independence. Over the chair is a facsimile of the Declaration as ordered printed for the purpose of sending it to the several states and the Army where it was proclaimed.

ter of Theology degree and will serve as a teaching fellow in the department of church history.

● On Sunday evening, May 23, the Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, pastor of the Baptist Church of Goodrich, No. Dak., delivered the baccalaureate address on "Seeking the Best for Life" for the local high school. The service was held in the Baptist Church. On Sunday, May 30, Mr. Kraenzler had the privilege of preaching the baccalaureate sermon at the Denhoff High School, and at the Memorial Day program on May 31 he gave the patriotic address at the Goodrich City Hall to a large and appreciative audience.

● On Saturday evening, June 19, Mr. Frederick Dons, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Theo. W. Dons of Forest Park, Ill., and Miss Jean Elizabeth De Young of Chicago, Ill., were married in the First Reformed Church of Roseland with the father of the bridegroom officiating. The former Miss De Young is a graduate of Wheaton College. Since her graduation she has been teaching in Tindall Park, Illinois. After a brief honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dons will make their home in Chicago, Illinois.

● Dr. William Kuhn, general missionary secretary, was the guest preacher at the Sunday morning service, May 30, in the Fourth St. Baptist Church of Dayton, Ohio, of which the Rev. R. P. Jeschke is the pastor. On Sunday, June 6, Dr. Kuhn spoke in the services of the Baptist Church of Parkersburg, Iowa, of which the Rev. Herman Lohr is the pastor. The evening service was in charge of the young people's society and an offering of about \$75.00 was received for the missionary project of the Iowa Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union.

● Chaplain Roy Anderson of the U. S. Naval Training Station at San Diego, Calif., spent the days from May 27 to June 10 on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson of Forest Park, Ill. Chaplain Anderson also spoke several times at services of the Forest Park Baptist Church, of which the Rev. C. B. Nordland is the minister. After returning to San Diego, Chaplain Anderson expected to be detached for foreign duty, probably in the South Pacific area. He has been in active service as a chaplain since July 1, 1942.

● On June 24 the Rev. A. Teske, pastor of the Baptist Church of Camrose, Alberta, Canada, and Miss Eileen Wensel of Edmonton, Alberta, were married in the Central Baptist Church of Edmonton. The Rev. E. P. Wahl, pastor of the Edmonton Church, officiated at the wedding. Mr. Teske has been serving on the teaching staff of the Christian Training Institute besides his responsibilities as pastor of the Camrose Church. After a brief honeymoon trip the Rev. and Mrs. A. Teske will begin their residence in the parsonage adjoining the Camrose Church.

● Sunday, May 9, was a day of rejoicing for the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kyle, Texas, and its pastor, the Rev. M. G. Mittelstedt. On the second anniversary of the dedication of the new church building on that day, the members were privileged to burn the church mortgage. Pledges for the building fund were to be paid within three years, but since most of the payments were made ahead of time, the church was able to pay off the debt in two years. Mr. Mittelstedt wrote, "We are indeed grateful to God that our church building is free of debt." A leadership training school was recently held in the church with an average attendance of 50 students, of whom 43 took the examinations and received awards.

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The Baptist Herald

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Coming!

PUT OUT THE DARK!
Several students of the Christian Training Institute at Edmonton, Alta., Canada, will share some of their adventures and experiences in tract distribution in this unusually interesting article.

HOW TO WIN THE PRIZE
Dr. William Kuhn, general missionary secretary, will present and interpret the program calling for a revitalization of all of our churches in this heart-warming and Spirit-inspired message.

IMMUNE OR ALLERGIC TO SIN?
This sermon by Professor Arthur A. Schade of Rochester, N. Y., will raise a great many personal questions, all of which will help the reader to seek the secret of a revitalized life in Jesus Christ more earnestly.

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EDITORIAL

Cleveland, Ohio, July 1, 1943
Volume 21 Number 13

God and the Four Freedoms

THE FOUR FREEDOMS of the United Nations have real and abiding significance only as they are related to God and his purposes for life. For these freedoms of speech, of worship, from want and from fear are basically spiritual possessions. They are empty words and tinkling cymbals apart from Jesus Christ, whose revealed truths of God alone can set men free.

There is no real freedom in enabling a man to say and do what he pleases. Such unrestrained license leads ultimately to disaster. Insofar as a man contends for the truth, as he sees and understands the truth, he is worthy of this freedom of speech. But this requires self-control, the disciplining of his mind, the harnessing of his activities to the will of God until his words ring true in the light of God's eternal judgments.

The freedom of worship is man's most treasured possession. Man is "incurably religious" as the philosophers have discovered. The global war is producing an amazing number of marvelous stories of young men turning to God in the fox holes of Guadalcanal, on rafts out in the Pacific, among the clouds of the heavens above. Jesus Christ is "the Way" to this discovery of God, until in him alone can this freedom have any abiding value.

One cannot speak about freedom from want and not be reminded of Jesus' words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" A man can have all the things in the world to satisfy every need of his and still be a slave to physical appetites and the god, Mammon.

It is equally true that "perfect love casteth out all fear." In Christ Jesus we have the revelation of God's wondrous love to the world. Only he can speak this word of freedom to the fearsome heart: "My peace I give unto you!"

We must not forget God when we speak of the four freedoms. For Dr. Charles J. Pietsch is painfully right when he wrote in the May, 1943, issue of "The Moody Monthly": "We have been a God-forgetting nation. A lot has been said about the forgotten man. But the forgotten man has been brought into prominence in the last eight or ten years, and he is no longer so important today. It is not the forgotten man; it is the forgotten God."

"Lest we forget—lest we forget!" May the flags of the four freedoms fly over the United Nations everywhere, but let us not forget the God of the skies above these flags who alone gives real and enduring significance to our precious liberties.



The Victorious Soldier

A Christian Soldier's Message
by SGT. BOB ACHTERBERG
of the Santa Ana Army Air Base,
Santa Ana, California

The Christian Flag or Church Pennant, Which Is the Only Flag That Flies Above the American Flag During a Church Service, Is Here Shown Above the Deck of a U. S. Battleship.
—Acme Photo.

WHO is the victorious soldier? Is he the one who has won military victories and honors? Or is he the one who has won victory over his own life and is letting Jesus Christ dwell within him? Of course, it is the soldier who has taken Jesus Christ to be the indwelling Person, for what good are material gain and glory if one loses his own soul?

But, the question is asked, how can one live the victorious life, especially while in the army? That is the question which the writer will attempt to answer throughout the remainder of this article. But the reader should be forewarned, that Satan will attempt to becloud your mind, to distract your attention, and in many other ways to keep you from realizing this great truth of the victorious life.

The Indwelling Person

But fight back these impulses and let your mind and heart be open to the knowledge of this truth, and you will be striking Satan "right between the eyes"! It is recorded in Ephesians 4:18 that "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

It should also be said, at this point in the article, that no matter how much you may read about this wonderful life, it will do you no good unless you believe in it and let Jesus Christ

become the indwelling Person—YOUR personal Savior. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isaiah 55:7.

Perfect Love

The whole secret to the victorious life is to let Jesus Christ come into your heart and soul, and take over your whole life. This he will readily do, if you but let him.

And after you have received Jesus Christ as the indwelling Person, you



Staff Sergeant Robert W. Achterberg of Santa Ana, California, A Member of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Michigan

will want to follow out his new commandment, which is found in John 13:34. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." It is the wonderful command of perfect love.

The fellows in the army may think it hard to obey Christ's great commandment of perfect love. But it is no more difficult than if you were in civilian life, for, when you have Jesus Christ living within you, you have no feeling of hatred, even toward your country's enemies. This may seem strange to you, after you have been taught to kill, and may soon be in the field of battle, but this training need not harden your hearts toward your enemies!

War is a terrible thing, but it is here, and we cannot do anything about it, at present, except to fight on towards victory. You ask then, Why are Christians, who are living the victorious life, serving in the army? It can be answered simply, that we had to choose (and sometimes it was not our choice) between two evils which have befallen our nation. We had to choose between staying at home, or even going to some Conscientious Objectors Camp, and back up our soldiers at the front with weapons, munitions, food, clothing, etc., or BE the soldiers at the front, willing to sacrifice our life for our many freedoms in this country, of which, freedom of worship is one of the greatest.

Self Is Dead

When you let Jesus Christ come into your heart to dwell, self has to die! You must let Christ come into your life completely, for "Christ in you is the hope of glory." (Col. 1:27) A good motto for a true Christian is: "Let Go, and Let God!"

When you receive Jesus Christ as the indwelling Person, you will forget your past. There will be no need to look back into your past and condemn yourself for your past sins. Because, as it is recorded in 2. Cor. 5:17, "There-

(Continued on Page 18)



Sergeant Johnny Bartek, A Member of the Baptist Church of Freehold, New Jersey

First published testimony of "The Boy With the New Testament" adrift in the Pacific 21 days with Capt. Rickenbacker and six others, as related to Rev. Albert H. Salter, Director of the California Christian Endeavor Hour.

WHY don't folks believe in God? I can't understand it; they seem to be afraid to believe in him. Maybe it's because they've never met him, and recognized his working. That used to be the way with me, but when I met God in that raft out there on the Pacific I promised him I'd tell everyone.

My mother and father are both Christians—the kind that believe the Bible—believe in God—and trust him. Before I joined the army I used to come home (Freehold, New Jersey) after spending the day working in the mill. When I wouldn't take any stock in my father's reading the Bible to me, he'd just say, "Johnnie, you must be born again!" Over and over again I heard that phrase—it didn't make any sense to me, then.

One day mom said to me, "Johnnie, I fear that some day God is going to bring you so completely at his mercy that you'll just have to believe in him." I tried to forget that remark, but I couldn't.

It wasn't long after that, when I was in the army that I received word that my sister had died. My heart was heavy and I sat in the recreation room listening to the gospel over the radio. Another soldier came along and begged me to turn off that "stuff" and get some good "jive." I told him that I wanted to listen because I felt that some day I'd become a Christian and wanted to find out how. The other fellow laughed at me and flipped the dial to another program. I turned it back again, but he didn't understand and off went the program again—the last



John Bartek and Captain Rickenbacker With the Gravely Injured Colonel Adamson Greet the Sunrise of Their 20th Day Afloat As They Catch Sight of an Approaching Plane
—Courtesy of "Look" Magazine

I Met God in a Raft

By SERGEANT JOHN BARTEK

time for me because I got up and walked away—but I wasn't ready to meet GOD.

Everyone knows what happened in the next few days. That's when I really turned my thoughts to God—when I knew our plane was going to crack up. At that time I said, or prayed, I don't know what it was—"If you'll pull me through this I will always believe in God." I had a New Testament in my pocket that had been given me by my church at home. That Book gave us something. Every time we read it it seemed to give courage and faith to go on—it seemed to supply our needs.

All the time, while I was out there in the raft I could hear my father saying—"Johnnie, you must be born again," and my mother's words haunt-

ed me as I realized how true they might be—that God was going to make me believe in him.

As soon as we were in the rafts and at the mercy of God we realized that we were not in any condition to expect help from him. It wasn't long before we were spending many hours each day confessing our sins to one another and to God. I never realized what a sinner I was until I was thrown at the mercy of God.

We didn't any of us know much about the Bible, and maybe we got all mixed up, but we found where it said, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," and "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I couldn't see any reason why he should answer our prayers; we hadn't done anything for him—but that Book, the New Testament, kept telling us that he loved us and would take care of our needs. I still can't see why, but I guess that's just the way he works.

Yes, we prayed, and God answered. I'll say he answered, and there isn't one of us that would even hint that it "just happened." It couldn't have just happened—it was too real. We needed water. We prayed for water and we got water—all we needed. Then we asked for fish, and we got fish. And we got meat when we prayed—seagulls don't go around sitting on people's heads waiting to be caught. Then we

(Continued on Page 20)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This fascinating article is being published by courtesy of POWER, the Sunday School paper for teenage young people by the Scripture Press, Chicago, Illinois.

