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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 3, 1948

NO. 1

A FRIEND!

To be a friend, you don't need money, just a
Disposition sunny: just the wish to help
Another get along some way or other; just a kindly
Hand extended out to one who's unbefriended.
Just the will to give or lend: this will
Make you someone's friend; be a friend you
Don't need glory: friendship is a simple story.
Pass by trifling errors: blindly gaze on
Honest effort kindly; cheer the youth who's
Bravely trying; pity him who's sadly sighing.
Just a little labor spent, on the duties of a
Friend; be a friend; the pay is bigger
Though not written by a figure than is
Earned by people clever in what's merely
Self endeavor; you'll have friends instead of
Neighbors! For the profits of your labors.
You'll be richer in the end than a prince
If you're a friend.

—Author Unknown.

THE UPLIFT STAFF

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FACULTY ADVISERS—Frank H. Braswell

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

DAILY PRAYER

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say—
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer by smile or song—
Lord, show me how.

If I can aid one in distress,
If I can help to make a burden less,
If I can spread more happiness—
Lord, show me how.

If I can do a kindly deed,
If I can help some one in need,
If I can sow a fruitful seed—
Lord, show me how.

If I can feed a hungry heart,
If I can give a better start,
If I can fill a nobler part—
Lord, show me how.

“. . . and on earth peace, good will towards men.”

MEDITATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

The year 1947 has passed into history and the events of that time, representing the experiences of mankind, have been recorded in the annals of history once and for all, and now the documents are finished.

During the preceding year our civilization has again felt the

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heavy impact of selfishness and greed, of sin and sorrow, of hunger and suffering, and while much has been done to alleviate the hurts of mankind, there is still much that is out of balance. The people in a large portion of the world are undergoing terrific suffering, and there is much confusion and chaos abroad in the world. In the main, our efforts have been far too weak and too feeble to match the needs of the world.

A brief year ago the world had high hopes for universal peace and good will. In their hearts the people prayed long and earnestly for peace, and yet, if measured by any standard, it must be admitted that there has been little if any permanent progress made towards world peace that is certain and secure. Realistically, it must be admitted that the powers of the Soviet Union, as represented in the Communist movement, have gained ground and have become more brazen and daring in their challenges to the rest of the world. As the situation now is, the nations which are dedicated to the preservation of peace and freedom for all mankind may well have grave doubts as to what is in store in the days of the immediate future.

A year ago the aspirations of the people were dedicated towards the establishment of peace treaties and international courts that would safeguard the peace of the world, and yet we failed. The challenge of this hour now is that we shall renew our hopes and our faith that in God's own providence some way will yet be devised to insure universal peace and brotherhood.

During the yuletide season through which we have just passed, the Christian people throughout the world sang the beautiful Christmas carols. Hearts were attuned to the melodies of heaven, so that again—as it were—there were heard the angelic voices acclaiming the coming of the Prince of Peace. In the hearts of the people there arose a mighty tide of adoration for the new-born King, and there were great paeans of praise for Him. Our hearts responded to all that is high and holy, so that the Christian people felt inspired and exalted.

In the new year it should be our fervent hope and prayer that we shall not soon forget how "the glory of the Lord shone round about" during the Christmas season. Let us hope that we shall earnestly endeavor to have the exaltations of the Christmas time become a dominant and permanent force in our relations one to an-

other and towards God. In the new year certainly no one should be so conceited or so brazen as to dare to plan his future without seeking divine guidance. No life is wisely directed unless it be ruled by the Supreme Architect of the universe, and no nation is secure without His guidance. The admonition of the Scriptures in this connection is, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path."

It has been said that God is a jealous God, and to ignore and exclude Him from our dreams and plans would indeed be a grievous offense and those who would plan without God are destined to have their castles come crashing down to earth as rubble.

The Old Testament groans with cries of men who forgot God; yea, it smells of the smoke of cities destroyed because they excluded Him. Even today it is true that the higher an individual or nation climbs towards material prosperity, the smaller God becomes.

Now that we are on the threshold of another year, and as we now have new chances for ourselves, let us resolve first of all to place God foremost in everything. Let us join with the Psalmist who proclaimed as follows: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein; for He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."

With the ending of the old year and the inauguration of the new, there should be a firm determination on the part of everyone that he or she will remember the good points of life in the past and that these shall constitute the foundation upon which to build during the ensuing year. Many people, of course, during the past year have had many of their fondest hopes and dreams destroyed on the "rocks of time." They have had their hopes stranded upon the shores of eternity. Generally speaking, however, most people have had their days of joy and happiness and good success, and, taking the bitter with the sweet, let it be the goal of each one to look to the future in great anticipation.

In our blindness we often seek a light to guide our footsteps through the darkness, and it should always be remembered by one and all that there is only one Source to which all may look for adequate power and that is God.

Here at the Jackson Training School during 1947 there were times of suspense, and there were heartaches and difficulties, but viewed

as a whole there were many bright days, because many blessings came to the school. As we think of the new year, we shall endeavor to recall to memory only the successes and the happy experiences of the year that is past. We shall strive as best we can to build upon the foundations that have been laid in the past, and we shall look to the future with courage and hope and good cheer. We shall endeavor to bless and to enrich the lives of all the boys who are or may be here among us. They deserve the best, and it is our purpose and our objective to give them the best possible.

* * * * *

THANKS FOR CHRISTMAS CHEER CONTRIBUTIONS

We take this opportunity to express to all those who made contributions to the Christmas Cheer Fund for the boys of the Jackson Training School our sincere thanks for their generosity. The contributions for the Christmas season were very generous and enabled the boys to have a very happy and joyous occasion during the Yuletide season.

Here at the school every effort was made to see that every boy not only had a generous supply of the usual Christmas treats but that he had many happy experiences to cheer and brighten his pathway during this important season of the year. While all the boys were given the usual Christmas treats from our general Christmas fund, most of the boys also received gifts from their relatives and friends on the outside. The treats included such things as nuts, candies, oranges, apples, grapes and tangerines. It would have been very thrilling to the various contributors if they could have seen the boys as they enjoyed this festive occasion. The gifts that came from the outside included socks, jackets sweaters, caps, neckties, handkerchiefs, and other useful articles. It is impossible to see how any boy could have wished for more material blessings to cheer his heart than he had.

During the holiday season there were many recreational opportunities to fill in the extra time. Each day there was a picture show, boxing contests, and numerous indoor games. The boys from the school prepared and presented several appropriate Christmas programs at the school and on the radio. In all the cottages

the Christmas decorations were very colorful and appropriate for the Christmas season.

Again we thank our many friends who were so generous and who have done so much for the health, happiness and cheer of the boys. In exchange we wish for our friends a very happy and prosperous New Year in 1948.

The unusual donations from the citizens of Charlotte under the leadership of Judge Redd seem to deserve special mention. From this source the School received approximately \$500.00 worth of candies, fruits, and nuts, and a check for \$100.00. It should be noted too, that such donations have been coming to the boys for the past ten years. We extend special thanks to Judge Redd and our Charlotte friends.

The following is the list of those who made contributions to our Christmas Cheer Fund:

Mr. Richard Clendenin, Washington, D. C.	\$ 5.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Trust	254.20
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County	30.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	10.00
Mr. J. Lee White, Concord	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Anson County.....	10.00
Board of Commissioners, Cabarrus County	18.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Mr. L. C. Harmon, Concord	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	10.00
Forsyth County, Mr. J. M. Lentz, Clerk	12.50
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Empty Stocking Club, Durham.....	15.00
Richmond County Welfare Dept., O. G. Reynolds, Supt.	6.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept. (donation made possible by Benevolent, Protective Order of Elks—Mr. Geo. Rike, Exalted Ruler.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield, Concord	10.00
Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Raleigh	5.00
Board of Commissioners, Caldwell County	16.00
Mr. George F. Ivey, Hickory	10.00
Mrs. Ralph Faison, Greensboro	3.00
Greensboro Woman's Club	5.00
Young Adult Fellowship Group, First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro	5.00
Juvenile Court, Greensboro	2.50
Greensboro Elks Lodge	15.00
Mr. J. O. Griffin, Greensboro	2.00
Empty Stocking Fund, Greensboro	2.50
Mr. J. W. Beckham, Charlotte	25.00
Judge Joseph T. Carruthers, Jr., Greensboro	5.00
Mr. John R. Boger, Concord	10.00
Mrs. G. W. Wise, Canton	5.00
Judge F. M. Redd and Citizens of Charlotte	100.00

THE UPLIFT

Mr. Charles E. Boger, Concord	5.00
Guilford County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt.	5.00
H. L. Coble Construction Co., Greensboro	10.00
	<hr/>
	\$681.70

Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction, Raleigh One Year's
Subscription to the Sunshine Magazine

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 4, 1948

- Jan. 4—Charles Farmer, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- Jan. 4—Ernest Kitchen, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- Jan. 5—Jimmy Jones, Cottage 1, 18th birthday
- Jan. 5—Richard Messick, Cottage 6, 12th birthday
- Jan. 7—Nathan Ashwell, Cottage 1, 13th birthday
- Jan. 7—Odene Chapman, Cottage 4, 14th birthday
- Jan. 8—Carl Goard, Cottage 13, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Annual Christmas Program

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

The annual Christmas program for 1947 was given by the boys of the first and second grades. This program, which was seen by all the boys and officers and a few visitors, was under the direction of Mrs. Hawfield, Mrs. Buck Morrison and Mrs. Liske. This program showed that these teachers had put into it a lot of work to arrange such an excellent program, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the boys. The following is the program presented by the boys:

Christmas Program 1947

By First and Second Grades

Welcome—Elmer Sutherland.

Part I.

Poem—"The Time Draws Near"—
Earl Holliman.

Song—"Silent Night"—By a group
of boys.

Poem—"Through the Gleaming
Starlight"—Edens Chavis.

Reading from the 2nd chapter of
Luke—By Earl Holliman and
Franklin Robinson.

Song—"Away In a Manger"—By
the group.

Finish Reading from 2nd chapter
of Luke.

Song—"O Little Town of Bethle-
hem"—By the group.

Poem—"The Star"—Franklin Rob-
inson.

Song—"O Come All Ye Faithful"

—By the group.

Poem—"Little Jack Horner"—
Tommy Collins.

Poem—"Twas the Night Before
Christmas"—Marvin Guyton.

Part II.

Song—"Deck the Halls"—By group
of boys.

Song—"Koly-ada"—By group of
boys.

Poem—"Writing to Santa Clause"
—Franklin Robinson.

Song—"One Christmas Eve"—By
the group.

Poem—"My Letter to Santa Clause"
—Charles Walker.

Poem—"Mrs. Santa Gives Advice"—
Elbert Gentry.

Song—"Gingle Bells"—By group.

Poem—"The Real Santa"—Donald
Branch.

Song—"Jolly Christmas Time"—By
the group.

Poem—"Santa Is Coming"—James
Wilson.

Song—"Christmas Time"—By
the group.

Song—"White Christmas"—Ollie
Daw.

Part III.

Play—Mrs. Santa Visits the Toy
Shop.

(By a group of First and Second
Grade Boys).

White Christmas

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Christmas Day here at the school
was brightened very much by a beau-

tiful snow. The boys were beginning to doubt whether we would have a white Christmas but early Christmas morning the snow flakes began to fall and they fell all morning and part of the afternoon. This beautiful snow was six and one-half inches deep. All the boys had a wonderful time in this snow and they are looking forward to many more white Christmases. This is reported to be the first time in the memory of any officer or student that this much snow fell on Christmas Day.

Distributing Tables

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Monday the carpenter shop gave each cottage two cedar tables. These tables are to be used to play games on, and one for the radio.

The tables are new and pretty and I am sure the boys and officers will enjoy them very much.

Boxing

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

During the Christmas season the boys had an opportunity to box. Mr. Walters, our physical education director, got the boys weighed in, and the boxing started Monday. They were all good boxers, and showed pride in getting to box. Mr. Walters picked some outstanding ones to represent the school's boxing team. The champions are as follows:

60 lb., Robert Driggers; 65 lb., Woodrow Norton; 70 lb., Russell Seagle; 75 lb., Ralph Seagle; 80 lb., Leroy Shedd; 85 lb., Eugene Williams; 90 lb., Bobby Duncan; 95 lb., Eugene

Wyatt; 100 lb., Kenneth Rogers; 105 lb., J. C. Woodell; 110 lb., Leon Poston; 115 lb., Edward McCall; 120 lb., Charles Farmer; 125 lb., Billy Carswell; 130 lb., Harold Sloop; 135 lb., Garland Leonard; 140 lb., James Moore; 155 lb., Bobby Billings.

Former Boy Visits School

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

On December 24, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Howard visited his cousin, Mr. Rouse and family at Cottage No. 11. This being his second time to visit the school since his stay here. His first visit was made on October 16, 1937. Since that time he has spent three years in service. He has been engaged in farming and owns a large farm and good equipment near Booneville, N. C. He is now a young man of 36 years and has been married 14 years. While at the school he was a houseboy in Cottage No. 13. He entered the school on December 6, 1926 and was paroled January 9, 1929. He is still very interested in the work that is being carried on here. During his visit here he visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris, his former Cottage officer and matron, who recently moved to their farm near Concord.

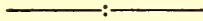
Good Christmas

By Jimmy Cauthen, 8th Grade

During the Christmas holidays at the school the boys have been having a good time. The boys of Cottage number five had a good time, too. On Christmas eve night Mrs. Earl Watlers, matron of Cottage number

five, gave the boys a party. At first James Clyde Woodell read a Bible story, George W. Patterson read a poem. After that Billy Paschel said a prayer. Then some of Mr. Walters friends brought a story of old Mr. Scrage. It was on record player. It was a good long story every one en-

joyed it. After that refreshments were served. We ate pimento cheese sandwiches, Pepsi Cola, candy and cake when we finished eating the presents were given out from under the tree. All the boys enjoyed the party.



KNOW THYSELF

The world knows but little of failures, and cares less. It watches only the successes.

Stop worrying over things that can't be helped, and do things that can be done.

Few people are concerned about your failure. Few, if any, will help.

You may sit and magnify your mistakes, mourn and go mad over your blunders, but men will only smile that cynical smile and say of you, "He's no good."

Self-pity, sympathy soliciting, wishing and wailing will only let you down lower.

Brace up. Brush up. Think up. And you will get up. Think down. Look down. Act down. And you will stay down.

Paint your face with a smile. Advertise that you are a success. Then think and work for it.

Whatever you think you are is the exact price that the other fellow will pay.—Silent Partner.

HANDLING OF JUVENILE DELIN- QUENTS IMPROVING

A. Laurance Aydlett

The number of children under 16 years of age illegally held in jail has shown a continual decline during the past 10 years, chiefly because of the efforts of the State Board of Public Welfare in cooperation with local law enforcement and governing officials and county departments of public welfare in finding other methods of handling youthful delinquents.

From a high of 1,231 children reported by 83 counties in 1936, the total recorded in the fiscal year 1946-47 had dropped to 325 reported by 92 counties. The reporting counties are listed as the average number reporting monthly during the year since the statutes provide that units of local government must file jail records with the State welfare agency.

Welfare officials said that they expected the current year to show an average of 96 counties reporting monthly, but, of course, could not predict the total number of children that would be confined temporarily in the county jails until other provisions could be made for them. It is hoped that the downward trend of recent years will be continued.

That portion of North Carolina's child welfare laws which sets up special courts before which delinquents boys and girls are given informal hearings by a juvenile judge expressly declares that no child coming within the provisions of the article shall be placed in any jail, lockup, or other place where he may come in contact with adult criminals.

This section 110-30 of the general statutes has been construed by the State's attorney general to mean that a child under 16 years of age cannot spend even a short time in a place where older lawbreakers are confined if there is any possibility of contact between the two.

Further than that, the attorney general has declared that law enforcement officials who confine children in such places are themselves violating the law. Because many counties do not have modern facilities for temporarily holding children final disposition is made of their problems, some county officials in the past have disregarded this construction of the statute.

Welfare officials, both State and county, have recommended specialized boarding homes or detention homes where young offenders can be held for a short time. Several communities have made such provision for care of these boys and girls and are finding that the time, effort, and money going into the development of such facilities have been more than repaid by the improvement in the behavior and attitudes of the children.

The philosophy of North Carolina's juvenile court law is that children are not criminals but develop delinquent tendencies through many unwholesome conditions in their daily lives. Thus they should not be treated as criminals but rather as boys and girls who will behave better if given proper training and supervision and if the community

provides resources to meet their special needs.

Under this philosophy the hearings of young delinquents before the juvenile court set up in each county and before the special city juvenile courts in many communities are not open to the public and are conducted in a manner far removed from normal court trials.

With juvenile court officials and local law enforcement officers cooperating in bettering the juvenile delinquency situation, the decline in the number of children jailed continued even during the war years when, in many instances, both parents were away from home many hours a day.

Counties that reported no children under 16 years of age held in jail during the 12 months ending June 30 at the close of the fiscal year 1946-47 were: Alamance, Alexander, Alleghany, Ashe, Avery, Beaufort, Bertie, Camden, Carteret, Chatham, Cherokee, Cleveland, Currituck, Dare, Duplin, Gates, Harnett, Haywood, Hoke, Hyde, Jackson, Montgomery, Moore, Orange, Pamlico, Pasquotank, Rockingham, Sampson, Stokes, Swain, Tyrrell, Union, and Washington.

The remaining 66 counties reported from one to as many as 19 children placed in jail. Not included in this picture, however, are the city jails and local lockups which, as yet, do not make such reports to the State

welfare agency. How many children of less than 16 are placed for a few hours in these places is not known.

The State's juvenile court law gives the juvenile courts broad authority in handling cases of delinquency. The occasional instances in which children are charged with felonies—crimes carrying, upon conviction, a sentence of 10 years or more in the State prison—are outside the final jurisdiction of the juvenile court. Often, however, preliminary hearings are held by the court in these instances before the child is brought into the Superior court for criminal trial.

Disposition by the juvenile court in children's cases may be modified at any time and court and welfare officials try to watch with care the progress of every delinquent in an effort at redirecting his behavior towards generally accepted patterns.

In urging further development of approved boarding home for delinquent approved boarding home facilities for delinquent children, Dr. Ellen Winston, commissioner of public welfare, pointed to the Supreme Court decisions in which the juvenile court law is involved. As long ago as 1920 the court declared that "no child dealt with under the provision of the act shall be placed in any penal institution or other place where they may come in contact at any time or manner, with adults convicted of crime or charged with it."

The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.—Selected.

KNOWLEDGE VS PLEASURE

(The Orphans' Friend)

The other day while rummaging through a book of quotations, we were struck with the fact that so much truth and wisdom is buried in an excess of verbiage and rhetoric. As a specimen, the following is presented:

"Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime —no place too remote for its grasp, no height too exalted for its reach."

Earlier generations have accepted such effusions as the last and most appropriate word to be said, but the current generation is more practical and likes to deal in something more concrete. The orator of old and his colleague the florid writer, like the "Old Gray Mare" is not what she used to be.

In whatever verbiage, however, the story of Knowledge or Reality vs Pleasure as Illusion, it adds up to the same result.

Bacon, who possessed one of the finest of minds, said "Knowledge is power." Of pleasure, Byron said, "There is no sterner morality than pleasure."

When one tries to set up knowledge or reality in opposition to pleasure as agreeable sensation, he tries

to do something that does not make sense. All that relates to knowledge and truth is something that is in complete harmony with the laws of the universe. Pleasure is a result. It is something satisfying because it is the outcome of knowledge applied to high purpose, if it is true pleasure. This sort of pleasure need never be sought; it invariably comes as the fruit of fulfilled law.

Now there is another kind of pleasure that is sought and does not come naturally. This type tries to make its own law and is purely selfish and well merits the bad names given it.

Pleasure and happiness often try to mate with very unpleasant results. It is sometimes two pleasures fighting it out with each other. The offspring of this is inevitably selfishness.

There is no such thing as a person's being filled to the gills with knowledge and starving for solid and satisfying pleasure. The relationship is impossible. If you have a good store of knowledge and apply it as God and nature intend, you will come far nearer knowing what the peace that passes all understanding means. If you seek the brand of selfish pleasure that tries to negate the Golden Rule and is callous as to what happens to "Uno Who",—well, you just cannot get by with it.

There is room for pleasure —plenty of it. But it must be of legitimate parentage to maintain its respectability and dependability.

What is knowledge is bedrock fact. It always works when properly applied. What purports to be knowledge

but only seems so to those who want it to be that way, is illusion. Illusion butters no parnips and makes no lasting friends.

A CHILD'S WORTH

By I. G. Greer

The value placed upon childhood increases according to the progress of civilization. Lycurgus, the greatest of Spartan lawgivers, reflected the attitude of his age toward childhood in the laconic answer he gave a group of elders who inquired as to what disposition they should make of certain children. Said he: "If they can make good soldiers for Sparta, feed them; if they cannot make good soldiers, fatten the beasts of the arena."

