It was cold, bitter cold, and the fingers of the icy wind sliced themselves through the dirty brown of his clothing and deadened the flesh beneath. His mud-caked helmet, small protection from these fingers, half reflected, half suggested the cold stillness of a winter moon, as it moved from cloud to cloud and filtered its way downward to the still form below. Bitter cold! There was the sticky sucking of mud, as the form detached itself from the shadow of the shattered tree, and moved mud-weighted feet ponderously across the field, only the sucking breaking the quietness of his vigil.

Somewhere in the moonlit sky came quietly into being the insistent throb of an unseen plane. As he watched the sound, for he felt he could almost see it through the impenetrable night, he saw the searching beams of light scampering across the skies, painting little pictures on the clouds above or losing themselves in the infinity of darkness. In silent fascination he watched the little coral balls of anti-aircraft fire arch themselves up, up, and up into long strings of floating beads, which, climbing so high, spent their last energy in a little flick of white, and then disappeared. He wondered if they were cold, too.

The closer sound of moving cattle—one wondered how they stayed alive in this maelstrom of shot and bomb—caused him to move again, to clasp nervously at his weapon and strain his eyes to catch some movement of friend or enemy. And as he strained to pierce the unknown, the silence enveloped him once again leaving him alone with his thoughts.

What was that the chaplain had said—“Peace on earth, good will toward men”? Funny, how a guy could find any peace on this world, through which one moved so cautiously, lest he move no more. Guess the chaplain hadn’t been out here very long . . . and that other thing he’d said—something about living forever and “H’s peace.” Seemed like the chaplain had a peace all his own, why, even that he thought he never was going to die, and him just having buried all those fellows two or three days back. Wonder if they had peace now.

He shivered as the nearby crash of incoming artillery fire shook the ground and lit up the shell-torn trees nearby. They were at it again. A funny kind of peace, wasn’t it?

How could anyone have peace out here in this darkness? He shifted his carbine, again raised one mud foot, only to let it sink slowly back into the muck. More searching fingers of light, more coral beads floating themselves into obscurity, more silence, and more cold.

From the direction of his own line, a light splash as the mud dropped from a raised foot into the puddle beneath and a silent shadow crossed the open field to approach him. The carbine swung into readiness, muscles tensed, eyes strained—one could never tell, you know. But the soft tap of knuckle on stock spoke the coming of a friend as the other form arrived and whispered a few moments, then moved on.
The ‘Old Man’s’ looking for trouble,” was the message; “keep a sharp lookout.” That was what his buddy had said. Peculiar sort of fellow, too, always reading his Bible, talking about Christ as though he actually belonged to Him. Even now, the last thing he had said was something about “Merry Christmas” and don’t forget that Jesus saved. Sounded sort of like the chaplain just before they had come into position. “Don’t forget, fellows; He wants to save you.” And then something more about “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” Why, come to think of it, that’s what Ma used to say. Why not try Him? Nothing else seemed to help.

After his mind returned to the numbness of his feet and the sharp throbbing of freezing fingers. Wouldn’t that relief ever come? And then, for awhile, nothing but silence, the cloud-seeking moon, a lazy search-light wandering across the heavens, a distant flash of heatless light, and bitter cold.

The dull thud of lead against flesh, the nearby crack of a rifle shot, a sharp intake of breath, and the soft slithering sound of falling metal scraping against mud-filled cloth. Slowly, almost gracefully, the dark form relaxed into the mud beneath. Cold, searching fingers felt the warmth of ebbing life, as pain, newly arrived, crashed its way into the shock-dulled mind. Was this it? Was this death? Was this, at last, the peace he had been seeking? Was it the chaplain’s voice, or was it the voice of the boy with the Bible that kept repeating in the distance, barely audible, yet insistently calling through the darkness, as though it would not be denied: “I am the way, and the truth, and the life . . . Believeth thou this?” And silent lips slowly formed the reply, heard only by Him Who had asked the question: “Yes . . . I believe.”

The still form was illuminated for a second by a bursting shell, the helmet pushed back, as though gently, from the upturned face, the weapon pressed deeper and deeper into the mud beneath. Fingers of light again thrust their inquisitive beams into the heavens, searching for the throbbing plane above; on the horizon little strings of coral beads stretched into the distance and disappeared, fireflies, sporting with the darkness; nearby flashes boldly outlined alike the skeleton of a tree and, in the mud, the form of one sleeping. It was cold—bitter cold. Yet, peace had come at last.