The complete story of Johnny Bartek's experiences now appear in his book, "Life Out There—A Story of Faith and Courage," published by Scribners.

(117 pages, \$1.75)

Equally rewarding is the reading of Lieut. James C. Whittaker's book, "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing," (Dutton Company, 139 pages, \$1.50) and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's story, "Seven Came Through." (Doubleday Doran Co., \$1.50.)



—Acme Photo

Captain David Bone in Command of a U. S. Ship Leased to Great Britain for War Use is Shown Giving Bibles and Song Books, Which Are a Gift of the Y. M. C. A., Into Custody of Seaman Victor Taylor of London and Ronald Macklin of Liverpool

The Soldier's Psalm

A Message for All Service Men by the REV. O. W. BRENNER
of George, Iowa

THE 91st Psalm can be called, indeed, a Soldier's Psalm. Even though it may have expressions that could suggest other things, nevertheless, considering it in its entire structure and deeper meaning the title, "The Soldier's Psalm," stands unchallenged. Such expressions as "refuge, fortress, arrow that flieth by day, terror by night, shield, buckler," exhibit their military technique, and their best interpretation will be discovered in the area of warfare.

The Psalm begins at once with a refuge and a fortress. There are mighty bulwarks, both in the physical and spiritual domain, for defense, protection and fortification. God himself is the Gibraltar Rock, the Unconquerable, the insurmountable Stronghold from which the warrior takes off and from which he emerges victoriously in the struggle.

The terms, "under the shadow of the Almighty" and "under his wings," portray, invisibly but explicitly real, the sanctuary walls about the heroic contestant. These protect him against "the snare of the fowler, the noisome pestilence, the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and, "the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Thanks to medical science and the untiring and self-sacrificing efforts of men of that profession, our soldiers of today are not exposed to the mentioned maladies, as the brave fighters in past wars.

O blissful thought, that our own boys can and are "under the shadow of the Almighty," and that they find shelter under his protecting wings!

Only recently one of our boys from the Second Church of George, Iowa, was transferred from Wisconsin to Colorado. He had only a few hours to see his loved ones at home. He sent them this message, "Meet me at church." There he appeared before the gathering worshippers, spick and span, the picture of health, his shoes neatly polished, a six footer, in his fine uniform.

"Meet me at church." What a wealth of meaning there is in these words! "Only a few hours to spend with you," but "meet me at church." It pointed to a sacrificial past. From his boyhood days his parents had taken him,

The Second Baptist Church of George, Iowa, of which the Rev. O. W. Brenner is pastor, has 16 stars on its Service Flag, including a gold star in memory of Seaman Harris Stobbe who was lost at sea with the "U. S. S. Jacob Jones." The church remembers its Service Men with gifts and prayers.

faithfully, every Sunday, had driven nine miles to church in the morning and again in the evening. Now, here was the reply, the blessed reply. How well they were repaid for having done their part in strengthening the sanctuary walls round about their first born son!

Having fully displayed the preparatory and protecting stages of his hero warriors, the Psalmist escorts him into the furious combat. And what a raging war it is! He portrays a breath-taking description. But the sanctuary walls, invisible yet real as love, faith and hope are real, surround the brave warrior who is engaged in a life and death struggle.

This Soldier's Psalm had a living reality when George Washington and his faithful army were entrapped by the enemy at Valley Forge. As Christ in Gethsemane "went a little farther," even so the first president of the United States, tying his horse to a sapling tree, went a little farther and, kneeling in the snow, made heart-stirring intercession to God for the cause, which the father of his country considered a very righteous cause.

Again our Psalm proved to be a living reality when in the darkest period and gloomiest turning of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln and a faithful Methodist minister prayed all night, and God heard and graciously answered their fervent prayers.

But the Psalm reveals, I am persuaded to say, a more glorious application and living reality in our own days of global war, when Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his faithful few floated on a little raft for 21 days. God was with them there! The angel of the Lord guarded, not only their feet, but also their heads and hands, and even graciously provided food for their ravenous hunger. Because they believed on him, "in whom we live and move and have our being," they erected an invisible monument in the Pacific Ocean that will be reviewed and admired by those who believe in prayer for many generations to come.

And now, all of you our boys, our soldiers, our sailors, our marines, our brethren, wherever you may be, in the air, on the land, on the sea or under the water, together as a mighty chorus over ten million strong, repeat the 91st Psalm! Above all, may the peace of God which passeth all understanding dwell and reign in your hearts.

But, remember, our Psalm does not end with patriotism, valuable and exalted as that may be. Nor does it emphasize only bravery, magnificent and challenging as they may be! It does not stop only with that sublime satisfaction of a loving life with all its thrilling joy and blissful ecstasy. No, the last word of our Soldier's Psalm is salvation, God's own salvation bestowed on them that believe. May this message of the Soldier's Psalm become personal and precious in all your experiences of life!

God in Our Declaration

By

ELOISE LOUNSBERY

WE AMERICANS are proud that our government was not man-made; that its authors were acutely conscious the colonies dared not rebel against Great Britain without invoking divine aid.

The earliest American resolution of independence was that of Virginia, written in May, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee. After listing just grievances, the document continues:

"Wherefore appealing to the *Searcher of Hearts** for the sincerity of former declarations,

"Resolved . . . that the Congress declare the United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to or dependence upon the Crown or Parliament of Great Britain."

This resolution, sent posthaste from Virginia by the hand of Thomas Nelson, Jr., to the Congress in Philadelphia, proved the torch that lighted the nation. For on June 11, five days after the congressional reading of this resolution, the Congress elected by ballot a committee of five to compose a declaration for the united colonies. They were ordered to report back in three weeks' time, during which the congressmen were to receive instructions from their assemblies as to how to vote on both the resolution and the declaration. The committee turned over the task of writing to its chairman, Thomas Jefferson.

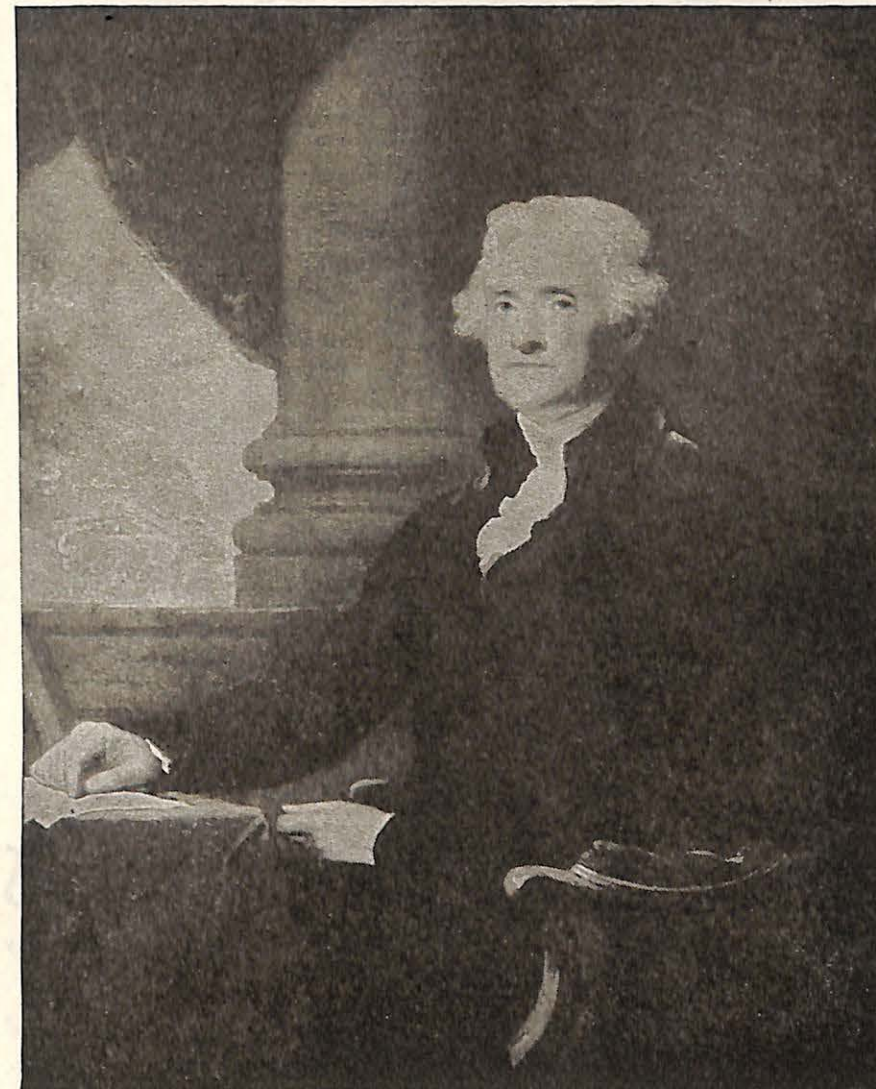
So Thomas Jefferson took pen in hand and proclaimed in the very first paragraph of his Declaration that the laws of God entitled the colonies to separate from the mother country.

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the *Laws of Nature and of Nature's God* entitle them . . ."

This concept of God was treason indeed, for to this day there are in the world dignitaries of Church and State who deny that "nature's God" made all men free and equal under divine law. In the year 1776 it was a startling assertion.

The next paragraph presents another "categorical imperative," namely, that man was endowed by his *Creator* with certain inalienable rights, . . . to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And that it is the purpose of governments to secure these rights to man. Truly a revolutionary and flaming hypothesis to that Teutonic mon-

* Italics throughout are the writer's.



From Painting of Jefferson by Gilbert Stuart, Now in the Bowdoin Museum of Fine Arts

arch who believed, in spite of the English Constitution, that any God-given powers over colonies had been vested solely upon his own sacred head by the oil of the church as administered by the Church of England.

Surely such had been understood by rulers since the beginning of history. Surely a sovereign's happiness was the will of God, while the happiness of his people served but to contribute to his own. His was the divine right. He alone was free. The only inherent right left for the people was life itself, and even life was at the will of the Crown.

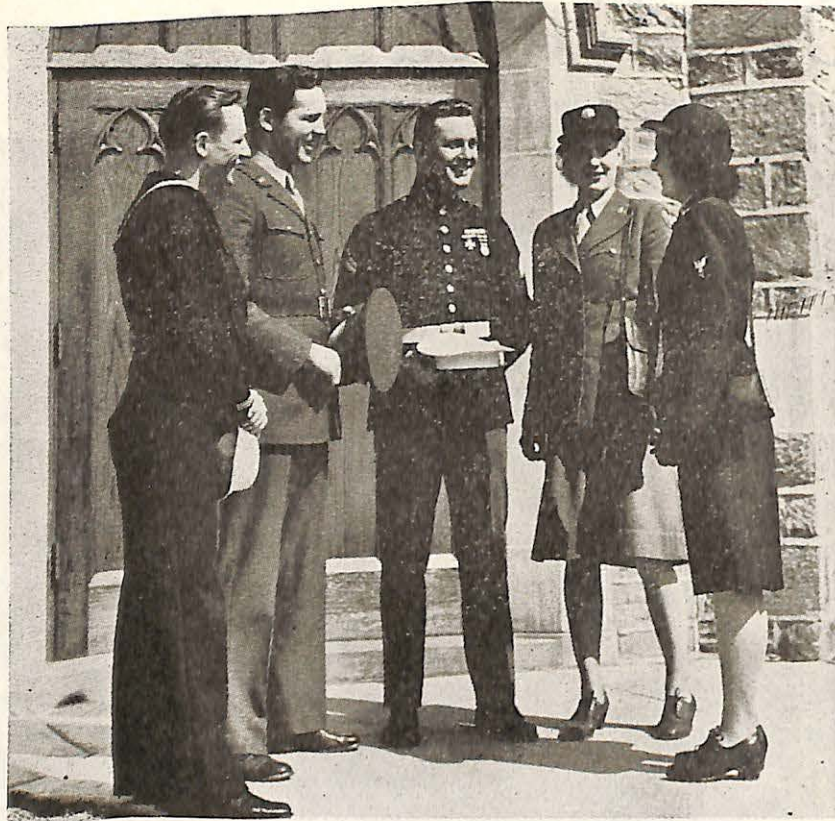
Thus the new concept stated by Jefferson, that God was the giver of liberty to all his people against the divinely appointed will of a king, was a startling innovation for humanity at large, as well as for poor George the Third. Henceforth the people would assume his royal prerogatives. Monstrous treason, indeed!

