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GLORY OF  
BEGINNINGS

S. A. WORK DURING  
THE FIRST WORLD  
WAR

## LECTURE

(5,000 words)

### Glory of Beginnings

THE SALVATION ARMY by its purpose and existence had no desire to remain outside France when the British Expeditionary Force set out from these shores to fight the battle of international liberty and righteousness. Its Officers were at work in the home camps from the commencement of war. The continuation of this policy suggested that Salvationists should endeavour to supply similar assistance to the troops on the Continent. From the religious standpoint, General Booth desired to help our men at home and abroad in the line of all the social activities of The Salvation Army. This lecture will describe briefly the agencies attempted, and indicate some of the results in France of the effort commenced at the beginning of hostilities. Men and women Officers responded to his call for service in France, and notwithstanding dangers and discomforts have, as the record will show, manifested the aim of benefiting the soldier, whatever his creed or battalion.

On August 17, 1914, General Booth dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Mary Murray, daughter of Major-General Sir John Murray, K.C.B., with two other Officers, to Brussels, in order that they might link up with the British Expeditionary Force. Colonel Murray had done excellent work amongst the British troops during the South African War, and for many years held a responsible post in The Salvation Army Naval and Military League. Her knowledge of the soldier's life, and her practical sympathy for his welfare, made her acceptable both to the authorities and to the men. Her companions also possessed excellent experience for collaboration in this task.

Events moved rapidly at the beginning of the war, and the Salvationists had not been three days in Brussels before the Germans arrived. They watched some historic scenes. From the point of the Hotel de Ville they heard the brave Mayor of Brussels beg his citizens to keep calm, because assistance was on its way. They saw the piteous processions of Belgian folk, with their hastily snatched pittance of household goods fleeing from the enemy—old and young jostling together along the dusty highways, fearful lest they should fall into German hands. The horrors of those early days of war are burnt on their memory, never to be effaced—a pitiful prelude to the sorrow, loss, and separation yet to come.

The Officers did not wish to remain prisoners in Brussels with the Germans. At the earliest opportunity they escaped

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by walking to the nearest tramway in the vicinity of the city, and from thence journeyed to Ostend on their way to Boulogne, which they reached on September 14th. They hoped to find there the British Headquarters. But again they met with disappointment. At that time it seemed as if the enemy would sweep through the north of France and secure Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. Accordingly a great exodus had taken place from Boulogne to safety further south. The Officers tried Havre. But the British Headquarters were not at Havre. At length, on September 21st, they came up to our men at Nantes. Here they worked four weeks and received much consideration and help from the British Headquarters.

We are not concerned in this lecture with the actual events of the war, but in one sense the experiences of the Officers supply a heartening comparison. After the Battle of the Marne the whole of the north coast of France was freed from the Germans and British Headquarters moved up from Nantes. To-day The Salvation Army centre for the work amongst the British troops in France is at Wimereux, a pleasant seaside resort about two miles north of Boulogne. In the camps around Boulogne, and at Calais and Dunkirk, The Salvation Army has established Hostels and Huts, which are exceedingly popular with the men. Territory once occupied by the enemy now provides opportunities for the Salvationist Officers and workers.

### Ambulances

From the time of their arrival in France the little party saw many of the horrible actualities of war. Mr. Philip Gibbs, the distinguished war correspondent of 'The Daily Chronicle,' described in poignant passages the way in which the wounded arrived at the base, huddled on straw, with rough bandages which had not been changed since they received first-aid. Parched with thirst and with all the signs of battle still upon them, they had to lie for long hours at the railway stations before being removed to the hospitals. Ambulance and hospital resources were strained to the uttermost. Heartrending was the additional suffering caused to those soldiers stricken sorely in the fight. The necessity for motor ambulances in which to convey the men swiftly and carefully to the base hospitals was soon recognized by The Salvation Army. The Red Cross trains *de luxe* had not then commenced to run from the railhead near the line to the base hospitals, and frequently bad cases were carried the long distances by horse ambulances, jolting heavily over rough roads and uneven cobbles.

The Officers, therefore, visited, at the beginning of October, 1914, the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society in Paris, in order to confer concerning the wisest methods of assistance on the part of The Salvation Army.