It was left for the Galilean to place upon childhood a price that surpasses all other values when He said. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Since His day we have thought of children in more sacred terms than ever before, and even the man without creed or religion can now be touched by the needs of the child.

You remember the crude yet beautiful touch in one of John Hay's Pike County ballads. The old plainsman left his team in front of a store. The horses took fright and ran away in a blinding snow storm, taking with them his four-year-old boy, Little Gabe. Late at night they found the horses submerged in a snowdrift,

dead, but Little Gabe could not be found. They continued their search and hours later found Little Gabe snug and warm in a sheep-fold where the lambs were kept at night. The father said:

"Fellows, there's something I don't understand; my horses were killed, but Little Gabe was saved." Said the "Begad, the angels saved Little Gabe." But the father replied, "I thought the business of the angels was to loaf around the throne and sing songs of glory." And then Hay wrote:

"And I think that saving a little child,
And fetching him to his own,
Is a darned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

The Christian religion is the only religion that ever proposed to snatch from the wrecks of life boys and girls to make out of them leaders. James says: "Pure reigion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

A determined man can do more with a rusty wrench than a loafer with all the tools in a machine shop.—Exchange.

THE HOME VS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Robert O. Chandler

There are currently circulating throughout the United States, articles relating to Juvenile Delinquency. Numerous people, obviously authoritative personnel, seem to be convinced that "Crime Thrillers" in the movies and on the radio are contributing factors to the increasing juvenile crime wave, and that these programs act as an incentive to the teen-age boy and girl to commit similar errors. The National Broadcasting Company is so convinced in this respect, that beginning January, 1948, they will ban, until after nine P. M., all programs which they think might encourage the adolescent generation to participate in criminal activities.

I have read many articles in the various Penal Publication whose authors attribute the Radio and Motion Picture Industry with a large part of the responsibility for Juvenile Delinquency and I am very much dismayed at their lack of thought. I would have surmised that these writers, with their unpleasant experiences, would have a more profound reasoning capacity in relation to this subject.

"The effects of crime and horror radio programs, on the youths of America (in conjunction with crime-infested movies and comics, so-called) is appalling since it wrecks so many young lives before they've had an opportunity to acquire a true sense of value in life. Radio crime programs, which glamorize the criminal

and his act; which show or suggest methods to accomplish offenses and go undetected; which portray physical violence, and as humorous yet, which employ the sound of machine-guns firing and make them commonplace sounds; these contribute to the over-all picture of crime in this country."

The foregoing is an excerpt from the "Monthly Record," a publication of the Connecticut State Prison. The author is Art Nadeau.

First, I would present this question to you. Who allows these children to patronize these programs? If the radio and movie are such a strong influence upon the American children, why do their parents permit them to listen to or attend such programs? Could it be their (the parent's negligence?

Secondly, it is evident that an overwhelming majority of our teen-age population listen to or attend the radio and movie, yet only a small percentage of them ever violate the laws of "Society." This fact aids me in my contention that attending a movie or listening to radio programs which portray crime will not and has not caused this increase in delinquency.

It is my sincere belief that the cause of the juvenile crime wave that is sweeping our present day world can be traced back to the home in nine out of ten cases, and the ideas expressed in the current articles which would make the public believe that the movie

and radio are a predominate incentive to crime are entirely "off track!"

Charles MacDermott of the "Ohio Penitentiary News" states: "The Penal Press has for several years fought radio programs dealing in "Gang Buster" exploits and prototypes which flamboyantly silhouette crime and criminal against the wall of American parlor and bedroom, converting these sanctified precincts for Junior into classrooms for future crimes."

Meanwhile, Junior's parents are downstairs playing bridge or poker for the weekly income, or they are patronizing the various nightclubs of the city, drinking themselves into a stupor. When they awaken the following morning with that "after-the-night-before" feeling, they ease their misery with nasty retorts to Junior and to each other. Personally, I'd rather have Junior up in his room listening to "Gang Busters" than downstairs watching his parents play strip-poker with the couple from the next block, this pastime usually being accompanied by drinking and profanity or obscenity.

Also from the 'OP' News: The Penal Press has loudly and at times stridently cried out that such programming—this dramatization of crime-infested entertainment—adversely influences a juvenile mind.

This writer of the Penal Press says emphatically and vehemently—Bunk! Mr. MacDermott speaks for himself and a few others who are loudly shouting their condemnation of the radio and movie; their disillusionment really provides a protecting shelter for the real cause. These programs should tend to stem the

delinquents rather than encourage them because the wrong-doer never emerges victorious in any of these programs: And don't tell me that the juvenile can think of a way to escape detection by some method that has not already been tried, unsuccessfully, by the "villian" in the program. If they can they're not a juvenile!

However, it is not my purpose to defend the radio or movie, but to put the fault where it belongs—in the home!

Everyday that I pick up my newspaper, I see on its pages an account of the trial of Jimmy Jones, age fourteen, (fifteen, sixteen or younger) who has been sentenced to five years, (anywhere from three years to life) for the theft of an automobile, larceny, burglary, or some other crime. In a great number of cases we find by reading further that his parents are either dead, divorced or irresponsible. On the same page we may find a list of divorce suits, an account of a man or woman (or both) who have deserted their children, the story of a father who was jailed for drunkenness and aggravated assault upon some member of his family, or any member of other incidents that are indicative of corruptness in a family in which the parents or guardians are directly responsible.

Can you put the responsibility of these vitiated adult's vices and corruptness upon a movie or radio program? I hardly think so! They are fully matured individuals who refuse to accept their God-given trusts, and it is they who are responsible for their children's delinquency. If the people of the United States are to

stem the wave of crime which is becoming more and more consuming each day, they must wake up and put the fault of this felonious plague where it belongs; then, take steps to prevent, not apprehend, this fusillade of Juvenile offenses. The public must become home-conscious, for the despicable corruptness that is to be found in many of the present-day homes is indeed appalling.

Our FBI seems to be very satisfied with its percentage in the win-loss column but there is no great effort on its part to prevent Juvenile Delinquency. Their attitude is only to apprehend and convict after the offense has been committed. If it is to be worthy of its name, the members of this much-praised organization must emerge from their self-eulogy and take an earnest interest in this sad problem in a preventative measure.

The mothers, fathers and guardians, welfare organizations and similar social organizations must awaken from their indifferent lethargy. They must put forth every effort to give the adolescent generation the kind of training that will assure their immunity of any outside influence that may prompt them to take the wrong attitude toward integrity and virtue. A child that has a solid basis of training in the home will be very hard to lead astray by a radio, movie or any other source that is not healthy to mind and body.

There must be unlimited cooperation in the home between parents and children Understanding — Cooperation — These are two of the most, if not the most, predominating features of

a happy and well-ordered family life. A home which makes these two factors its code of living has a foundation which is invulnerable from all undesired, outside influences.

The home of tomorrow, the happy home, that is, will not be the one that forbids its children to attend movies or listen to radio programs which have been denounced by the various "Public Decency" organizations; it will not be the home that forbids the reading of comic books or sexual literature; but, it will be the home that has a mother and father or guardian who are impressed with their responsibility and who make every effort to fulfil this trust with a sincere and genuine endeavorment that is accelerated by love for their family.

Never will prison or any other correctional institution rehabilitate a man or child who has an unsound background—To rehabilitate is to return to a former state—This is impossible to do in a case in which the child has not had a good, solid background. There must be a foundation for the life of every man, woman and child and strength of that foundation will be only as strong as the measure of love, understanding, guidance and cooperation found within the home. The family the home, has always been, and will always be, the most powerful institution in the world and you cannot expect a penal institution to accomplish what the home could not; nor do I believe that a radio, movie, comic book or anything else short of a catastrophe can destroy the stability of a good family.

JOHN WESLEY, FOUNDER OF METH- ODISM

(Adult Student)

3 His divine power has **granted** to us all things that pertain to **life and godliness**, through the knowledge of him who called us to his own **glory and excellence**, 4 by which he has granted to us his **precious and very great promises**, that through these you may escape from the **corruption** that is in the world because of **passion**, and become partakers of the **divine nature**. (II Peter 1:3-4).

34 And when Jesus saw that he answered wisely, he said to him, "**You are not far from the kingdom of God.**" (Mark 12:34a).

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

7 O Israel, hope in the Lord;

For with the Lord there is loving-kindness,

And with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he will redeem Israel

From all his iniquities. (Psalms 130:1, 7-8).

14 For all who are led by the **Spirit** of God are sons of God. 15 For you did not receive the **spirit of slavery** to fall back into fear, but you have **received** the **spirit of sonship**. When we cry, "**Abba! Father!**" 16 **it is the Spirit** himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are **children of God**, 17 and if children, then heirs of God and fellow heirs with **Christ**, **provided** we suffer with him in **order** that we may also be **glorified** with him. (Romans 8:14-17).

Have you ever traveled much on horseback? Here is a man who is said to have traveled 250,000 miles—ten times around the world—most of it on horseback. He preached **forty thousand times**—an average of about fifteen times a week. He often preached at five in the **morning** to miners who were to report for work at six.

At the age of eighty-three he said, "I am never tired," but at eighty-five he complained that he could no longer preach more than twice a day.

He made fifty visits to Ireland in forty years and twenty-two to Scotland in the same period. While doing all of this he was one of the **best-read** men of his times. He **regularly** studied on horseback and wrote **much** of his more than two score volumes while traveling in a carriage. At the same time he carried on a **tremendous** correspondence and maintained a **voluminous** journal. Less than five feet five and never weighing more than 120 pounds, he was sickly in his youth, given up to tuberculosis in middle age, but finally outlived all of his generation and died at the age of eighty-eight.

This personification of energy was of course, none other than John Wesley, founder of Methodism. We must try to discover what it was that **sent** him up and down the **British Isles**, bearing untold hardships, **suffering** persecutions, and withal rejoicing,

when he might have had a comfortable living as a Anglican pastor or as a professor at Oxford University. For the experience that motivated him was the experience that met the spiritual needs of a God-hungry nation and generation and produced the evangelical awakening of eighteenth-century England.

We have already noted that after the fall of the Puritan Commonwealth in 1660 and the restoration of the Stuart monarchy, there was a general decline in English morals. With the restoration of the old order in the church there came a general decline in religion, a reaction to the over-dose of religion and strict morality which the English had received under the Puritans. Rather than stimulating vital religion the Toleration Act of 1689 seemed to lead to spiritual complacency even on the part of the young Puritan-bred denominations.

This spiritual deadness was specially characteristic of the Anglican churches. This state of affairs continued to exist during the first third of the eighteenth century. For one to become pastor of a parish it was more important to know the right people than to be educationally and spiritually qualified. Most of the clergy gave more time to gaming, tavern sitting, and hunting than they did to their parish duties. Even when they performed religious functions, these consisted chiefly of repeating the ritual or of performing the absolutely necessary services of the church. There was no vitality in the religion of the day. Indeed, anyone who would make it so was condemned

as an "enthusiast."

It was into this kind of England that John Wesley was born in 1703, the fifteenth of nineteen children, ten of whom grew to maturity.

His father—Samuel Wesley—was an exception in that he was an Anglican clergyman who sincerely attempted to do his duties as pastor. But the very people he tried to help taunted him. They even tried to burn down the rectory, and John barely escaped, "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother Susanna was a remarkable woman. She left the stamp of her religious devotion and ideas upon her children, each one of whom she instructed an hour each week in things religious. A woman of independence and intelligence, she undoubtedly imparted to John a capacity for orderliness and organization. This later helped to mold a permanent Methodist movement.

Both parents came from Puritan homes, but each decided to re-enter the Established Church. They gave their son the independence of the Nonconformists as well as the rich liturgical heritage of Anglicanism.

John Wesley's formal education was acquired at Charterhouse, a middle school in London, and at Christ Church College, Oxford. He made such a good record that he was elected fellow of Lincoln College.

But toward the end of his college course his thoughts were turned more seriously to religion as he read the *Imitation of Christ*, *Law's Serious Call to a Devout Life*, and *Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying*.

How to be saved? Why, take or-

ders, become a priest! So Wesley was ordained and returned to assist his father.

But ministering among the uncouth folks of the village of Wroote was not at this time to John's liking. He returned to Oxford to teach. There he found that his brother Charles and several other serious young men were meeting regularly prayer, Bible reading, and charity work such as visiting prisoners and teaching poor children. Wesley soon became the leader of the group. They set up a regular regime of worship and good works. This earned them the nicknames "Methodists," "Bible Moths," "Holy Club."

But even all these good works did not bring Wesley any assurance of his own salvation.

Then came an opportunity to be pastor in the newly settled colony of Georgia and missionary to the Indians. Wesley learned from this experience that he himself did not have the religion he proposed to teach.

"I went to convert the heathen. But who shall convert me?"

The great result of the experience was his contact with a group of German Pietists—the Moravians. They had such a spiritual peace, such an experience of God, they knew no fear. Upon his return to London he met with them until finally he too had the great experience. He wrote in his Journal for May 24, 1738:

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith

in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.

Wesley went out from that place to preach everywhere he could find a listener the reality of a vital religious experience. This became Methodism's contribution to English speaking Protestantism. But as Wesley preached his evangelical message with fervor in the Anglican churches, he was accused of "enthusiasm." Church after church, pastor after pastor, asked him to leave and return no more. Such was the self-satisfaction of the Anglican clergymen with their lifeless faith.

At every turn Wesley found himself rejected as he attempted to preach what he had experienced and sought to bring others to a conscious conversion. He was forced in spite of himself to set up new societies, to accept customs distasteful to him, in order to bring his message to the people of England. Since he could not preach in the churches, he followed the example of his friends George Whitefield and exhorted multitudes in the field.

Since there were not enough ordained preachers who would carry the Methodist message, Wesley at first consented, then rejoiced, to send lay preachers to meet with, counsel with, and preach to those who had experienced religion and were turning a-

way from evil habits toward a new life.

Whitefield was without doubt a greater preacher than Wesley, many of his converts were more eloquent than under Wesley. But Whitefield made very little effort to follow up his converts and help them continue in the Christian life.

Wesley, on the other hand, sensed the great value of conserving converts and helping them grow in the Christian life. This could be done in the fellowship of societies and classes. With characteristic genius he appointed leaders of classes and lay preachers to visit the societies. All reported back to him their progress, their disappointments, their hopes.

In 1744 Wesley asked his lay preachers to come and confer with him. So the first Methodist annual Conference was held.

All this was done while John Wesley and his brother Charles, the great hymn writer of the Methodist movement, were priests of the Church of England in good standing, thus they remained to the end of their lives. Methodists were urged to attend the church services and the administration of the Sacrament in the Established Church. The societies were societies within the Church of England. The bishops and officials of Anglicanism were so strongly opposed to Methodism that Wesley, toward the end of his life, was compelled to make provision for a separate church, at first for America, but finally for the British Isles as well.

Religion under the preaching of Wesley and his followers became a matter of personal experience and of personal responsibility growing out of

that experience. As thousands upon thousands were converted, the whole character of England was changed.

Even the Established Church, which had opposed the Methodists, was affected. It began to produce evangelical preachers. So profound was the effect upon the people of England that some have said that the evangelical awakening prevented in England at revolution such as the French had in the same century.

Converts took on, not only an increased self-respect, but also a new attitude toward their responsibilities to society and for the Christianization of the world. William Wilberforce, leader of the movement for the abolition of slavery in the British Empire, was a convert of the revival, as was also John Howard, exponent of prison reform, and Robert Raikes, founder of the forerunner of the modern Sunday school. The nineteenth-century expansion of Protestant missions owes its motivation primarily to the same revival. No one can truly estimate the total influence of the preaching of Wesley and his followers, the first-generation Methodists.

With all the greatness of its organization, its social program, the outstanding contribution of Wesley and his Methodists was an emphasis upon the centrality of religious experience. Christianity is more than creedal statements. It is more than rites. It is God in the hearts of men. This was Methodism's message to Protestantism. It remains the basic essential of the religion of the people called Methodists.

1. What is the difference between the Quaker idea of the Inner Light

and the Methodist doctrine of the witness of the Spirit?

2. What is the Protestant idea about the place of good works in the Christian's experience?

3. What is piety? What is pietism? How can you tell when a Protestant is truly pious?

4. What has happened to the old

Methodist doctrine of the necessity of a conversion experience? Can we still have religious experience without an instantaneous conversion?

5. What are the dangers in an emotional religious experience as a criterion of whether one is a Christian or not?

A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
 I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be;
 I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
 As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way;
 I'd like to do the big things and the splendid thins for you,
 To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue;
 I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
 And feel that I could rouse you soul the way that mine you've stirred.
 I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
 Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
 I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
 Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.
 I'm wishing at this "special" time that I could but repay
 A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;
 And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:
 I'd like to be the sort of "Friend" that you have been to me.

—Ernest Kish

THE ART OF SPEECH

Walter E. Meyer, in *Speakers Magazine*

The ordinary baby performs an amazing feat during his second and third years. He masters a foreign language—foreign to him. He doesn't master it completely, but he learns to use it fairly well. He learns the names of most of the articles with which he comes into contact, and he learns to describe his most pressing desires. By the age of three he has acquired a vocabulary fairly adequate to his needs. He has done this under the spur of necessity, in order that he may get along in his simple environment. As infancy gives way to childhood, learning proceeds more slowly. The child of keen mind continues to observe and imitate, to be sure, and in this way he increases his vocabulary. But the duller child is satisfied with the ability to express very primitive feelings and desires. He is less quick to note and adopt for his own use new words and terms, and his vocabulary shows little change.

The difference between the alert and the slower-minded individual is even more marked during the years of youth and adolescence. The ambitious, spirited boy or girl will wander farther afield mentally. His mental experiences are no longer simple. He finds that he needs new terms to describe what he sees and thinks. He is not content to exist as a perambulating vegetable, living and thinking on a low level. Wishing to express fine shades of meaning, he must find words of precision and clarity. So he continues the process of vocabulary

building which was first noted in infancy. His sluggish neighbor, however, is sloppy in speech, and his words are blunt instruments, mangling ideas instead of outlining them in clear relief.

Many young people fall into habits of slothful speech, not because their minds are slow, but because they are lazy. Such persons may, by act of will, resume the vocabulary building activities which have been neglected. All they need is imagination enough to see the desirability of clean-cut, interesting, well-dressed speech. It is with words that one translates to others the content of his mind and the quality of his spirit. One must take care, lest the finest elements of his personality may be lost in the translation.

It is not easy to build an adequate vocabulary. "Spare and sinewy utterance," says the *London Times*, "is not to be had merely for the asking, or even for the thinking. It must be won by painful practice and by a watchful severity with one's own outpourings."

If you are intent upon vocabulary building, do as infants do; listen, observe, use the words which you hear. Then do as babies cannot do. Read widely, and with a dictionary at hand. When an unfamiliar word appears, consult your dictionary. Then use the new acquisition in your conversation. Do not set out to find long words or unusual terms. Be on guard against any disposition to show off

by using words which are probably true usefulness of a word commend it strange to your associates. Let the to you.

HOME TRAINING

(The News and Press)

Regardless of how excellent may be the work of the Boy Scout organization, the churches and the Sunday schools, most folks will agree with the noted psychiatrist, Dr. Kenneth Appel, of the University of Pennsylvania, who, speaking in Greensboro last week, declared that "the kind of training the individual receives in his home will not only determine the kind of individual he will turn out to be but, in the aggregate, will determine whether man has the capacity to survive the atomic age."

Said Dr. Appel, "If the child learns in the home what he should about sharing, sacrifice, work, honesty, cooperation, and a love of others that extends beyond himself, he is very likely to overcome the frustrations, indifferences, inefficiencies, and lack of productiveness that are wrecking mil-

lions of lives."

He also thinks that entirely too many people are looking to others to solve their problems, and regard their governments as fairy godmothers who provide for them.

The child should be trained to take responsibility, make decisions, and develop completely as a persons, says Dr. Appel.

Parents in these modern days are entirely too willing to depend on the school, the churches, the Scout troops, and the Youth Centers to train the child, accepting no responsibility themselves. If they would only realize that the home is the place where most of the training should be given, then these other agencies could do a more effective job than they are doing. more effective job than they are doing.

Prevention is a logical policy to use in dealing with crime. Punishment and other methods of treatment are, best, methods of defence. It is futile to take individual after individual out of the situations which produce criminals and permit the situations to remain as they were. A case of delinquency is more than a physiological act of an individual. It involves a whole network of social relations. If we deal with his set of social relations we shall be working to prevent crime. It has become a commonplace in medicine that prevention is better than cure. The same superiority exists in the field of crime.—Edwin H. Sutherland.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Concord, brought an excellent message to the boys at the school last Sunday. For his Scripture lesson Mr. McKinnon read verses from the second chapter of Matthew, beginning with the eleventh verse and extending through the fifteenth verse. In this selection there is an account of the flight into Egypt by Joseph and Mary and the Christ Child.