Having stated its eighteen grievances against autocratic royalty, the document declares a complete and final independence, thus:

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the *Supreme Judge of the world* for the rectitude of our intentions do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare . . ."

It was as if the small colonies of seven millions of souls, along the fringe of a great unexplored continent, stood at the bar of universal justice, pleading their just cause before a benign and merciful supreme Judge. He it was who supported them in their will to freedom, in their severance of all political bonds between them and a powerful world empire.

(Continued on Page 14)



—Harold M. Lambert Photo
The United States Armed Forces Get Together in Front of the Church Door
Left to Right: Representatives of the U. S. Navy, Army, Marine Corps, WAAC'S and WAVE'S

Trinity Church of Portland, Oregon, Renders a Fine Ministry to Its Service Men

"I never realized how much the young people's group meant to me. When I come back it will be impossible for me to say 'No' to anything they ask me to do." This is a bit from a letter from one of our boys in the service, and it is not unusual, for the young people on the home front have been busy doing things for the boys who have gone into the service from the Trinity Baptist Church in Portland, Oregon.

The Young People's Society has sent candy, candy bars, and cookies regularly to the church members and friends who are on the service men's list. At Christmas time fruit cakes were sent, and just last week a two and one half pound box of dried fruit and nuts. In February a devotional booklet entitled, "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" by Mary W. Tileston, was sent to all except the overseas members. Since then a smaller booklet, "Daily Help" by Chas. Spurgeon, which would meet the postage regulations, has been sent to them.

During the past six months over two hundred packages have been sent, and the total cost of the packages and postage amounted to over \$300, all of

(Continued on Page 19)

Oak Street Church of Burlington, Iowa, Serves More Than 100 in the Armed Forces

The Oak Street Baptist Church at Burlington, Iowa, now has 112 young men and one young woman in the armed forces of our country. Eighty of these young men wear army khaki, 28 wear navy blue, 3 wear the colorful marine uniforms, 1 young lady wears the navy nurse's colors, and one young member is now wearing the drab military prison garb in Germany.

Eight Oak Street boys are now serving on foreign soil on five continents; 26 young men are now on the high seas with the fleet; one is serving in an American submarine; one is a prisoner of war; one is missing with address unknown; and the other 76 are stationed in army camps in 21 different States of the Union. The distance these young men are removed from their home Church—allowing a conservative 3,000 miles for everyone at sea—would approximate 153,000 miles when added together. Yet God ministers unto each one, we know.

The service flag at the Church is more than six feet long and now contains 75 stars with others being added each month at an impressive dedication service. Each one in the service receives a pastoral letter from the Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, pastor, every six weeks with the copies of the church bulletins for those weeks.

(Continued on Page 19)

Our Churches Remember the Boys

Brief Reports from Three of Our Churches About Their Ministry to Their Service Men

The Service Men's Program of the Forest Park Baptist Church, Forest Park, Illinois

There are thirty-three young men from the Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill., in the service of the nation. In order to coordinate the service men's activities of the various organized departments and groups of the church, a committee was appointed to establish and carry out a program for the church as a whole. The cost is met entirely by organized groups and individuals.

1. Baptist Pen Pals. Each man in the service has a pen pal, who writes to him once a month or oftener. He is remembered on his birthday with greetings and a gift not costing more than one dollar. "Letter Week" is observed once a month when members of the church are to write. Ushers are supplied with self-addressed envelopes for each man. These are passed out at the close of the Sunday morning service.

2. Subscriptions to the following periodicals are placed for the men:

"The Baptist Herald," "Readers Digest," and "Seek."

3. The church calendar or bulletin is mailed to the men each week. Some of the news items prepared for the bulletins keep the Service Men in mind.

4. A farewell gift in the form of a utility kit is sent to each man as he enters the service.

5. Remembrance on special occasions such as Christmas and Easter are provided by organized classes.

6. We keep the people at home informed about our "boys" by a Service Men's bulletin board in the vestibule of the church which contains names and pictures of the men, by a news section in the weekly church calendar, by a service flag in the church auditorium, and, in the near future, by a map of the world showing the locations of our men.

Most important of all is the special time of prayer which our pastor, the Rev. C. B. Nordland, holds each week, fifteen minutes before the regular mid-week prayer service with as many interested friends as possible joining him in this prayer period.

FREDERICK DONS, Reporter.



—Acme Photo
Bushy-haired Natives of New Guinea, Called "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" by the Australians and Americans, Bear a Stretcher on Which a Wounded American Soldier is Being Carried to a Hospital Somewhere Behind the Buna Front

FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS

Many a mother in America,
When the busy day is done,
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son,
Asking that an angel guard him,
And bring him safely back;
Now we see those prayers are answered
On the Owen Stanley track.

For they haven't any haloes,
Only holes slashed in their ears,
And their faces worked with tattoos,
With scratch pins in their hair,
Bringing back the badly wounded,
And as gentle as a nurse,
Using leaves to keep the rain off,
Just as steady as a hearse.

Slow and careful in bad places
On that awful mountain track,
The look upon their faces
Makes us think that Christ is back,
Not a move to hurt the wounded
As they treat him like a saint;
It's a picture worth recording,
That an artist's yet to paint.

Many a boy will see his Mother
And their wee'uns and their wives,
Just because the Fuzzy Wuzzies
Carried them to save their lives;
From mortar bombs, machine gun fire
Or chance surprise attack
To safety and care of doctors
At the bottom of the track.

May the Mothers of America
When they offer up a prayer
Mention these impromptu angels
With the Fuzzy Wuzzy hair.

The Story of the Poem, "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels"

By Corporal Reuben Friez of New Guinea

I am sending to "The Baptist Herald" a beautiful poem written by some Australian. It is a true picture of New Guinea, and it pertains to the Americans as well as to the Australians. Wherever the word "Australia" appeared, I have put in "America."

It is called "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels." The reason for this is that it pertains to the natives who have done so much for us. They have long bushy hair. That is where the name, "Fuzzy Wuzzy," originated. I won't have to go into detail because the poem is self-explanatory.

I hope that it will be a help to all who realize the fact that we have friends who are black, who are doing more than their part. So I hope that all will offer prayers to God and be sure to count them in.

CHRISTIAN FIGHTERS

By Mrs. Erica Loewen of Chicago, Illinois

Blessed are they, who walking in the loneliness and hate of this world's wars,

Walk not alone, but have beside them on their dangerous way

A wondrous Presence, grown more precious 'mid grim war's alarms;

Who, seeing all about them fall, fear not what war or death can do to them,

For he who has the keys of death and hell holds in his grasp the keys of life and heaven,
And in him they rest secure, come what may;
Their life is hid in him, beyond the reach of shot or shell or fire or sword,
And knowing him, their eyes can see beyond war's desolation
The shining glory of the coming of his Reign.

AN AIRMAN'S PRAYER

This striking poem reached the United States recently from the Near East. Its author is Sergeant Hugh Brodie, of the Royal Australian Air Force, one-time Melbourne University student, now "missing in action."

Almighty and all present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to thee,
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here,
The enemy I hate, I know,
To thee is also dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky.

Almighty God who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

—Courtesy of "Time" and "Watchman-Examiner."

ECLIPSE

By PAUL HUTCHENS

(Copyright by Eerdmans Publishing Company)

"Not a shadow
can rise,
Not a cloud in
the skies,
But his smile
quickly
drives it
away;
Not a doubt or
a fear,
Not a sigh nor
a tear,
Can abide
while we
trust and
obey."

earth because they have allowed it to come between, and because of that very fact, give back no light. It's not only the moon that is darkened by the eclipse, but the earth also—all that part of the earth that is having its night. . . . And—"She stopped, and for a moment he thought there had been a sob in her voice. He knew there had been when he saw two great tears trembling on her dark lashes. He reached out instinctively to lay his big hand upon her own, then withdrew it, as if her hand were some holy thing which he had no right to touch. "It's not only I who have been in eclipse,"—Again she stopped, bit her lip, swallowed back the tears, and with an effort said, "It's what I've done to Clem—When I let the world come between me and Christ, I gave no light, and Clem could not see Christ reflected in me. I should have kept my testimony clear not only for my own sake, but for everyone who looks to me for light."

For a long while they talked, sometimes seriously, sometimes of things that had happened at Shandon, or in the way young people like to talk—lightly and in wholesome repartee, but underneath it all she knew there ran a vein of sorrow—of heartache for the one who yonder in the hospital lay without Christ and who, as far as she or anyone else knew, might die in unbelief.

It was when the mountains' early twilight reached out long shadow-fingers across the gulch that they seemed to realize it was time to go back to camp.

He arose suddenly, drew her to her feet beside him, saying as he released her hands, "You aren't going to worry about things, Mildred, and you're going to trust Him to work out His own will."

She met his eyes in one quick interval of appreciation for what he had said, then looked beyond and above him to where white sunlight still shone upon the slope of old Gray. "I'm going to try to trust," she said, and smiled. Then she turned, and like a mountain chipmunk whisking away after being tossed a morsel of food, she started off down the trail, over her shoulder calling to him, "Your mother will be worried if we don't get back before

dark." Her very movements as she sped down the slope, were a challenge to him to hurry after her.

At the old ranch house they stopped, followed a wood-grown path around it, crossed a battered, wooden bridge that spanned the tiny rivulet in which he as a boy placered for the elusive gold, and swung on down toward camp a half mile away. They had planned to explore the old house but the day was now too far spent so they reserved that experience for a later time. He was wishing circumstances were different: if only he were not living in the shadow. For a long time he had been in total eclipse, and he could see no prospect of light ahead. Clem's pathetic gesture in the hospital room may have been only a disguised appeal to Mildred to give him one more chance. It was a dramatic act and would have wrung the heart of spectators had it been a scene in a play. . . . It had wrung his own heart.

They followed the bridle-path until they came to the gate which Silent Oss always kept locked, except when there were riders on the trail. Terry with a key of his own, unlocked the gate, swung it open for them to go through. Once long ago, they had paused at an unused gate at the farther side of the cemetery at Shandon, before swinging back up the foot-trail to the campus. That was the last time he had ever opened to her his heart. That had been the day when he had given her and Clem the invitation to come west on their honeymoon—that is, he had given it to her for them both. That vine-covered old wooden gate at Shandon had been in disuse a long time and was kept there only as a bit of rustic adornment to the cemetery itself. . . .

Silent Oss, too, lived within the shadow—either a mental or a spiritual shadow, Terry did not know which; both, perhaps. The exit-gate to his self-imposed Gethsemane was always kept closed and locked. . . .

Soon now, the two would be at the exit of the gulch where the little rivulet met and lost itself in the swift, hungry current of the river. The blue neon announcement above the camp entrance was already lighted. For a moment before they went in, they stopped on the ridge, stood facing downstream, watching the mad rush of the river as it tossed its fury against mid-stream rocks, hurrying, hurrying, roaring, swirling. . . .