From that conference dates the help which General Booth supplied to the Red Cross Society. Through the gifts of members and friends of The Salvation Army he presented five cars, manned by Salvationists. Since then other motor ambulance cars have been supplied by The Salvation Army, and in every instance manned by Salvationist drivers. Today the Ambulance Work in France consists of, at least, forty men.

A concession was made by the Red Cross Society to General Booth. Every Salvationist on this service agreed to conform to military law and wear the Red Cross uniform, but he was permitted to wear a band round his khaki cap with the words 'Salvation Army' printed thereon, so that he was distinguished from other drivers by this religious identity. His car also bore a Salvation Army distinction.

From the first these Salvationist drivers became marked men. They did not swear, drink, or smoke. Much was expected from them, and they justified expectations. As the Hon. Arthur Stanley said: 'Wherever Salvation Army men are helping we hear nothing but good reports of their work.'

A young major attempted a joke at the expense of one of these drivers. As the man was conveying a party of wounded through a French town the major stepped out from a party of officers and stopping the ambulance, exclaimed: 'Hallo, Salvation Army! Are you taking these men to Heaven?'

'No, sir; I cannot say that I am taking them to Heaven, but I am certainly taking them from the other place!'

The major's brother officers enjoyed the neat repartee of the Salvationist.

On another occasion a Salvationist driver carrying some black soldiers got on the wrong road. An irate officer met him, and with an expletive remarked: 'You take those niggers to Hell!'

'Those are not my orders, sir,' the Salvationist replied.

Light and shade were mingled in the experiences of these Ambulance drivers. In the early days they went up to the front for their cases and took them almost direct from the battlefield.

'We were carrying men on Christmas morning,' said Ensign Bramwell Taylor, who is in charge of the Unit, 'and the first man we came across had the death glaze in his eyes and a horrible grin on his face. The driver got off his seat and said to the poor, battered fellow: "Is there anything I can do for you, Charlie?"'

'At first the man seemed unconscious of the remark. Presently he regained his senses and saw The Salvation Army hatband. "Salvation Army," he said in a whisper; "this is Christmas morning, and the kiddies will be opening their stockings at home. But I am outed."'

'The driver lifted him carefully into the car, but a few minutes later he had passed away.'

At the commencement of the work the Salvationists had to carry some of the sick and wounded men on their backs, owing to the scarcity of stretchers. Those suffering from trench feet, for instance, were borne by the Ambulance drivers, who in some days dealt with no fewer than thirty or forty soldiers. These duties made Ambulance Work laborious as well as onerous. It was no light task to lift a man of thirteen or fourteen stone from the Ambulance to the ship, and it required grit as well as grace. Such occasions have departed, and thanks to the efficient equipment and helpers now possessed by the Red Cross Society the condition of things does not necessitate such heavy work as lifting.

### Huts

When wet weather set in, after the beautiful autumn of 1914, The Salvation Army was driven, like other voluntary organizations, to erect Huts for the social and religious needs of the British soldiers in France. The first of the kind was built at Havre. In size it measured thirty feet by twenty feet. Adjutant and Mrs. Wells were placed in charge, and reached the camp in time to see the finishing touches given to the modest building. The beginnings here proved of a pioneer character. Almost every article of food had to be carried on the Adjutant's back up a difficult and hilly road, from the town three miles distant. Half a day was often necessary to secure a case of condensed milk from the town and shoulder it back to the Hut. There were no roads or electric light in the camp as it exists today. Acetylene lamps supplied the illuminant in The Salvation Army Hut, and the first cooking utensil was a small primus stove. Almost everything had to be hired. The military authorities tolerated rather than assisted the Salvationists, being of opinion that other organizations were sufficient for the purpose.

Never before had the Wells left their English home. They were dumped down in this French valley, amidst strange conditions, to carry on a difficult undertaking. The training of Salvationist Officers, however, suits such circumstances. They conquered the situation by those qualities that have enabled The Salvation Army to extend its operations in all parts of the world. From the start they held Services every night, and have continued the arrangement for three years. They placed the spiritual first, and week by week men have declared their intention of seeking the things of the Kingdom of God. The first addition to the modest Hut was a devotional room. Notwithstanding this unashamed confession of faith the soldiers flocked to The Salvation Army Hut for refreshment, and showed delight in hearing the Salvation Gospel and singing together the Salvation songs.

