the opinion

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the opinion is published the first Thursday of each month throughout the school year by students at Fuller Theological Seminary, 135 N. Oakland Ave., Pasadena, Cal. the opinion welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with general academic standards. Therefore, opinions expressed in articles and letters are those of the authors and are not to be construed as the view of the seminary, faculty, student council, or editors of the opinion.

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Past issues of the opinion are filed in the Reference Room of McAllister Library.
A Vietnam bibliography is incomplete the moment that it is published. Books from various points of view are appearing regularly. One of the best ways to keep track of the more significant ones is via the book review section of such leading periodicals as Saturday Review and New Yorker. Newsweek or Time is probably indispensable for contemporaneity. Among works already published, I have found the following helpful:

Trager, Frank N., Why Vietnam?
Friends (AFSC), Peace in Vietnam
Lacouture, J., Vietnam: Between Two Truces
Hamilton, Michael (ed.), The Vietnam War: Christian Perspectives
Salisbury, Harrison, Behind the Lines: Hanoi
Kahin, Geo. M., and Lewis, John W., The United States in Vietnam

Works by Robert Scalapino will also be found valuable.

The editors of the opinion encourage the student body to respond to the concerns raised by this issue, and to respond in writing, with carefully prepared articles and letters.

TFJ

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For several months now, the Student Council has been trying to obtain a room in which to locate an office for the Council and its committees. All the promises made by the Administration have turned out to be hollow. Such an office is desperately needed by the Council and the projects working under its auspices. We call on the Administration to stop dallying around and release immediately for the use of the Student Council, the office located on the southwest corner of the first floor of Slessor Hall.

TSJ
As citizens of a government ceaselessly calling for national endorsement of its foreign policy, the time is long overdue for American Christians to recover responsibility for their consciences. There is little doubt that the war in Southeast Asia buoys the American economy; it is arguable that American military forces are - temporarily, at least - impeding the spread of Communism. What remains at issue is the hard question, that ultimate question which has controlled the decision of Christian conscience in the face of war for centuries: Is this war a just war?

In order for Christians to answer the ultimate question in the affirmative, the American military presence in South Vietnam would have to be justified in its intent, in its conduct of the war, and by its vindication of justice - to select only some of the canons developed by the "just war" theorists.

Contrary to popular opinion, the question of history is far more than academic. Since we cannot retrace our steps, it is sometimes argued that the question of intent, or how we became involved, is irrelevant. In a democratic society, however, a people's capacity to evaluate solutions to a problem depends directly upon their conception of their role in the situation. Given the premises of self-righteousness, the options of compromise and negotiation become unthinkable, representing abject surrender. Given the premise of an unfortunate and injudicious involvement in a questionable cause, an entire range of options opens up for rational discussion.

The rationale for American involvement in South Vietnam will not stand the test of candid examination. The American people have been told that our military forces are in South Vietnam in order to preserve the freedoms of the Vietnamese people. Yet the facts of life in South Vietnam - the periodic suppression of newspapers, the general treatment of dissent-

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ers, the grave restriction of choice in national elections - cast a pall over any such claims. It may be that in Southeast Asia, under wartime conditions, freedoms have to be limited. But the successive governments of South Vietnam would inspire only the incurably sanguine to speak of some future free society. The American people have been told that our forces are in Southeast Asia resisting the invasion of Communist troops from North Vietnam. Yet there is substantial evidence, sufficient to convince many commentators, that the conflict in South Vietnam was in its origins a civil war. And no amount of argument from the situation now, when we are presented with a battlefield engaging the economic and military investments of many outside nations, can justify American intervention in a civil war.