"Niagara, they say, is one continuous, rushing roar—"

Her voice at his side was caught up and whirled away in the noise of the river, but he knew her thoughts were of Clem and of the honeymoon trip that had been planned for the east rather than the west. He had not intended to speak to her about his own heartache, nor the awful sense of darkness in which he had been living these months. All afternoon they had been together, and neither of them had breathed a word of what had happened

in Clem's room this morning—of the returned marriage license. That had seemed to be forbidden territory to them both. Now, as they stood side by side, midway of the bridge, watching the spray and foam of the river whose roar was not unlike that of the mighty Niagara, he spoke before he had planned. There had been a time, only year before last when the Shandon football eleven had traveled east to play an important game, and on the return trip had stopped off at Niagara. . . .

"If you had gone to Niagara," he said soberly, "you would have seen one of the strangest phenomena of nature—a spring of water that burns a blue flame without heat. Indians discovered this spring many years ago, and the white man has harnessed it for financial purposes. The water contains sulphur, magnesia, salt and iron. Yet as science knows, these four when mixed together will not burn. In the Burning Spring, however, they do, which means of course that there must be some unknown mineral, which, as they told us, 'amalgamates with the sulphur and magnesia in the water, and this causes the light flow of gas or vapor.' Ah—Terry paused, then asked, while he felt his long-smothered love for the girl beside him leap into sudden inextinguishable flame—"You didn't go east, did you? You ran away! You came west to—me? You—loved me more?"

It was out! And it was uncalled for. What right had he to speak of love now, when the man he had almost murdered lay yonder waiting for health to return? What right, when he himself was as much in spiritual darkness as Clem? The only difference in their unbelief was that Clem was more outspoken, while he, Terry, was either too big a coward to broadcast his, or else he was afraid of the effect it might have upon those of his friends who thought him to be a paragon of Christianity.

Almost he could feel her stiffen at his question—his premature question.

Her answer startled him as she said, "Yes, Terry, I came west, not, I think, because I loved you—more, but because I wanted to learn to know again the Christ you—love. I've been in terrible eclipse, so terrible that sometimes I was so depressed I didn't care whether I lived. I suppose the heartache over Mother's death had something to do with it, but most of all it was because I neglected my own salvation. In Hebrews, Chapter 2, verse 3, I think it is, the writer asks the question, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? I haven't rejected it, I have rather neglected it. I've let things come between, things and self, and it's been terribly dark, Terry. It's still dark. Sometimes I wonder if I have saving faith at all. When I look at myself and my doubts, I know I must be despicable in—His sight.'"

His sight. . . .!

Terry hated himself—was despicable in his own sight. Making love to a girl who was heart-hungry for Christ and His light!! Oh he detested himself. He was a contemptible fool! He was an unworthy wretch. . . .

"Listen, Mildred," he said, remembering words spoken last night by Dr. Mansfield. "Is it our faith in this bridge that holds our weight? Or is it the bridge itself? Should we try to anatomize our faith, dissect it to see how strong it is, to look for signs of life?" He quoted to her then the things Dr. Mansfield had said to him, and in quoting them to her, and hearing them himself, he seemed to realize how true they were, "Faith is nothing of itself, only as it anchors you to something stable. This bridge, for instance,—its planking, the rafters, the abutments. Suppose I am afraid my faith in it is too small, I am consequently reluctant to cross it. Do I then begin to dissect my faith to see if it is genuine or strong enough? Or do I not, rather, make a careful examination of the bridge—?"

"You see, Mildred," Terry went on, and as he spoke he seemed to feel the Bridge from darkness to Light, from self to God, from doubt to assurance, strong and immovable under his own feet—"Christ withstood every wilderness temptation, marched triumphantly to the cross, and after His resurrection showed Himself to be alive by many infallible proofs—I think I know what you mean when you say you've neglected your salvation. I know a man who once lived in the full sunlight of faith, whose testimony was clear and radiant, but he—allowed something to come between." Terry stopped, looked away for a moment to the canyon walls, to the nature-carved head of a helmeted football player on which now, for a moment the sunlight played in a farewell gesture to the day. . . . "That young man once loved the Lord with all his heart," Terry continued. "He loved also a very lovely young woman, one of whom he felt himself entirely unworthy. Then a rival came between, and he allowed a normal and wholesome jealousy to be fanned into hate. The hate shadowed his life for days and weeks and even months. It grew until it shut out every ray of light, until one day,—one night when the two rivals met, that hate rose up within him like a murderous monster, and he fought—for a moment at least, with the lust of murder ruling his mind. Only God in His mercy spared him from—that."

For a tense interval then, neither of them spoke. Only the one visible eye of the helmeted football player was touched with sunlight now, and in a moment the features of the whole would be indistinguishable. He realized that again he had swung the conversation back to his love for her.

"I'm glad," she said,—and again he was startled by her words,—"so very

SYNOPSIS

On the Solitude Trail behind the mountain cabins Terry Nealle told Mildred Handel the whole tragic story of the fight in the December cottage, of the letter, the overturned chairs and table, the glass eye that had rolled across the floor. He was to blame for the tragic thing that had happened to Clem Lindemann, to whom Mildred had been engaged. After a long pause she spoke about the wonderful radiance of Miss Marvel, the nurse in Clem's hospital room and the lesson of the spiritual law, the neglect of which brings "headache, loss of faith and—eclipse." Terry tried to follow her thoughts.

CHAPTER TEN

They had named the place correctly—Solitude. Here was solitude, beautiful and terrible. It laid hold upon one's very spirit. It was awful. She was letting her eyes rove now to the vast reaches of the mountain slopes stretching away on either side, sloping gently here, rising abruptly there, away and away and away to blue horizons. Now she was watching the singing little mountain stream, bordering the stream itself, nodding in the wind that sighed up the gulch,—: the lilac-colored mariposa lily, the blue larkspur, the reddish-brown and orange gaillardia, the great golden glow with its long drooping rays, its pyramidal center. He had invited her to come to his mountains, to sit here with him in peaceful solitude, and here, where two tiny mountain rivulets met, and merged, and thenceforth flowed singing down to the canyon river far below, he had hoped that their own lives might learn to do likewise—to go singing together down all of life's long trail until still

together and blended into one, they met and roared away in the main of eternity. In one of Byron's poems there was a thought like that. . . .

He had invited her to come. That was before Clement Lindeman had stolen her away. After that he had invited them both to come and spend a part of their honeymoon in Year-Round Camp. Bitterly, he had extended that invitation, as a gesture of courtesy, and as an expression of the terrible sense of loss that was his when he had learned the truth, that she and Clem were engaged to be married. And she had come—not to peace, but to storm. She had brought that storm with her.

She leaned back now, rested her hands upon the rock behind her, studied absently her brown, three eyeleted oxford, then she said, "Remember the eclipse diagram in our astronomy textbook back at Shandon?"

He studied for a moment her profile, as she seemed to be looking away over the crest of Old Gray. His thoughts were grave as he knew hers were also. He waited for her to continue. Always he would rather listen to her than to have her listen to him, and always he liked the low music of her voice.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "that when we Christians, who are typified by the moon, enter the shadow, because we have no light of our own, only that which Christ, our Sun, gives, that the worst of the tragedy is not that we ourselves are in darkness, but that we do not reflect His light at all. I think of the thousands of Christians everywhere, who are shadowed by the

glad he is not going to die. I—I—" She was speaking slowly, as if carefully weighing her words—"That was a brave thing he did this morning—that little gesture of self denial. I think I admire him greatly for that. I—" she stopped, waited a long time before continuing—long enough for the shaft of sunlight moving slowly up the crown of the football helmet to disappear entirely.

"You loved me that much, Terry?" His answer leaped from his lips,— "A thousand times more."

What her reply might have been, he was not privileged to know, for at that moment an automobile swung out of the drive at the camp, turned right, moved toward them, onto the bridge, and went rumbling across, shifting into second gear at the highway, swung left with increasing speed and went racing up the canyon road. Terry had one fleeting glimpse of the driver, Old Oss himself, his long fingers clasping the ivory wheel, his frightened eyes staring straight ahead.

He felt a sudden sense of foreboding, as of something about to happen. That was one thing Silent Oss never did any more—drive at night. Only some emergency would cause him to undertake it.

.....

The young man in the east wing of the hospital had slept, awakened and slept again. He lay now in the gathering dusk, aware of the sweet, heavy perfume of the roses on the table across the room, listening to the monotonous drip of a water faucet in the corner lavatory. Yonder, zooming high into the sky, was a bald, jagged peak rearing its crest far above the timber line. Sunlight touched the tip of its pinnacle with gold, touched also the diadem of spear-pointed pines that, lower down, encircled it.

It had been a long and confusing day. Vaguely now as he gazed meditatively at the golden-tipped peak, he recalled one bewildering act of his today—an act which seemed to him only a dream. He had dreamed so much today, and always in his dreams there had been the come and go of someone in white. He remembered her especially during last night. Some time this morning, she had gone off duty and another nurse had taken her place—one who was also kind and thoughtful—but it was for the other, the first one, he was waiting now. Tonight she would be here again, and as last night she would come and go in his room—come with a smile, leave with a smile, make the room itself smile; and his pain would be a semi-pleasant thing to bear. She had talked to him once of One—a "God-Man," she had said, who, 2000 years ago had invaded the earth not as an enemy nation invaded another in the spirit of hate and revenge, but in love. He had to conquer by love, to give Himself to the spikes of a cross that through His death Life itself

might be born within every repentant heart

This morning, so long ago it seemed now to him, Mildred and Terry had stood here beside his bed, and he had given back to them—to Terry, rather—that which he had borrowed—that which he had stolen

The nurse in white—with the streak of all-white hair entangled in the brown that covered a corner of her forehead—had said that it was love that had made the Savior come. He had loved before He came as well as afterward. That, if it were true, meant pre-existence for Him. It meant that His coming to earth was an incarnation—in carnis)—in flesh. It meant that He by whom the worlds were made and by Whose power even now all things consisted, had invaded the earth with love, had come not to kill nor to destroy but to make alive

That needle-pointed peak yonder, tinged with gold at its very tip, was like a mighty pen, he thought, writing in gold upon a parchment of blue—the purest blue he had ever seen. . . . Pilate, the Roman Governor, had once written above the thorn-crowned head: "This Is Jesus, the King of the Jews."

* * *

Clem dozed and a little later woke again, his heart beating wildly. It was his own cry of terror that had awakened him. The strange dream had been of brief duration but it was the first time in his life he had been afraid of the hereafter. In recent years, in his thinking, there had been no hereafter—that is, he had convinced himself there was none, and having convinced himself by the processes of reasoning, he had kept himself convinced by continually dismissing the thought when it presented itself, demanding consideration again—and again. Life for him had been too carefree, too filled with the present. His thoughts of the future had been only of the future of time, not of the future of eternity

Strange, terrible dream! The words he had heard had come to him, he supposed, from his subconscious mind, yet had they originated there? he wondered

"Five minutes, Clement Lindeman! . . . In five minutes you will die—he hanged with nails piercing the palms of your hands. WHERE will you go when you leave this body? You . . . YOU . . . YOU . . . ! The You that is the real YOU! Will you go out like an extinguished lamp never to be relit? YOU . . . are . . . you . . . going . . . to . . . die . . . !"

Five minutes from now . . . ! His own cry awoke him. The sunlight on the mountain peak was gone and there was visible only a great hulk of shadow silhouetted against a sky-field of stars.

His hand sought under the pillow for the light-cord whose button when pressed would light a bulb above his room door while at the same time yon-

der on a panel not unlike that in a telephone office a tiny bulb would flash on at the number indicating his room; and Nurse Marvel, if she had as yet come on duty, would hurry down the hall to answer his call.