“True Prayer is God the Holy Spirit talking to God the Father in the Name of God the Son, and the Believer’s heart is the prayer room.”

—Dr. John McNeill.

RECENT CAMPUS VISITORS

The following were recent campus visitors:

Rev. and Mrs. L. K. Starkweather, Montour Falls, New York; Miss Phyllis Taylor, Chattanooga; Carl Zytowski, ex ‘44, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. and Mrs. Roy Austin, Chattanooga; Miss Eva Kranhouse, Louisville, Kentucky; Lt. Leonard Winstead, ‘43, on route to new station; Pfc. Murray Burns, Vandergrift, Pennsylvania; Sgt. Bruce Sutton, Ft. Meade, Maryland; Mrs. James Gleasure, Mr. and Mrs. William Carman and Bobby, and Miss Beulah Gleasure, all of Toronto, Ohio; Mrs. O. J. Otten and Miss Dorothy Otten, Vienna, Virginia; Miss Ann Bennett, Miss Pege Hege, ‘44, and Mrs. Dorothy Bennet, ex ‘43, Washington, D. C.; Miss Beatrice Morgan, ‘45, Roselle Park, New Jersey; John Quimby, ‘45, Elyria, Ohio; Albert Wylie, ‘44, Waverly, Iowa; Lt. and Mrs. Eric Ingram and son, Lewis; alsoLt. Ingram’s mother, all of Germanstown, Pennsylvania; and Chaplain William McKeefery, U. S. Navy, Mr. Mark Levengood, ’42.

THANKSGIVING AT BRYAN

Thanksgiving vacation was a time of rich blessing, as we were privileged to entertain the delegates of the Southeastern Regional Foreign Missions Fellowship Conference. Friday morning we met in the chapel for our Thanksgiving praise and prayer service, a precious time of rejoicing in the Lord.

A hike to the gulch which followed gave us genuine preparation for the evening meal. Dinner was enjoyed amid candle light, music, and fellowship. The autumn color scheme of gold and brown centered in overflowing cornucopias, which were on each table. Concealed in a nut shell at each place was a Scripture verse on the giving of thanks.

Rev. Robert Dawson brought the opening message of the conference, which was followed by a social hour in the recreation room.

Saturday, too, was a day full of blessings, with messages by William Walker, Albert Wylie, and Rev. Paul Roberts. Mr. Dawson showed colored slides of mission work in Mexico. A testimony meeting closed the evening’s services.

The final message of the conference was brought by Mr. Dawson on Sunday morning.
THE TRUMPET CALL

Progress To Date

I. GIDEON'S BAND—$10.00 or More Each Month
   1. A Friend of Bryan
   2. T. E. Robinson
   3. Calvary Baptist Church
      (D. B. Eastep, Pastor)
   4. H. H. Rhule
   5. Judson A. Rudd

II. HOME FRONT ARMY—$1.00 or More Each Month
   1. Paul Zimmerman
   2. Miss Janet Webb
   3. Mrs. Louise Garber
   4. Paul D. Stock
   5. Mrs. Ruth Morrow
   6. Esther Baker
   7. Miss Esther Emberd
   8. Miss Ann Wildern
   9. Mr. and Mrs. A. Ahman
10. Prof. and Mrs. A. Uphouse
11. Miss Rebecca Peck
12. Miss Jean Purlin
13. Miss LaVern Howland
14. Mrs. Geo. S. Birch
15. A Student

Total to date of regular gifts each month .... $273.00

THIS IS OUR NEED!!

1. A GIDEON'S BAND—Three Hundred Brave Leaders of Faith
   Goal: $10.00 or More
   Progress: $1.00 or More

   June 1, 1948
   20 who will give $25.00 per month.
   30 who will give $20.00 per month.
   80 who will give $15.00 per month.
   160 who will give $10.00 per month.