The American people have been told that our commitment in Vietnam is necessary to contain an expansionist China. But what exactly is the substance of the Chinese threat? It is probably safe to assume that China, like other great powers, will tend toward an expansionist policy and the development of a sphere of influence. But apart from China's right to have a sphere of influence - paralleling those of the United States and the Soviet Union - what evidence warrants designating China as militarily and inevitably expansionist? Does not American evaluation of China's intentions rest all too heavily on ideological analysis? We read Marx, we read Mao, we hear the shouts of the Red Guard - and we know what the future holds! What is the validity of ideological analysis in international affairs? The history of the Soviet Union defies analysis on the basis of Communist ideology, as the Chinese taunt of "revisionism" indicates. Why must the future history of China follow ideological lines? Is it not more reasonable, in the light of history, to estimate the future actions of nations in terms of what they believe to be in their self-interest, and to assume that other nations are as capable as we of altering national policy to fit the demands of self-interest. We have not the evidence to regard China as compulsively and militarily expansionist.

In a word, American entrance into this conflict is remarkably difficult to justify.

The conduct of this war is equally difficult to justify. Granted the restrictions on operations which so obviously frustrate the Joint Chiefs of Staff, we are engaged in a mas- (continued on page 18)
Eight hundred miles from Manila, across the blue waters of the South China Sea lie the white sandy beaches and the towering green mountains of Vietnam — land of ancient enchantment and modern turmoil. History has always had a strange way of looking at war and trying to see it in “perspective”, and by and large the daily tragedy of it all is lost and the general consequences of it are debated for centuries to follow. Quite naturally I became most aware of the daily tragedy as I walked through jungle villages and jammed hospital aisles. When American soldiers you have grown to know and love are reported as casualties at the weekly sector meeting, and Vietnamese and tribal friends also taste of the same bitter cup, you begin to realize in a new and vivid way that war and death come straight from Hell.

During the early 40's Ho Chi Minh returned to Viet Nam after nearly 30 years absence during which he studied communist doctrine and tactics in Paris, Moscow, and finally Peking. He had in fact taken our Soviet citizenship before being sent as part of a delegation to China where he founded the Indochina Communist Party and the Vietnam Independence League later to be known as the Viet Minh and finally as the Viet Cong. This united front movement was designed to fight against both the French and the Japanese thus winning the support of many Vietnamese nationals looking forward to independence from both. In these early days prior to and immediately after the end of World War II "Ho Chi Minh" had a ring to it that reminded the American missionaries of "George Washington," and even they were proclaiming him as the 'God-send' for Vietnamese freedom.

However, the picture soon began to change. Seven months of my time in Vietnam were spent with the people whose lives are vividly and accurately pictured in Homer Dowdy’s book, The Bamboo Cross. These are the mountain people of Vietnam, Montagnards as the French called them. Beginning about 1946 the National Liberation Forces of Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh, infiltrated the jungle areas throughout all of Vietnam waging * * * * *

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their war for freedom against the French. Everything was being done "for the people," at least so it was said. The mountain people and the lowlanders who watched their friends and family beaten, beheaded, shot, or marched off into the forest at gun point to join "The Cause" began to wonder just what it meant that these men in black were soldiers fighting "for the people." Of course the French were hated, of course they were fed up with the corruption in the government; but was the terror and fear created by the Viet Minh any better they began to ask. How could they say "yes"? Some continued to slide with the Viet Minh out of fear or out of hope that this was the only way. But many began to see that the disparity between the promises and the practices of the communists made them no better if not worse than the government already in power, and they fled -- leaving everything they had to escape the constant terror they were being subjected to because of the "men in black."

Much has changed in 20 years, but the terrible results of war have never changed. Nevertheless, some things are worse than physical death itself, like the dread of it, the memory of it, and the opposite of it -- life, if it must be lived forever apart from God. I know there is a great deal of disagreement about some of these things even among Christians today, but Jesus said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell(Matt. 10:28)." And Peter has written, "And who is he that will harm you, if you be followers of that which is good? But if indeed you suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are you: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled(I Peter 3:13,14)."

The war goes on with all of its evil and destruction, but today at least, the door remains open in Vietnam in a wonderful way which provides opportunities never before available for the preaching of LIFE in the face of death. The social and cultural disruption of the people of Vietnam has already occurred. Regardless of what else the future holds it holds undefined and empty patterns of life, for the old ways are being broken apart and the hearts and minds of the people are greatly disturbed and dissociated. But they are not closed! On the contrary, they are more open than ever before to the hope which alone is both now and in the age to come -- Jesus, the name that charms our fears and bids our sorrows cease.