Strange—he could not find the cord. It had fallen, perhaps, on the floor. He lifted his hand to his forehead, felt cold sweat there, and in the darkness he remembered the story, known the world around, of Gethsemane, and of One who, praying there before going to the cross, had sweat great drops of blood

His hand was wet. He held it close to his eyes but could not see if it were stained with red.

She was coming now anyway. She had perhaps guessed that he needed her. He could hear her footsteps near his door. It wasn't true, of course, that he was going to die—not so soon, not in five minutes. Yet if he should . . . IF . . . Where would he go! Would he be like a lamp snuffed out . . . ?

He wanted to see Mildred Handel once more, to tell her he was sorry he had been so harsh that night on the bridge, sorry he had been so bitter against her faith

Why am I sorry? What has happened to me?

Hers was such a beautiful faith, such a beautiful life, and his own life had been so filled with self and its pleasures—which were not truly pleasures. Always, there had been emptiness—always, as if he had drunk deeply, yet had never quenched his thirst

In five minutes now, he would have to go somewhere—somewhere, or else nowhere. . . . It would be nowhere only if he himself should become nothing.

A shadow entered the room, not that of a woman in white, but of a man in khaki. He came quickly, walking in his own shadow towards the bed. In the semi-darkness Clem saw a loose-jointed, lop-eared creature with long nose and frightened eyes, whose face, in the dim light that filtered in from the village streets far below, was like death itself.

Perhaps I am still dreaming, Clem thought. In a moment now he would awaken and the terrible nightmare would be gone—or else he would still be wrestling with Terry on the hardwood floor of the cottage

The visitor was speaking now, his raspy voice like that of some wild thing of the mountains, "You, Clement Lindeman! Don't be afraid of me. I am your friend. I am come to tell you there is a way of escape before you enter. Only a few of us have to spend our lives here. When I fell in the battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba—Spanish American War, you know, I lost my way completely. That was the day I asked my comrade, Nealle—Terry Nealle's father, you know—I asked him to look after Nancy for me. Nancy

(Continued on Page 20)

A CHAPLAIN FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

The Story of Chaplain George W. Zinz, Formerly Pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., by MR. LINCOLN S. LOVE of Erie, Pa.

The accompanying photograph is symbolic of what the youth of our denomination is doing in these times. The American and Christian flags were presented to the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., by Mr. and Mrs. Zurn. Lt. Geo. W. Zinz, Chaplain, is now serving God and country bringing the Lord's work to the men in the armed forces at Camp Blanding, Fla. While our congregation disliked losing a part of us, we are consoled in knowing that such a capable young man with a real message and an appealing delivery is working so close to those who are sacrificing so much for us at home.

The Boy Scout holding the American flag is sixteen year old Harold Nelson, a patrol leader in our troop No. 5 at Central Baptist Church. His war work activities include being a Red Cross first aider and an air raid messenger assigned to the city's largest hospital, a station to which he must report within ten minutes of the first warning signal in blackout drills.

The girl holding the Christian flag is Barbara Love, a member of our Church's Girl Scout troop No. 4 who is doing her bit as a volunteer worker at the Red Cross headquarters here in Erie. Both Harold and Barbara are members of the congregation and were baptized by Mr. Zinz during his pastorate at Central Baptist. Mrs. Rose Storz, the matron of the Rochester Baptist Seminary, is the grandmother of both children.

A MINISTER AMONG NEGRO SOLDIERS

By CHAPLAIN EDWIN KRAEMER of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri

Dear Editor:

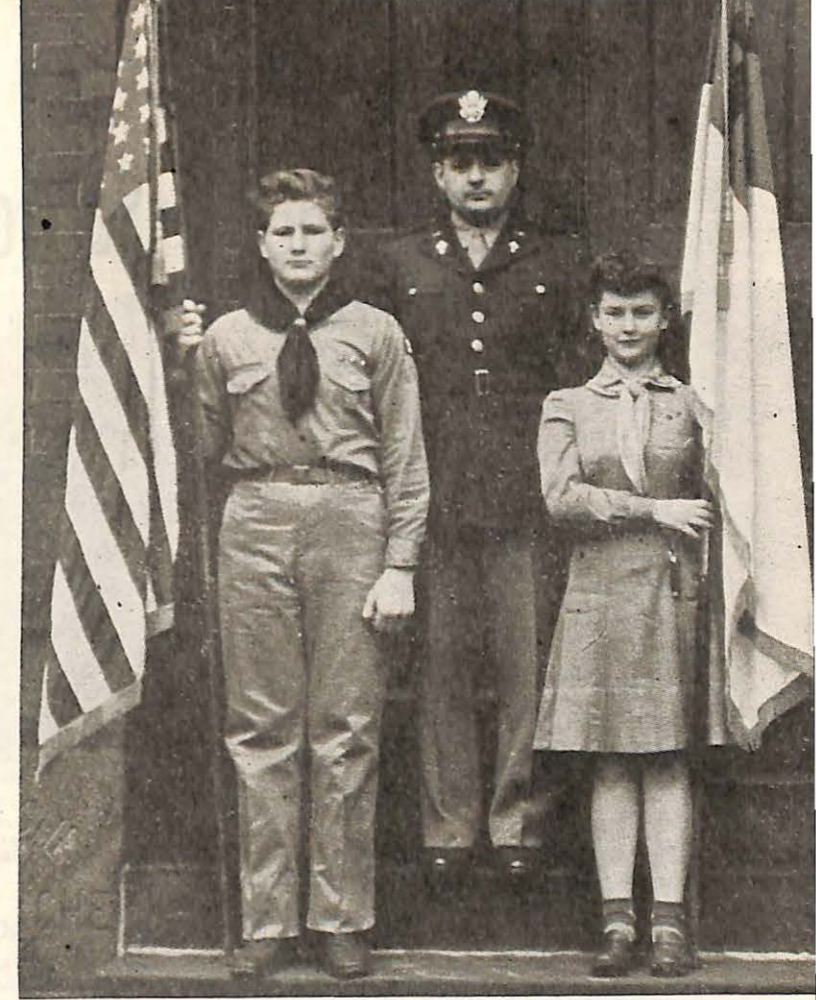
Due to my strenuous duties I have practically lost contact with you and "Baptist Herald" friends. I spent April at the Chaplain's School of Harvard University. I am now back at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri, continuing my work as Chaplain for the Colored Men.

Due to the fact that our chapel is a small theater of operations type, and does not seat more than 220 men, we arranged to have an outdoor meeting at which 400 were present. Our services consisted of Sunday School, worship and communion.

Our colored soldiers are very responsive to the gospel. We praise the Lord for more than fifty who made a profession of faith in a recent service. We use an amplifying system in our outdoor services and expect to reach large numbers with the gospel in future services.

I do not know how long I shall be stationed here but will let you know

Chaplain George W. Zinz, Jr., of the Central Baptist Church, Erie, Pa., With Barbara Love, Girl Scout, and Harold Nelson, Boy Scout, Holding the Christian and American Flags Presented to the Church by Mr. and Mrs. Zurn Recently



ELEVEN CHAPLAINS FROM OUR CHURCHES

Roy Anderson, U.S.N.R.,

Chaplain's Office N. T. S. San Diego, California

Paul Gebauer (Studying at U. S. School for Army Chaplains at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.)

A. E. Jaster, (Captain), A. 22 R.C.A.M.C., "A" T C Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada

Edwin Kraemer, (Captain), Office of the Chaplain, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri

B. W. Krentz, Hq 55th Tng Battalion AARTC, Office of the Chaplain, Camp Callan, San Diego, California (Near Camps Pendleton, Mathews, Elliot of the Marine Corps, Fort Rosecrans and Camp Callan of the Army.)

of any change. Please inform my "Baptist Herald" friends that I am happy in the work which the Lord has given me. I have every opportunity in the world to show men the way of life through Christ, Our Lord.

Our Chaplains
Several other ministers of our churches have made their applications for the chaplaincy. However, until they have resigned their charge and notified the editor of this official action, we are not in a position to pass this news on to our readers. EDITOR.

G. T. Lutz, 226th AAA SL Bn Camp Haan, California

Paul Schade, of Meriden, Connecticut (Awaiting Confirmation of His Appointment as U. S. Army Chaplain)

John Fred Schilling, Brookley Field, 44 A. D. G. Mobile, Alabama

Earl Rufus Sidler of Pittsburgh, Pa. Stationed in Iceland (See Accompanying Report on This Page)

Frank Woyke (To Receive Appointment as U. S. Army Chaplain in Near Future.)

George Zinz, Jr., 107th Evacuation Hospital, Camp Blanding, Florida (On Leave of Absence as Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Erie, Pa.)

Chaplain Earl Rufus Sidler II Stationed at Some North Atlantic Post, Probably in Iceland

Chaplain Earl Rufus Sidler II, who holds the rank of captain in the United States Army was born on April 16, 1906, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He was educated in the Public Schools of Pittsburgh and from Duquesne University, receiving his theological education in Crozer Theological Seminary. He was

(Continued on Page 14)

Letters from the Service Men

GOD'S PROTECTION IN NEW GUINEA

By CORPORAL REUBEN FRIEZ
of the United States Army

Dear Friends:

Through some dear friend I am receiving "The Baptist Herald" which I am very glad to receive, especially here in New Guinea. It is a blessing to me. It is a reminder to me that God is nigh, as I read about the wonderful work that is going on at home.

Even here in New Guinea soldiers feel the presence of God, and are drawn closer to the Almighty. Why? Because they realize that God will protect them against the foe. We need guidance from Someone who is mightier than man. And to receive that blessing we must do so through prayer.

I am sure the people in the United States are doing a great amount of work toward our goal which is victory, peace and freedom. I know their prayers are not uttered in vain. I am sure that every soldier will do his part to keep our country free, so that we can worship God as we please. I am sure that all the soldiers are willing to give their lives to keep religion on the upward way to glory. We have been blessed in many ways. I thank God that he guides me.



Left to Right: Milton Lippert and Llewellyn Lippert of the U. S. Navy, and Granvil Rost of the U. S. Army, Service Men of the Greenville Church of Texas

V MAIL FROM ENGLAND

By SGT. S. H. HILDEBRAND,
Somewhere in England

(A Member of the Calvary Baptist Church of Stafford, Kansas)

So far I've gotten several copies of "The Baptist Herald" since I'm here in England. I enjoy the paper and especially the story you have in it.

ness to conduct us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby relieve the empire from the calamity of civil war."

Surely, a people who planted their nation on the Searcher of Hearts, on the God of Nature, on the Creator of Men, on the supreme Judge and Ruler of the Universe, trusting in his Divine Providence, were entitled to seek their liberty from an unjust tyrant.

So the oppressed colonies declared themselves to be united and free under God.

The founders of America were conscious of a giant integrity of purpose, of a justice and rightness so sublime that it must be God-inspired, God-guided. They, a handful of valiant men, Washington, Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, Paine, and Jefferson, with the rest, speaking for the seven million people of 1776, dared, under God, to risk life, fortune, and personal honor to set America free.

Surely, if these men were living today, they would speak out for the one hundred and thirty-odd millions of us in 1943, daring under God, to formulate a commonwealth of the world, to set free from the domination of dictator or of empire all peoples, all mankind!

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The last one received was the April 1st number. (The letter by Sgt. Hildebrand was written on May 14, 1943.) Thanks for sending "The Herald." God's blessing to all of you!

A TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST IN THE U. S. NAVY

By LLEWELLYN LIPPERT
of San Diego, California

(A Member of the Greenville Baptist Church Near Burton, Texas)

Dear Editor:

For some time I have been wanting to write to you and let you know just how much "The Baptist Herald" means to me, especially now that I am in the service of our country. Being away from home and loved ones brings God closer to us, and we awaken to the realization of what home really means to us, now that we are away and get a clearer understanding of what we are fighting to preserve.

