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AMERICA'S GREETINGS TO THE GENERAL UPON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.

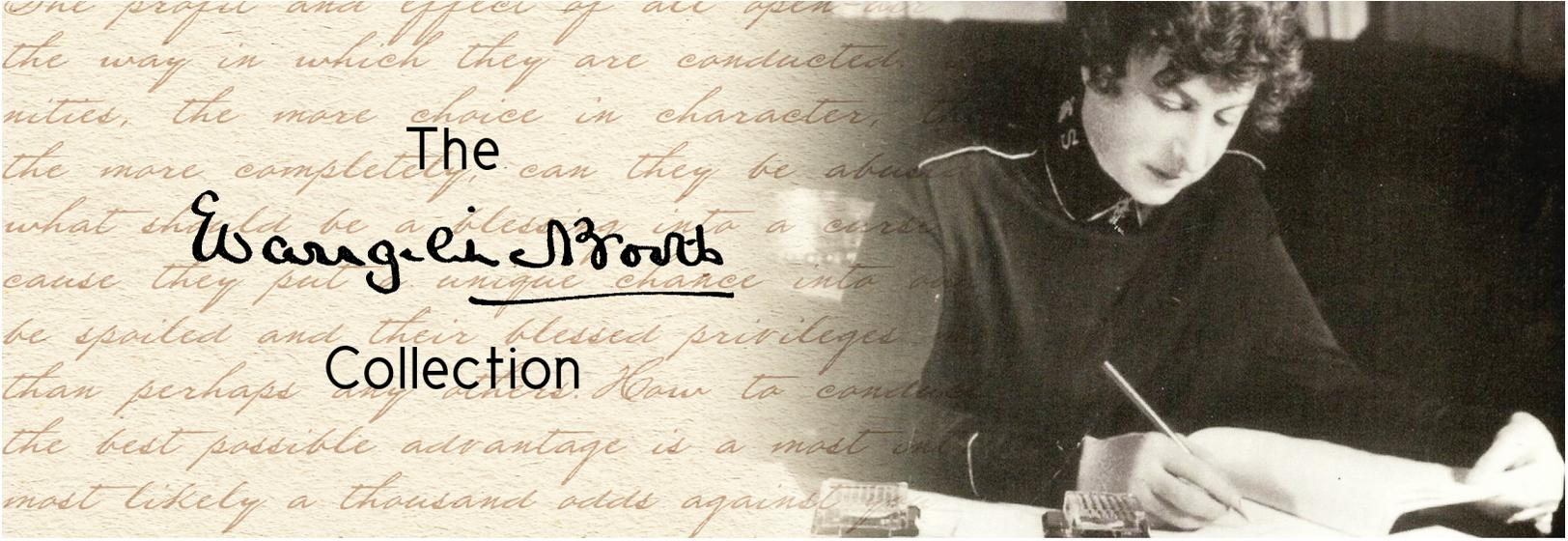
Beloved General:

As the Commander, whom it has been your pleasure to entrust with the direction of your forces throughout The United States of America, it is my proud privilege and high honor to convey to you their greeting upon this memorable occasion and to give feeble expression to the overwhelming appreciation of you and for you that fills to overflowing every heart.

We salute you, our invincible General, with the deepest gratitude to God, who has, by his infinite grace, brought you to this, your 80th birthday, protected from the many infirmities of age; Who has preserved in you for us the valiant and undaunted leader of unslackened energy and unabated vigor, and who has kept warm the blood that makes the heart respond to every manifestation of sorrow and suffering the whole world over. We are filled with deepest reverence and affection when we look upon your eighty years of unbroken devotion. Under the blood and fire flag your hands have lifted they march, Salvationists of the one Salvation Army, they fight, soldiers upon the one field; they follow in your footsteps as your children in the one love; they sing and serve and pray, disciples of one Lord and Savior, and our eyes are dim with emotion; and our souls on fire with love for you as we catch the exultant shouts of the countless multitude from every corner of the globe, whatever tongue they speak and whatever flag holds their allegiance.

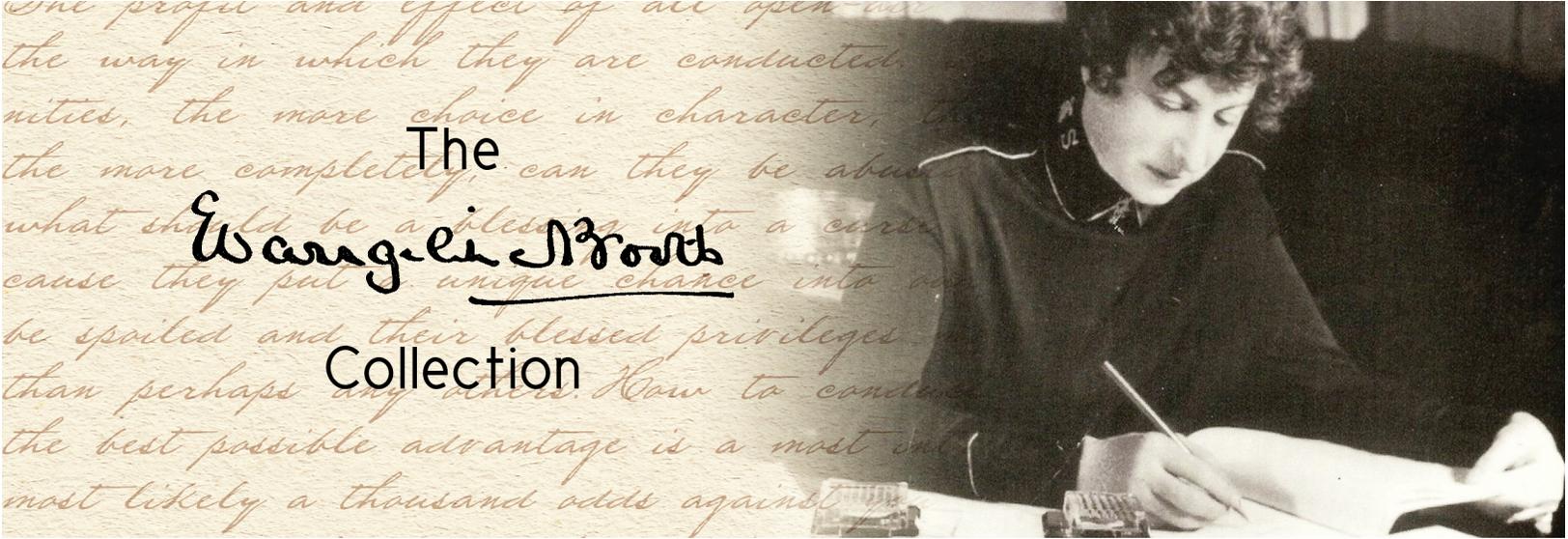
Speaking for my own command, from myself, your trusted officer and devoted child, and Commissioner Estill, Deputy Commander for the Department of the West, to the latest recruit in his solitary shanty, we are with you in the thick of the battle and the thrill of the fight, and our spirits meet yours in this deathless conflict against sin and all its sorrows.