The social qualities always appear in The Salvation Army religion. Adjutant and Mrs. Wells sought to provide the best cup of tea in the camp and to sell it at the lowest margin of profit. The Salvation Army knows the mind of the soldier. He does not want charity, and prefers to pay a fair price for his food and drink. Like him, too, The Army objects to profiteering. Its Officers are friends and not patronizers of the Tommies. They are not in France to 'sell' the soldier, but to help him.

If you were to visit Harfleur Valley to-day you would find that the small Hut has grown into a series of buildings, accommodating over a thousand men. In the evenings these are crowded to the utmost capacity—a substantial proof that Salvationists understand the needs of the men. One Hall is utilized for correspondence—a most satisfactory sign of the soldiers' home relations. Another possesses a queue stretching out to the roadway from the bar, where the helpers serve tea and food at express speed. The non-commissioned officers engage another room. A fourth is left free for a group of soldiers, who desire to discuss subjects generally interesting to intelligent men. A fifth is devoted to musical and other entertainments. There is still the devotion room, sacred to spiritual things, and as the soldiers come for a few days' rest before going to the front they find here those consolations of religion which alone can help them to be brave and strong amidst trench warfare and the conflict of battle.

When the military authorities realized that The Salvation Army possessed such a large following they became helpful and permitted the frequent extensions necessary. Needless to say The Salvation Army bore the whole cost of the additions and equipment. These alone have cost many hundreds of pounds. In part they have been met by grants from Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, and in part from the profits arising from sales. The fact should be clearly appreciated that not one penny of profit is taken by The Salvation Army. All that is received in this way is devoted to further extensions and improvements for the benefit of the British soldier in France.

We have dealt somewhat fully with this Salvation Army Hut in the Harfleur Valley because it was the first opened in France. It illustrates further the increasing demands made upon The Salvation Army Officers and helpers. They work seven days a week, like the English Tommies, and experience many of the rough-and-tumble happenings incidental to war. If they did not love to be useful and active they would not live another day in France, amidst circumstances that are harassing and sometimes dangerous. Incessant and laborious are the duties. In one Hut several hundred herrings, caught on the Normandy coast, are fried every day as long as the fishing season lasts. When air-raids are in progress you can see the helpers busily engaged

in cutting and spreading boxes of bread and paste for the eager, clamant crowds at the counter. Gallons and gallons of refreshing tea are prepared every twelve hours, and all the time the Officers seek opportunities for helping the men who come to the Huts with their troubles. Think of the loneliness of men away in France, carrying a burden of care and anxiety respecting wife and family. Salvation Officers, with tact and sympathy, endeavour to link up their colleagues at home with such cases in the hope of freeing the soldier from his domestic worries. At times he comes in a spirit of contrition for his own unfaithfulness, and here again the Salvationists endeavour to bring husband and wife together and remove the barriers that have driven them apart.

### The Men

When the men come down from the trenches, on the way to the leave train, they flock into The Salvation Army Hut for a good square meal. With arrears of pay in their pockets they can afford to treat themselves to dainties more or less unfamiliar for some time previously.

'Give us a franc's worth of that pudding, missus,' one of the leave men said to The Salvation Officer's wife, noticing the relish of a colleague over his serving.

'You could not eat so much,' she replied.

'How much has he got?' he asked.

'Twopenny worth.'

'Well, give me threepenny worth,' he said. 'I've not tasted pudding for a year.'

Dominion Salvationists have taken a share in the provision of Huts. The Australian Officers in charge of the building in the Harfleur Valley are proud of their contribution to the needs of the Australian troops. Outside is a large characteristic announcement: 'Hop in, Kangaroo! This is ours!' As the men march into the camp and see this sign they usually raise a big cheer, because they know the welcome that awaits them.

New Zealanders possess a large Hut at Etaples, and The Salvation Army Chaplain in charge is the leader in all that is best and brightest for these men from the farms and towns of New Zealand. The Canadian Salvation Army Chaplain performs similar duties for the men, and whilst preaching the Gospel is entrusted with various duties by the officers for the benefit of the men.