As we train, I, for one, see the real need for religion among my shipmates as well as other service men, and I think "The Baptist Herald" is doing a great work in bringing God to the service men. I think the part of the "Herald" entitled, "Letters from Our Armed Forces," is very nice.

I get a great blessing out of reading the articles written by fellow-Christian service men. I wish all readers of the "Herald" would pray for us. We need spiritual guidance and help to do our duty to God and our country.

Chaplain Earl R. Sidler II

(Continued from Page 13)

baptized into the fellowship of the Temple Baptist Church by the Rev. Arthur A. Schade on April 7, 1922. On April 16, 1930, he was united in marriage with Eva May Hendrickson of Upland, Pa.

Prior to his entrance to the chaplaincy he held two very successful pastorates, the first with the First Baptist Church of Ambridge, Pa., and the second with the First Baptist Church of Canton, Pa. He entered the chaplaincy in December, 1941, and was at first stationed in Newport, R. I., serving as post chaplain of Harbor Defenses of Naragansett Bay. At the present time he is stationed in one of the island forts of the North Atlantic, ministering not only to the Protestant boys in the camps, but also to the Jewish boys.

Chaplain Sidler is the father of a son and a daughter. His parents, as also the chaplain and his wife, are at present members of the Temple Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Sidler has made a large place for herself in our Pittsburgh church. The home address of Mrs. Sidler is 167 Knox Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. The pastor of the church is the Rev. Louis B. Holzer.

Revitalization Centers for Our Ministers

Reports of Recent Convocations for the Revitalization of Our Churches

California Ministers Receive a Stirring, Spiritual Vision at Their Convocation at Anaheim

On May 19 and 20 the pastors of the California churches held their conference with a view to the revitalization of their churches. Besides the active men, the Revs. A. Felberg of Lodi, G. G. Rauser of Franklin, D. Davis of Wasco, E. Mittelstedt of Los Angeles, and H. G. Dymmel of Anaheim, we welcomed the Rev's O. R. Schroeder and E. J. Kuemmet, and Chaplain B. W. Krentz of Camp Callan, San Diego, into our midst.

Further Ministerial Convocations

The Northwestern Conference Pastors' Retreat Was Held at St. Bonifacius, Minn., on June 9 and 10.
The Central Conference Pastors' Convocation Convened at the Clay St. Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., from June 21 to 23.

The Rev. O. R. Schroeder read very acceptably on the minister's private devotion and on the person and work of the Holy Spirit. Then the active ministers withdrew either to the city park or to the ocean beach for confession, discussion of ministerial problems and denominational matters or for intimate fellowship with their Lord. Prayer was much resorted to, and we knew most certainly the exalted Redeemer to be in our midst.

We realized that the coveted revitalization of pastors and churches must come through being insistently faithful to our Lord in our morning devotions, when he receives a chance to speak to us face to face, searchingly and tenderly. We must, furthermore, receive a renewal of our vision of our calling, practice obedience to his Word, be separated from worldly matters, put the interest of the Kingdom of God above personal concerns and convenience, and attain deeper personal convictions.

The Bethel Baptist Church of Anaheim provided a sumptuous table set by the pastor's wife and her helpers at the parsonage. At night the visiting pastors spoke to the church about the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus.

We wondered how a little group like the pastors of our association would fare at such a conference. But to our great surprise and thrill, without elaborate preparations and dignified frills, we were feasting upon the delectable mountains with our very precious Lord Jesus Christ and came away with this exhilarating conviction: Jesus has already begun to revitalize us!

H. G. DYMMEL, Reporter.

Southwestern Conference Ministers Experience a Pentecost at Their Convocation in Lorraine, Kansas

No finer fellowship can be found this side of heaven than the fellowship of God's children when they live together in the spirit of Christ. The ministerial retreat for the Southwestern Conference was held at Lorraine, Kansas, June 1 and 2. All the ministers except one were present. Dr. Wm. Kuhn and Dr. C. B. Nordland of Forest Park, Ill., were the guest speakers.

So often the minister seeks the confessions of sinning saints and sinning sinners. Here was a time when ministers opened their hearts in confession of their waywardness and with an urgent desire to live in the light and example of the Great Shepherd. Hearts were rendered mellow, tears were not uncommon as the under-shepherds told and confessed their own unworthiness. These heart-searching moments were not brought about by some great preaching of condemnatory style, but by that inner voice that often speaks to the soul by way of the Holy Ghost. "God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform."

Prayer was wont to be made. Not a few moments of silent prayer and then a long discourse on how to pray; but a period when every under-shepherd had time to pour out his soul to God for all his needs and confessions and desires, and his yieldedness anew. A spirit of prayer permeated the entire meeting. For a long period of time, these servants of God pleaded, cried out as they kneeled in the aisles and pews for a new touch with their Master. God answered these prayers then and there, and God continues to answer these heart-searching prayers in the afterglow of the meetings. God will answer the prayers of his saints in time to come.

No one urged, no one coaxed, no one pleaded for these prayers. They came spontaneously, and were spirit led. Where words failed for an adequate vocabulary, the Spirit prayed to the High Priest for the intercessors. Ministers know how to pray! Ministers can touch the latchstrings of heaven and open the windows above!

Do the under-shepherds have their troubles and problems? The ministry is a lonely calling. There are not many to whom the pastor can go in seeking human consultation. Daily he calls upon his Father, but he longs for a human touch. Preachers are rather human after all with the failures and shortcomings of such things that are common to human beings.

But here was a grand fellowship of the exchange of their problems like close brothers in the household of their calling. They opened their hearts to one another. They told of their burdens. They discussed their relationships to the world and the instructions of the communities other than the Church and spirit-filled pulpit. They unloaded, and through this emptying process they made themselves recipients for an infilling of their hearts' desires. Out of these moments came the earnest desire to serve God to their utmost in the most spiritual and scriptural manner possible.

Out of the clearing atmosphere came the desire to lead their people in sound, scriptural, spirit-led Church work. They want nothing of the buffoonery of a social-minded Church. They want nothing of the world and all its attractions. They want no monies raised in unscriptural ways; not even though it be raised in churches. They want to know God's way for them and their churches. They want to know the right from the wrong in church and ministerial conduct, and so they sought and found through their discussions these vital spiritual needs.

If the future of our work depends on a passion for souls, then the future of our denomination is safe. Confessions were made of lost passions for the souls in darkness. But as the confessions were made, they were made because the confessor was now willing to start anew in the search for the lost. These men were at once quickened in that knowledge that those who know not the Lord Jesus Christ are doomed for eternity, and that it is the under-shepherd's work to snatch these going-down souls for heaven and for Christ.

The outstretched arms and hands of the Cameroons found a great place in the retreat. These men earnestly prayed and planned to search out for five or six additional missionaries to be sent out immediately to the Cameroons. They felt that if the heathen are calling for the Light, it is imperative for us to send the Light, and to send it now. We feel sure that out of these Holy Ghost presided meetings there will be raised a goodly number of servants to man the field God has given to us.

But each one concerned had faith that God was leading NOW to send these called and chosen vessels to the Cameroons.

What a complex group we were, such as were present, with differences of personality, life, temperament, with altogether different national back-

((Continued on Page 18))

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Happy Surprises for the Greenville Baptist Church of Texas and Rev. J. J. Lippert

April was a month of surprises for the Greenville Baptist Church near Burton, Texas. Although the Rev. J. J. Lippert was ill and could not be at his work, the church did not forget the birthday of its pastor. Since they were not able to give him a party as usual, they sent their representatives consisting of Mr. Jonas Lesemann, who brought greetings and congratulations from the church and Mr. Alex Gummelt, who brought the birthday cake with 8 candles representing the almost 8 years of service with the church. They also presented Mr. Lippert with a sum of money as a gift.

We have three young men from our church in the armed forces, Mr. Granvil Rost, who is home on furlough at present, and the pastor's two sons, Messrs. Milton and Llewellyn Lippert. Milton was fortunate in getting a furlough of two weeks beginning with Easter Sunday. The church honored him with a farewell picnic on the church grounds.

Llewellyn Lippert is stationed at a Ship Repair Unit near San Diego, California. Milton Lippert is on the U.S.S. Barnegat, and Granvil Rost is at Camp Hood, Texas.

MRS. J. J. LIPPERT, Reporter.

A Memorable Day for the Members and Pastor of the Central Church, Waco, Texas

May 9th was a memorable day in the life of the Central Baptist Church of Waco, Texas. On that day our pastor, the Rev. Peter Pfeiffer, received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Baylor University, the oldest Baptist institution of learning in the Southland.

As a student Mr. Pfeiffer rated very high with his professors. Having done his major work in English, he was privileged to study under Dr. A. J. Armstrong, America's foremost scholar of Robert Browning, and through whose efforts Baylor University has become the mecca of all friends of the poet, Browning.

As the Texas rose unfolds its petals and gives forth its fragrance because of the bright light of the balmy Texas sun, so too has our pastor, Mr. Pfeiffer, grown and expanded during these three years of ministry and study. We as a church family can feel the impact of the spiritual and mental growth through his helpful and penetrating sermons and spiritual leadership.

His sympathetic understanding of life's problems endears him to all who come to seek advice. Truly it can be said of him that he has the "Savior king of religion."

MARIE M. HEUSI, Reporter.



Mr. and Mrs. John Gienow of Killaloe, Ontario, on Their Golden Wedding Anniversary

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Golden Wedding Anniversary Celebration For Mr. and Mrs. John Gienow of Killaloe, Ont.

On May 10 the family and immediate friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Gienow of Killaloe, Ontario, gathered to observe their 50th wedding anniversary.

As the guests gathered about the table to commemorate the past fifty "Golden Years," the pastor, the Rev. Carl Weisser, spoke a few words of congratulations and hopes for the future to come.

During the course of the evening the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Calvary Baptist Church gathered to pay tribute to Mrs. Gienow, who has been a member of the society and of the First Baptist Church of Hagarty for twenty-five years. Appropriate songs and readings were given to express the wishes and thanks for her untiring and faithful service. Mrs. H. Zummach gave a review of "Anniversaries." In conclusion the pastor spoke briefly on "The Time is Short." (1. Cor. 7:29.)

Mr. Gienow was born in the vicinity of Killaloe on May 13, 1869. The former Miss Augusta Betz of Golden Lake was born on August 10, 1871. On May 10, 1893, they were united in marriage by the Rev. J. W. Ortwein. Of the four children Benjamin passed away in 1918. The remaining three, Mrs. Frank Weckwerth, Mr. Lester Gienow, Mabel Gienow, and the eight grandchildren and the six great grandchildren wish them well.

CARL WEISSER, Pastor.

PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Outstanding Blessings Recently Enjoyed by the Baptist Church of Lodi, California

The Baptist Church of Lodi, Calif., has experienced many outstanding blessings in a special effort to evangelize the community recently. Twenty-

four trained Christian workers together with the pastor, the Rev. A. Felberg, have given many evenings to house evangelism, followed up with a special series of revival meetings which resulted in the winning of ninety new members for Christ and the church since the beginning of the New Year. The church has held three baptisms lately and we have extended the hand of fellowship to a number of people who have come to us by letter or testimony of Christian experience. We praise God for these blessings.

Our young people have contributed a great deal to the winning of others. Our church service schedule has been changed to a three service program on Sundays besides the Church School and young people's meeting. These are an early service in the German language and the other two services in the English language. Our choir is active and is now engaged in preparing a special song festival together with the Modesto Baptist Church choir which is to be held toward the end of June in the Lodi church.

We do miss the 102 young people of our church who have been called into the service of our country and it is our most sincere prayer that God may watch over them and bring them back to us again soon.

ALBERT FELBERG, Pastor.

DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Program in Honor of the Service Men by the Tyndall Church of South Dakota

A large crowd attended the special services held at the Baptist Church of Tyndall, So. Dak., on Sunday evening, May 16, honoring the boys in the service from this church.