In his discussion Mr. McKinnon improvised a story relating to the experiences of Joseph and his family. The Wise Men had brought to the young Child gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The use of these gifts was woven into the story.

An angel appeared unto Joseph in a dream and told him to take the Child and its mother and flee into Egypt. Mary wrapped the young Child in swaddling clothes, and while she did this Joseph prepared the donkey for the trip. They began their journey and carried with them their gifts. They traveled on the road towards Egypt, and at the end of the first night they stopped to rest in a cave. Because they traveled slowly, they had not gone too far to escape the wrath of the soldiers of Herod who had been ordered to slaughter all the male children under two years of age.

Mary, the mother of the Christ Child, slept fitfully, and therefore they prepared to move on. As they traveled they heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind them, and Mary and Joseph were so filled with fear that they did not dare even to look

at each other. They hoped that the soldiers would pass on without stopping them. However, Marcus, the leader of the Roman legion, who had the night before led his soldiers in the slaughter in Bethlehem, chose to stop and interview this family of three. He asked of Joseph his name, whither he went, and why he was traveling. Joseph replied that he was a native of Galilee. As he talked, Mary, overhearing the conversation, drew from among her possessions the bag of gold and suggested that it be given to the soldiers, which was done. The soldiers then said one to another, "This is not the king of the Jews, because these are indeed very poor peasants." and the soldiers permitted Joseph and Mary to travel on with the Babe, while they turned to travel back to Bethlehem and on to Jerusalem. Thus, the gold was used to buy a ransom for the child.

In the next scene of the story, the Child Jesus was pictured as a Lad of twelve standing in the temple among the doctors. Although He was a mere child, He held in His hand a flask filled with frankincense. He left his father's side and went to the side of the priest in the temple, and offered him the frankincense to be used as the sacrifice. The priest smiled and received the gift because it was now his turn to offer the sacrifice which was the choicest gift of the Lad and His family, was placed on the altar. It was the symbol of His best in life.

In the last scene, Christ was pictured as He hung on the cross on

Calvary. Around Him were the Roman soldiers, and there were His mother Mary and His brothers and sisters. His mother was now grown old. Her hair was gray and her face was lined with wrinkles. She had with her, concealed in her tunic, the myrrh which had been given long ago by the Wise Men. It was used to ease pain, and she asked one of the Roman soldiers who was kinder than the others to place some of it upon the body of Christ as He suffered on the cross, and thus the last gift was used.

Thus the Wise Men, who years before had presented their gifts to the Child, had presented gifts more precious than they had even dreamed. Each gift was preserved and became part and parcel of the life of Jesus Himself.

As the Wise Men sought to do their part to minister to Christ, so each boy was admonished to do likewise. While it is possible to make material gifts, yet the greatest gift of all is when a boy dedicates his life to the service of Jesus.

MISTAKES

God sent us here to make mistakes,
To strive, to fail, to begin,
To taste the tempting fruit of sin,
And find what bitter food it makes.

To miss the path, to go astray,
To wander blindly in the night,
But searching, praying for the light,
Until at last we find the way.

And looking back along the past,
We know we needed all the strain
Of fear and doubt and strife and pain
To make us value peace at last.

Who fails finds later triumph sweet,
Who stumbles once walks then with care,
And knows the place to cry "Beware"
To other unaccustomed feet.

Through life the slumbering soul awakes
We learn on errors troubled route
The truths we could not prize without
The sorrow of our sad mistakes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Absent-Minded Professor: "Will all the absentees stand up?"

—:—

The man who agrees with everything you say lies to others also.

—:—

Chef: "Can you dress a chicken?"

Cook: "Not on the money you pay me."

—:—

"We might all be successful if we followed the advice we give the other fellow."

Of all copper mined annually, the electrical industry uses more than half each year.

—:—

Remember when Uncle Sam could live within his income and without most of yours?

—:—

"Who gave you that black eye?"

"Nobody gave me anything, I had to fight for it."

If the baby babbles a lot of things which sound wonderful and mean nothing, it may grow up to be a politician.

—:—

"I'm a self-made man."

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters."

Gladys: "There are 200 young men in the school, and I've never kissed one of them."

Flo: "Which one?"

Phil: "Where would you find the largest diamond in the world?"

Bill: "I don't know, where?"

Phil: "In the baseball park."

—:—

A man in a restaurant was having trouble cutting his steak. No matter how much he jabbed at it, he got no results. Finally he called the waiter. "You'll have to take this back and bring me another."

"Sorry sir, said the waiter after closely examining the steak, "I can't take it back. You've bent it."

—:—

Undertaker—"Are you one of the mourners?"

Scotty—"I am, sir, the corps owed me \$10."

—:—

Did you hear about the hen standing with her back to a howling wind in a tropical storm?

She laid the same egg six times.

—:—

Babies haven't any hair;
Old men's heads are just as bare;
Between the cradle and the grave
Lies just a haircut and a shave.

—:—

Doctor: "Did you take that box of pills I gave you?"

Patient: "Yes, but I don't feel any better. I guess the lid hasn't opened yet."

—:—

My wife had a dream last night and thought she was married to a millionaire.

"You're lucky! My wife thinks that in the daytime.

—:—

He: Will you marry me?

She: You'll have to see my mother first.

He. I've seen your mother and I still want to marry you.

Patient. "Doctor don't you think it would be a good idea if I went to a hotter climate?"

Doctor "That's just what I'm trying to prevent by keeping you in bed."

—:—

Visiting Doctor: "How is it Sambo, that you and your large family keep so healthy?"

Sambo: "Well, suh, Ah tell you; we've done bought one of those sanitary drinking cups, an' we all drink outen it."

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

A professor at a medical school asked a student how much of a certain drug should be administered to a patient. "Five grains," said the student. A few minutes later the student said, "Professor, I'd like to change my answer to that question. The professor, glancing at his watch, replied, "Never mind, young man your patient has been dead for forty seconds."

—:—

Two colored gentlemen were seriously discussing Biblical matters when Rastus declared, "Did y'all know dat Jonah was three days in the stomach of a big fish dey calls a whale?"

Sam looked disgusted. "Dat ain't much," he said, "Mah uncle he was longer than that in the stomach of a big animal dey calls a alligator."

"You don't say," exclaimed Rastus. "How long was he in it?"

"He's dere yit," answered Sam.

—:—

A boy was a witness in court, and the lawyer said:

Lawyer—Did anyone tell you what to say in court?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—I thought so. Who was it?

Boy—My father, sir.

Lawyer—And what did he tell you?

Boy—He said the lawyers would try to get me tangled up, but if I stuck to the truth, I would be all right.

—:—

Three old men were passing the time of day discussing the ideal way of leaving this world. The first, aged 75, remarked he'd like to go quickly, and suggested a crash in a speeding car. The second, aged 85, agreed on a speedy end, but thought he'd prefer a jet-propelled plane.

"I've got a better idea," mused the third, aged 95. "I'd rather be shot by a jealous husband."

A lawyer in our city noted for his

tightness had to undergo a course of treatment for an ailment. Outraged by the doctor's bill, he bellowed, "Great Scott, Doc! All that for one week's treatment?"

"My dear fellow," replied the doctor, "if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble!"

—:—

Jeanette was wearing a new frock when her dearest friend called.

"I look a perfect fright," she remarked, eager for praise.

The dearest friend was thinking of her own affairs, and answered absent-mindedly.

"Yes, you certainly do."

"Oh, you horrid thing!" Jeanette gasped. "I'll never, never speak to you again!"

—:—

A father and his young son, who was carefully holding in his lap a shoebox with airholes, were seated in a bus. When the bus stopped for a red light, the lad was heard to ask, "Daddy, is my kitten a lady kitten or a man kitten?"

"A man kitten," said the father promptly.

"How do you know?" continued the boy.

Every passenger within earshot waited expectantly for the reply.

"Well," explained the father, "he's got whiskers, hasn't he?"

—:—

The gentleman at the party, who was old enough to know better, turned to another guest who had just paused beside him.

"Women are fickle. See that pretty woman by the window? She was smiling at me flirtatiously a few minutes ago and now she looks cold as an iceberg."

"I have only just arrived," the man said. "She's my wife."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 28, 1947

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Calvin Matheson
Gerald Petty
Frank Phillips
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Charles Franklin
Earl Hensley
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
J. C. Littlejohn
James Martin
Bobby Porter
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Glenn Evans
Billy Holder
Robert Jarvis
Woodrow Mace
Eugene Peterson
James Scott
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Odene Chapman
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Earnest Kitchen
James Myers
Russell Murphy
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

James Christy
Kenneth Holcomb
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthen
Bobby Joe Duncan
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Jimmy Sehen
Leroy Shedd
Harold Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

Marshall Beaver
Talmadge Duncan
Wayne Eldrige
Joyce Hobbs
Gerald Johnson

Kenneth King
George Marr
J. C. Mickeal
James Moore
Silas Orr
Howard Riley
Jerry Peek
John Potter
Robert Whitaker
Charles Woodrow

COTTAGE No. 11

Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarrison
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker
James Arrowood
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 14

Treva Coleman

David Gibson
Frank Grady
France Dean Ray
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Garland Leonard
Melvin Norman
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Kenneth Roger
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Coy Wilcox
Troy Wall
Eugene Womble

INDIAN COTTAGE

Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt comes from the darkest storm.—Colton.



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THE

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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 10, 1948

NO. 2

HAS IT EVER OCCURED TO YOU THAT

You can afford a clean conscience without being rich?
The man who beats around the bush seldom gets any berries?
For the lazy man, all roads lead to failure?
The man who never had an evil thought has a very poor memory?
The man with nothing to do has a hard job?
You can save yourself piles of trouble by getting rid of it?
You can judge a man's character by the enemies he has?
Its a wiser plan to fight temptation than to pray for forgiveness?
Everybody is good, some for nothing?
The people who borrow trouble have a lot to lend?

—Youth Progress.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

"GOD BLESS AMERICA"

It is a prayer that has been every heart. And now that the statesmen of the world are seeking the paths to peace it should be in the heart of every Christian American just as earnestly as it was in days of peace. What is the strength of America? What are the secrets of our nation's power? Wherein lie the resources which guarantee the perpetuity of the American way of life?

The agriculturalist might have you believe America's strength lies in its soil.

The merchant mayhap would say that a nation's power rests in its commerce. The manufacturer might falsely assert that it is in technology, in machinery, and in the skilled labor to operate plants to produce manufactured products.

The politician might falsely assume that a nation's strength is in statecraft in astuteness and acumen respecting national policies.

The educator might insist that knowledge is power and that our country's greatness is in its learning, its science, the products of the laboratory.

The militarist most likely would insist that a nation is great according to its weapons.

But America's real strength is in the character of her people, in the moral and spiritual fiber or ties which loom in the home.

The hand that rocks the cradle is still greater than the one that wields the scepter.

A nation's strength depends upon the quality of its home life.

—Youth Progress.

NEED FOR NEW RESOLUTIONS

Oftentimes it occurs that people regard rather lightly the question of making resolutions at the beginning of a new year. Generally, people who are content to drift along just about as they have through the years are those who have little ambition or vision in

life, and never take the trouble to meditate on the possibilities for their own self-improvement. Likewise, people who have attained in life that station to which they once aspired and have no further ambition for doing greater things, represent those who do not make New Year's resolutions, nor do they resolve at any time to do greater things and to live life more fully.

However, it is reasonable and proper to assume that the person who ponders life soberly and who appraises the intellectual and spiritual aspects of life will eagerly welcome the new year as the time when he will enlarge upon his plans for life and when he will determine that he will explore more extensively into the various fields of knowledge that are always open to those who have aspirations. It seems that the grandest experiences in life are those when a person has the satisfaction of knowing that he has set out toward a goal; that he aspired to some noble purpose that would challenge the very best in his life; and one day finds that he has achieved the thing which he set out to do. This is the sort of thing that adds to spirit of triumph and self-esteem for those who plan big things for themselves.

It was said by one of the members of the United States Senate who is serving his country in this present day, that he always made it a point to shave himself every morning and at that time he looked himself squarely in the face, and it gave him the opportunity at the beginning of the day to appraise his own worth. It is in this routine experience of everyday life that he feels the challenge to himself of all that is high and noble and good. It is his belief that this experience makes him stronger for each passing day.

It is told that Daniel Webster, who became one of America's greatest orators, could not successfully recite or make a speech in the schoolroom when he was a boy. He would learn his recitations and practice them well, but when it came time to recite before the group he could not speak at all. It is said that he was very much ashamed of himself sometimes, but that he determined to overcome his fears. Later on, because he had this indomitable spirit of determination, he became one of the nation's greatest orators. It was his resolution and determination which helped him to succeed.

There are some fundamental things which every person should resolve to do during any new year, and these are as follows:

1. I will do my best from day to day, never shirking in any duty or responsibility.

2. I will endeavor to scatter good cheer, sunshine, and happiness throughout all the year.

3. I will strive to show a spirit of kindness towards others, forgetting my own selfish desires.

4. I will remember to keep my body wholesome and clean, as a temple for the Divine Spirit.

5. I will earnestly strive to make spiritual improvement throughout the entire year.

* * * * *

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

January 11 marks the birthday anniversary of Alexander Hamilton, who ranks as one of the outstanding early American patriots. In the beginning of the history of this nation this great statesman and scholar wielded a vast influence upon the affairs of that day, and his influence has continued to be a great force down through the years.

In the year 1757 Hamilton was born at Charles Town in the West Indies. At the age of 16 he came to the American Colony to complete his education. At 17 years of age he entered King's College, now Columbia University. In the days of the rebellion against English domination of the American colonies, he became one of the most loyal patriots. He wrote many forceful articles and delivered many speeches in behalf of the patriot cause. During the armed conflict he took a prominent part in the war, and Washington promoted him to the rank of lieutenant colonel.

After the Revolutionary War Hamilton studied law at Columbia University, and later he represented New York in both the Continental Congress and in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. After the constitution had been written he labored fevently for its adoption. In the year 1789 he became the country's first Secretary of the Treasury as a member of George Washington's first Cabinet. He believed in a strong central government, and this philosophy often brought him into bitter conflict with Thomas Jefferson and some of the other early leaders. In 1795 he resigned from the cab-

inet and returned to New York to practice law. In 1804 he was involved in a bitter political dispute with Aaron Burr, and this led to a duel between the two, in which Hamilton fell, mortally wounded.

On his tombstone in old Trinity church yard, New York City, one may read today this inscription: "The patriot of an incorruptible integrity; the soldier of a proved valor; the statesman of consummate wisdom."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 11, 1948

- Jan. 11—James Wesley Moore, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- Jan. 11—Eugene McLean, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- Jan. 12—Jack Coleman, Cottage 13, 17th birthday
- Jan. 12—Kenneth Wells, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- Jan. 13—Charles Franklin, Cottage 1, 15th birthday
- Jan. 15—Wayne Eldridge, Cottage 10, 17 birthday
- Jan. 16—David Gibson, Cottage 3, 13th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Boys Go To Box

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The school's boxing team will travel to Kannapolis to night to take part in the annual Y. M. C. A. boxing tournament. The boys who are to take part are as follows: Treva Coleman, Robert Canaday, Leon Poston, Robert Ellers, Charles Farmer, Carl Howell, Garland Leonard, Carl Davis, Evan Myers, and Robert Billings. The tournament will get under way at 8:00 o'clock. This will be the first match of the season.

J. T. S. Rolls Over Boys Club 24-14

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Thursday the Yellowjackets of J. T. S. rolled over the Boys Club of Concord. The Yellowjackets took the Club in ever manner possible. The Yellowjackets did most of their scoring in the 1st and 3rd periods. The Club did their work in the 2nd and 4th. The game marked the beginning of the season, and it was a thriller all the way. The Yellowjackets were sparked by Barnes and Wright. Linker sparked the losers with eight.

Starting line ups

Boys Club

F., Greene; F., Linker; C., Benfield; G., Deaton; G., Staton.

J. T. S.

F., Scott; F., Thornton; C., Johnson G., Barnes; G., Arnette

Substitutes—J. T. S. Moore; Billings, and Duncan. Boys Club Bost; Deaton, and Hull.

Basketball Season Begins At The School

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Saturday was the last day to practice for basketball before the regular season play at the school. The cottages have been practicing for the past few weeks and are now getting ready for the regular season, which starts this week. All the boys are looking forward to playing games with the other cottages and all of them are hoping to win the championship. The school team also starts their regular season in the Concord City League. The boys open their regular season with the Trinity Reformed Church of Concord, Tuesday night. The boys are looking forward to playing these games and all the others. They also hope to come out on top of the league.

New Boys At The School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The new boys that came during the 15th and 30th of Dec. had a most enjoyable Christmas with all the treats and activities the school made possible for our pleasure. The boys are as follows; Kenneth Staley, 11th grade, Winston Salem; John Robinson, 6th grade and Charles Euerington 7th grade both of Newbern, Thomas Linville, 8th grade and Richard Harper 5th grade, both of Burington. We hope these boys will make the best of their stay at the School, because it will really help them if they will let it.

Our Christmas

By Howard Wise, 1st Grade

We had a good time Christmas. We had lots to eat. We had oranges, tangerines, apples, nuts, grapes and candy. We also had a big dinner on Christmas Day. We had boxing at the gym. All of us liked that very much. We saw a picture show every afternoon.

We wish Christmas could come again soon.

Devotion In The 11th Grade

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

For the past two weeks we have been studying Proverbs. We read a chapter each morning. We spend about twenty minutes every morning in reading and discussing this great book of the Bible.

Monday morning we started off by having someone read the 11th chapter. It is the proverb of Solomon. Solomon teaches us about wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and other important things.

A different student reads a chapter each morning. At the end of our devotion we repeat the Lords Prayer or either the last part of the 19th Psalms together.

We learn a lot in this devotion period and wish we had more time to spend on it. I am sure everyone in the grade is learning a lot from it.

Cottage 3 Reopened

By Toby Coleman, 11th Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 3 were delighted to return to their cottage Jan. 1, when Mr. and Mrs. Hahn took

over the Cottage. The cottage had been closed since Mr. Hines left in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn lived at Mt. Pleasant before they came to work at the School. We are glad to have them with us and hope they will enjoy working with the boys.

The Picture Show

By Raymond Cloninger, 11th Grade

New Year's week was enlivened by the showing of two extra good movies. The first was "Smoky," from the story of the same name by Will James, made in technicolor.

The picture started with Smoky running with a herd of wild horses that had been captured. He escaped from the cowboys and started back for the hills.

Clint Bartley (Fred Mac Murray) captured him and brought him to the ranch where the cowboys worked. The owner offered him the job of breaking and training the horses.

He liked Smoky and trained him in his spare time and Smoky would not let anyone touch him except Clint.

One day Clint's brother came to the ranch looking for him. Clint got him a job on his word not to cause trouble.

Clint found that his brother was borrowing money in his name and made him quit work.

That night, his brother helped rustle some cattle from the ranch. He took Smoky with him. After changing the brand on the cattle, he tied Smoky to a post and started beating him. The rope was weak and Smoky broke it and killed his tormentor. He jumped the fence and escaped to the hills.

Clint Spent about one year and a

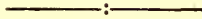
half looking for Smoky. When he found him, Smoky was pulling a junk wagon, and crippled in one leg.

He took him back home and treated his leg. Pretty soon he was his old self again except for a slight limp in his front leg. Clint took good care of him and finally made a cow pony out of him.

The other picture was "The Fabulous Dorseys." This picture portrayed the lives of Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey. It showed how they tried to get a band of their own and failed.

They then, played in Paul Whiteman's orchestra for a while. Later, they started with their own band again.

They were successful until Jimmy decided he didn't like the way Tommy was directing the band. Tommy became angry and left. He organized an orchestra of his own. It became a success, but Tommy and Jimmy would not be in the same house together until their father died. Later they played a concert together and finally in the end the brother's were together again, both with bands of their own and making a success.



I STAND ALONE

I stand alone, in the middle of the road,
 Looking over the fields of life, I have sowed.
 I am the farmer of my destiny, it's soils I must keep,
 For I am the one to live on the harvest I reap.
 I stand alone, in my world of confusion,
 Seeing only the vision of disillusion
 Pondering over the crops of my yesteryear,
 Wistfully, dreaming of the seeds, of love I hold so dear.
 Ah, poor am I, the farmer of my life,
 Planting always, the crops of misery and strife.
 While others around me, grow happiness and love,
 Successful on their farms of destiny, blessed from above.
 Perhaps I should move, and better seeds sow,
 On a new farm of destiny, where happiness shall grow.
 For here the drought of blindness, shall live on,
 And if I elect to stay, I stand alone.