There were times in Vietnamese army camps, in the prisons, and in the refugee villages that I was literally mauled by
persons for whom Christ died as I tried to hand out tracts. The response was such that I had to stand on my tiptoes and hold the tracts high above my head to keep from being trampled by the multitudes reaching for words which they hoped might bring them answers. The door is open, and there are hundreds of ways in which Christians can and are showing love in the midst of hate and horror. Let us remember that the fields are white and the laborers are few. We must labor while we have strength and while we have light, God is at work in all things even bringing the darkness of Sin and Satan to work for His glory. Today in Vietnam (and in all the world for that matter) there is great darkness, but there are also patches of blue. The storm rages on, but the Kingdom of God where it is proclaimed and received brings peace and calm and light where there is war and turmoil and bitter darkness.

The people of Vietnam are daily being forced to abandon their archaic world views and purpose for existence. Several replacements are competing with each other in order that they might fill the vacuum — materialism, communism, democracy, political Buddhism, political Catholicism, and many others. But all of these are only systems, some certainly better than others, nevertheless, none of them alone is sufficient to meet the people’s needs for life.

"This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (Jn.17: 3)."

The people of Vietnam, just as the people of America and Ethiopia, need Him, the Prince of Peace. So let us pray they might find both political peace and personal peace, and let us act in such a way as to bring both to pass, God willing, without the sacrifice of either — if possible.
The Christian has a responsibility to be involved in the dialogue on the war in Vietnam. He has this obligation because righteousness and justice are at stake there. We are the children of God, and "righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne" (Ps. 97:2). If we are not informed we cannot honestly be involved. There is a basis of historical and political facts which everyone concerned about Vietnam should know, and which are generally agreed upon by hawks and doves alike. Such a primary understanding gives us a better basis for involvement and a more realistic grasp of the war's complexities. But it by no means predisposes the case in either direction; it only focuses our concern on the dilemma which is Vietnam.

The doves are sincere. They see the evil in the terrorizing of peasant villages by our bombers and by the Viet Cong. They see a country becoming a wasteland of refugees, a nation deprived of dignity and forced into servile dependence upon a foreign big brother. They take seriously the degeneration that occurs in a society at war, among its soldiers, among its people at home who have never known the meaning of the words "freedom" and "self-determination", because they belong to "The Other America". The doves also recognize that our entry into Vietnam is marked with moral lapses, miscalculations, and illegitimacy. They see all this and ask themselves, "Is it worth it all? Does the end really justify the means?" Their hearts tell them, "No!" They love their country. They love man, whether Vietnamese or American. The

1. There are those who can recite "the history of our involvement in Vietnam" and make it into a one-way street where "our boys" are the "white knights of freedom's forces" or where the North Vietnamese and the NLF are simply the innocent victims of American aggression. Even some Christians have on occasion been known to parrot one or the other of these lines.
2. How does Bob Hope judge high morale? By the applause he and his sex-queens receive on their "good will tours"?

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Christians among them look at the suffering and injustice which this war has caused, and they cannot imagine their Lord Jesus condoning it. So, they plead for peace. They are sincere.

The hawks are sincere. They want the war ended as soon as possible. They believe that in some sense the world's freedom is at stake in Vietnam. They believe that if one country can overpower another with impunity, then no country large or small is really safe. They hold that if Communism, whether monolithic or not, takes charge in Vietnam, then Communist insurgents in other S. E. Asian countries will be encouraged to pursue "wars of liberation". Such a state of affairs could seriously affect the balance of power in the world. The Christians among them view "balance of power" as what peace is all about, since not much more is to be expected of a fallen race. They believe that to end the war quickly is to end it most mercifully, hence they favor hitting more critical points with greater force. They regret the evil that is the concommitant of war, but they fear a greater evil if a victory by the U. S. is not achieved here. The Hawks are sincere.