The program opened with a processional, in which Dr. Wm. C. Lang, the Rev. Albert Ittermann, a mass choir of fifty young people from the Tyndall and Danzig churches and the parents of the boys in the service participated.

Harold Schuh, one of the boys being honored, was home on furlough, and he unveiled the plaque and read the names of the eight boys in the service as follows: Daryl Rueb, Rayburn Rueb, Clarence Mehlhaff, Walter Lubbers, Fred Lang, Harold Lang, Elmer Schmoll, and Harold Schuh.

This was followed by prayer and scripture reading and an interesting address by Dr. William C. Lang of Yankton, So. Dak. There were fifteen musical numbers by the mass choir, quartets, and duets by the young people of the Tyndall and Danzig Churches. The final number was "God Bless America" by the mass choir.

Loud speaking facilities were installed and record songs were played before and after the program. Of special interest were two records of the Rev. A. Ittermann's community choir from Wishek, No. Dak., his former charge.

MARTHA LEHR, Reporter.

Ordination of the Rev. Gideon Zimmerman, Seminary Graduate at Wishek, No. Dak.

On Sunday afternoon, May 23, upon the invitation of the Baptist Church at Wishek, No. Dak., eight delegates and four pastors of the churches at Lehr, Napoleon, Venturia and Ashley, together with the four delegates and pastor of the church at Wishek, gathered to form a council to consider the ordination of Mr. Gideon K. Zimmerman, a recent graduate of our Seminary in Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. J. C. Gunst opened the session and extended a cordial welcome to all delegates and visitors. The council was then organized and the Rev. A. Guenther was elected chairman and the Rev. Edward Kary clerk.

The candidate was presented to the council by the chairman, and Mrs. Gideon Zimmerman also received an introduction to the council members. Very briefly Mr. Zimmerman gave us the story of his conversion and call to the ministry. This was followed with his articles of faith, which were given in clear and concise statements.

Mr. Zimmerman left no doubt in the minds of council members regarding his Christian experiences and faith in God as well as his plan for the future. After a brief period of questioning the council withdrew to consider the recommendation to the church to proceed with the ordination.

In the evening an impressive service was held before a large audience with Rev. J. C. Gunst in charge. Mr. Gunst also brought the message, speaking on the subject, "The Minister, the Man of God." Mr. Guenther offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. Edward Kary welcomed the candidate into the ranks of the minister. The Rev. Martin De Boer gave the charge to the candidate and the Rev. W. Luebeck gave the charge to the church. The meeting was dismissed with the benediction as spoken by the Rev. Gideon Zimmerman.

The Rev. and Mrs. Gideon Zimmerman have already begun their ministry in the Beaver Baptist Church near Auburn, Michigan.

EDWARD KARY, Reporter.

SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

The Nebraska Convention at the Shell Creek Church Considers Christ's Church as Theme

"I Will Build My Church," was the theme of the Nebraska Convention held with the Shell Creek Church near Columbus, Neb., from May 27 to 30. We were especially grateful to have the Rev. A. Husmann, our promotional secretary, with us. His talks and sermons were a challenge to us.

The opening sermon was by the Rev. Theo. Frey on "Slackness." Friday was convention day. The Rev. Theo. Frey was elected moderator, the Rev. John Borchers secretary, and Mr. Wm. Brunken treasurer. A denominational talk was given by Mr. Husmann, and he led us in the quiet half hour.

In the afternoon the following topics were read and discussed: "The Mystery of Christ and His Church," Rev.



A Part of the Large and Enthusiastic Crowd in Attendance on Sunday Afternoon, May 9, at the Young People's Rally at the Baptist Church of La Salle, Colorado

A. G. Rietdorf; "The Temple of the Living God," Rev. J. Borchers; and "The Church of Christ," Rev. Theo. Frey. The evening sermon, "The Hope of Christ's Church," was given by the Rev. A. G. Rietdorf.

Saturday was "Young People's Day." The devotionals were led by Ben Steen and Kenneth Prang, and the quiet half hour by Mr. Frey. Classes on "Building the Church Through the Training Service" were conducted by Messrs. Rietdorf and Husmann.

On Sunday morning the mission sermon was "Lord, Send a Revival," by the Rev. A. Husmann. In the afternoon musical numbers were given by the young people of the three churches. The address, "I Will Build My Church," was given by the Rev. B. Schidler of Columbus, Nebraska.

The closing sermon on "Blessed Assurance" by the Rev. A. Husmann was followed by a short testimonial service. Special music was by the men's chorus of the Shell Creek Church. The offering designated for "The Fellowship Fund for World Emergencies," amounted to \$260.

ANNA BRUNKEN, Reporter.

Forthcoming Articles

The article on the hymn, "America the Beautiful," will appear in a later issue of "The Baptist Herald." A new feature, "Knights for Christ in the Bible," in the interest of the Christian Service Brigade will begin in the next issue of "The Baptist Herald."



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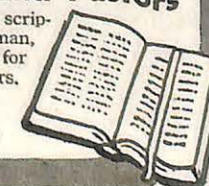
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NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Interesting Activities at the First Baptist Church of Leduc, Alberta, Canada

During the past few weeks it has been the privilege of the First Baptist Church of Leduc, Alta., to partake of many blessings. "Although our winter was quite severe and the roads at times were impassable, we have been greatly encouraged by the oncoming of warmer Spring days.

On Sunday evening, May 2, it was our privilege to have Sgt. Fred Holzimmer of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., in our midst. He brought a very inspirational message entitled "The Importance of You in Our World of Today," and he also favored us with two selections in song. We as young people were glad to make the acquaintance of Sergeant Holzimmer, who is stationed in Edmonton, for it encourages us to pray more for our boys in the Services. Following this

OBITUARY

MR. GEORGE J. SCHARF of Wishek, North Dakota

Mr. George J. Scharf was born on June 21, 1897, in Russia and passed away in his home in Wishek, No. Dak., on April 30, 1943, at the age of 45 years, 10 months and 9 days. He came to America with his parents when he was two years old. At the time the family settled on a farm not far from Wishek.

On June 1, 1920, he was married to Melita Sukut of Ashley, No. Dak., and since then they lived at Wishek. Four children were born to this union. Two daughters passed away in infancy. By trade he was a mechanic.

Funeral services were in the Wishek Baptist Church. The undersigned was in charge of the services and spoke words of comfort to the family on James 4:7-8. The ladies quartet of the Baptist Church sang two numbers. He leaves to mourn his wife, one married daughter, and one son, his mother, four sisters and five brothers. Interment was made at the Wishek cemetery.

Wishek, No. Dak.

J. C. Gunst, Pastor.

MRS. BERTHA WAHL of Cathay, North Dakota

Mrs. Bertha Wahl was born on September 18, 1880, in East Prussia, Germany, and passed away on Saturday morning, May 15, in the Evangelical Hospital in Bismarck, No. Dak., due to a serious operation and consequent heart failure.

meeting we pleasantly surprised Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hammer on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary.

Our Mother's Day program had to be postponed until May 16, but, nevertheless, it was appreciated by all, especially the mothers in attendance. It consisted of Junior and Senior choir selections, duets, and trios, also two talks given by Fred Sonnenberg and Agnes Priebe, which centered about the theme, "Honor Thy Mother."

It has also been our privilege to reopen the Clover Lawn Sunday School, 15 miles east of the church. This is a fine new mission field. The Sunday School is now held regularly in the public school building every Sunday afternoon under the leadership of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Kornalewski. We have an average attendance of 40 scholars, and the collection averages from \$3.00 to \$6.00 each Sunday. We are happy to report that Mr. Bruno Schreiber, student of our Seminary in Rochester, has come to us for the summer months to undertake the pastorate of this new mission field with the assistance of Mr. Kornalewski.

AGNES PRIEBE, Reporter.

As a young girl she came to the United States with her parents, where they settled in Germantown, Wells County, No. Dak. Mrs. Wahl, then Miss Broshat, accepted her Savior at the age of twelve and was added to the Germantown Baptist Church by the Rev. John Jaeger. In that church she took an active part in both Sunday School and young people's work. In 1904 she was united in marriage with the Rev. Wm. Wahl, who preceded her in death on Jan. 17, 1937.

Together they faithfully served the Germantown Baptist Church for 10 years and the Martin Baptist Church for 8 years. At the end of that period of service her husband took seriously ill, leaving him an invalid for 17 years. Mrs. Wahl then made her home with her father, the late Mr. Carl Broshat. Her devotion to him and her untiring service will not be forgotten by her many friends.

While she was a member of the Baptist Church of Cathay, she was active as Sunday School superintendent, as president of the Ladies' Aid, and as deaconess. She leaves to mourn her deeply bereaved children, three grandchildren and a host of friends.

On Wednesday, May 19, the last remains were solemnly laid away in the Cathay Cemetery under the leading of her pastor. Words of comfort were spoken in the German language by the Rev. D. Klein, while the undersigned sought words of comfort in the English language from Hebrews 2:16. The Male Quartet of the Germantown Baptist Church and a Ladies' Sextet of the local Baptist church furnished the music. May the Lord bless the bereaved!

Cathay, No. Dak.

P. T. Hunsicker, Pastor.

REVITALIZATION CENTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

grounds, and schooling! These men sat each hour of the two days in a perfection of fellowship, with Christ as the ever present Guest, and the Holy Ghost as each one's Companion. Not one word, not one thought, not one voice was given in any manner of discord. With all their differences, theirs was a oneness in Christ. "How beautiful it is for the brethren to dwell together in unity."

They came with their burdens and problems; they left with a warmed-over heart, and a deep desire to do God's will. They came with their misgivings; they left with rapturous joy. They came with questions; they left with answers. They came as humans; they left as spirit-led. It can only be said, "And the Holy Ghost came with power." And none were able to resist!

THE VICTORIOUS SOLDIER

(Continued from Page 4)

fore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

When you have the victorious life you will have no fears of the future. You will let God shape your future as he sees fit. You will no longer have the sin of anxiety. You will not fear death in this war, if God has it so planned that you should meet death in this world conflict.

You must live the present from second to second, minute to minute, and hour to hour. Let God take care of you throughout your entire life upon this earth.

Most people believe that in order to be Christian, they have to strive and struggle throughout their entire life upon earth in order to gain the victorious life in heaven. This is entirely wrong, since the victorious life is a wonderful gift, just for the asking and accepting, NOW. We find this great truth recorded in Ephesians 2:8 to 9, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast."

This Bible passage very clearly states that the victorious life is a GIFT of God, for the asking, and not by the good works of man. There is no need to struggle in prayer, and through good deeds to accept this precious gift. It is there, for the taking.

It is truly a wonderful experience to live the victorious life while in the army, where so much can be done for the Kingdom of God, and where, truly, the fields are ripe for harvest, but the harvesters are few. So will you, Service Men, just now accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior, and let him come into your heart as the indwelling Person and live the victorious life upon earth? If you do, you will surely find "heaven" upon earth!

What's Happening

(Continued from Page 2)

● The Rev. Paul Hunsicker of Cathay, No. Dak., has presented his resignation to the Baptist Church of Cathay and has announced his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Berlin Baptist Church of North Dakota with its mission stations of Berlin and Fredonia. Mr. Hunsicker will begin his ministry on the new field on September 5th.

● On Sunday afternoon, May 30, the Rev. Alfred Weisser, pastor of the Baptist Churches of Carrington and Pleasant Valley, No. Dak., had the joy of baptizing 8 converts on confession of their faith in Christ. The baptismal service was held in the First Baptist Church of Jamestown, No. Dak. In the evening service of the same day 17 new members were received into the fellowship of the church. These represented largely the encouraging results of a visitation campaign held in April, which proved to be a great blessing also to the members of the church.