—Clifford Rogers.

PARTNERS IN CRIME CONTROL

By Morton Sontheimer, in *The Atlantian*

Crime in this country has reached a new ten-year-high, according to the 1946 annual FBI report, a challenging document which reveals that on the average day in the United States, thirty-six persons are slain, thirty-three women are raped, 185 persons are feloniously assaulted, 172 persons are robbed, and 981 acts of burglary are committed.

Obviously, something must be done to halt the march of crime—but what?

Shall we make more speeches?

Shall we pass more laws?

Shall we mete out stiffer sentences?
Shall we build more and larger prisons?

The fact is, we don't know what to do. We spend millions of dollars on diseases research, billion of dollars on war, yet of the more than forty millions in grants made by philanthropic foundations in a recent single year, only twenty-seven thousand dollars were provided for the study for the great disease of crime, an enemy that has warred on society constantly down through history.

Most of that small sum went into the laboratory of two of the world's foremost criminologists, the husband-and-wife team of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck (pronounced "Glook"), who for twenty-two years have been working at Harvard University to eliminate the costly guesswork about crime and criminals.

Dr. Sheldon Glueck is Professor of Criminology and Criminal Law in Harvard Law School; Dr. Eleanor

Glueck, one of the first women to earn a Doctorate of Education at Harvard, is an authority on social work. They are co-authors of some of the most widely quoted studies in the field of crime, both here and abroad. Their research has been, and still is, handicapped by a constant struggle for funds, and their investigators are far from complete, but they have already uncovered some facts about crime that have jarred established fond beliefs of years' standing.

For example, there is a common belief that reformatories are, in fact, institutions of reform, but the Gluecks revealed in one of their studies that eighty per cent of the men who left a well-known reformatory continued their criminal careers.

And the Gluecks established that seventy-six percent of the women from another modern reformatory went on living outside the law after release.

Even more enlightening—and discouraging—was the Gluecks' revelation that eighty-eight percent of juvenile delinquents who came before one of the best juvenile courts continued their criminalism for years.

The current increase in crime and juvenile delinquency was predicted by Dr. Sheldon Glueck, as an aftermath of the war, in an article published in January, 1943. He doesn't foresee much that we can do about it, until we face the fact that many of our present methods of treating crime and criminals are futile and outdated.

"The theory of the law is that the offender commits crime because he wants to do something bad, so we punish him," Professor Glueck says. "It must sooner or later be recognized that it is the interplay of many forces — biologic and sociologic — rather than the grossly over-simplified 'free will' and 'criminal intent' of traditional criminal law that generates delinquency and crime.

"We used to punish the insane, too, and there were witch-hangings right here in Massachusetts. The States is still trying to punish the badness out of criminals by some kind of magic exorcism. It is unfair to the rest of society, because it does not protect society: it is unjust to the criminal because it does not rehabilitate him.

"Our present criminal law prescribes punishment with too little attempt to determine a prisoner's true reformability. Thus, not only are many criminals sent to prison who might otherwise have reformed, but many dangerous offenders are turned loose upon society after too short an imprisonment.

"If a man were suffering from leprosy, would we commit him to a leper colony for a prescribed period of, say ninety days, then turn him out among the people regardless of whether he was cured? We do that with a few criminals who are more dangerous to society than lepers."

The Gluecks' ideas about crime and punishment are based on long and painstaking researches.

Suppose someone were to hand you a prison record, five years or more old, and say, "When we last heard of this man, he was being released

from a State reformatory, as the record shows. Beyond that, all we can tell you is that he has a tendency to move from place to place, and to change his name often. Find him. Talk to him. Talk to his neighbors, friends and relatives. Learn all about him—the worst things about him, not just what the police records may show. And be sure you don't reveal to anyone, including his wife if he has one, that he is an ex-convict."

A little difficult, you would say, even if you were a trained detective. Now multiply that single assignment by 510 and you will have a better idea of the task the Gluecks set for themselves in their first "pilot-studies" of crime, in 1925, to learn how many reform-school "graduates" continued as criminals. They found almost every one of the living ex-convicts, even though some were as predisposed to mete out stiff or light sentences for specific crimes without regard for the individual before them. Certainly pure hunch must, and often does, play an important part.

The Glueck charts, computed on the famous Gaussian law of probabilities, look like score cards on which are printed the factors in an offender's life that have been found to indicate his chances of reform. The factors may be as few as five in number. Each factor has a mathematical value based on the degree to which it differentiates successes from failures.

The total score of these figures is compared with a table that shows the reform chances. The factors have been sifted down to the minimum that will absolutely determine the chances, and to those that can be

answered with little difficulty.

They may be as simple as these:

1. Education of parents (whether both are without any schooling or one or both have at least common school education).

2. Intelligence of offender (normal or superior; dull, borderline, or feeble-minded).

3. Age at first delinquency (seventeen and older; eleven through sixteen or under eleven).

4. Age when the offender began work (under fifteen, or fifteen and over).

5. Industrial skill (skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled).

This particular group of five factors was used in a practical test given the Glueck tables by United States Army authorities. They asked the Gluecks to score 200 Army offenders, then in detention, on the basis of the answers to those factors. No other information was supplied.

The results revealed that the prediction tables, had they been available to the Armed Forces at the time of induction, could have foretold with better than eighty-five per cent accuracy that these men would cause trouble in the Army, and they would wisely have been denied service.

The Gluecks warn that any one factor by itself is meaningless; that it takes on significance only when grouped with the other factors for any table—and that the tables are not for amateur use.

Although the Army experiment highly corroborated the accuracy of the prediction charts, the Gluecks are not ready yet to recommend their use. They are scientists, and they

want to test the charts first against the records of groups of criminals. That is being done now, with strong indications of success.

Mr. Glueck once had a personal opportunity to use the prediction charts when an elderly lady came to his office and said, "You don't know me, but you know my son. He is serving a sentence for murder, and you met him when you were talking to prisoners at the State Prison.

"He has applied for a pardon," the woman continued, "and I must sign the application if he is to be freed.

"I love my son. I want him to regain his liberty, but not if he is going to continue to be a menace to society; not if he is going to go out and kill again. Can you tell me what chances he has of going straight if he is released?"

The woman didn't understand why Dr. Glueck asked her the apparently irrelevant questions that followed, or why he referred to a table of figures. But he told her, finally, that he thought her son was a good risk, that the chances he would revert to crime were small. The man was pardoned, and his record since has been flawless.

With the exhaustive information the Gluecks have gathered about thousands of delinquents and criminals, you would expect them to know all about the causes of crime. Yet when I asked Mrs. Glueck to name them for me, she frankly replied, "I don't know the causes. Do you?"

"Well," I said, 'crime is generally attributed to broken homes, slums, poor health, poverty, frustration, mental unbalance and inferiority, bad

companions, overcrowded living, degenerate families, lack of recreation, heredity—your own studies show the presence of these conditions.'

Mrs. Glueck went to her files. At random, she took out a pair of case histories. "Let's compare these records," she said. "Here's a delinquent boy, and here's a non-delinquent. Broken homes, you say. The bad boy has both parents and they get along harmoniously, but the good boy's father has been dead many years and was separated from the mother before he died!

"Slums? They both come from slums. But the bad boy's home is better than the good boy's because the family has more income!

"Poor health? This bad boy happens to be healthier than the good one!

"They both show signs of frustration—but who doesn't? They are both of normal intelligence, although the bad boy is high in performance (doing things with his hands) and the good boy is higher in verbal tests; also, the bad boy is three years retarded in school.

"As far as bad companions are concerned, you may be right in this particular case. The good boy goes to a boy's club almost daily and the bad one only once a week. The bad boy has a street job and he works 'to have spending money,' while the good one is a mason's assistant 'to help support the family.'

far away as Europe or China and had changed their names a dozen times. Then, five years later, the Gluecks repeated the investigation to check further on these same crimi-

nal careers; and five years after that, they did it again to learn what had become of the group.

The job of tracing the 510 criminal men may have seemed difficult, but it was just a warm-up for the next task, that of checking up on the careers of 500 female criminals five years after their release from a large Eastern reformatory for women. Women cover up their past more carefully than do men; they adopt aliases and legally change their names, sometimes several times, by marriage. They are much more afraid of exposure, and are less willing to talk about their illegal activities.

Since most of the 500 women had been sex offenders, many of them prostitutes, it was thought women investigators would be required for interrogation. The Gluecks soon learned otherwise; the women would reveal their secrets to men, but not to women. Male investigators had to be specially trained for the work. In one case, possibility of an interview had to be abandoned when it developed that the former inmate of a reformatory had married and become a social leader in a town where any inquiry about her might have aroused the suspicion of the townfolk. It was another needle-in-a-haystack research hunt, but it was completed successfully.

The Gluecks next studied the careers of 1,000 juvenile delinquents who had passed through a well-known juvenile court. They pursued these studies until the lawbreaking youngsters had grown into their thirties.

Let's look at a few characteristics of the average juvenile offender and

his family, based on the Gluecks' pioneer findings.

The average juvenile delinquent's parents probably are separated; if not, they very likely quarrel much of the time. Parental discipline is either too strong or too lax, seldom reaching an intelligent medium. The youngster's parents have no plans for his future; they haven't thought much about it."

One or several of the immediate family may be handicapped by poor health, mental disease or illiteracy, or by some other failing.

They are poor, either on relief or close to it, and live in a slum area. Three times out of five the boy's home is likely to be overcrowded, unclean and poorly ventilated.

He is retarded in school and dislikes it. He seldom joins neighborhood clubs; instead, he prefers gangs of other bad boys. Most of his leisure time is devoted to gambling, excessive drinking or sex. He is most likely a chronic truant or a thief or both. His first signs of delinquency appeared at the age of nine years, seven months.

The Gluecks learned that as offenders grow older they tend to become more law-abiding, and that those who ultimately reform come of better stock, are more balanced emotionally and less influenced by unwholesome environments.

But they learned something else, that may revolutionize sentencing procedure in criminal courts. Believing that "the essence of science is predictability," they searched for the factors in the life stories of criminals that varied sharply between those who reformed and those who didn't. These

factors indicate with what seems to be mathematical certainty an offender's chances of reform under different types of treatment, and from them the Gluecks developed prediction charts on the same principle as the actuarial tables used by insurance companies to determine the life-expectancy of a policyholder.

To understand the practical possibilities of this discovery, let's digress for a moment to an imaginary scene in an imaginary criminal courtroom a few years hence:

Before the bar of justice stands a young man, tense and expressionless. Look closely at him and you will see that anxiety is written in every line of his taut body.

He has just heard the pronouncement "Guilty!" And the next few minutes will determine his destiny for several years to come. His gaze is fixed intently upon the man who holds the answer—the judge who is studying papers and adding up a column of figures. He checks the result, refers to a card.

"Score of 184," he says, more to himself than to the courtroom. Then he looks at the prisoner.

"I sentence you . . ."

The judge is employing the Glueck Prediction Chart, which enables him to tell, on the basis of records of thousands of other criminal careers, the chances of successful reform of the prisoner under each of the courses open to him—whether the offender should be sentenced to a correctional school, a reformatory or a prison, placed on probation, with or without a suspended sentence of imprisonment, or paroled after a limited confinement.

The decision is crucial because the sentence for this individual may determine whether he will be a chronic criminal or a reformed one, since obviously, the same type of treatment is not effective with every criminal. Today, such decisions are reached in probably as many different ways as there are judges and parole boards. Some judges base their decisions on the facts of the immediate case, or on the looks of the defendant; some are

"There is delinquency, mental disease, poor health and illiteracy in both families. Maybe there is something here, though—parental concern of the delinquent's family is poor, and of the non-delinquent's good.

"But I'm afraid the causes of crime are not so easy to determine. The conditions generally blamed for crime are present in the lives of many, possibly most, criminals. But they are also present in the lives of numberless persons who are not criminals."

"Why is it then," I asked, "that some boys turn out to be criminals and others don't?"

"Why is it," the Gluecks counter, "that of two boys raised on the sidewalks of New York, one becomes Governor of the State and the other goes to Sing Sing?"

The answer to that is the key to the riddle of crime—its causes—and the Gluecks are hopeful that they finally have the key in their hands. The two case histories Mrs. Glueck cited were from their latest, and most ambitious, crime study. They have taken 500 delinquent boys, matched each of them with a non-delinquent of approximately the same age, racial stock, intelligence and social and

economic background, coming from the same type of substandard neighborhood. They subjected the thousand good and bad youngsters to tests and studies of four different sciences—anthropology, psychology, sociology and medicine. They included careful measurements of the bodily structure, intelligence tests, the famous Rorschach inkblot test to determine basic character structure and unconscious forces motivating behavior, a thorough physical examination, a psychiatric interview and a sociological investigation.

The boys told far more about their delinquent activities to the Glueck interviewers than was known to most of their parents.

The selection, detailed examinations and meticulous verification of the data have taken eight years. Now the Gluecks are commencing the two-year task of analyzing the findings, figuring percentages and reducing the results to indisputable statics.

The findings should make it possible for schools to sort out the potential criminals and give them special attention, for legislators and social workers to attack crime at the source, for the Armed Forces to eliminate problem recruits.

The Gluecks are not only pioneers in the "follow-up" study of research but they have blazed trails in other fields of investigation. Although their studies of crime and reform have occupied their entire careers, the Gluecks have other interests, too. Mr. Gluecks is an avid amateur dramatist and actor, and hopes some day to author a hit show. His parents' refusal to let him accept a stage offer when he was president and star

of the George Washington University dramatic club has, he admits, been a rankling frustration all his life.

The Gluecks have been married twenty-five years, and Mrs. Glueck smiles indulgently when asked about her husband's playwriting. "It is a nice hobby for him," she says. "I'm glad he doesn't have to make a living at it."

As for herself, she would rather talk about their twenty-three-year-old daughter, Anitra Joyce, who published her first volume of poetry at seventeen and has had two more published since.

The Gluecks feel that when they have dug to the root causes of delinquency, the next logical step in placing crime under science's microscope is to discover the most effective treatments.

"We'll undertake that in about ten years," said Dr. Eleanor Glueck, confidently, on her 49th birthday recently. Her husband is two years older.

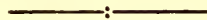
After more than twenty years of study and research, the Gluecks are convinced that our present treatment of crime—namely, punishment—is not

effective because it neither prevents crime nor cures criminals.

He believes that our prisons generally are still employing Eighteenth- and Nineteenth-Century methods and programs. We meet the problem of increasing crime by building more prisons, planting more crime in them and watching it incubate.

He would like to see special courses in scientific criminology required for all district attorneys, public defenders, criminal and juvenile-court judges, parole and probation officers, and crime-prevention heads in police departments, school and other institutions. In addition to the law, they would be taught anthropology, psychology, psychopathology, psychiatry, sociology, social statistics, educational methods and government.

"Then," Dr. Glueck says, "we shall have real specialists in the administration of criminal justice. Crime will not be deterred until we have more effective and up-to-date methods of dealing with the problem, and for this purpose we need professionally-trained administrators of justice."



Youngun: "How's the new razor cutting? Does it go easy?"

Fish: "That depends on the operation. If you're trying to shave me, it goes hard; but if you're skinning me it's going fairly easy."

TALES TAR HEELS TELL

Retold By Jule B. Warren, in *We The People*

Senator George Penny, of Penny Brothers Auctioneering Company of Greensboro, has probably never read a book of psychology, but has learned about the workings of the human mind in the hard school of experience in selling land and dealing with people. His knowledge of the quips and quirks of the thinking processes of mankind has enabled him to make and spend more than one fortune. His friend, B. C. Siske, of Pleasant Garden, southern manager for Rand McNally and Co. tells this story about Senator Penny.

A number of years ago when subdivisions and land sales were an everyday affair, the famous firm of twin auctioneers, made up of George Penny and his brother, were the selling agents for much of the property auctioned off in the Piedmont section of the State. A blaring brass band, which paraded the streets of the community, a stentorian announcer—for this was before the days of the traveling loud speaker—newspaper advertisements and hand bills, the frock-coated twin auctioneers with their silk hats, were in constant demand by those who had run-down farm land they wanted to convert into city lots at considerable profit to themselves.

The breed of animals, known to science as homo sapiens, is imitative, so it was not surprising that the success of the fabulous twin auctioneers should encourage others to try a hand at what seemed the easy money in the auctioneering game. Competition did

spring up, and with every good sized town in North Carolina expecting to become a second New York, the newcomers got some business.

The grapevine brought news to George Penny one day that old Fritz Clawson, tight-fisted, hard-bitten trader and trafficker in a nearby town had bought a worn out farm and was planning to convert it into a suburban development in which lots would be auctioned to any and all who wanted to reap where they had not sown. The Penny Brothers were busy with sales engagements for several weeks in advance, and neither of the fabulous twosome could contact Clawson to make a deal for the sale. Consequently one of the young assistants was sent to the neighboring town to get the old man's signature on a contract for Penny Brothers to conduct the sale.

The youngster returned and told George Penny that he had failed to make the deal, that a new firm of auctioneers had agreed to take the job for eight per cent commission instead of the ten per cent which was the standard price for that kind of business. The young contact man was apologetic, and somewhat humiliated that he had failed to sell his organization to Clawson.

"Forget it," George Penny told the boy. "We can't sell all the land in North Carolina, and we have plenty to do as it is."

But George Penny did not forget it.

"Ought to. Near enough to town. Lots lay well, and these boys who have your selling contract are fine fellows. I'm glad to see them get some selling experience on as nice a lay-out as you will have."

"What's that you said?" Clawson wanted to know, as George Penny started down the steps toward his automobile. "I don't want anybody experimenting on my sale."

"Oh, they will do a good job. Since we could not get the sale I'm delighted the boys did. Before Penny Brothers got their experience we used to cut the commission, just as these boys are doing. But since we have had years of experience, we find it easy to get the regular commission on all our sales. Well, good day, Mr. Clawson. I hope your sale turns out all right."

"Wait a minute. Hell, I don't want no kids experimenting on my property."

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Clawson. These are nice boys. They need the experience, and this is a fine sale for them to get it. They'll do all right," George Penny assured the old man as he backed on down the steps.

"Hey! Hold on there. I don't think I want them to sell that land. I haven't signed with them. Just told them, maybe I would tomorrow. You got a contract with you?"

"No I just came by to make a friendly call. I wouldn't take that job away from the boys. They need the experience."

"I don't want them getting experienced with my land. Say, if you got a contract with you 'I'll—"

Late that afternoon he drove to Clawson's home in the neighboring town.

"I just wanted to come by and tell you how much I appreciated the courtesy you showed our young man when he came over here today to talk to you about selling your land."

"But I didn't sign your contract," Clawson told Penny, somewhat surprised and suspicious.

"Sure, I know. You signed up with Blank and Company. But that's all right. They are nice boys, and I am glad to see them get a little business. Penny Brothers can't sell all the land, anyway. I am not trying to take business away from them. Just wanted you to know that we appreciated the time you gave our man when he was here."

"First time I ever heard of a man coming by to thank a fellow for not giving him business."

"That's our policy," Mr. Penny expansively replied, moving towards the door.

"I wanted you to sell that land for me," Clawson replied, following him, "but you know how times are and a fellow has to save all the money he can."

"Sure, sure. I know. I'm glad you gave it to the boys. It's a nice development and should sell well," Penny told the old man. "Well, I have to be going. Got lots to do. These are busy times. Just happened to be in this neighborhood and wanted to tell you how much I appreciated your courtesy. Someday, maybe we can make a deal."

"You think this land will sell good?" Clawson asked the expert.

"Sorry. Let's see," feeling in all his pockets in a search for a contract. "No, I didn't come over here to sign you up, but just to wish you good luck." Penny started on to his automobile, with old man Clawson following him.

"Maybe you got one in that brief case—a contract I mean."

"I doubt it. I'm so busy selling land these days I have little time to look after the details of making contracts, so it would just be a happen-sc if I did have a contract with me."

"How about looking?"

Penny fumbles through the papers in the brief case and finally does locate a selling contract.

"Well, I don't know how that got there. But here is a contract. But Mr. Clawson. I don't want to take business from these boys. They are nice fellows and deserve to make a living just like the rest of us. You have promised them. So just go ahead with them. I am sure the sale will come out all right."

"The more I think about it the more I am sure I don't want them to get their experience at my sale. Now, Mr. Penny, how about me signing that contract now?"

"Wouldn't think of it, Mr. Clawson. I don't do business that way. A bargain is a bargain, whether you signed the contract or not."

"I didn't tell them I would sign a contract. Just told them to come back tomorrow, and we would talk business," the old man said. "Now, I got another piece of land I could let them sell. But I want experienced auctioneers on this sale. How about letting me sign that contract now, while you are here."

"Are you sure you will give them this other job, if I let you sign our contract for the sale of this land?"

"Absolutely, it's a promise."

"Well, now that you promise," and George Penny seemingly with reluctance allowed Clawson to sign the contract.

A FRIEND

Give me a friend and I'll carry on,
 My vision my vanish, my dreams may go wrong,
 My wealth I may lose, or my money may spend,
 But I'll carry on if you give me a friend,
 Give me a friend and youth may depart,
 But still I'll have you in the house of my heart,
 Yes, I'll go laughing on to the end,
 Whatever the years,
 If you give me a friend.

—By Buddy Laing.

THE BOY WHO LOVED MUSIC

(Religious Herald)

Franz Peter Schubert was born 128 years ago, in Vienna, Austria. He possessed a great love for music, and when he was only twelve years old, he played in the boys' orchestra in the imperial school. One day, during orchestra practice, the leader heard little Franz play so well that he wondered who he was. After the practice was over, he spoke to the little musician and from that time on, they were good friends.

Another day, his friend found little Franz putting down some notes on a piece of paper. He looked at them, and saw that they were a very beautiful composition; and after playing them over on the piano, he asked Franz if he often composed music.

Franz replied, "O yes! I am always at it; but sometimes I do not have any music paper."

"After this, I'll see that you get all the music paper you want," said the older boy.

The little musician was very grateful for this, and wrote a great deal of music. Some one said that he could set an advertisement to music.

He soon became the leader of the boy's orchestra after the director had resigned to organize a band in another part of the city. There was nothing Franz liked better than to practice. He greatly admired other great musicians and understood their works almost as well as they themselves.

When he was seventeen, he left the music school, and helped his father teach school. In this work he was a great help to his parent. This went on for three years, and all the time

he kept composing music. In fact some of his best works were accomplished during this time.

When he was seventeen, he left teaching school and lived with a young friend named Schober. Franz was very poor and his parents lived a very humble life, but he was happy with his music. He would start to write music as soon as he arose in the morning, and keep at it until two in the afternoon. Sometimes during his dinner, he would think of an air and write it down, forgetting all about his meal.

It is said that he has been known to get up during the night and compose a selection, the tune of which had been running through his mind during his waking moments.

A very interesting story is told of one of his most famous songs, "Hark, Hark, the Lark." One day when he was about to dine with some friends, he told them he wished he had some music paper on which to write down a new song. One of them took a bill of fare and marked lines on it; and on this Schubert wrote this beautiful piece.

He wrote a vast number of musical compositions, but only a few were published, the majority after his death. Indeed, he wrote so many pieces that some publishers think he could not have written all of them.

One time a friend of his who had received one of his compositions, copied it in a lower key, then brought it back to Schubert, who played it over on the piano.

"This piece isn't so bad" said the

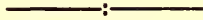
noted composer after he had carefully studied the composition. "Who wrote it?" He didn't recognize his own work.

Schubert worked so hard and was so poor all his life that he died just when he was beginning his life work—when he was only a little past thirty. Had he lived longer, many more masterpieces might have been composed by this artist. Often he had to go without food because he could not

get much for his compositions.

He was a kind and gentle man. He loved the common people as well as the rich, and was in return loved by both. He was happy with his music, and died after giving a life of service to one of the greatest arts, the art of music.

At the present time his compositions are in great demand, and, like the old hymns, they will live on for years and years.



A POOR UNFORTUNATE

His hoss went dead and his mule went lame;
 He lost six cows in a poker game;
 A hurricane came on a summer's day,
 And carried the house where he lived away;
 Then a earthquake came when that was gone,
 And swallowed the land that the house stood on!
 And the tax collector, he came around
 And charged him up for the hole in the ground!
 And the city marshal—he come in view
 And said he wanted his street tax, too!
 Did he moan and sigh? Did he sit and cry
 And cuss the hurricane sweeping by?
 Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
 When the earthquake come and swallowed all?
 Never a word o' blame he said,
 With all them troubles on top his head!
 Not him—he clumb to the top o' the hill—
 Where standing room was left him still,
 And baring his head, here's what he said:
 "I reckon it's time to get up and git;
 But, Lord, I hain't had the measels yit!"

—Author Unknown.

HUNTING ACCIDENTS

(News Herald)

If this year's hunting season follows the experience of previous years, about 1,000 persons will meet death through hunting accidents—most of them through misuse of firearms.

The following common-sense suggestions offer precautions which should reduce the number of accidents if hunters adopt them:

1. Know your gun thoroughly before you go hunting with it. Shoot "dry runs" until its operation is second nature. Know, especially, the "safety", and keep in mind the reason why it has been placed on your gun.

2. Wear shoes or boots which will minimize the danger of slipping or falling and, in doing so, accidentally firing your weapon.

3. Keep your gun unloaded except when you are using it. Transport only empty guns in your automobile, and be sure to remove the ammunition when you get back to your camp or home after a day's hunting.

4. Never pull a gun muzzle first from a vehicle or when climbing through or over fences.

5. Never shoot at a moving object until you are "dead" sure that it is game and not one of your companions or another hunter. Wear some dis-

tinctive clothing yourself.

6. Decide upon definite positions for each person in your party, so that nobody will be in the line of fire of another hunter's gun.

7. Guard against fouling the gun muzzle with snow, mud, or any foreign material, and clean it well before and after it is used.

8. Don't use your gun to club or flush game out of the brush. It's bad for the gun, and for the life expectancy of yourself and your companions.

9. Never forget for even an instant such common-sense rules as: point the muzzle toward the ground while passing under low trees or through brush; carry the gun on your shoulder with the muzzle pointing up while walking with others in the open; never point either an unloaded or "unloaded" gun playfully at another person; and never shoot at flat, hard surfaces or the surface of water—which might cause a ricochet.

10. Don't confuse a hunting party with a cocktail party; alcohol is bad medicine for a person using a weapon which might be lethal at far greater distances than you may think.

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Grumblers are commonly an idle set. Having no disposition to work themselves, they spend their time in whining and complaining both about their own affairs and those of their neighbors.

—M. Henry.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PULPIT

By Rev. R. S. Arrowood

A certain man who had followed the false philosophy "to try anything once," wrote out his experiences and conclusions and they have found a place in Holy Writ. Out of his life time of experimenting with the possibilities of study, of worldly pleasure, of amassing a fortune, he made some discoveries under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. He has given them to us. Among those conclusions can be found our text; "Rejoice and Remember."

Rejoice, O young man in thy youth. Enjoy life, have your fun with sports. Get all the joy and pleasure out of life that you can but remember that God will give you an examination at the end of the course as to how you have used the body and the time and talents he has given you. For that reason be careful to keep the body clean and strong and pure for him. "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

There is a little fable of the Foolish Skylark. If you think this story is too silly to tell, I am reliably informed that Luther Burbank liked and repeated it.

Once upon a time there was a foolist little skylark that was just learning to fly, soaring into the sky; and as it soared it sang. They do say that the singing of a skylark is most beautiful.

But this little skylark heard the tingle of a little bell on the ground and came down. And there he saw

a strange sight. A jack daw coming down the road pulling a little cart and ever and anon tingling his bell and calling "Worms, worms, beautiful, fat, juicy, worms," The little skylark loved worms so he sidled up and said "How much for a nice worm?" And the jack daw said "I'll make you one cheap, just one wing father." And after that the jack daw had a steady customer. Every time the foolish little skylark heard "Worms, worms", he came running with a wing father. One day he noticed he could not soar so high and his song in flight was shortened: but "my those juicy worms! I'll just have to have another" So it went on till at last he couldn't fly at all, and he didn't feel like singing. So he went out and began to dig up worms and he got a pile together and took them to the jack daw and said "Here take these worms and gave me back my wings." But the jack daw said "Silly boy, I buy wings, not worms."

What happened to the little foolish skylark then? I don't really know. I hope his wings grew back and that eh never sold them for worms again. But there are boys and girls just as foolish who sell the finest things of the soul by which they may soar upward unto God, giving up purity of life, cleanness of conscience; an unsullied body; selling for that which is unclean an unholy, clipping the wings of thee soul and spoiling the song of the heart.

We are to rejoice in life and en-

joy its pleasures but we are to remember that we were made in the image of God; That when God made man, he breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul. Since man is the only creature made in the image of God, man should value his own personality. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Because one soul is of more value than all the world.

There is a story that when Louis XVI king of France was executed his son, called the Dauphin, was put out with an abandoned character. When she tried to get the Dauphin to do evil things, or utter profane or vulgar words, he would say, "But I am a child of the king."

"Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know, that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

We should remember God by seeking Him in the beautiful and sublime. Everything beautiful is made to praise Him, everything useful is to be dedicated to His service. All things are for His glory and God is revealed in his creation.

We should apprehend Him not

only by our intellect and our sense of the esthetic but we must perceive him by the exercise of the powers of the soul. His glory which expresses his love can best be apprehended by love.

"The night has a thousand eyes

The day but one

Yet the light of the bright
world dies

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes

And the heart but one

Yet the light of the whole life
dies

When love is done."

"Whatsoever things are lovely—
think on these things."

Remember God. Seek him in the Holy scriptures. While much of the wisdom and glory of God is revealed in nature, the full orb'd glory of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is only revealed in his word. There God is revealed in the person of His Son, The Lord Jesus Christ. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.,,

Jesus Christ is the answer to the needs of the world. In him we may rejoice in our youth and our joy will be full, containing nothing which we need dread in the day of judgment.

There is usually plenty of room at the top because some of those who get there go to sleep and roll off.—Exchange.

GOOD AND EVIL

By Norman Boyden

Since the words, "Let there be light," were spoken, man has lived in the two worlds of good and evil. The one serene, unceasing bliss, and the latter corrupt, impious, and contemptible, pernicious to the whole of mankind.

These are the two greatest forces on earth, evil seeming to have the upper hand, merely because man persists in using animal instincts in ways unbecoming to him. He has not as yet learned to live with his fellow man and pay him the respect and reverence that he himself looks forward to receiving. Because of this simple frame of mind, wars civil and world, have been fought. It has caused racial and religious hate. It has contributed to the present state of world demoralization. With this fact the lives of the just as well as the unjust have been taken and are still being taken.

Down through the ages of time without interruption or objection, each of us is waiting for the next man to make a move. The result is that no one accomplishes a single thing toward really helping the situation.

It seems as though we are accepting this maladjustment as a necessary condition, and if it is not stopped, it will destroy it's own masters.

The origin of this evil is in man and it is up to man to put a stop to it. The foundation of this demon lies within us and must be brought into the light before it's too late.

Our parent's strive to state the wrongs of this thing that is confronting us, but we refuse to take heed.

Youth is ours. It must be through this youth that hope for the capacity to do good shall come to each and every one of us. Furthermore we should learn how to teach others to do good. We must come to realize the harm of evil and the things caused by it, physically and mentally. Most of us have suffered a loss on account of this disdainful feeling in the world. We will suffer many more if it continues on the scale that it has been.

Let us make an effort to do good and teach our fellow man to do so. Then perhaps in the next era of time evil will be a vanquished foe and good will reign in it's place forever.

One does not have to be smart to realize this goal, but we must live and abide by the golden rule which is "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." With this thought in our minds I am sure that the world will be a better place to live in.

A lie cannot be told or a cowardly act committed without hurting some one; usually, however, he suffers most who committs the offense.—Mrs. S. E. Lawrence.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On Sunday January 4th, we had as our guest minister, the Rev. John Carper from the Kerr Street Methodist Church in Concord.

Rev. Carper used as his text, the fourth chapter of first Timothy, the 12th verse; which reads: Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity. Rev. Carper said that around the first of each year most everyone made what is known as "new year" resolutions. About the 4th or 5th day, these resolutions begin to get harder to keep. We need boasting up and encouragement. God is sending us this help and encouragement.

The speaker mentioned the fact that one should not forget the reaches of influence. We are always casting a shadow, whether good or evil. Our influence reaches out over the world, and is casting a shadow of goodness. This will be a means of Christening the world. The world is filled with negative goodness today, but negative goodness is next to nothing. People don't let their lives count for the Church or for the betterment of God's Kingdom.

Rev. Carper spoke briefly on the five different kinds of examples that a Christian should set.

1. Set the believers an example in speech. Always keep clean speech and don't take God's name in vain.

2. Set the believers an example of good conduct. Good conduct is always loved and respected. Be brave and courageous.

3. Set the believers an example of love. Love that makes people lay down their lives for their friends. Love doeth no evil. Do not put anything in anyones way that will cause them to go astray.

4. Set the believers an example of faith. Have faith in something good and fine. Believeth on him and you shall be saved.

5. Set the believers an example of purity. Be pure in heart, spirit, and mind. Only he that is pure may see God.

In conclusion, Rev. Carper read the 12th verse, and said that those living by those words would surely see God.

On Sunday, December 21, Rev. Herman F. Duncan, pastor of Central Methodist Church in Concord, brought an excellent message to the boys here at the school. As usual, during the Christmas week the Uplift was not published, and we are, therefore, giving a report on his message and talk to the boys this week.

Mr. Duncan's message was in the form of an interesting story as told by Tolstoy, an ancient writer and philosopher. In substance, the story is as follows:

Once upon a time a cobbler named Martin operated a small shoe repair shop. It had a small window for a light, and through the window he could see the throngs as they passed by on the sidewalk making their way to and fro in the world.

Martin's wife died, and he had other reverses, so that he felt that God had

been very hard on him, and he often told his friends about his troubles. One day one of his friends advised him that he had been grieving too much and thinking too much of himself. He urged that the cobbler forget himself and begin to think of how he could serve God. He would find the right way if he would read the first four gospels of the New Testament. In this he saw how there were those who served the Master when He was among them, and how one of the good women washed His feet and wiped them with her hair, and she even kissed His feet. This was more than others had ever done. Then the question arose in his own heart, "Can you do as much as this good woman has done?" He heard a voice which seemed to say to him, "Look for Me tomorrow," and he thought the voice was telling him he could likewise see Jesus passing by.

From his window Martin saw an old man trying to shovel snow from his walk. He gave him a cup of warm tea to cheer him and to make him strong. This caused the tears to run down the cheeks of the old man, but Martin said he wanted to see Jesus, whose voice he thought he had heard.

Later on in the day he saw passing by an old woman, poorly clad, and dressed in rags. Her husband had died in a war to save the country. She had sold her shawl to buy food for her child. On his stove Martin had a pot of soup that was delicious and warm. He took the babe into his own arms and warmed it and made it laugh. He gave the woman a coat, and he gave her enough money to buy back her own shawl, but he still looked for

Jesus.

Next, Martin saw a woman carrying a basket filled with apples. A hungry little urchin took one of the apples and fled, but Martin urged her to forgive and forget. He bought some apples from the old woman and gave one of them to the boy, and the boy returned the one which he had taken. Then the boy volunteered to carry the bundles for the old woman as she made her way down the street.

Thus it was that for three times within a brief space of time Jesus had visited the cobbler. He visited him in the forms of those who needed the services of others.

In his advice to the boys, Mr. Duncan urged that the boys strive to learn to do some one thing real well in life. The old cobbler knew how to fix shoes, and he did it well. In the second place, he advised the boys to remember that Jesus is alive today, and we can see Him in our imagination if we do good to others.

In the third place, he advised the boys to strive to have the inner control over their behavior. The little boy who returned the apples to the woman and carried her basket voluntarily had learned how to control himself by his own will-power.

The person who learns to do good towards others finds out that Jesus visits him in his experiences from time to time. Christian service makes one's life glow with happiness. Being a Christian is really not an easy life, but the Christian really learns to take it when the going is hard, and he learns to see life through to its final end.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

"Jesus came first; others come second; I come third."

—:—

He who would climb a tree must grasp its branches—not the blossoms.

—:—

"Be what your friends think you are; avoid being what your enemies say you are."

—:—

"A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but a reconciled one is truly vanquished."—Schiller.

—:—

"There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-wearers here below."—Spurgeon.

—:—

"He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

—:—

God has never been discouraged by small beginnings; it is small growth that disappoints Him.—Roy F. Smith.

—:—

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.—Mackintosh.

He has lost the art to live who can not win new friends.

—S. W. Mitchell.

—:—

If we were faultless we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate.—Fenelon.

—:—

What an absurd thing to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities.—Addison.

—:—

"No one of us has won any victory with which he has the right to be for a moment content."

—Gaius Glenn Atkins.

—:—

But, by all thy natures weakness,

Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.—Whiter.

—:—

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—Whitely.

—:—

Well may we feel wounded by our own faults; but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others.—Mary Baker Eddy.

—:—

Dr. C. E. Simpson who has recently been confined to the hospital is seriously ill and we hope he will soon improve and be with us again.

—:—

Great men are very apt to have great faults; and the faults appear the greater by their contrast with their excellencies.

—Charles Simmons.

A great many open minds should be closed for repairs.

The drunkard is a man who commits suicide on the installment plan.

—:—

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth, and have begun striving for ourselves.—Carlyle.

—:—

A beautiful display of Christmas is displayed in the assembly room.

A group of singers from the Chancel Choir of the First Presbyterian Church, Hutchinson, will sing Christmas Carols on Christmas Eve for the boys.

—:—

Omar Liebman, the record clerk is one of the necessary personels in editing the Herald.

We want to extend our appreciation to him for his promptness, in providing us with the population and commitments standing.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

A big man says, a practical observer, is usually an ordinary man who has made use of an opportunity.

—:—

A small boy was told to give the definition of steam. His answer was, "Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

—:—

The fellow who is always telling us about his troubles is of some use after all—he keeps us from thinking of our own.

—:—

Old Dobbin may have had his faults but he never scattered you all over the road just because he met a one-eyed horse at night.

—:—

If having a good time is all there is to life, a monkey has a man out-distanced completely, both in amusing others and being amused.

—:—

Doctors can cut out most anything that is the matter with you now-a-days except your own foolishness. You have to cut that out yourself.

—:—

"Halt!" ordered the sentry in the detention unit. "Who goes there?"

"You wouldn't know me," said the voice. "I just got here yesterday."

—:—

One of our high school teachers was heard to remark the other day, "This class is so dumb that if you stood in a circle, the FBI would raid you for being a dope ring."

—:—

Rudy: "Daddy what is executive ability?"

Farmer: "Executive ability, my boy, is the art of getting the credit for all the hard work that others do."

"Sorry I gave you the wrong number," said the polite telephone operator.

"Don't mention it," answered the

man who had made up his mind not to lose his temper. "I'm sure that the number you gave me was much better than the number I asked for. Only it just happened I wasn't able to use it."

"Now why do the ducks go in to swim?"

Said Jonathan Quiz to old Bill Stout. "From divers motives," said Bill to him.

"And for sun-dry reasons they all come out.

—:—

Little Stanley was taken by his parents to his first concert and a soprano was the soloist during the first number.

Asked Stanley, pointing at the conductor: "Mother, why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?"

"He's not shaking his stick at her," the mother whispered.

"Then why is she screaming like that?"

—:—

Many people follow instructions and directions like the hired man who was discovered painting the board fence one hot summer day, all bunched up in two coats and two sweaters. When someone asked him why he was wearing so many cloths he replied:

"The label on the paint can says, 'To obtain best results put on three coats,' and when I could find only two coats I thought two sweaters would be as good as the third coat."

—:—

A couple of old college pals met one day and were discussing this and that and finally got to the job subject.

"What type of work are you doing now, Jim?"

"Why, the usual advertising run, nothing extra. What's new with you?"

"Why, I hold the position as psychiatrist at a pottery factory."

"Psychiatrist at a pottery factory?"

"Yea, I take care of the crackpots."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 3, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
 Billy Kassell
 Onie Kilpatrick
 Major Loftin
 Thomas Miller
 Gerald Petty
 Frank Phillips
 Rufus Tuggle
 Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
 Bobby Blake
 Hubert Brooks
 Ransom Edwards
 Charles Everingtons
 Billy Holder
 Lester Jenkins
 Woodrow Mace
 Eugene Peterson
 Thomas Shepherd
 Donald Stack
 James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
 Bobby Duncan
 Waylon Gardner
 David Gibson
 Earl Hensley
 Wayne Millsapps
 Woodrow Norton
 France Dean Ray
 Leroy Shedd
 Benard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan
 Earl Gilmore
 Earnest Kitchen
 James Myers
 Robert Thompson
 William Thornton

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin

Danny Mack Hayes
 Carl Howell
 William Hinson
 Evan Myers
 Lester Owens
 Lewis Parris
 Billy Paschal
 George Patterson
 Glenn Rice
 J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Floyd Bruce
 Tommy Collins
 Ollie Daw
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 John Ganey
 Melvin Ledford
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Eugene McLean
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Sutherland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
 Glenn Davis
 Horace Jordan
 Clyde Leonard
 Jerry Peavey
 Jack Paschal
 Frank Spivey
 Elijah Spivey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
 Jimmy Delvechio
 Emmett Fields
 Marion Guyton
 Jack Griffin

Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Eugene Newton
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Curtis Helms
Thomas Linville
Edwin Morgan
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Carlyle Brown
Richard Harper
Frank Grady
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Earl Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Donald Bass
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Carl Davis
Harvey Jacobs
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Pernell Deese

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt

—————:—————
LIFE'S ROAD

On this road of strife, sorrow and sin,
Whose to say if a man is to lose or win?
Whose to say if either you or I will have the will to live or die,
Some may scoff while others sneer, but
Take notice my friends when their time is near,
They are the first to beg for mercy above,
While their breath dwindles away, from a life they've so loved.
Yes, take heed my friend as I give thee warning,
And as you lie in death's grasp, there'll be no mourning,
For you've accepted him above,
Whom we all have faith in, trust and love.

