

# Army Officer Tells How Bible Saved Him

(Note—Herewith is presented a letter from a lieutenant in the United States Army in some far-off battle front to his sister in Pennsylvania. The original is in the possession of Rev. Ray B. White, of Zarepath, N. J.)

The Wilds of Nowhere. The Land of Death and Destruction. Dear Sis, in writing this letter to you, I don't know where to start first. So many things have happened since I last wrote. Well, to begin with, I have escaped death at the hand of an enemy in a way so amazing I am still in a daze. You remember I told you when I knew I was going over, I was going over armed with the Bible. The Bible is the reason I am still here and able to write this letter to all America.

"Here is the story. My buddy and I were sent out on duty with our men in the work I told you before was our job. We had just received information, the most important in weeks. When we were discovered by the enemy, I gave my buddy the information we had collected, told him to beat it with it and prepared my self to face them. It was the first time I had been faced with the necessity of pointing my gun at a man and blasting the life from his miserable body. I thought fast, then I said, 'Lord, it's your responsibility now.' My buddy had not obeyed my order. He had no such scruples. As I reached for my carbine a shot from one of them struck me in the breast and blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my pal jumped for me, grabbed my carbine as well as his own, stood astride my body, blasting away with both guns. He was blasted too—his knees with three bullet wounds, but when he finished, there was not one of them left. He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of the bullet had stunned me. Dazedly I wondered why I pulled the little Bible out of my pocket and in utter muteness looked at the ugly hole in the cover. It had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, on through the Pentateuch, on through the other books, Samuels, Kings, Chronicles, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped? In the middle of Psalm 91 pointing like a finger at these verses, 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.'

"Sis, when I read that verse it raised me three feet off the ground. I did not know there was such a verse in the Bible. I'd been reading mostly in the New Testament. I read the rest of that chapter—the first part that ripped apart. In utter humility I said, 'Thank you, precious God,' and I felt like a little boy that had escaped the mouth of an enemy of pray.

"When I got my buddy back to the post, he said, 'Late (he calls me Late). I've had enough. This convinces me. Come on—I want to get right with God, starting right now. He wouldn't let them tend his wounds. He said, 'Nothing matters now but this.' He stayed on his knees sixteen hours with three wounds. His body became numb, he couldn't move it. But he would not give up. When the Lord finally came in he moved. That soldier went crazy for God. He jumped over

or chairs (mean boss). He jumped over bunk. He even ran outside and shouted to the whole camp.

"Since I've given my heart to God, and talked with the boys, holding meetings and prayed with them, God has given me twenty five souls. Twenty five of my buddies have prayed through and come out for God. God even gave me my General. It took a long time. He was so dignified. But God told me to go after him; I stuck on his trail until he was grounded and came through spirit of God hovered over that tent with a sort of glimmering gold on haze. I tell you, Sis, prayer is going to win this war. Not guns alone. Prudent agonizing prayer. I know it. God is bringing them in one by one. The whole company will be a company of praying men. God has promised them to me, given me the assurance. Think of it—120 praying men and one general in one regiment! When that happens this unit will be unconquerable. Pray, Sis, pray as you have never prayed before. Tell everyone to pray. Tell all America to go on its knees.

"Before such decisive victory anywhere over here, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, there has been a feeling of praying far away. The feeling is so strong, you can hear many of the men, the most stubborn of them, say in the stillness of the night that it is so strong you can hear it. One said, 'Sounded like people praying from some distant place. Must be hearing things in this dead place.'

"So pray everyone. It will have to come from afar off. No one prays in this land of utter desolation. God has turned His face away from the horror and destruction men has brought on himself.

"Again, I plead, tell America to pray! This war will not end until nations and people have paid in blood and tears for thrusting God out of their hearts, out of their nations, out of their lands. And tell them for God's sake to send Bibles, and more Bibles. A Bible will give him confidence that God is with him. I'd like to have this letter broadcast from every radio station in America. Try to get it on the air in the papers, anything that it printed. Make copies of it. Send it from coast to coast. Tell them the army wants players and Bibles.

"And you—complacent, bridge-playing, fox trotting, cocktail drink ing mothers, why didn't you teach your sons about God instead of handing him a cigarette, a cocktail glass and a dance program! Get on your knees and ask God to forgive your sins. Then pray for the army. Pray! Pray! Pray! And you dignified preachers, why didn't you teach your people to pray, to follow God instead of standing before them in your silken robes and reading them a ritual? Only atonement from sin can stop the shelling, the killing, the murdering. Even the shells that come whizzing through the air scream only one word—atonement!