At every point in this great country there are those whose lives have been changed because of you and this day. From the icy glaciers of Alaska, in whose bowels the greedy hand of man searches for earthly treasure, to the cotton fields in the sunny South, with their snowy fleece, blessing millions, songs of gratitude are lifted. Those on the line cloud hills of distant California



join with those beneath the giant sequoias which have withstood the hostile elements for thousands of years in a song of conquering grace, and the vast, bustling and never resting throngs in thousands of cities, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, stop their toil for one moment and lift their eyes to heaven, with a prayer of Thanksgiving for your blessed work and its passionate entreaty for your future. From the copper veined mountains of Montana and wheat covered prairies of the far West to the arid stretches of the great desert and the green plains of Texas; from the groves of Florida, where golden oranges shimmer through the deep, green foliage, to the frozen North, where ice and snow lift up their benediction to the benefactor of all men; from the roaring thunder of Niagara's mighty waters to the placid surface of the Louisiana bayous; from the bleak and storm tossed coast of Maine to the silent and the lonely canyons of the Rocky Mountains; from mine and factory; from quiet farm and heated city, from the peaceful orchard and the dark reaches of the forest, from every nook and corner where man has made a home, a mighty shout goes up in praise of the man who has devoted his life, his every power, his entire being and all his thoughts to the Salvation of others.

For we know, General, and all mankind knows, that greater and nobler work was never done by any mortal man. We, your disciples and enthusiastic followers, know how your heart drops and your hand reaches out for anybody who is in sore distress. Never has such all-embracing work been undertaken before, never has the relief of the suffering been so governed by but one wish and one desire; to help and to reclaim, regardless of the past and irrespective of condition. You have taught us, and you were the first and for a long time the only one to teach us, not even the lowest and most hopeless one, who showed neither repentance nor desired to be saved, whose guilt was clear and though appeared to be utterly lost, was worthy and deserving of love and sympathy, and that to rescue him was a far higher aim than to assist those who with slight effort could be induced to turn to righteousness and God. You were the one who fought and conquered the old and narrow and wrong idea that help should only be bestowed where it was justified, and you boldly emblazoned upon your banner the grand and noble principle that help for an unfortunate brother or sister is ever and always justified, and that the only question to be asked should be whether help is needed. Out of the unfathomable love that led you to proclaim this all but forgotten rule, you gained the strength to raise the magnificent structure which now extends over all the lands and seas of our earth.



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Against misunderstanding, misrepresentation, open and secret enemies, villainous slander and adverse influences of every kind, you have fought all your life by day and moment by moment contending with irresistible and indomitable courage for right over wrong, for cleansing of sin, and mercy where there is condemnation. And through Him who loved you and called you, you have won. Yours and yours alone is the credit that our Army is now understood, that its work is appreciated, that its unselfishness is recognized, that millions of helping hands are stretched out to us wherever we go, that obstacles, seemingly unsurmountable but a few years ago, have been overcome; that thousands and thousands are saved from want, from sorrow, from crime and from hell every year.

Because of all this we celebrate you today as our General and Leader and Chief, whose example has infused into our very being the love for the bodies and the souls of the people — who has inspired us in the midnight darkness of trial, rearmed us in countless battles with the stubborn resistance of the sinner, encouraged us at times in apparently hopeless combat with prejudice and ignorance, enlightened us with wisdom on intricate questions of our warfare with your God-touched pen, and in all have been our precious, heroic, God-given light upon the way. Our whole souls rise to heaven today in praise for what the Lord has given to us in you; we acknowledge his goodness inspiring you to us and mankind beyond the allotted span; we thank him for keeping you strong and full of vigor in mind and body we glorify him for what he has done for the Army and through the Army for the world because of you; for we acknowledge that all your power has been of God, that everything has been done in his name and accomplished through his will, for with you all through your life it has been Jesus Christ the first, Jesus Christ the last, Jesus Christ the only.

We renew, General, our sincere pledges of devotion, fidelity and obedience. We are coming hard after you. May God so mightily bless us and help us that we may get our feet somewhere near your footprints.

For myself, I am God's, I am yours, I am the Army's to the very end!