—By Nelson Palmer.

THE UPLIFT

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NO. 3

MY PRAYER

Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.
And next in value, which Thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how Thou'st distinguish me.
That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I Thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated Thy designs.

—Henry David Thoreau.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

HUMILITY

None of us really knows very much about anything, certainly not enough to entitle him to feel that he has found the last word about any particular matter. More and more knowledge and experience are needed to round out a constructive, useful, and successful life. Confidence and singleness of purpose are both essential, yet these qualities call for a knowledge of many subjects. A well-organized and vigorous mind is produced by various and sundry stimuli. Strong minds require a variety of exercise just as strong bodies demand many forms of exercise. A good rule to develop strength of mind is to think hard, think fast, and think often.

Intellectual humility is a "must" for all students of truth. By acquiring a genuine hospitality for new facts and new information our minds become like a magnet attracting the best and the most useful from all of life's experiences. As a result we continually make better use of our knowledge and experience.

The truly humble are appreciative, receptive and teachable and profit the most by the thoughts and experiences of others. The gates of wisdom are forever closed to those who are wise in their own conceits.

Humility in high places is always needed. General Douglas MacArthur said "However subordinate may be my role, I hope to play it manfully. I have no personal military ambitions whatsoever." I am perfectly content in such a role as may be prescribed for me. True humility is an awareness of one's abilities, limitations, achievements, and weakness. True humility enables us to know what is within our powers and what is outside our capacities.

—Carl E. Holmes.

THREE ATTRIBUTES ESSENTIAL FOR HONOR

In the life of each person there are several attributes which obviously are essential in one's relationship to another. These attributes may be divided and subdivided ad infinitum. For instance, there is no rule for argument as to whether or not it is desirable for a person to be sober, industrious, honest or truthful. These are definitely important and represent traits of character which are indispensable if a person is to take respectable rank among his fellowmen.

There are, however, three other attributes which seem to be highly important for the attainment of successful citizenship, and these are fair-mindedness, dependability and fidelity. It would be difficult to conceive how a person could be paid a greater honor than for it to be said that he has or did have in his life a high degree of these characteristics.

In this connection, it is highly important that boys in their youth be trained in these attributes and that they have implanted in their hearts a great esteem for these traits. Attainment of these traits is not something to be accomplished by accident or incident, but it represents a definite goal towards which teachers and supervisors should consciously strive at all times.

In the first place, it should be remembered that the fair-minded person is always willing to do his part in any undertaking. It may be a very simple and even a menial task performed by hand. The boy or the adult should develop a keen appreciation for the honor of each one doing his own part instead of shirking. In every local church or community there are various projects or activities which can only be accomplished by the joint efforts of people in these organizations, and it is to the everlasting credit of every person for it to be said that at all times he was willing to do his part or to carry his share of the load.

During the war chiselers became numerous. They were those people who were willing to take undue advantage of the circumstances, who were willing to scheme for personal profit even at the sacrifice of the blood of the soldier lads. These chiselers were numerous in the last war, they were numerous in World War I, and they have been showing their ugly faces throughout all the ages. They have been those gluttonous, greedy folks who have avowed that their purpose is to make a killing while the going is good. Wealth acquired with such a sinister purpose can only become a detriment and a curse to those who get it dishonestly. They are those who are willing to sell their souls for a mess of pottage.

However, in every community there are those who never shirk when the calls are made. There are those who never look for the soft spots and who never ask that the burdens be lifted from their shoulders, and it is to these devoted souls that civilization has always owed its strength and its growth.

In the second place, it is most commendable when it can be said

of a person he was always dependable. A young boy can early in life develop the attribute of dependability, so that he may manifest this trait of character to those about him from day to day. It is one of the crowning virtues of any boy to have it said of him that he was a dependable "chap."

For a boy or an adult to be dependable, it means that it is always possible to know where to find him when questions arise and decisions must be made, or whenever there may be a question of honor or integrity. It is a high tribute to say of a person that he is straightforward and that his word can be depended upon even to the extent that it is as good as his bond. This means, of course, he is unwilling to exemplify a spirit of vascillation in his relationships to his fellowmen, or that he is not subject to the whims of the will when there is need for stalwart manhood and fixity of purpose. Throughout the land there are these fine, upright citizens in all communities, and they are those who lend strength and stability to the morale of the community and to its religious and social fabric. They are those who give substantial and dependable support to the local educational and religious institutions.

In the third place, there is unquestioned need for people with a spirit of fidelity—those who are willing to endure the hardships and heartaches and still keep their chins up and their faces towards the east. Those who are faithful are ever ready and willing to fulfill whatever responsibility may be thrust upon them, and without hunting for frivolous excuses.

Sometimes it is not very difficult to find in every community those who can perform rather spectacularly and successfully if the road is easy and if the obstacles are not too great, but the finest individual in any community is that person of whom it is said at the end of his life that he was faithful in the works of the Lord even unto death.

These three attributes are highly important. They cannot be thrust into the heart or soul of any boy, but by careful consideration in the spirit of sacrifice and service they can be deeply implanted in the lives of most boys through the avenue of wholesome experiences provided day by day. A little is added here and a little there until in the end it is all summed up to the attainment of a reputation that is priceless in its value, one that cannot be pur-

chased with gold, but can be earned only through personal merit.

The following quotations express in eloquent language the thoughts of some great philosophers regarding these important virtues:

"Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity. Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind."—Cicero.

"His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles; his heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth."—Shakespeare.

"It goes far toward making a man faithful to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but suspect I will deceive him, gives me a sort of right to do it."—Seneca.

"Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more."—Dryden.

"I am constant as the Northern star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament."—Shakespeare. —

* * * * *

During the Christmas season Kenneth Chambers made a generous gift of thirty-five dollars to Cottage No. 10. Kenneth at one time was a fine boy in this cottage, and he remembers with great satisfaction and pleasure the great help that was given to him there. His contribution at this time was by no means his first. He has remembered Mr. and Mrs. Liske and the boys of that cottage from time to time.

We wish to take this opportunity not only to thank him for this thoughtful gift but to commend him for and congratulate him for the fact that he has gone out into the world and made a grand success of life. We think he has carried with him some of the fine qualities of citizenship that we are eager for the boys to cultivate and develop while they are with us. The Liskes and others who work here are deeply interested in the boys, and they strive to do their best to help the boys to make proper improvement and especially to make something of themselves.

Mr. F. L. Kelley, a friend of Kenneth's, also made a donation of twenty-five dollars to the No. 10 Cottage, and we wish to express our gratitude to him for his gift. Mr. Kelley operates the Kelley Music Company in Statesville, and we were delighted to have him visit the school, and shall be delighted to have him visit often.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Jackson Boxers Bow to Y. M. C. A.

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Cannon's Y. M. C. A.'s boxers punched their way to another victory Saturday night, this was won over a team of boys from Jackson Training School.

Of the 10 contested bouts the towel citizens took seven. The Jackson boys won one and in two matches the judges handed in "chan" decisions.

The victory was a hard one Y. mithmen, although the one-sided score indicates it was a push-over. They had to scrap hard for every decision, and one of the three knockouts was so inaudible it left the crowd dazed for minutes.

Bobby Chestine was the victor in the dizzy bout. Weighing in at 137 pounds, he went into the ring to take on Carl Davis from the Training School. From the opening bell it was Davis's fight. He hit Chestine at will, and the Y. fighter was stuned, just when it looked like he was ready to go out. Davis hit the canvas and was out cold, second Buddy Luby said Chestine's blow in the stomache did it.

Riggie Talbert 160 pound brother of Coach B. Talbert won his bout by knocking out Bobby Billings in the first round. A series of bad blows, with a few extra kicks in the face put Billings out.

Alton Wellman, 109 pounder chalked up the other knockout for the ped up the other knockout for the towel citians. A hard blow in the side put Jackson's Treva Coleman in the

darkness before the first round was half over.

Allen Perkins, 109, and Red Torrence, 135, represented Kannapolis in the "draw" battles. Perkins and Blackie Cannady fought hard for three rounds.

Torrence engaged Garland Leonard of Jackson Training School in a grand exhibition of leather-sliding. Both boys inflicted blows that left marks, and at times both appeared dazed.

Gene Spangler, 137 pound boy of the Y, won over Evan Myers, also 137 of J. T. S., but the judge's decision was loudly boed.

Billy Wilkinson of the Y. 115, won an easy victory from Robert Ellers. Milton Hubbard of the Y. had an easy time for the first two rounds, but had to fight hard in the last. He got the nod from the judges. Tommy Cannon 127 pounds, won by decision over Jackson's Johnny Bass. Charles Farmer, Jackson's fighter weighted in at 118, took the only victory for his team, a decision over Bobby Barter.

Two exhibitions were staged, the first one by James Elwood Cannon and Larry Hubbard, 55 pounder of Kannapolis, and the second by Robert Driggs and Woodrow Norton, Jackson boys who tipped the scales at 65 pounds.

Judges were Onnie Funderburk, Thorne Russell, and Tom Martin. Rankin Barker was the time keeper, and Carlyle Rultedge announced the fight.

—The Daily Independent.

Winter Sport

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The winter sport program is in full swing at the School.

The basketball teams are playing every Saturday afternoon and practicing at nights. Most of our local news will be about athletics, since sports play a large part in our program. Especially is this true during the winter months, of course, we have our school work and many chores around the cottage, but it's games and boxing we find interesting.

J. T. S. Defeated by Belk's

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Saturday night Belk's defeated the Yellowjackets of J. T. S. in a thriller all the way.

The Yellowjackets led the scoring with a powerful attack until the last quarter, when Belk's took over, and the Yellowjackets could not stop their attack.

The Yellowjackets were sparked by Johnson, and Staley. Johnson gave an exceptional good showing for himself. While Robinson sparked his team.

Starting Lineup, and Scoring

J. T. S.

RF., Staley, 9; LF., Painter; C., Johnson, 9; RG., Wright, 1; LG., Scott.

Belk's

RF., Wilkinson, 3; LF., Auten; C., Trexler; RG., Robinson, 8; LG., Eudy 2.

Substitutes—J. T. S. Duncan, Barnes, Thorton, Moore, Ray.

Belk's—Boger, Devine, Linker, Littles.

Cottage Basketball League

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Saturday the cottages had a chance to play basketball. The boys enjoy playing this sport very much. Some of the cottages have some good material.

The cottages that won these games are as follows:

A League

No. 14 won over No. 1	23-0
No. 2 won over No. 13	32-15
No. 3 won over No. 6	24-5
No. 4 won over No. 16	20-12
No. 7 won over No. 9	18-4

B League

No. 1 won over No. 14	8-4
No. 13 won over No. 2	13-9
No. 3 won over No. 6	6-0
No. 4 won over No. 16	31-4
No. 9 won over No. 7	14-4

More News Coming

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

We are expecting to see more news in "Local Happenings" from now on. Mr. Braswell has asked that each grade prepare the best report made in that room to be printed each week. We feel that the upper grades are getting all the publicity. If the plan presented is carried out we will have news from every room. We think that more local happenings will find their way into print if every boy in every room has an opportunity to be a reporter. So, come on boys let's have the news!

Our New Chairs

By Conley Haney, 3rd Grade

We have new chairs in our room. We do not have any old desks. We like our new chairs. Our room looks pretty. We are proud of our new chairs. We are trying to take care of them.

Our Science Work

By Jack Hensley, 4th Grade

The fourth grade has started their work in science, we have just finished the study of electricity and found it very interesting.

We have studied about magnets too. Van Robinson brought a magnet to school and we enjoyed seeing the different things it would pick up.

Today, Ollie Daw brought a bowl, a glass and a cork, and we are going to see how air takes up space. We are enjoying our work very much.

Boys Promoted to the Fourth Grade

By John Ganey, 4th Grade

The fourth grade is glad to have several new boys in our room who were promoted from the third grade. They are Bernard Webster, Richard Leonard, Ollie Daw, Eugene Newton, Robert Driggers, Odean Chapman, Waitus Edge, Edd Guinn, Nathan McCarrson, and Jack Wood.

We hope they will like their work and get along fine.

Promotion Day

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Tuesday was promotion day. Some

of our boys went to the fourth grade. Ten boys from the second grade came to our grade. We hope we get promoted next time.

Our Work on the Farm

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Since Christmas our work has been mostly setting out new grape vines and the new peach trees, mostly Belle of George and Ellberta. Our grape orchard just extends the old one and so will our peach orchard.

Since we feast from the painstaking work of some of our predecessors we in turn are doing our work in such a way that those that will follow will profit from our work.

Basketball Game

By Bebbly Joe Duncan, 5th Grade

Saturday Mr. Walters took his little Basketball team over to Concord to play a game. The boys who played were; Talmadge Duncan, Edd Guinn, Leroy Shedd, Kenneth Holcomb, Jerry Peavey, and Bobby Duncan. The boys from the school won the game by the score of 42-3. It was a very good game, but was a bit one-sided. We are going to play another game Saturday. We thank Mr. Walters for taking us over to town to play the basketball games.

A Basketball Game

By Carl Davis 5th Grade

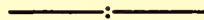
On Thursday of last week we saw a basket ball game in the gym. The game was between the school's Yellow Jacket's and the Boy's Club of

Concord.

Those who played on the team from the Training School were, Gerald Johnson, James Moore, Hugh Barnes, Bill Ray and Mr. Walters.

The score of this game was 24-14 in favor of the Training School.

We thank Mr. Braswell for making it possible for us to see this game, and we hope we shall see many more.



LET'S BE SENSIBLE

A speaker, addressing an audience, asked those present to **state** what they thought were the great needs of the country.

A secretary recorded these answers: Surrender of private **property**, clean politics, help for the under-dog, guaranteed jobs for everybody, respect for law, less graft, better manners, less worry, freedom from responsibility, and so on.

If that group was a cross-section of the country's thinking, for what are we headed? Nobody said the great need of the country is common-sense, every-day religion, return, in some respects, to the days of our fathers, whose sweat was abundant and whose idol was not money, power, or play; who rolled up their sleeves and went to their tasks with sunny hearts, happy that they had tasks to do.

We would not go back. Progress we have made and shall make. These are good days, even if they might be better. But they will not be better until we know human values, until we know and practice the one thing that can save our world. It is obedience to the higher law. It is giving ourselves.

Let us realize that there is no blessing like hard work. Personal example of clean living will outlive all else. Self-control is more important than thinking of the party that will control congress. The next generation is more important than the next election.

Clean reading, clean speech, better homes, higher ideals are this nation's needs. Let's be sensible.—Grit.

DISCOURAGED PEOPLE

By Dr. Roy E. Hoke, Ph. D., in Charlotte Observer

Most of us have a desire to live as long as we can here upon earth. Our hospitals are crowded with people who are battling to overcome sickness and to recover. The fight that many of them wage is really heroic.

Walking upon our streets are found many thousands who are not well. They battle on with failing heart or a weakness in the lungs. In spite of the weakness of flesh, their spirits display a great will to live.

Strange as it may seem, while many battle to live, others are ready to give up the battle and seek a way out. They have what we might call a will to die.

Every 25 minutes, someone in our country commits suicide. The total number is over 21,000 in a year. There are over 40,000 others who try to take their lives but fail.

Surprising as these figures are, they still do not tell the whole story. There are many more people who kill themselves "accidentally on purpose." Many fatal accidents are really suicides if the facts were known. Many hunting accidents are really intentional.

In times of real hardship and deprivation the suicide rate goes downward. When we all struggled to win the war, the rate was low. Now that the victory is won and we have been enjoying the triumph and peace, the rate begins to rise. It seems that

as long as people think about others and work for the common good, only find life worth living. As soon as the attention is turned upon self-gratification, life becomes empty.

People get into a depressed state of mind and are unable to throw it off. Many lose courage and have no will to go on with what appears to be a losing struggle. Others have lost their grip on life and hope is dead. There are many discouraged people.

There is much discouragement today. Many different factors enter into the picture. There is a breakdown in so many of the standards which men and women use for living.

A former officer in the Army was used to a much higher income than he has been able to secure since his discharge from the service. He is able to earn less than half what he formerly got while the war was in progress. Now he is having a hard time paying his bills. To make matters worse, he is having trouble with his wife. He feels that life is not worth living. Ideas of suicide keep coming into his mind at all hours of day or night. By proper advice, he can be restored to right thinking and he again find pleasure and thrill in life.

Frustration is common to all lives. We all have our ups and downs. The important thing is not the opposition we experience but how we meet it.

"The successful after dinner speaker is the one who talks the guests into helping with the dishes."

MONEY IN FARMING

(News Herald)

Stanly county folks are mighty proud of the recognition which has come to D. G. Harwood, Jr., because of his 4-H club work and farming activities. Local citizens who have heard him speak at various meetings and demonstrations have been quick to recognize that he possesses more than the average talent.

Last week Mr. Harwood was named the national winner of the 4-H dairy production contest, and prior to that time he had won similar honors in the state.

Announcement of this new honor was made in Chicago at the 26th National 4-H club Congress where thousands of young folks from all parts of the country had gathered for this meeting.

Our attention was attracted also to a young 4-H club leader from Carthage, Ind., Donald Stoten, Jr., who was named the winner of the national club's 1947 achievement contest.

Young Stoten, in an interview with representatives of the press, said that "it's easier to get on easy street by working 18 hours a day behind a plow than worrying your life away in a big city job."

Stoten, in eleven years of farming, made a gross income of \$62,337.00, and has reinvested a large part of it in livestock, leaving enough for a college education.

His further comments on this business of farming should be an inspiration to young folks everywhere who are trying to decide whether they will remain on the farm or will seek jobs in the city.

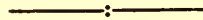
"I don't expect to make a million dollars farming," said this young 4-H leader, "but I can make a comfortable living and be my own boss at the same time. There's really no limit to what you can do on a farm if you have ambition.

"Farmers are not clodhoppers like a lot of city folks think. We are becoming specialists. My father didn't go to college because he didn't have the opportunity, but I have the opportunity and I'm taking advantage of it so I can be a better farmer and do even better than he has.

"A farmer doesn't have to worry about losing his job, for his job is there as long as the farm is. Farmers run risks, but they're no greater than in the city and you always can get plenty to eat."

Stoten thinks he will be able to net \$5,000 a year, and enjoy all the advantages which a farm can offer.

Young folks who have an opportunity to farm can well afford to heed these wise observations made by a youngster who knows whereof he speaks.



A Bible and a newspaper in every home, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

BROTHERHOOD AND DEMOCRACY

(The Reformatory Herald)

Americans are convinced that democracy as we know it here, with liberty and justice for all, is the most perfect form of political community yet known. We were warned some years ago by the totalitarian leaders abroad that democracy might suffice in peace but could not win the war. But democracy has demonstrated its efficiency in war as in peace. No one knows better than ourselves the dangers that dog the steps of democracy, the weakness in its structure that need buttressing, but we cherish it and choose it for ourselves and our children.

Patriotism, loyalty to America and her institution is not exclusive prerogative of any group in our country. However citizens may differ as to race, religion or national origin, the war from which we have emerged has taught all of us that we all alike love America. To recognize that freely to acknowledge it is essential to national unity. We must have a patriotism so great that one citizen cannot hate another on the pretext that he is not "a good American."

America is a composite of many racial and religious groups, no one of which can truly claim superior loyalty. Each of these groups has made its own distinctive contribution to the national life. America would be the poorer if any one of these

groups should be eliminated. We need them all. That a nation is strong in proportion as differences are suppressed and its people cast in a single mold is a fallacy congenial to totalitarianism. It has no place in democracy. Variety is a source of strength to the nation. Variety, with mutual tolerance, has a vigor that enforced uniformity can never hope to gain.

Our country is founded on the faith that men may differ in religious convictions and yet unite in defense of American liberties. That faith has been justified in the history of the republic. Democracy is a term that is obscure until it has been defined. It has become increasingly plain in recent months that in Russia democracy means something quite different from democracy in the United States. By democratic liberties we mean freedom for all, whatever their religious affiliation. The American liberties are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution and by every state to citizens of all faiths equally.