An outstanding Salvationist Chaplain was Major McKenzie, of the Australians, who went to France after a distinguished career in Gallipoli, where he gained the Military Cross. His physical courage, his strong appeal to the men, and his personal qualities made him a leader beloved of the troops. He has now returned to Australia, but before he left France the Colonel paraded the whole

of the battalion in order to pay his tribute to an Officer who, while he never forgot his duty in the uniform of His Majesty the King, bore himself amidst shot and shell as a brave Salvationist, seeking to point both rank and file to the Cross of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

In several base centres The Salvation Army has established Hostels, providing clean and comfortable beds, reading and writing rooms, and all the conveniences of a moderately priced refreshment house. In Havre, Rouen, Dieppe, Calais, Boulogne, and elsewhere, these places are much appreciated by our men, and avoid the necessity of their patronizing the native café, which is sometimes far from desirable and pleasant.

One of the most adventurous Hostels, because of its situation, is that at Dunkirk. When the fact is remembered that the town is within range of the German guns, and that the French Government has conferred upon the Municipality a war distinction because no other place in France has received so many bombs, the adventure can be estimated. Ensign and Mrs. Starbuck and their helpers never know at what hour of the day or night the alarm may be signalled and there will arise the necessity to seek shelter. In six months they have passed through more than 120 air-raids. On some days two or three succeed each other at intervals of a few hours. Bombs have fallen unpleasantly near the Hostel and shattered hundreds of panes of glass on more than one occasion. But the mess is cleared up and business proceeds as usual soon afterwards.

Of fear or panic you find no trace in the Dunkirk Hostel. The falling of a bomb twenty yards away, or on the roof itself, is a nerve-racking experience, for you never know how much nearer the next one will come. But the Officers and helpers remain at their posts, because they feel that the British soldiers are so brave, and Salvationists should not show the white feather. Mrs. Ensign Starbuck and her helpers are the only English women remaining in Dunkirk in connexion with voluntary work amongst the troops. In the writing room some excellent mottoes are painted on the walls—'Play the game,' 'Keep smiling,' 'Difficulties make men,' 'Right is might,' 'God bless our leaders,' and 'We are here to help.' The Salvationists at least endeavour to live up to their teaching.

One of the best and brightest rooms in the Dunkirk Hostel is the Meeting-place, where the Salvationist soldiers gather for their Service. Times of help and blessing are recorded, and men travel long distances to be present. A Salvationist in the fighting line at Ypres, which is twenty-one miles distant, obtained two days' leave in order to attend the Service. Rain was heavily falling as he set out from Ypres at four o'clock in the morning and continued until he reached Dunkirk in the evening. He was dripping wet on arrival and took off his tunic to be dried whilst he

sat meanwhile during the Meeting in his Salvation jersey. After a short night's rest he started back to Ypres, covering in all forty-two miles on foot amidst the most unpleasant conditions. And what for? To join with his friends in a live, hearty, Salvation Meeting, where he could tell again the story of what God had done for him! How real religion is to these men may be appreciated by the story. It makes them heroes amidst moral and physical dangers.

When the Salvation men are stationed near a Hostel they spend their leisure in helping the Officers, especially the women, and perform the heavy work entailed in opening cases, getting up coal to the upper storeys, or carrying heavy burdens. It is a great pleasure to them to render such services, and shows the practical side of their faith.

Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants of all creeds are welcomed in these Hostels. Neither sect nor ritual excludes a soldier from Salvation Army Institutions. If a man is drunk he is served with tea and food as long as he behaves himself. On one occasion an Australian entered the Hostel in Havre the worse for drink and inclined to be quarrelsome. A woman Officer was in charge, and she boldly approached the offender. 'You are not going to fight here,' she remarked. He was not convinced, and persisted in his aggressive attitude. 'If you want to fight, you will have to fight me, then,' she said. 'Fight you! I don't want to do that,' he replied, somewhat shaken in his resolve by her determination. 'Aren't you a fool?' she added, following up her advantage. 'Why?' he asked in some amazement. 'Look,' she said, 'your eggs and tea are getting cold.' The soldier quietly sat down without another word and ate his food. He left shortly afterwards, and returned the next day to apologize for his conduct.

In a village three miles from Boulogne there is to be seen the tiniest Hostel possessed by The Salvation Army in France. It is merely a cottage with the front apartment used as a refreshment room and the kitchen utilized as a bar, whilst a counter takes the place of the doorway between. The helpers in Boulogne, which is three miles distant, take turns for a week at a time at this place. In the darkness of a winter's morning they frequently set forth on foot from Boulogne, if the tram is crowded, and serve the soldiers in the village, reaching Boulogne at night about eight o'clock. To the Australians this tiny Hostel proves a great boon. On one occasion a big, brawny Australian trooper remarked: 'Well, this place may be the smallest that The Salvation Army has in France, but I believe it is the best.'