And where do we stand, you and I who are desperately trying to hide ourselves in our books, our field work, or our families? We dare not let withdrawal from involvement in the Vietnam dilemma be our stance. We know that so often in the past, Christians have become neither hawks nor doves but ostriches, their consciences thoroughly turned off, their hearts firmly "fixed on Jesus", and their heads deeply buried in the sand. Are righteousness, justice and the Kingdom of God merely words that "liberals" use in their cliches? God forgive us. Do we believe He cares about the world he has made? The doves are sincere. The hawks are sincere. And you? Caring. Information. Involvement. Caring. Your two cents worth. Mind of Christ. Leaven.

does Gen. Westmoreland judge high morale? By rows of obedient soldiers yelling "Yes Sir!" at the drop of a rhetorical question? My brother, a Marine corporal, who recently returned from a tour of duty in Vietnam, confirmed to me the drug addiction, alcoholism, sexual immorality, and sadism that is rampant among our country's leaders of Tomorrow. One of his barracks-mates has a "thing" for picking Vietnamese children off water buffalo with his M16 and reporting them as VC kills
HOME FROM VIETNAM: JUNE 14, 1967

by M. Edward Clark

On the night of June 14, 1967, I sat on the running board of a United Air Lines jeep waiting for the flight from San Francisco to come in. The arrival, scheduled for 11:13 p.m., was already a half-hour late.

As I waited I thought about my son, Tim. He was returning home from Vietnam on that flight. Little more than a month before, on May 2, I had waited at the same airport after Tim had said good-by and boarded a T. W. A. jet for San Francisco. That evening, at sundown, my wife and I, my daughter, my grandson, and Tim's girl of a few short days stood on the observation deck while his plane was delayed, first for late passengers and then for the landing of an incoming plane. Then the jet pushed its nose into the sky and dipped away toward the west, finally becoming a dark speck against the pale glow of the evening sky.

Now my son was coming home. The minutes dragged on. At last, shortly after midnight, a string of baggage carts came into sight and I knew that Tim had arrived. The jeep pulling the wagon train came to a stop at the freight office of United and a young man in uniform stepped out and shook hands first with the undertaker and then with me. "I am Lieutenant Campbell," he said. "I have been assigned as an escort for your son. May I extend my sympathy."

My son was in an oblong gray plywood box with two bronze handles on either side. Stenciled across one end of the box were the words PFC TIMOTHY R. CLARK US 55 881 629. On the top of the box at one end was the word HEAD, and on the upper corner of one side were the words FLAG INSIDE.

So now my son was home. Home from the scraggly brush-covered hill where, the Thursday before, he had written us a letter, his last letter. He had said that in his idle moments of waiting he let his mind roam the streets of Kansas City, visualizing each corner, each building, the lights at

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night; the memory took away some of the loneliness of Vietnam. The next day at 2300 hours (11:00 p.m.) Tim took the brunt of a hand grenade thrown by a "hostile" soldier. Up to the time he wrote his last letter, Tim had not seen a hostile soldier, neither a Vietcong nor a North Vietnamese. But he had seen some of the results of their activity. A couple of weeks before, while his battalion was out on perimeter defense, the bunker that was serving as their headquarters had been mortared and machine gunned, and six of his buddies had been killed and eight wounded. Later, he heard, one of the wounded had died.

The probability is that Tim never did see a Vietcong or a North Vietnamese soldier. If so, at least one of his wishes was fulfilled, for in several of his letters he expressed the hope that he would never see any of the "enemy".

So now his last flight had touched down, and he was home never to fly again, never to sing or sigh again, never to wish or hope again; his only task now to wait out the long slow hours of eternity, where the hatreds of men cannot enter.

The freight clerk opened the freighthouse door and the baggage cart was backed up to the waiting hearse. The four of us — the escort, the undertaker, the freight man and I — shoved the gray box from the cart into the hearse. This done the escort said: "Mr. Clark, the army has declared your son to be non-viewable. If you would like we, the undertaker and I, can open the casket in the morning and see if he can be made viewable, but we don't know." I answered that the view-ability of the body was not important, and that we did not plan on an open casket during the funeral ceremonies.

With that the three of us got into the hearse and began the drive to the funeral home. On the way to the airfield I had expressed to the funeral director the wish that after we had picked up the body we might take a sentimental journey and drive down the streets Tim had seen in his mind's eye so shortly before the grenade found him.

So as we crossed the Broadway bridge the undertaker steered the car south into Main street, past the theaters, the bars, the stores, down to Fourteenth street, where we turned left to Grand, then north on Grand past the Midland Camera store where Tim had bought some of his camera equipment, past the bus station where, just a year ago, he had arrived one
midnight from Fort Leonard Wood on his first weekend pass. Then across the viaduct and on to the intercity expressway to Kansas City, Kansas, and the funeral home.

All that was four days ago. The last of the ceremonies is over. Relatives who arrived before the body of my son will leave in the morning. Only a small plot of broken sod and a few wilted flowers mark the spot where one who once dreamed dreams great and small, one who dared to walk the earth as a friend to all men, who scorned the ordinary and fought desperately within himself to be what every man ought to be; a unique human being — only the broken sod and the fading flowers mark the spot where one, once so full of hope, now lies distorted and nonviewable.

Who Killed my son?
The telegram sent by the army said he was killed by a detonated grenade thrown by hostile forces — by the communists of the North Vietnamese or the Vietcong. There is at least a half-truth here, but, alas, only a half-truth. A hostile force was, to be sure, the immediate cause of his death. But that fact is really but the final detail. The ultimate cause of the death of Timothy R. Clark, of the other 175 who were killed that week, of the more than 11,000 Americans who thus far have lost their lives in Vietnam and of the many who are yet to die — the cause of all these tragic deaths ultimately can be traced to three things: Pride, Greed and Indifference.

Why do the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese fight so stubbornly against the most powerful nation in the world? Because to admit defeat would be to surrender all pride, pride which long ago the French took from them and which they finally retrieved by defeating the French at Dien Bien Phu.

Why does the American high command sacrifice life after life when admittedly the land it holds is beside the point? Again the answer is pride — the pride of a proud man who has the support not only of other proud men but of greedy men as well. For is it not true that there is much more room for promotion and advancement when a war is on than when peace prevails? Perhaps they are not conscious pride and greed; They can always be rationalized as patriotism. But they are pride and greed nonetheless. And will anyone pretend that there is not greed in the companies that fight for the war contracts?
What of indifference? Since World War II conscription -- something many of our ancestors came to America to escape -- has become the accepted thing. So indifferent are we that hardly a murmur is raised when the Congress proposes a law that will draft 19-year-olds as first choice; for 19-year-olds make better soldiers! Do they indeed? Or is it rather that 19-year-olds can more easily be led to believe what the army wants them to believe? Is it that they will go simply because they are told to go? Escort Campbell told me that the only reason he had for being in Vietnam was "orders."

The fact is, as a recent editorial in the Boston Globe indicated, that the industrial-military-scientific-political complex finds this war a convenient way of satisfying its selfish purposes. The casualty lists are getting a bit longer now, but they have not yet reached the danger point. A few more waves of the flag will keep the war going at least for a while yet.

Besides, most of the casualties are high school or college dropouts and their parents aren't apt to be in positions of power. The wealthy and the prestigious can keep their sons in school (the proposed new law makes it even easier) until the danger of the draft is over. Hopefully there will be plenty of 19-year-olds so that those who are older will not be called. Indifference and the cultic religion of Americanism will take care of most of the problems.

Who then killed my son? The Vietcong? The North Vietnamese? No, not they alone. I killed him. You killed him. False and greedy patriots killed him. Prideful and ambitious politicians killed him. The armed forces of his own nation killed him. The guilt of his death is upon us all. His blood and the blood of 11,000 is on our heads. Each new day brings more oblong gray boxes to rest on our doorstep.

But the madness continues. Last week 176 Americans were killed, and who knows how many Vietnamese, South and North, soldier or civilian. This week there will be more. And each week the slaughter continues, pride and greed increase and we edge nearer to the point of no return, a nuclear holocaust that will devastate the earth and make us all nonviewable.

Madness, madness, madness!

THOU SHALT NOT SOMETHING OR OTHER   by Art Hoppe

SCENE: The summit of Mt. Sinai.
TIME: The present. Moses holding two stone tablets in his hand, enters nervously.

MOSES: Sorry to bother you again, Sir. But I'm afraid we need another revision in the original copy.

THE LORD: (with a sigh) Another? What now?

MOSES: Well, Sir, it's where you say here, "Thou shalt not kill."

THE LORD: That seems perfectly clear and concise.

MOSES: But it's causing an awful haggle among Your Theologians, Sir. The Catholics feel it applies to spermatozoa and ova; the Conservatives only after the union of the two; the Moderates would reserve it for 20-week old embryos and up -- and the Liberals feel it takes effect precisely at the moment of birth.

THE LORD: (puzzled) But why would anyone want to kill an unborn child?

MOSES: Primarily, Sir, on the chance it might emerge deformed.

THE LORD: In that case, why don't they wait to see whether it does before they kill it?

MOSES: Oh, all theologians oppose killing children after they're born. Except, of course, at a distance of more than 500 yards.

THE LORD: Why 500 yards?

MOSES: In wartime, Sir, it is a terrible thing to kill a child with a rifle bullet and an atrocity to do so with a bayonet. But all recognized theologians agree that it is permissible, if regrettable, to blow them up with high explosives or incinerate them with jellied gasoline, as long as it is dropped from an airplane or fired from an artillery piece -- particularly, the Christians feel, if you do so to save them from Godless Communism.

THE LORD: I suppose it does do that.

MOSES: Of course, once a male child reaches the age of 18 he may be killed in virtually any fashion on the battlefield except with poison gas. The use of poison gas in war, all the theologians agree, is the greatest atrocity.

THE LORD: Then where do they use it?

MOSES: Only in State operated gas chambers. It is used there, with the approval of the theologians, because it is the most humane way to kill people.
THE LORD: But if it's the most humane.....Never mind. Is that all?
MOSES: I almost overlooked germ warfare. It is also unconscionable to save people from Godless Communism by inflicting them with any fatal sickness -- except radiation sickness which causes a lingering and painful death.
THE LORD: (shaking his head) Moses, I don't know what to do.
MOSES: (briskly) Well, first off, Sir, I'd suggest setting aside a five-mile stretch of the Pasadena Freeway.
THE LORD: Whatever for?
MOSES: You certainly aren't going to get all that on two stone tablets, Sir. Now, I've got a rough draft here of an effective compromise that should mollify all factions.
It begins: "Thou shalt not kill any person between the ages of minus four months (see Appendix) and 18 years (asterisk) at a distance of less than 500 yards (see Footnote 7a, Chapter Three), with any of the following:...."
THE LORD: (in measured tones) Never mind, Moses, I have a better idea. Gabriel! Gabriel, come here. And bring your trumpet.

(Reprinted with permission from the San Francisco Chronicle)

A PRAYER

O Lord our God,
help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells;
help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead;
help us to drown the thunder of guns with the cries of the wounded, writhing in pain;
help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire;
help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief;
help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst;
for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord,
blast their hopes, blight their lives, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet!
We ask of One Who is the spirit of Love, and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. --Mark Twain
Dear Mom and Dad:

Today we went on a mission and I'm not very proud of myself, my friends, or my country. We burned every hut in sight.

It was a small rural network of villages and the people were incredibly poor. My unit burned and plundered their meager possessions. Let me try to explain the situation to you.

The huts here are thatched palm leaves. Each one has a dried mud bunker inside. These bunkers are to protect the families. Kind of like air raid shelters.

My unit commanders, however, chose to think that these bunkers are "offensive". So, every hut we find that has a bunker, we are ordered to burn to the ground!