Bound up thus in one life, therefore every distinctive group in America is interested in the maintenance of liberty, not only liberty for themselves but for every other group. For whatever threatens the liberties of any of our people threatens those of all.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

WHAT OF THE YEAR

(Selected)

The Christmas season has run its course—a very pleasant one it was—and the great majority have again resumed the usual transactions of life. The overall picture of the holiday was one of quietness and conservatism, yet the returns show that the conservatism and enjoyment was widespread. Beneficiaries of Santa Claus are quite enthusiastic and the merchants say that sales were very satisfactory, corroboration thus coming from the two complementary sides.

A very pleasing thing in connection with the holiday was the less than usual number of automobile fatalities. The wild Jakes were apparently impressed by the teeth of the new traffic legislation. Dividends from the new regulations have already begun to come in and the courteous and safe drivers are happy in the consciousness that some one really cares for them. Since the horseless carriage entered the competition for old Dobbin's job the road hog and Mr. Don't Care have been enjoying themselves with abandon, but the light has been shown these malefactors and there is every indication that their tribe will decrease.

But what of the new year? The infant 1948 came into his inheritance without pomp and circumstance. His predecessor, the late defunct 1947, was not decisive in any way. None of the problems that were laid at its feet at the beginning of the year have been solved. The promised catch-up of supply with demand; reduced taxes; price trends towards normal (whatever that

is): all these things are in status quo as before. Instead of prices coming down, begging not to be shot, they have been thumbing noses at Mr. Uno Who.

The new year 1948 certainly has a large stock of carry-overs, plus matters of business of its own. One of these is: Shall there be a depression or an inflation—or will we rock along as usual?

If we get the common denominator of the analysts and economists, compound it with unbalance sheet of demand with supply, the housing and transportation shortages, the higher standard of living in this country, the vast shipments of commodities abroad and other factors, it would seem that only one more important missing factor could halt the procession of material progress. This factor is faith which when missing can throw things into any machinery.

The person who looks for a good year will doubtless have nothing to apologize for or explain by the time another new year takes over. The transition from war economy to that of peace has been far less painful than had been apprehended. The predicted fed-upism of GI's did not take place. The transition has been orderly and steady. It might have been worse and yet something to be thankful for.

Nineteen hundred forty seven was mighty good for the majority of us and by all signs and tokens 1848 is going to be better. If we do not come through in good style the chances are ten to one that it was our own fault.

“THE BIBLE”

S. M. Lindsay

Over 400 years ago, for the first time, our Bible in English was put into print. Thus in 1535, the “pages of power” wrought by the earnest England translator, Miles Coverdale, began to reach as never before the man on the street, in the field or in the shop with their story, their message, and their inspiration. What had been the possession of learned men became in a day the common property of the English-speaking people.

Today, we look back over four centuries in their history and find amazing evidence of the influence of the Bible in every aspect of their life and work. To meet their call for this Book, more copies of it have been printed and distributed than of any other book in any language.

Its poetry, essays, prayers, sermons, proverbs, parables, history, and its supreme biography of all time—that of Jesus Christ—directly and indirectly influence our daily lives. They contribute to our civilization, through the arts and sciences, in man’s deal-

ings with man, and in the direction of government to such an extent that he who, perhaps, has never opened the covers of a Bible nevertheless reads its works and phrases in newspaper, magazine, and book.

“Without the Bible, it is impossible to understand the literature of the English language from Chaucer to our own day.”

In prose and in poetry, as well as in the common speech of every day life, the Bible’s contribution to us is surprising.

“The apple of his eye,” “the salt of the earth,” “the powers that be,” “labor of love,” “handwriting on the wall” “a mess of pottage,” “the widow’s mite.” “we are the people,” “the fat of the land,” “the laborer is worthy of his hire,” “whited sepulchres,” “all things to all men,”—here are just a few of the hundreds of Biblical expressions used on occasion by every one of us—and in each is a Biblical story that makes its quotation significant.

A GOOD LOSER

Let others cheer the winning man,
There’s one I hold worth while;
’Tis he who does the best he can,
Then loses with a smile.

Beaten he is, but not to stay
Down with the rank and file;
That man will win some other day,
Who loses with a smile.

—Arthur Heide.

DISPOSITION OF SURPLUS STATE'S BIGGEST PROBLEM

By Julius C. Smith, in *We The People*

Five years ago a group of business and professional men organized the North Carolina Citizens Association, for the purpose of studying problems of Government, and making the result of these studies available to the public generally. The organizers of this Association were all business and professional men, who were interested in Government, but whose private affairs made it difficult for them to devote sufficient time to the study which its importance and rising costs demand.

During these years, I have found the Citizens Association to be the most modest, self-effacing organization I have ever been connected with. We have neither sought publicity for the organization nor special privileges for any group. Our sole purpose has been to render a useful service to the people of North Carolina. We, the members, are striving to bring to the attention of our fellow citizens factual and impartial information which may serve our people as a light to guide intelligent thought and action.

There are many organizations which have as their purpose the advancement of the welfare of their members socially, professionally, or materially. The membership of such organizations is usually composed of people of the same belief or profession. They serve a very useful purpose in the cultural and social life of today.

To my mind, the biggest problem

confronting our State today is what to do with the State's unprecedented surplus. The debt of the State has been provided for, a permanent building fund has been established, and a post-war surplus has been set up, and still the revenue rolls in. There are those in North Carolina, as in every other State, who would go on a spending spree and squander this surplus. We are already geared up on a spending program that is stupendous, and in my opinion it should be curtailed and not expanded.

The present revenue collections cannot continue indefinitely, and it is high time for us to sensibly and coolly take stock of the situation in a realistic manner and prepare for the decline in revenue that is bound to come.

No state government will run itself. No State government can properly function without the aid and advice of its citizens who have the welfare of the State at heart, and who have a comprehension of the State's needs, and who have no ulterior motives. Pressure groups are ever present exerting powerful and insidious influences, and never has there been a time in the history of our State when it was more important for right-thinking citizens to take part in and help solve the State's problems.

The only medium in North Carolina through which its citizens can speak and exert their influences is through this Association. The North Carolina Citizens Association is not in politics.

It is interested in good government as distinguished from politics. It is in favor of the best government at the least expense. It behooves us, therefore to face the issues squarely and to demand and get the best government at the least cost. In my opinion we should conserve and protect the surplus that we have and reduce expenditures and taxes in such places as they should be reduced.

Strife, turmoil and confusion are rampant throughout the world. We would like to believe that this strife, turmoil and confusion will not touch us here in North Carolina, but that is too much to hope for. We therefore call upon you, the clear and right-thinking citizens of North Carolina, to help steer the ship of State on a true course, and do all within your power to protect and preserve the great State that we have.

There are other groups organized for the purpose of promoting their interests by making demands that certain rights or privileges be granted by Legislation. In fact this is a day of organization. There are many individuals, however, who belong to no group of special pleaders. They constitute a large group of our fine citizenry who can be counted on to fill places of responsibility in the church and community. They are unorganized, but they have a vital interest in the affairs of Government. They have a stake in the future growth and development of this State and Nation. Their only voice in Government is the casual ballot which they cast. Back in the days when we lived by the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson who said, "The best governed are the least governed"—when taxes

were low and every man was his own king, the average citizen was content to abide by the requests of his Government without murmur. Today he abides by the requests, but he asks, "Why is it necessary to pay taxes for the Federal Government to send money to England and France?"

The Citizens Association is interested in good, sound Government for all the people. It believes that the light of research should be turned on all the proposition of Government. It stands ready to champion the good, and to help drive out the bad by exposing its germs to the sunshine of knowledge which destroys them before they germinate into bad Government.

We have been fortunate in North Carolina in the type of leadership we have experienced since the turn of the century. Splendid leadership in high places is exemplified by similar leadership on down through the ranks to the officers of local Government. Because of this high type of leadership in the State our people have faith in their Government. They have not been afraid to risk their capital in investments, and many outsiders have brought their venture capital within our borders to join with us in gainful enterprise. Thus our State has grown and prospered. We are currently marching at the head of the parade in public service among the States of our area. We believe that the good Government does not happen by accident. It has to be worked for. Busy citizens must devote their time, energy, as must devote their time, energy, and talent to promote its cause, as reasonable service.

I rejoice that our present Governor, who honors us by his presence today,

necessary for the Federal Government to request an annual budget of is never so busy but that he can find time to welcome to the State House, and shake hands with, the thousands of eager young school children as they file through the Capitol day after day. We must keep direct contact between the representatives of the Government and the governed. Here in North Carolina at least the common touch has not been lost.

I want to congratulate this Administration on the sound fiscal policies which have been adopted and put into effect during the past three years. In the years to come, when this inflation era has ended, and the dollar has regained some of its lost purchasing power, I feel that our people will be grateful that we have paid off our bonded indebtedness, that we have placed some fifty million dollars in a Permanent Building Fund whereby our Institutions can be assured of the buildings necessary to their natural growth and expansion, and further that we have at least thirty million dollars in a reserve fund to cushion the shock of a rapid decline in revenue.

When we turn to the Federal picture, I regret that a similar fiscal situation does not prevail. There we find an unpaid bonded indebtedness of 258 billion dollars hovering over us like a dark cloud, keeping from our view any prospects of a bright future which we feel should be the rightful heritage of our sons and daughters.

It is in the Federal field that Government has become the biggest business in America. It does a larger volume of business and has more employees than any possible group of businesses in the country. Despite its

volume of business and daily turn over of money, it has no way of earning any money. The forty or more billion dollars used annually by the Federal Government, and the nine or ten billion dollars used by the State and local governments, must all come from the pockets of the tax payers. In simple terms, at least 30 cent out of every dollar earned must go to the tax collector, and for some individuals and business concerns the tax collector gets more than 50 cent out of every dollar.

These high taxes came into being, for the most part, to support a shooting war—a war whose shooting stopped more than 2 years ago, and whose soldiers are civilians again. However, the taxes remain at war time levels.

These war time tax rates, in this peace time period, are said to be necessary to support the huge national debt, to maintain a million men in the armed services, to retain and pay an extra ordinary large number of civilian employees on the Federal pay roll, and to provide gifts and grants of food and money to the other nations of the world. Thus the high cost of Government and tax rates seems assured for years ahead if not for generations yet to come.

These high tax rates and this enormous volume of business transacted by the Federal Government overwhelms the average citizen. One might question whether it is any longer possible to have government "by the people." How can the average voter understand today the issues involved in the worldwide measures which confront the Congress. It is utterly beyond my comprehension that in a period of peace, it should be

37.5 billion dollars. In addition the current session of Congress is now trying to decide how many additional hundreds of millions must be given to Europe during the next few months. Perhaps this is necessary to stop the westward flow of the Red Tide. I do not profess to know, however, I am quite sure that our taxes and national Budget will be increased thereby and by that much.

While I am greatly in favor of feeding the hungry and helping the unfortunate, I believe in extending this help in the name of Charity. I think it is a wonderful example of Christian giving when great train loads of food are made up by the citizens of this nation and freely given to the hungry of Europe. However, there is considerable doubt in my mind that the welfare clause in the Constitution was conceived in the thought that withholding taxes from the salaries of all wage earners should be collected and used for loans for gifts or grants in time of peace, to the nations of Europe and Asia. Once this policy is adopted, where and when will be the end of it? Santa Clause is supposed to be an annual visitor.

From the foregoing it is obvious that there is no escape from heavy Federal taxes during our lifetime, unless the Citizens of this nation make up their minds to put an end to it. When the average citizen decides that it is high time to speak to Congress in understandable language that we want a reduced Federal Budget "in our time"—only then will we get lower Federal taxes.

Some years ago in the cotton growing Southern States were startled to learn that an innocent looking fly was

boring tiny holes in the tender cotton bolls in which were deposited many small eggs. When these eggs hatched into weevils the cotton boll was destroyed and great damage was caused resulting in the loss of millions of dollars to the cotton farmers of the South.

Frequently today we are startled to learn that in the most unsuspected places there have been planted seeds which are constantly hatching into unamerican weevils whose inboring tactics cause considerable damage to the very foundation of our American way of life. Why it is that any person who lives in this Country and breathes the air of freedom should prefer the enslavement of Communism is beyond my conception.

I am proud to be associated with a group of Citizens who have no selfish axe to grind, but who stand ready in every possible manner to assist the people of our State in obtaining the facts of Government, and in spotlighting the focus of public opinion on those who would seek to destroy our Government, we can render a worthwhile service. In my opinion it is also for the common good that all the powers of Government delegated to Washington during the war period be returned to the people for safe keeping.

Yes, I am proud to be associated with a fine group of loyal citizens who, in increasing numbers, give freely of their time and means to promote the cause of good Government in North Carolina and the Nation. I am reminded of that great statement made by Winston Churchill during the war which paraphrased is, "Never have so few done so much for so many with so little."

MIND AND BODY

By Henry J. Nitzsche

The average individual gives too little thought to the fact that the "body" which he totes around through life is greatly influenced by the physical forces.

Why is this so? Because the average person thinks largely in terms of the universe as interpreted by his physical senses; thus this temporal world is translated into purely materialistic language which hardly is scientific when we consider the true nature of things rather than the testimony of the superficial senses.

It isn't the body, the material framework, that is the real man. This fact must be taken into consideration if one is to come to a right understanding of man as man. For surely, he doesn't function on the material plane at all except insofar as his actions are concerned. All action depends primarily on psychological forces. Thoughts evidence of mental activity going on in the psychic make-up of the individual. The quality of the activity depends on the nature of the thoughts one thinks. This ought to be clear to any one who can think logically at all. From this we learn that all characteristic behavior depends, largely, if not entirely, on the ethics of the person. There may be one of two things—either good or the reverse.

But whether the thoughts be good or otherwise, isn't it clear that the individual is responsible for what he thinks and does? If he permits his mental functioning to deteriorate, does

not he then commit a grave injury directly to himself? For how can any man inflict a wrong on another without thereby wronging his own better nature? And all these things stem from the unseen workings of the so-called human mind.

Of the two, mind or body, which is the most important? Isn't the body merely a "house one carries around much after the fashion of the snail? Yet the house is not the individual who merely inhabits it for a brief spell during his sojourn here.

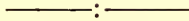
The body, composed of what is commonly called material parts, is therefore relatively unimportant when compared with the ego, or true individual. For we function mentally, not materially. We perform our deeds or neglect to perform them through the mandates issuing from the great Central Station. The nature of the deeds depend on the character of the thinker. His character is shaped by environment, associates and early training. And yet, at any time in that individual's life span he can alter his character by means of a wise selection of thoughts, a discriminate sorting of desires, and a clear appreciation of the true efficacy of justice and honor and truth.

Of course, the body is a wonderful machine. It helps put us into immediate relationship or correspondence with the so-called outside world whose image is reflected on the screen of the mirror of our selfhood. But one ought never think too highly of

that which we are, one day, going to divest ourselves as we do with clothes. We, our true selves, will go on and on. We are destined to do that because there are other worlds more important and more magnificent than this passing world of sense and materiality which is temporal. The body we won't always have with us. It wears out, grows old, and becomes delapidated. But—

The mind, surely not the material brain, however, because it is a spiritual essence, will outlive many worlds. It is that which makes a man act according to his lights, makes him function through his material parts, and correspond with the world outside of himself.

Look, therefore, carefully to the state of mind! It governs one's present condition!



USE OF LEISURE

A sure test of character is one's use of leisure time. By leisure time we mean the spare time at one's disposal. "Killing time" is often heard expressed by someone who seems bored. As a matter of fact no one can kill time. Time is always alive, never killed. But one may kill his finer self by failing to make proper use of his hours of leisure.

During the leisure hours and there are many of them, one may indulge in mere day dreaming to no purpose. He may engage in thoughtful and helpful meditation. - He may read books and magazines, varied in content but helpful, or he may fill his mind with mere rubbish gleaned from the printed page.

He may enter into wholesome recreation which really re-creates or he may wear himself down by debilitating habits.

One may follow certain hobbies which are very beneficial. Some work in the soil, some do handcraft work, some write, some travel. But the important thing is to use one's leisure time profitably. The spare hours may be a blessing or they may be a curse.

One may say I have no leisure time "Leisure," as one has said, "will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time, those who want time are the people who do nothing.

—Selected.

NEW RESOLUTIONS

By Henry J. Nitzsche

The New Year has hardly started and here we are flooded, swamped, overwhelmed by brand-new unused resolutions. Among the collection are some that have been worn threadbare by neglect. But there are some we may have entirely forgotten in the stress of living in a more or less chaotic world.

Resolutions naturally are manifold in their variety. Some are made to be quickly forgotten; some wear a little longer, but all are important in that they help us along on the vast ocean of life in more ways than one.

Resolutions can play a vital part in our lives when and if they assume vital proportions such as a complete change in our outlook on life. This involves, among other things, in "getting hep" to ourselves, especially if we have been prone to trample the other fellow under foot. Why not for a change, try to discover the good points in others rather than pick flaws? Why not get rid of some bad habits? Why not make an effort to understand others, analyze the reason or reasons for their actions, their attitudes, and their hopes? One can reasonably expect the same from others if one is considerate of them. And what better time than now, when the new year is just beginning to make its presence felt?

Resolutions such as: making one's self more congenial. Putting the self aside once in a while in helping others to meet their problems—that is the essence of the spirit of Good Will. Surely, we need plenty of that

in the world today when the carnage of war is as yet evident, and when people seem to be at their wits ends worrying What Next! The resolution to do unto others as we would have them do to us, while considered somewhat platitudinous, nevertheless contains plenty of logic.

Confucius and Gautama both recognized the efficacy of the Golden Rule, and urged its spreads; and not these alone but countless other far-seeing men of the past envisioned the time when all mankind would arrive at an understanding; and, in that day surely all good resolutions will come into complete fruition.

Why do we make resolutions? Because we somehow feel that we have come far short of our ideal. Of course, at the moment they are made, resolutions are intended to be kept; but human nature being what it is, and the flight of time being conducive to forgetfulness, many resolutions become non-operative and therefore of no effect in correcting what they were, in the first place, intended to set right. It is not that we didn't want to live up to our resolutions, but that our will thereto was weak.

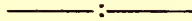
However, at any time that we definitely decide to do something about it, we can resurrect those moribund resolutions and make them operative; and this is often induced by force of circumstance.

Our caption reads: New Resolutions. Why new? Because the old ones of 1946 and before have lost their significance and power. Perhaps, now

that 1918 is with us, and feeling some qualms of conscience because of our previous failure in living up to resolutions made, we revamp the best of the unused resolutions, polish them up a bit, and try to make them presentable. Yet we have to be very careful else we will give evidence of moral weakness and a lack of strong character should we again fail to profit by the mistakes of the past.

Resolutions ought not to be lightly

made, but when once made, they ought to be lived up to the best of our ability. Failure to do this will seriously weaken the moral fibre of our nature. There must be a sound reason for making a resolution. There ought also to be a firm determination to keep those resolutions if at all possible: and in nine out of ten cases they can be kept. Good resolutions are worth keeping.



WHAT IS MY NAME

I am your worst enemy.
 I rob you of all peace and happiness.
 I destroy the finer things of life.
 I have never helped a human soul.
 I am mental and physical poison to you.
 I am hostile to love and righteousness.
 I can sever the most sacred ties of life.
 I drive joy and contentment from your home.
 I blight the beauty of life like a winter's frost.
 I cause heartaches and headaches, yet people protect me.
 I perpetuate myself by my works.
 I recoil on him who sends me forth.
 I grow in the soil of ill-will, malice and strife.
 I motivate all evil action.
 I love darkness and hate light.
 I create more sorrow than war.
 I am The Cause of war.
 I am the creator of hell on earth.
 I enslave all my followers.
 Hatred is my name.

—Walter W. White.

A LOYALTY THAT LOOKS AHEAD

By Mark Depp

It was Dr. Charles Wishart, I think, who once remarked that he always believed we should show at least as much loyalty to our grandchildren as to our grandfathers, and he went on to say that the world in which our ancestors lived is fixed but the world in which our grandchildren will live is still in solution. Is it, he asked, to be a world of atheism, a world of devastating wars, a world of moral degradation and despair? And there is an effort, he declared which will go far to prevent it being that kind of a world—thoroughly trained Christian leadership, and back of it must stand adequately equipped Christian colleges.

About two month ago in an article in *The Christian Century*, the author wrote that one of the first charges upon the Christian fellowship is responsibility for Christian education; more church-related colleges and better church-related colleges, fully supported by church people and with campuses thronged by sons and daughters of church people—here is our need and here is the challenge. It is imperative that such institutions receive the loyal support of the churches, for the nation's great need

is leadership whose quality is high because it is grounded in a vitalizing religious conviction. In this task the Christian colleges have an enormous place.