● The "Spring Rally" of the Baptist Young People's Fellowship of New York and vicinity was held in the 43rd Street Church of New York City recently. The program was planned especially to remember the boys of these churches in the service of our country. A beautiful "Service Flag" with a large blue star representing some 200 of the young people was dedicated. Mrs. Victor Prendinger, on behalf of the mothers, received the flag from President Arnold Veninga and responded in a few words of appreciation. The flag was handed to two soldiers, one of whom was T/Sgt. Edward Seltzer and fastened to the standard on the platform. The speaker was Chaplain Park from Fort Tilden.

● On Palm Sunday, April 18, the people of the Baptist Church of Neustadt, Ontario, brought their thankoffering to the Lord. On the Sunday before the pastor, the Rev. R. A. Grenz, set a goal of \$100, to which the people responded nobly with \$27.52 in addition to the goal. The B. Y. P. U. presented a play, "Barabbas" by Dorothy Leamon, on Easter Sunday evening. It was "the best yet," according to some members of the congregation. On Sunday evening, May 16, the Ladies' Mission Circle gave its annual program. Besides the fine reports and musical numbers, Mrs. F. Keyes of Flesherton, Ontario, gave a review of her Christian work in the "Underworld" of Vancouver, B. C., several years ago.

● A baby girl was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Milton R. Schroeder of Superior, Wis., on May 24, to whom the name, Janet Carol, has been given. Mr. Schroeder was pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., until recently. During the first few weeks of his pastorate in

the First Baptist Church of Superior Mr. Schroeder received 8 new members and \$1000 was raised for the liquidation of a debt of \$4000 on the church property. This sentence can be quoted from a personal letter of Mr. Schroeder to the editor: "No matter where we serve in the years ahead the Fleischmann Memorial Church will always hold a warm corner in our hearts, for as our 'first love' it surely did mean much to us."

● On May 18 the Rev. Alfred A. Cierpke received the degree of Doctor of Theology at the commencement of the Eastern Baptist Seminary of Philadelphia, Pa., held at the Baptist Temple. On Sunday morning, May 23, he brought a farewell message on "The Mystery of Godliness" (1. Tim. 3:16) to the congregation of the Pilgrim Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., of which he and his wife had been members for almost 4 years. The Rev. H. Palfenier, pastor, also spoke a brief word of tribute concerning their fellowship with the church. On Sunday, May 30, Mr. Cierpke began his

Burlington's Oak Street Church

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The Women's Missionary Service Guild sent each boy on foreign soil a special gift package last Christmas, and each one at home in camp received a handkerchief and a copy of "Bible Knowledge". The Young Men's Sunday School Class sent each boy an autograph book recently with many personal autographs from their friends at church. The Young People's Society sent each one a letter recently with the names of those present at the meeting listed in the letter.

Everyone in the service is remembered "by name" in the pastoral prayer at many of the church communion services. 113 Gideon Testaments have been mailed to those away from home—the brown covered Testaments to army men, the blue to the navy men, and the white to our boys in the marines. Special recognition is given to the young men who return on furlough and often they have a part in the evening church service or at young people's meetings.

The big problem is to keep the military addresses up-to-date. Oak Street has solved the problem by listing each one's address on a card placed on the bulletin board in the church foyer. Relatives or friends are urged to write on these cards any corrections that need to be made from week to week—and its works!

What our boys appreciate most of all is a personal letter and the knowledge that we are praying for them, and the reassurance that we are looking forward to the day when they will be home again to enjoy Christian fellowship every Sunday at Oak Street Church.

REV. A. R. BERNADT, Pastor.

ministry for the summer months in charge of the German services of the Forest Park Baptist Church of Forest Park, Illinois.

● On Sunday, June 7, the Temple Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., held a memorial service in honor of Lt. William F. Sayenga, a member of the church, who died in action in the Canal Zone on April 18. A gold star was dedicated on the Service flag, which now has 60 stars. In the memorial address by the pastor, the Rev. L. B. Holzer, mention was also made of two other honored members of the church who passed away recently. These were Prof. George L. Smink, former supervisor of music in the Pittsburgh schools, and Dr. William Adler. The choir and male quartet rendered several special numbers. On June 13 the Sunday School presented its Children's Day program with the superintendent, Mr. Emil Wright, in charge. The Rev. L. B. Holzer is serving as a ground observer for civilian defence and spends 4 hours a week at the observation post on the lookout for all planes.

Trinity Church of Portland

(Continued from Page 8)

which is secured at one monthly meeting of the young people's society, or donated by interested friends. As in many other churches, "The Baptist Herald" is being sent to all the men.

The pastor, Dr. John Leypoldt, has been sending letters to all of the boys regularly, and the young people's committee endeavors to keep in contact with them, although they are scattered all over the United States, Canada, Alaska, Europe, Africa, and Australia. The number in the service at present is fifty. From time to time letters from the boys are read at one of the church services to give the folks at home an idea of their activity.

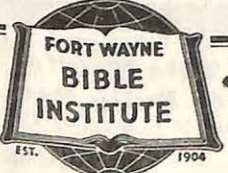
Hanging in the front vestibule of the church is our service flag. This flag is especially interesting because each man's name appears directly under his star instead of on a separate plaque as on most service flags.

A month ago special mention was given in one of the Portland newspapers of the fact that our pastor mentioned the name of each service man in prayer at each Sunday morning service. He calls roll, mentioning both the first and last names. And if anxious parents or friends have advised that any man is sick, or may now be in one of the active combat areas, a special prayer is said for him.

When the men come back from the war, some may be in need of financial help. A committee of five has already been appointed to supervise a fund which will be available to church members and relatives of church members for clothing and immediate needs, and loaned to those who need financial help in going to school or establishing themselves in business.

MISS VIOLA KIMMEL, Reporter.

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ECLIPSE

(Continued from Page 12)

was my sweetheart here in the States. We were going to be married right after the war. Then my light went out, and when I came to myself years later, I was in a government hospital. The war was over, and Nealle and my Nancy were already married. Little Terry, Nealle's son, was six years old.

The story was registering dully in Clem's mind, yet somehow indelibly, for it seemed a weird retelling—or perhaps a prophecy—of his own life's tragedy. Clem heard himself replying feebly, "Go away! I—Who are you?"

"Me? Everybody knows me. I'm old Oss. Everybody in the Canyon knows me—but let me speak. I've come to warn you not to make the mistake I did that day back in the Cuban woods. I've come to ask you to change your mind—if you really love the girl. Don't give her up just because you think you are going to die. Maybe you won't die. Maybe you'll live. And if you live you'll suffer all your life fighting temp-

tation to kill the man who married your sweetheart, and maybe you will kill him accidentally, and then—"

There was the sound of a motor outside, the opening and closing of a car door. In that same second, it seemed, the apparition-like visitor turned, slunk away like a shadow, passed through the open door and was gone, leaving behind a bewildered Clem in whose ears were throbbing the strange words of warning. Confusedly he knew he had been let in on the story of another of life's tragedies.

He knew he had not been dreaming. An actual personage had entered his room, had told a perfectly rational story. But the dream of terror of only a few minutes ago—that was only a dream. He was not going to die. He was going to live. Had he done right, he wondered, to surrender Mildred Handel to Terry Nealle without a struggle? He did not know. Something else seemed now to be of primary importance—the most important thing in the world—to him, or to anybody else.

(To be continued)

I MET GOD IN A RAFT

(Continued from Page 5)

made a mistake—we prayed for meat for the next day, afraid God wouldn't supply our need when the time came. What did we get? A shark that nearly made us sick and a hole in the bottom of our raft.

Why did we still doubt God? Well, why do you doubt him? I don't know why we won't profit by experience. I know he was out there taking care of us, yet on that 21st day when those planes flew by we all cried like babies. It was then that I prayed again to God and said, "If you'll send that one plane back for us I promise to always believe in YOU and to tell everyone else." That plane came back and the others flew on. It just happened? *It did not.* God sent that plane back!

Then I said with all my heart—after thanking him, "I believe in God. . . . I've met him."

I realized that he loved me and knew that the Testament was the Word of God . . . his message to me. That's why I know now that Christ, his Son, died on the cross for me, in that way paying for all those sins I'd been confessing out in the raft . . . and not for those only, but for more to come since then. When I sin now, he gets after me . . . but when I come to him sorrowing for those sins he is faithful and forgives me.

I can't explain it, but I know my father was right when he said, "You must be born again." I saw that in the New Testament, too. When God sent that plane back, I gave in to him and my life has been different. The pressure seems to be gone. I don't know what it is, but I know that I haven't anything to worry about. If God could see me through those other experiences,

I know he's not going to let me down now.

When we were out there in the raft, Captain Rickenbacker had perhaps several thousand dollars. We wanted a cup of water. Captain Rickenbacker couldn't buy it, and neither could I. We couldn't even buy a cup. We learned what really satisfies—and it isn't money. Since I got right with God I've been happier than at any time in my life.

I don't know much about the Bible. But I do know God, because I've met him. I'm just finding out how to live. People ask me if I am going to be a minister. I don't know. I'm spending all my spare time reading the Bible and am just beginning to understand it. When this war is over, I'll be ready to make a decision about that. I want to do what God wants me to do, and right now I believe that's to keep on fighting this war.

What I can't understand, though, is why the fellows out here when they are face to face with danger cry to God for help. But when he does help them they come back here and seem to forget him and quit going to church.

When I walk down the street Sunday on my way to church I see so many young people who don't seem to care about God. They'd rather spend their time in a movie or at a baseball game than in church. How can that be? Let them spend 21 days on a raft at sea and they'll really believe and appreciate the privilege we have of worshipping God. It must be they haven't met him. I'd like to talk with some of them and tell them what I've found out, but I suppose they still wouldn't believe. But I promised God that no matter what happens, I'd still tell others what I know.

Do You Know That...?

Column Edited by the
REV. A. R. BERNADT
of Burlington, Iowa

The picture of a pilot, a member of the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, and baptized three years ago by the author of this column, appeared in "Life" magazine the last week of May. He was shot down at Dieppe, and is pictured on the full page with other pilots now held prisoner in Germany. Robert Inghram will have much to tell when he comes home.

Nature surely is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we would be wearing spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.

The ban on pleasure driving in the East does not apply to driving to Church. People are also allowed to drive to weddings, baptisms, and funerals; but not to the receptions held afterward.

Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years—but then none of his neighbors owned a radio.

An irate Wisconsin cleric smashed gambling literally a few weeks ago when he went into two Roberts, Wis., taverns and carried out the slot-machines and smashed them on the street. Pastor Ewing was an accomplished boxer in his college days, which accounts for the lack of opposition when he went on his one-man crusade.

Instruments have been invented that will throw a speaker's voice a mile. Now what is needed is some device that will throw the speaker an equal distance.

1,188 Protestant missionaries are at work in China in spite of Japan's war of attrition, according to the report of "Who's Who," a directory of Protestant missions in China. They further report that greater unity will be the result of the tremendous sacrifices made.

We have always believed that breaking a mirror is a good sign. It means that we're going to live at least another seven years.

Eighteen Protestant Churches are carrying out a great unified effort at Religious Vacation School work this summer in Burlington. More than 1200 children have enrolled for the eight-week schools to be held at eight different points throughout the city and employing more than 130 teachers.

We've heard that college-bred means a four-year loaf made with dad's money. Some crust, eh?

The first book ever printed was the Bible. The first Bible was printed about 1450 at Mainz, Germany, by Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing.

If you do housework at \$10 a week, that's domestic service. If you do it for nothing, that's matrimony!

The longest word in the Bible is Maher-shalal-hash-baz (1. Isaiah 8:1). Solomon's temple (1. Kings 6:7) was built without the sound of a hammer, even though 180,000 men and 3,000 overseers were employed to do the building.