When the ten helicopters landed this morning in the midst of these huts, and six men jumped out of each "chopper", we were firing from the moment we hit the ground. We fired into all the huts we could. Then we got "on line" and swept the area.

It is then that we burn these huts and take all the men old enough to carry a weapon and the "choppers" take them to a collection point a few miles away for interrogation. The families don't understand this. The Viet Cong fill their minds with tales saying the GIs kill all their men.

So everyone is crying, begging and praying that we don't separate them and their husbands and fathers, sons and grandfathers. The women wail and moan.

They then watch in terror as we burn their homes, personal possessions and food. Yes, we burn all rice and shoot all livestock.

Some of the guys are so careless! Today a buddy of mine called out La Dai (come here) into a hut and an old man came out of the bomb shelter. My buddy told the old man to get asay from the hut and, since we have to move quickly on a sweep, just threw a hand grenade into the shelter.

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This letter was sent by the boy's father to the Akron, Ohio "Beacon Journal", which printed it in the Letters to the Editor column.
As he pulled the pin, the old man got excited and started jabbering and running toward my buddy and the hut. A GI, not understanding, stopped the old man with a football tackle just as my buddy threw the grenade into the shelter. (There is a four-second delay on a hand grenade).

After he threw it and was running for cover, we all heard a baby crying in the shelter!

There was nothing we could do.

After the explosion, we found the mother, two children, ages about six and twelve, boy and girl, and an almost newborn baby. That is what the old man was trying to tell us.

The shelter was small and narrow. They were all huddled together. The three of us dragged out the bodies onto the floor of the hut.

It was horrible. The children's fragile bodies were torn apart, literally mutilated. We looked at each other and burned the hut.

The old man was just whimpering in disbelief outside the burning hut. We walked away and left him there. My last look was: old, old man in ragged, torn dirty clothes on his knees outside the burning hut, praying to Buddha. His white hair was blowing in the wind and tears were rolling down his cheeks.

We kept on walking, then the three of us separated. There was a hut at a distance and my squad leader told me to go over and destroy it. An oldish man came out of the hut.

I checked to make sure no one was in it, then got out my matches. The man came up to me then and bowed with his hands in a praying motion, over and over. He looked so sad. He didn't say anything, just kept bowing, begging me not to burn his home.

We were both there alone, Dad. With a heavy heart I hesitatingly put the match to the straw and started to walk away.

Dad, it was hard for me to turn and look at him in the eye but I did. I wish I could have cried but I just can't anymore. I threw down my rifle and ran into the now blazing hut and took out everything I could save - food, clothes, etc. Afterwards he took my hand, still saying nothing, and bowed down, touching the back of my hand to his forehead.

Well, Dad, you wanted to know what it's like here. Does This give you an idea?

Your Son
sive bombing campaign in the North that is admitted to have little military bearing on the war. Is there any other name for this than terrorism? Can terrorism be justified? Can Christians justify the use of napalm in the South and the mounting list of civilian casualties? Has deportation, conflagration and defoliation been carried to the point where we may be destroying the social fabric of a nation - all in the name of freedom? If all of this can be justified, can the Christian justify anything in the name of resistance against Communism? And if he can, what is the difference between a Communist and a Christian?

Finally, we have failed to vindicate justice in Southeast Asia. Administration officials have repeatedly insisted that our military presence in Vietnam is futile apart from serious social and political reforms; a succession of Saigon governments have made a succession of pledges. But by our support of the Saigon governments, American military presence has become a substitute for social and political reforms. Once again the United States finds itself in a position of being not only anti-insurgent but anti-revolutionary in a nation where substantial social and political reforms are imperative.

The time has come to recognize the evidence indicating the internal roots of this war, to recognize the injudicious character of American intervention, and to recognize that the only way we will be able to coordinate military conflict and social reforms is to take over the country entirely, inaugurating a new colonialism if not World War III. We should cease the senseless bombing of the North, flatly announce our readiness to negotiate with the NLF as the representative of one faction in South Vietnam, and move toward the establishment of a coalition government under the guarantee of the great powers. Such a course will be fraught with the risks of political instability, but it will extricate our nation from its engagement in an unjust war, which Christian conscience must regard as intolerable.