".....I could go on, but I am so tired, so weary, but in all so happy to see them coming to God one by one. So tell them to pray, alone for sin, and keep praying. And when you send things to your boys, send Bibles. They want Bibles! Your loving brother, Lieutenant...."

Sent by Dan B. Thomas.

# 4 STEEL FACTS in one minute



## Building a New Steel Industry in Three Years

Now Jimmy Hill, and 100,000 in the country have greatly appreciated it. They have built the equivalent of a new steel industry nearly everywhere in England.



## Steel Saves Copper for War Needs

It is estimated that the copper use of steel in this country alone will free 200,000,000 pounds of copper for other war needs in 1942.



## Peak Output of Steel Plates for Shipbuilders

More than 11,000,000 tons of plates were produced last year, about double the previous record. Shipbuilders received more than half the plates produced.



## Steel Collars Once Were Fashionable

In the 1920's, steel collars were high style for both men and women. They were enamel white and came in steel-of-gha a deep steel.

## RAMBLING SKETCHES OF OAK GROVE NEWS

(By Mrs. William Wright)

Mr. Joe Bell of Gastonia was the guest of Messrs. Neuford and Jack Ware over the week end.

Miss Ruth Champion, Mr. Will Fryor and Master Loyd, Honorary of Kings Mountain were Sunday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Champion.

Miss Sarah Champion spent several days the past week visiting with her sister, Mrs. Robert Ware of Patterson Grove. Miss Bette Jean Champion is a guest in the Ware home this week.

Mrs. Charlie Fryor of Kings Mountain was the Sunday guest of her daughter, Mrs. Jasper Philbeck and family.

Miss Virginia Ware of Gardner-Webb was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ware during the week end.

## AVIS WARLICK WINS GIRLS' VOCAL CONTEST

In the Girls' Vocal Interclass contest held in the school auditorium Friday, April 30, Avis Mae Warlick from the ninth grade won first place with the vocal selection, "Ava Maria."

The judges decision gave second place to Mary Ann Crouse, tenth grade, with the selection, "False Prophet"; third place to Mary Beth Ford, eighth grade, with "Treena"; and fourth place to Ozelle Gladson, 11th grade, with "The Rosary."

## TWENTY STUDENTS TAKE CIVIL SERVICE EXAM

Under the direction of Mrs. McClure of the Civil Service Administration, twenty students took a Civil Service exam on Friday April 30. Mrs. McClure explained in detail the requirements for Civil Service work. The purpose of the exam was to help secure employees for the government at Washington and Arlington. Out of the twenty, there are two students who have already accepted jobs. Eighteen students passed the exam.



## From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

All this talk about people over 40 being too old for a new job! Well, you ought to meet Pop Graham, the new foreman at the iron works. Pop must be over seventy—yet soon as the war broke out he started out on a brand new career.

"I reckon Uncle Sam can use me now," he says—and pitches in with both hands, making corner plots.

Yes, there's a lesson for the young folks in Pop Graham's spirit. And when the hard day's work is over you'll find Pop relaxing and having a cool refreshing glass of beer.

From where I sit that's still another lesson we can learn from older people—moderation. Moderation in enjoying good beer...advances for others who enjoy this sturdy, wholesome beverage of moderation.

*Joe Marsh*



# "I'm tired tonight -and I'm proud of it!"

Yes, Tom is going home tired tonight... just like last night... and the night before. Tired and proud!

You see, Tom is a typical member of the Southern Railway Family. And when America was plunged into war, something happened to him... and to the sixty-two thousand men and women who make up this Family.

Overnight, every Southern railroader became a soldier... every Southern car and locomotive became a weapon of war... every transportation job, a chance to hasten America's day of final Victory.

Since Pearl Harbor, this mighty army has struck many powerful blows for freedom... by keeping the wheels rolling under the biggest transportation load in all the long history of the Southern Railway System.

Rain and sleet, day and night, troop trains and war freight... tank cars and passenger trains... are rolling continuously and swiftly on the Southern.

It's a big job... a tough job... a vital job. But it's being done... and done right!

That's why Tom and the other men and women of the Southern are tired when they go home from the job these days... and "proud of it."

They're proud, too, because they know that the work they are doing so well today is paving the way for the new and greater Southland that lies beyond the Victory Day's helping to win.

# SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM