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By LIEUT. E. H. ARENDT
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Increasing numbers each day throughout the Christain world are returning to thoughts of religion. Throughout the history of the world, men have always turned to religion in times of great anxiety, stress and sorrow. It is the belief of the religious leaders of the world that *this time* it will be a more lasting "return to religion." Words like "brotherly love," "honor," "sacrifice," "faith" and "God" are accepted, by the present generation, as the true bases upon which the world of tomorrow—"our world" will be built. We are determined that the principles for which we enlisted this time *shall not* be fought for in vain.

Not only is it significant that the civilian population is finding consolation in its churches, but the general interest is increasing. No Christian clergyman will deny that. Now, it becomes the responsibility of all of us to see that the things for which we stand are *lasting*.

In Paul's letter to the Romans there is a text which says: "But be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

At long last we are recognizing that we need spiritual transformation in order to make us a more useful—a more helpful part of our social order. It is through the Church, its spirit and its sacraments, that we Christians are mustered together for the job that *must be done*. The visible Church cannot, and must not, be an end in itself—it must, as always, remain the means through which our ends can be more clearly defined. Then, through the united effort of our generation, our job can be accomplished. May the generations of the future look back upon us and say "WELL DONE."

OUR DUTY

Though I was never one for quarreling,
But still stood up for what's right;
When those yellow little men attacked us,
You bet I was ready to fight.

To give, even my life, if need be
For this great Country of ours,
Just to keep Old Glory still waving;
Blue field, Bright stripes, and White stars.

Like me, there are millions of others
Who would gladly give all that they own
To save our Country, America,
The Land that I'm proud to call "Home."

When it started, I joined the Navy;
Went out to fight on the sea;
For it's there I felt I was needed
And that's where I wanted to be.

If each man sticks to his duty,
And sees that each job is well done,
We'll kick the HEIL out of Hitler,
And make those Nipponese run.

So no matter how fierce the battle,
The thousands who doubtless will fall;
Just remember, it's all for AMERICA,
To me, She's the best of them all.

Aviation Cadet J.S.L.

You'll Laugh Too

For the superior squelch of the week we give the nod to a British gob downing an ale at the Astor Bar in New York. A too-friendly neigh-bar-fly leaned over and inquired: "What ship are you on, Bud?"

"H.M.S. Pinafore, Captains Gilbert and Sullivan commanding!" was the reply.

* * *

From the Berlin underground comes this story, credited to Louis Sobol. In a German industrial center, walls are covered nightly with anti-Hitler, pro-Ally inscriptions. Furious Nazis, tired of wiping off the chalkings wrote one day on the same walls, "Why don't you do this in broad daylight, you cowardly curs!" That night there was an answer. "Sorry, but in the daytime we are too busy parading with you fellows!"

* * *

A sailor not long in the Navy was doing his first sentry duty one night when, hearing footsteps, he called out a challenge. Advancing, he made out in the darkness a captain standing stiffly at attention. In his confusion, the sailor forgot all the instructions he ever had received about what to say in such circumstances. "Come, come, my lad," the captain said impatiently, "you're not going to keep me standing at attention all night, are you?"

"No, sir," the sentry replied. "Parade rest!"

Terry and The Pirates



Patrol Fails To Contact Main Body