One English woman, in turn, and a French helper manage the place between them. Seldom is there any difficulty with the soldiers' behaviour. Men from far distant Australian farms and mines invariably treat the helpers as they would their own mothers and sisters.

## Salvation Army Bands

During the whole of its public ministry The Salvation Army has expressed its belief in the use of music. As soon as The Army was established in France its Officers set about organizing Brass Bands to lead the singing in the Hut Services. Only in a few cases do the same performers use the instruments week after week. Some permanent base men hold this privilege, but when the drafts come into the rest camps a remarkable fact is established. Men who have played in The Salvation Army Bands at home make themselves known to the Officers in their eagerness to take up this musical work again, if only for a Sunday. At the convalescent camps the conditions are more favourable, and the performers keep together for a longer period. But short or long The Salvation Army Brass Bands keep going.

The pleasure given to the men by the Band performances is out of proportion to their excellent services. Commandants of camps, or of battalions, frequently request their help for church parades and other occasions. In the summer they have regularly gone into the places much frequented by the French and performed Salvationist music to the keen delight of these French men and women, who, regardless of differences of faith and order, appreciate the music.

## Hospital Visitation

One of the most welcome ministries performed by The Salvation Army Officers in France is the visitation of the hospitals. This is controlled from Wimereux—the Headquarters of The Salvation Army War Work in France—by Staff-Captain Mary Booth, daughter of General Booth, who has been in France since the summer of 1915. The military authorities have accorded the necessary permission for this to be done at the principal British base hospitals. As a rule, the visiting Officers carry with them an attaché case filled with suitable comforts for the men. A hard, hacking cough is heard in the ward, and the Officer slips a packet of cough lozenges into the soldier's hand. Another Tommy has a preference for peppermints, or for fruit, and takes his choice. The Salvationist makes her way round the ward, from bed to bed, stopping to exchange greetings here, or proffering some help there. Some men are very ill and manifest a fancy for things not on the ordinary menu. If the nurse sees no objection the article is procured and brought to him at the earliest possible moment.

'I shall be glad to get anything you want, James,' Staff-Captain Booth explained to a badly wounded soldier.

'I've no money,' he replied.

'Oh, that does not matter,' said the Staff-Captain; 'kind friends have sent me money from England, and I can get what you like.'

The poor fellow looked at the Staff-Captain in surprise, then he said :—

‘ Can you bring me some sausages? ’

‘ James, I cannot bring you sausages, the Sister would not let me. But here is ten francs for yourself, so that you can buy something else. ’

The tears came into his eyes as he explained pathetically : ‘ I was not begging when I told you I hadn’t any money. ’

‘ I knew he was not, ’ explained Staff-Captain Booth ; ‘ for he was such an honest, decent fellow. ’

Racked with pain, he longed to die, having made his peace with God. ‘ I want to go to Jesus ! ’ he confessed to the Staff-Captain.

A few days later the brave fellow passed away, and the Staff-Captain followed his remains to the cemetery on French soil, where so many British lads lie buried. She put some fresh flowers on the grave, and, in accordance with Salvation Army custom, picked off a spray. This she pressed, tied with ribbon to a card, and sent it home to his friends as a little keepsake of him who gave his life for his King and country.

‘ I gave a dying Canadian five francs, ’ stated Staff-Captain Booth, ‘ because he could not wait to apply to his friends. Some months later I received such a kind letter from his relatives in Canada, enclosing ten dollars in repayment of what was really a gift. This Canadian boy, though not long for this world, had written to his people, telling them the incident, and requesting that they would send me the money. ’

Letters are written for the men when they cannot perform the duty themselves. This service supplies the link with home, and helps to remove some of the anxiety and worry from the minds of friends who, after receiving the official intimation of the wound or sickness, await further information. Sometimes these dear fellows will remember that their wives’ or children’s birthday is a week or ten days ahead, and furtively ask whether the Officer could buy them a card and send it to their home.