2. A HOME FRONT ARMY—Thirty-three Hundred Strong
   Goal: $1.00 or More
   Progress: $1.00 or More

   June 1, 1946 to Date

   10 to 19
   20 to 29
   30 to 39
   40 to 49
   50 to 59
   60 to 69
   70 to 79
   80 to 89
   90 to 99
   100 to 109
   110 to 119
   120 to 129
   130 to 139
   140 to 149
   150 to 159
   160 to 169
   170 to 179
   180 to 189
   190 to 199
   200 to 209
   210 to 219
   220 to 229
   230 to 239
   240 to 249
   250 to 259
   260 to 269
   270 to 279
   280 to 289
   290 to 299
   300 to 309

FIRST RECITAL GIVEN

The expectant hum of low voices filled the Chapel on the evening of November sixteenth as members of the Bryan Family and friends awaited the opening of the curtain on the first musicale of the school year.

With the heart-thrilling strains of "America," the program began, after which all bowed in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for His love to us and our blessed America.

The rendition of sacred and classical numbers which followed was pleasing to every listener, an excellent display of the type of service God desires of His servants—their very best.

MIRACLE BOOK CLUB BANQUET

On Tuesday evening, November 20, the local chapter of the Miracle Book Club held a banquet at the Hotel Aqua in Dayton. It was the privilege of the club to have as speaker Mrs. E. M. McClusky, founder and national director of this organization for high school young people. The entire evening's activities were centered around the thought of "Bravery" with Mrs. McClusky's message, in which she used the goals of the organization; namely, finding our safety in Christ, realizing that Christ lives in us and that through Him we can be "more than conquerors," and that we should be conversationalists for Him.

(Continued on Page 4)
CHILD EVANGELISM WORK

To reach and win the children for Christ is the primary motive of the Child Evangelism workers. Some fifteen classes held weekly by more than twenty students, meet in homes and schools near Dayton and reach both colored and white children.

By visiting in homes and making contacts in communities where there are children, a class is soon established. Teaching is done by means of flannelgraph, object lessons, and chalk talks. The children are also taught many choruses and Bible verses.

As a result of this work many young lives are won for the Lord. Our deepest gratitude goes to Him for what He has achieved through Child Evangelism Work.

PLANT AND PROPERTY FUND REPORT

(Continued from Page 2)

and also conducting a class for all the piano pupils to prepare them for public performance.

Under the supervision of Professor Stock and Mrs. Morrow, the Music Department has been very active in supplying special music for school functions and in presenting the students in an evening of recital. In the prospect of continuing to send out gospel teams during vacation weeks, students are being selected and trained with that service in view. Much praise has been given by appreciative hearers for the fine work of the music students, and our sincere thanks are given for the faithful service of our directors.

NOTICE!

CHURCH BULLETIN FURNISHED

To interested pastors who will dedicate a portion of one Lord’s Day service to Bryan University, and receive a free will offering for the University, we will furnish beautiful lithographed bulletins that are suitable for the occasion, free of charge. The center pages may be used to print or mimeograph your program for the day. Write Promotion Department, Bryan University, for full details.

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

The most important and impressive event of the fall quarter took place on December tenth, when we gathered for our annual Christmas banquet. The vari-colored gowns of the ladies, the lovely music, the softness of candle-light—all these gave a dignity to the occasion which transformed our dining hall into a place of worship as well as of enjoyment.

Beautiful reflections met our eyes as many lights shone on the silver and blue ornaments decorating the long hall. A delicious turkey dinner was interspersed with group singing and special numbers by Mr. and Mrs. Victor Werner, of Chattanooga, and students of our own music department. The message of Dr. Lee Robinson, pastor of the Highland Park Baptist Church, Chattanooga, was deeply appreciated by all.

As we separated for the evening, the theme of the banquet, “If Christ Had Not Come,” lingered in our memories.

DO YOU KNOW THE NEWS?

One day Alfred Lord Tennyson asked a lady if she knew the news. She replied, “Christ Jesus died to save sinners.” Lord Tennyson said, “That’s old news, new news, and good news.”

—Essex.

Sam’s Summary

Dear Folks:

Whe-e-e-e! As I watched the income during the month, I thought sure I was going to reach the goal post for the first time this year—but no, I’m still just a little more than $200.00 short.

Say, maybe you didn’t know that my job each month is to reach the $2,500.00 mark! And will you look at my past failures? Do you think there’s any way I could do something to make up that deficiency? Hmmm, a Christmas present, didn’t you say? And would I ever appreciate that! Merry Christmas to you and thanks for everything.

Sincerely,

Sam

Bryan University