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Sir:
'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young am-

bition's ladder,
Where its the climber-upward

turns his face;
But when he once attains the
upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns
his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorn-
ing the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
---Brutus, Julius Caesar

With the unreasoned pro-
test of Marvin Schack and
the tune of "Bringing in the
Sheaves" ringing in my ears,
I grant that there are valid
criticisms of a sterile, mor-

ibund fundamentalism. And it
seems that many seminarians
at Fuller are continually
trying to bury the corpse.
However, speaking from my
own association with funda-
mentalists, I would like to
point to the positive side
of what I feel is my great
debt to this maligned group.
While recognizing the pletho-
ra of splinter factions with-
in its bounds, I shall speak
about fundamentalism in gen-

eral, as a group; for its
worthy characteristics apply
more or less to all its fac-
tions, even as its criticisms
are more or less valid to
specific groups.
In my experience of grow-
ing up in a fundamentalist
congregation and parsonage,
I admire and respect the
whole hearted love for Jesus
Christ that was evident in
the lives of ministers, mis-

sionaries, and other Chris-

tian workers, as well as in
the lives of laymen from all
walks of life including my
college professors. In my
husband's experience, Chris-
tian military officers and
families evidenced this same
devotion to Christ. Further,
these conservatives have im-

bued us with their devotion
to the Bible. Generally
speaking, I have not found
them to be hypocrites, but
rather they make every effort
to live their daily lives in
conformity to the teachings
of Scripture. From the Nav-
gators I learned the impor-
tance of Scripture memory,
which has been a major factor
in my personal growth in
Christ. Again, we have al-
ways found a warm welcome a-
mong fundamentalist groups.

Our fundamentalist friends
are willing to accept the
consequences of being misun-
derstood, and of being called
"fanatical" when a more ac-
commodating form of the faith
is the respectable norm in
our society. They are not
ashamed to say what God has
done in their lives. It has
always seemed to me that it
is the fundamentalists who
are most interested in re-
cruting young people for Christian service, and in training laymen in the Scripture as witnesses for Christ. It is our fundamentalist friends who taught us the necessity of daily devotions, and the importance of a personal walk with the Lord. Such emphases were crucial when we could not depend on weekly church services alone to supply us with spiritual sustenance.

I am indebted to the emphasis that fundamentalists have always placed on prayer, both individual and corporate. In my own experience, I have found my faith strengthened by the greater faith of "prayer warriors." I have seen God answer their sincere prayers, converting sinners, healing the sick, and providing for all kinds of human need. To God they gave the glory, and did not lavish praise on one talented leader for his abilities or education.

It was a fundamentalist Christian college which enlarged my vision of the importance of education and which encouraged me to become a dedicated scholar in my field of study. My professors urged all of their students to go on to graduate study, which many have done. Generally speaking, the lectures of my underpaid college professors stand in contrast to those indolent presentations of the erudite PhDs (who received three times the salary) at the State University where I took my graduate work.

This is my debt to fundamental Christianity. It is because of the nurture of Christians like these that we find ourselves at Fuller Seminary. Their prayers and encouragement and their example of personal sacrifice shine as a beacon to us, that we might follow in their steps and remain faithful to the preaching of God's Word. Perhaps as young theologs, we need a word of caution about learning, a very heady wine—according to Dr. Hubbard. Our sophistication should not cause us to mock our fundamental inheritance, and I doubt that God has called us to enlighten them through brick-throwing tactics, regardless of their occasional defend-the-faith stance. Although we as graduates of Fuller Seminary may be rejected by the Independent Bible church (including Marvin Schack), may God give us the grace to work with all men (including the liberal from Claremont) to lead others to discipleship of Christ and to advance His kingdom.

Merry Stewart
(Mrs. Douglas K.)

(the opinion encourages response from its readers, and will print letters on any subject as space permits.)