Then there are the bright and happy Services held in the hospital wards. I will quote here the description given by a London journalist, who was allowed to be present on one occasion :—

‘ A chorus of barking’ coughs greet you on entering hospital ward 27. I am not allowed to tell you where the Hut is situated, but you would be charmed with its location. A dark, winter’s evening, and the two electric lights throw the whole long ward into semi-darkness. The men have lit their candles so that they can sing the hymns. Many of them have been gassed, and this is the cause of the persistent coughing ; but they are a cheery lot, and with all

the pathos and pain in the ward there is usually a humorist to light up the dark patches.

'In the centre stands a Salvation Army Officer, who punctually at half-past six o'clock asks some one to choose a hymn. The first choice was Bickersteth's "Peace, perfect peace." She has the use of the chaplain's portable harmonium, and in a clear, musical contralto leads the singing. Two verses are sung, and then she requests a patient to read out the third verse. A north country soldier avails himself of the opportunity. The fourth verse is recited by a well-educated young fellow, with a cultured accent and correct phrasing.

'Presently the Officer brings out her concertina and announces that she is going to teach them a chorus. "Imagine," she says, "that I am the choirmaster and you are the choir."

'She gives out the verse:—

I am going there some day,  
I am going there  
Some day to stay,  
To stay—with Jesus.

'It was all so simple. The lilting tune and the arresting words appealed to the men and they entered into the spirit of the whole thing. In ten minutes she had impressed the words and tune on the minds of her hearers, and every one seemed cheered by her sympathetic ministry. We go out into the darkness, and the brightness of the scene remains with us.'

*(Note.—An Officer might sing the chorus, and thus give a little relief to the lecturer. In some cases the audience might wish to make the attempt to sing the words.)*

### Religious Work

One of the most pathetic sights in France is the English cemeteries. The brave British lads lie in these quiet spots. Their broken bodies were brought down from the trenches to receive every possible skill and attention. Their injuries proved too severe, and when they passed away the Union Jack was wrapped around them and their remains carried out for burial. If their friends did not arrive for the funeral The Salvation Army Officers detailed for hospital visitation walked in the little procession to the graveside, and later placed fresh flowers on the mound of earth. A simple tribute on the part of these women Officers, but wonderfully consoling to the mothers in English towns and villages, or far away in a Dominion homestead, mourning for one who had fallen in the fight. When they laid the flowers on the grave the Officers also observed the same tender remembrance shown by Staff-Captain Mary Booth. They forwarded a sprig to the sorrowing friends. The replies received from

far and near indicate something of the deep feeling and warm gratitude evoked by this sympathetic act.

There are few men, coming directly under the ministrations of The Salvation Army, who are lost sight of by its Officers. Every soldier who indicates his desire to live the Christian life is recorded, and though he may quickly leave the camp where he made the profession of faith and go up the line, or be sent to Blighty to continue his convalescence, his name is placed on the Salvationists' War Roll for correspondence and special following up. As far as military circumstances permit, this record is kept up to date, and provides a link between General Booth's Organization and these men of His Majesty's Forces, both at home and abroad.

The work of God carried on by The Salvation Army in Huts and Hostels in France is similar to that adopted at home. The influence of the Holy Spirit is manifest upon a large number of our soldiers, breaking down the personal forces that have enslaved them, and avoiding the manifestation of that which was manly, pure, and godlike. In the face of enemy attacks they have shown the highest courage and devotion to duty, winning warm praise from their officers, military distinctions, and the commendation of General Headquarters, and the confidence and esteem of their comrades. The war has shown that Christian men have displayed qualities of heroism, endurance, and self-sacrifice in spite of tremendous odds, and The Salvation Army rejoices in scores and hundreds of brave Salvationists serving in France to-day. There is also that larger number who, though they do not profess conversion, are glad to use buildings and Services of The Salvation Army, because they appreciate the unselfish and arduous character of its ministry.

The three Salvation Army workers at the beginning of the war in France have now grown to nearly three hundred. Their devotion and arduous labours are indicated in this lecture, and it might be observed that they are not in France on any quest for mere adventure, but to serve the best interests of our troops. Lieut.-Colonel Haines, who is in charge, possesses the qualities of leadership, and together men and women in the many departments of Salvation Army activity have pooled their resources of gifts and service for the comfort, uplift, and blessing of our fathers and sons in a foreign land.