When President Truman spoke several months ago at Fordham University, he charged the educators with the responsibility of driving ignorance from the minds of men lest the ignorance should destroy. But education by itself as the training of the mind is not enough. Something else is needed—something that touches the heart as well as the head, and that makes for integrity no less than for intellect. Along with information there must be deep convictions about the meaning of life, high ideals for life, broad human sympathies and social vision.

In this connection, the church-related colleges have a great privilege and a heavy responsibility. And it is altogether good that the Methodists of North Carolina are assuming the obligation for a decent support of their schools. College Week early in December and College Day should have a wide observance among Methodists people.

—————:—————

Joe: "Do you know why they call their marriage a beef stew?"

Blow: "No, why?"

Joe: "She's always beefing and he's always stewed."

POLITICS AND THE COST OF LIVING

We The People

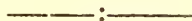
To the average citizens of the United States it begins to appear that both political parties in Washington are playing politics with the problem of the high cost of living. Both sides are trying to blame the other with the present situation.

This is not a political problem and cannot be settled by legislation. President Truman probably does not want the power to fix prices and ration commodities which he has asked for. The Republicans will not give him this power unless they think by so doing they will put him in the political dog house and reduce Democratic chances to retain the presidency and regain control of Congress.

The groups in the Nation which are most insistent on price controls are also the most opposed to wage controls. The price structure is built on cost of raw materials which are controlled by economic forces of scarcity or plenty and by the cost of labor. We have a world situation that has produced a scarcity of nearly all basic commodities. This started a cycle in which buyers themselves ran

the prices up. This resulted in labor demanding and getting additional money for its service. The combination of these still further increased prices and we embarked on a vicious inflationary spiral which everyone could foresee but little could be done about it.

America is going to help feed the rest of the world. Humanitarian and political impulses demand this. Although this country can and does produce more per man than any other nation, it cannot continue her effort to feed, clothe, and house the world without sacrificing its own standard of living. Both political parties know this. Both should understand it is an economic and not a political problem. Both should be willing to work together in solving this problem rather than trying to use it as a leverage to gain political advantage of the other party. The average citizen would have more respect for politicians who control political parties if they would stop dealing in bunk and face facts.



The Dead Sea was not known by that name in Biblical times. The Bible calls it "The Salt Sea," "The Eastern Sea," and "The Sea of the Plain." Arabs called it "Bahr Lut," which meant "Lake of Lot." Because of its salt content, which is four times that of normal salt water, the lake is almost devoid of life, hence is very deserving of its name "Dead Sea."

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The Sunday afternoon message at the school was delivered by Rev. Erbert S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord. Mr. Summers' message was very interesting and full of practical suggestions to the boys. All of us were delighted as usual to have Mr. Summers.

For a Scripture lesson the First Psalm was read, and special emphasis was given to these words: "He shall be like a tree." Mr. Summers, however, used the two words, tumble weed, as a topic for his message.

It was explained that tumble weeds, which grow in Michigan and some of the other nearby states, are frequently observed by the people who live there. One of the interesting characteristics of this weed is that at first when it is matured and broken off by being blown about with the wind, it does not flatten down but remains like a ball or a cylinder and is blown about and about by the wind. The direction in which the wind travels depends entirely on which way the wind blows.

In this connection it was explained that unfortunately a great many people live their lives just like the tumble weed. They follow the crowd and do not stop to ask whether their conduct or behavior is what it ought to be, but they follow blindly.

In contrast to the tumble weed, there are certain characteristics of the tree which are very apparent and which do represent some of the finest attributes of Christian character. These attributes of the tree are as follows:

(1) A tree is something which is

fixed firmly. Sometimes the wind blows swiftly against the tree, and it bends and sways, but it never jumps or moves around. This is a good attribute for an individual. Unfortunately, some men could make a much greater success in life and they could make a good living for their families if they did not shift frequently from one thing to another. Sometimes it happens that a man finds a job with good pay and describes it as his best job. He works at it two or three months, then finds he is dissatisfied and looks for something different or better.

The roots of the tree go deep down into the soil and there they are anchored, and from there they feed the tree. Likewise, the life of an individual can be anchored firmly. It can be hooked up to something that is strong and worthwhile.

This fixed characteristic of a tree is described as a characteristic, too, of a huge iceberg. Most of it goes deep down into the calmness of the sea. It happens sometimes that storms develop on the surface of the sea, and waves beat against the iceberg, but the iceberg does not move. It is anchored deep down in the sea.

(2) It was explained, too, that a tree is a growing something. Year by year its trunk becomes larger and its limbs extend farther out. A growing tree gets its food out of the soil, and from the air, too, and from this nourishment it grows and flourishes. Likewise, the intellect of a person can be fed the right kind of knowledge, and it, too, will grow and flourish.

(3) It was explained, too, that a

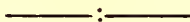
tree is a living thing. There are periods when the trees are dormant, but only for a short time. A real tree has roots, trunk, limbs and leaves. All the parts join together to make a complete tree, but if some day the tree is cut down it is no longer a tree but a log. No longer does it grow and flourish.

(4) A tree is described as something that is beautiful—a tree that grows out in the open where it is unrestricted, has beautiful symmetry and balance. It occurs that some times a tree becomes wop-sided, and it is made so by something that is outside of the tree itself.

(5) In the last place it was explained that a tree is helpful and use-

ful for fulfilling many of the needs of mankind. Many trees are fruitful. Some are used as wind-breakers; some are used for shade and provide cool, restful spots. Most trees are very useful for lumber or for fuel. When used for lumber they may be used to build bridges or railroad tracks or school or churches or homes.

Finally, Mr. Summers urged that the boys think about the good qualities of a tree and try to become more and more like strong, useful trees. The more they do this the less their lives will be like the tumble weed. There are many fine qualities in the life of a Christian boy, and some of these are dependability, fidelity, reverence, truthfulness and honesty.



BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 18, 1948

- Jan. 19—Bobby Rice, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
- Jan. 20—Clyde W. Leonard, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
- Jan. 22—Donald Forbes, Cottage 6, 10th birthday
- Jan. 23—Robert Peavey, Cottage 17, 15th birthday
- Jan. 23—Gerald Peavey, Cottage 7, 14th birthday

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

—:—

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.

—:—

The best way to save face is to keep the lower end of it shut.

—:—

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.

—:—

He who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.

—:—

It is all right to dream of things you are going to do, but begin work right away.—Briggs.

—:—

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.

—:—

Conscience is the root of all true courage; if a man would be brave let him obey his conscience.

—:—

Life is a continuous struggle; the moment you rest upon your past laurels, you discover they are poison ivy.

—:—

Be methodical if you would succeed in business, or in anything. Have a work for every moment, and mind the moment's work.

—:—

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

—:—

God often comforts us, not by changing the circumstances of our lives, but by changing our attitude towards them.—S. H. B. Masterman.

—:—

“When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve it and quarter it and say nothing about the rest.”

—Spurgeon.

“I will get ready, and then perhaps my chance will come—Lincoln.

—:—

“Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrows, but it empties today of its strength.”—Alexander McLaren.

—:—

If you would stand well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of yourself; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable impression of himself.

—:—

“To understand and obey the laws by which God governs his world is to the way of peace; to ignore or defy them is the way of destruction.”

—Ruskin.

—:—

“God does not want you in China if you cannot witness in your own city; he has no use in India for one who is dumb in his own house.”

—G. Campbell Morgan.

—:—

There's not much chance for a woman to be elected President of the United States. If she should throw her hat into the political ring, by the time people figured out what it was her opponent would already have been elected and installed into office.

—:—

“A cure for covetousness: think of something to give instead of something to get.”

“I believe a man should be proud of the city in which he lives, and that he should so live that the city will be proud that he lived in it.”—Lincoln.

—:—

“Young people, accept responsibility; attach yourselves by pledge to every good institution,—political, social, literary, and religious; be grateful to the Angel of Responsibility that urges you with swift steps along the highways that lead to happiness and usefulness and character.

—N. D. Hillis.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

"Yo' all say religion am free—salvation am free as de watah?"

"You's right, brudder. It am all free, but we's got to pipe it to yuh, and dat cos' money."

—:—

Actor: A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Smith—from gallery: Will a jack-ass do?

Actor: Certainly, come right down.

—:—

Mother: "Now before you get serious with him, be sure he is always kind."

Daughter: "Oh, I'm sure he is; he told me he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched!"

—:—

Snip: "So you've accepted George? I suppose he didn't mention that he had also proposed to me?"

Snap: "My gosh, I just now got it. He did say he'd done a lot of silly things before he met me."

—:—

Employer: "How long did you work at your last position?"

Applicant for job: "Eighteen years, Sir."

Employer: "Why did you quit?"

Applicant: "I didn't quit. I was paroled."

—:—

The psychiatric board was giving a mental test to a colored man. One of the questions was, "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices are coming from?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when does this occur?"

"When I answers the telephone."

—:—

A young fellow called at the big business house to apply for a job that he had seen advertised.

"But my dear man," said the manager, "you are much too late! Why I've had over a thousand applications already!"

"Well," he said, after a while, "how

about employing me to classify the applications?"

—:—

Proud Native: "What do you think of our town?"

Cynical Visitor: "It certainly is unique."

Proud Native: "What do you mean, inique?"

Visitor: "It comes from two Latin words—'unus' meaning one, and 'equus' meaning horse."

—:—

A man was driving a car with his wife in the back seat and stalled the car on a railroad track with the train coming. His wife screamed, "Go on! Go on!"

Her husband retorted, "You've been driving all day from the back seat. I've got my end across; see what you can do with your end."

—:—

Father: Yes, you can ask a question but make it short.

Small Son: Well, when a doctor gets sick and another doctor doctors him, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring of the doctor doctor as he wants to doctor?

—:—

A New Englander was enjoying the wonders of California, as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit!" exclaimed the easterner as he passed a citrus orchard.

"Grapefruit!" replied the native in disdain. "Those are just small lemons."

Gazing at some huge sunflowers, the visitor asked, "And what are those enormous blossoms in that field?"

"Just dandelions," the native replied.

A few minutes later they came to the Los Angeles River.

"Ah," said the Yankee, "I see someone's radiator is leaking."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 10, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Calvin Matheson
Thomas Miller
Gerald Petty
Frank Phillips
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Ellers
James Jones
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Ransom Edwards
Chas. Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Kenneth Halcomb
Robert Jarvis
James Martin
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Jimmy Sehn
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Ernest Kitchen
James Myers
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthern
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Billy Paschal
George Patterson
Howell Wilkinson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Tommy Collins
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Edd Gwinn
Billy Hamilton
Horace Jordan
Clyde Leonard
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Elijah Spivey
Frank Spivey

Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Gary Dudley
Emmitt Fields
Marion Guyton
Jack Griffin
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Carl Jenkins
Eugene Newton
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Marshall Beaver
John Potter
Jerry Peek

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings
Earl Brigman
Roy Eddings
Conley Haney
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Bill Carswell
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink

COTTAGE No. 14
Carlyle Brown

Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Fred Whitley
Earl Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Garland Leonard
Melvin Norman
Carl Propst
Kenneth Rogers
Theibert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Coy Wilcox
Troy Wall
Eugene Womble

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Carl Davis
Bernie Houser r
Harvey Jacobs
Perry Lea Martin
Ralph Morgan
Carrol Painter
Bobby Peavey
Walter Sampson
Herald Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
Harvey Honeycutt

North Carolinians did not vote in the first presidential election, since it had not at that time (1788) ratified the federal constitution.

THE UPLIFT

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CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 24, 1948

NO. 4

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power. But really great men have a curious feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them. And they see something divine in every other man and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—John Ruskin.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

The most typical trait of the true American is the burning desire to excel at some sport. The championship spirit represents one of our most constructive qualities.

It supplies the spark of ambition which is basic in the attainment of success. The potential young champion soon learns from his efforts in a competitive sport that many of the requisites of success in sports are the same as the requirements for success in business, in profession and other walks of life.

The principal element which sets the American girl and boy apart and gives them the advantage over the rest of the world is the ambition to excel. The girl or boy, woman or man, who recognizes the power of this inner urge and is astute enough to harness it for personal accomplishment is as likely to succeed as were our hardened pioneer fathers, who blazed the trail of civilization in wilderness, or heroic military leaders who fought in many wars to establish the basic freedom of America.—Tom C. Clark, U. S. Attorney General.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

On Thursday, January 15, North Carolina and the nation were saddened by the death of Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson cabinet, former Ambassador to Mexico, and editor and publisher of the Raleigh News and Observer. Mr. Daniels died after a two-weeks illness and at a time when he was nearing his 86th birthday.

This state and the nation have lost an outstanding citizen and leader. In North Carolina Mr. Daniels easily ranked as the first citizen of the state. It was said of him that his life was representative of many excellencies, which is another way of saying that he possessed rare wisdom and sound judgment in the various affairs of life. He was recognized as a leader and was highly respected as a leader in church affairs and in political and economic prob-

lems, also. Among his fellowmen, Mr. Daniels was highly esteemed and was greatly beloved. In commenting upon the death of Josephus Daniels, Governor Cherry said:

"In the death of Josephus Daniels, North Carolina has lost a valuable and versatile citizen. Born in the Civil war years he grew to manhood during the tragic era that followed. Love for his native state has not been surpassed and his devotion and loyalty for those principles he believed to be good for our nation is unquestioned."

"As editor, publisher, writer, Secretary of the Navy and ambassador to Mexico, his place in history has been made secure. In a life so active he often encountered those with whom he disagreed, but opponents usually admitted that Josephus Daniels was always on the side of religion, morality, and good government. Outstanding characteristics of the man were his extraordinary courage and his amazing youthfulness of mind and spirit."

"His influence and personal efforts have made a definite contribution to North Carolina and the nation. He will be greatly missed and it will be difficult to fill the vacancy his passing creates."

"I join with my fellow citizens in extending my personal and official regrets to his family and relatives in their bereavement caused by the death of this great and good man."

Mr. Daniels continued to be active and interested in public life up until the time of his death. In the last years of his life he resumed the editorship of the News and Observer, and he continued to go to his desk daily to meet the responsibilities of that position. Obviously, he enjoyed this work most, and to him it was the very essence of life. He had made a great success as an editor of this outstanding newspaper and acquired for himself a reputation that is unparalleled in the history of the state.

The Charlotte Observer paid an appropriate tribute to Mr. Daniels in its editorial columns of January 16, as follows:

To multitudes of people, North Carolina will not be exactly the same now that Josephus Daniels is gone from among us. No man was more truly a vital part of the life of the State. His record was unique, as was his vivid personality.

Having become editor of a weekly newspaper, the Wilson Advance, at the age of 18 and died in the editorial harness in his

86th year, he had devoted almost three score and ten years to intensely active service for what he conceived to be the best interest of North Carolina and the Nation. The span of his active life as an editor, publisher, and public official covered not one but two generations. That record probably has not been equaled in the history of the state.

Most of that period was devoted to his "first love," the vocation he always loved best, that of editing a newspaper and exerting all the influence at his command for the advancement of the principles and policies in which he believed and opposing those which he was convinced were inimical to the best interest of the great majority of the people.

If he had a hobby, it was writing vigorous editorials. From the writing he drew as much of an inspiring thrill as his editorials brought to those readers who ardently believed in the principles for which he fought, literally, with his pen. He never used a typewriter, although in his busiest years he not infrequently dictated editorials.

Throughout his life he never forgot the early years of struggle he experienced as publisher of a pioneer daily newspaper in the State capital. But his courage and independence as an editor were never more in evidence than in those years when meeting the pay roll was a problem that must have been ever on his mind.

But despite his love for what he regarded as his work, he gave some 17 years to service as an appointive official of the national government, two years in early life as chief clerk of the Interior under the Cleveland administration; eight years in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, where he was "Chief" to Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt, and finally seven years as President Roosevelt's ambassador to Mexico.

To the end of his life a source of pride and joy to Mr. Daniels was the record made by the Navy under his administration as civilian chief during World War I in the remarkably safe transportation of millions of fighting men to Europe across the submarine infested Atlantic.

In his last years he found time to add to his reputation as a journalist and public official that of author of half a dozen books, including "Our Navy at War," "Life of Woodrow Wilson," "The Wilson Era," and "Editor in Politics."

Mr. Daniels was a unique personality. Although widely known as "a fighting editor" and proud of it, he was ever affable and general in his temperament. He made a host of

friends through personal contact among those who had little tolerance for his editorial policies and the political, social, and economic principles he preached. He was one of those whom it was difficult to dislike after one or more close contacts with his radiant personality.

No citizen of North Carolina was more loyal to the state, or more proud of it, or more devoted to what he believed to be its best interests. He was likewise loyal to his party and his church.

And in his family relations, in his personal habits, and in his moral character, his life was exemplary and above reproach.

His passing creates something of a void in the life of the common wealth he loved and served so long and so well.

* * * * *

INTRANSIGENCE

Intransigence is a word that has recently been used quite frequently in international affairs. It is a word that has seemed to fulfill the feeling that General George Marshall has begun to feel towards the Russians in his dealings with them in the international councils of peace.

The dictionary explains that intransigence means to be irreconcilable or to be unwilling to agree to compromise at all. Another explanation for the word might be that it represents deliberate stubbornness. If we are to take General Marshall's interpretation of the Russian attitude we can only conclude that the Russians, time after time, have been opposing every suggestion which has been made by Mr. Marshall and his colleagues. They have ceased to show any spirit of willingness to collaborate with General Marshall and other leaders of the western powers as they have sought to formulate peace plans for the world. In the last meeting of the foreign ministers, which was attended by Molotov, it appeared that the only use made of the conference itself was as a sounding board for the Russians to spread their propaganda to the other nations of the world. Apparently, Russia did not have any desire to work towards the establishment of peace at that time, and consequently this made it impossible for the leaders of the western nations to make any satisfactory progress.

Unfortunately, there are a great many individuals in the world

today in every community and in every nation who manifest a spirit of intransigence just for the reputation and the sport of being a nuisance or being obnoxious to other people. It sometimes appears unfortunate that there are these people in the world, but, after all, there is probably some profit from their activities. They certainly tend to try the souls of those people who sincerely strive for the best, and they test the perseverance of those who follow the inspiration of the best ideals.

The story is told of an instance in which there was a church gathering to discuss the advisability of purchasing a new organ for the church in order to improve the general program of the church. In the group there was one elderly man who boasted of extensive influence in the church. There was a rather spirited discussion pro and con regarding the organ. The elderly gentleman had remained silent throughout the discussion. Then, finally, one of his fellow members asked the old gentleman for an expression of his attitudes. In reply, the old man said he had not fully made up his mind yet which side of the question he would take, but that when he did he would be very bitter about it. He, of course, is typical of those conceited and opinionated folks who think they have a monopoly on all the wisdom, and because they have such a feeling they develop an attitude of intransigence which dominates their lives under all circumstances.

* * * * *

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of January 25, 1948

- Jan. 26—Billy Clemmons, Cottage 1, 16th birthday
- Jan. 26—Franklin Robinson, Cottage 1, 15th birthday
- Jan. 27—Vernon Allen, Cottage 15, 15th birthday
- Jan. 28—Jackson Melvin, Cottage 10, 17th birthday
- Jan. 29—Rufus Tuggle, Cottage 16, 15th birthday
- Jan. 30—Charles Johnson, Cottage 11, 14th birthday
- Jan. 30—Elijah Spivey, Cottage 7, 11th birthday
- Jan. 31—Gene Peterson, Cottage 2, 15th birthday
- Jan. 31—Donald Ross, Cottage 15, 15th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

New Boys At The School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

During the past two weeks we have had many new arrivals at our school. They are as follows: Leroy Williams, 7th grade, Durham; Garland Brinn, 5th grade, Durham; John Carter, 4th grade, Greensboro; Charles Allen, 8th grade, Asheville; Thomas Pruitt, 2nd grade, Asheville; Everett Covington, 7th grade, Rockingham; Harold Sellers, 7th grade, Rockingham; Herbert Griffin, 5th grade, Fayetteville; Alton Towler, 4th grade, Fayetteville; Eddie Brame, 6th grade, Henderson; Billy Anderson, 8th grade, Henderson; Bobby Covington, 5th grade, Goldsboro; Ray Lipscomb, 6th grade, Goldsboro; Albert Cavin, 7th grade, Statesville; Bobby Pope, 5th grade, Hudson; and Sammy Lynn, 9th grade, Whiteville.

We hope these boys will take the opportunity they will have here before them and make a good record.

The 9th Grade

By Sammy Lynn, 9th Grade

The ninth grade has started back to school, and we have Mrs. J. C. Baucom back to teach us. We were very glad to have her back. We are having a science unit on "the atmosphere," and have found out that air is made of nitrogen, oxygen and other gases. We made and studied oxygen which is necessary for all life. We are having other subjects such as English, Math, and History.

We are very glad to be back in school.

The First Grade

By Howard Wise, 1st Grade

Four of our boys went to the second grade. We hope that they will like it. Our teacher is sick. We miss her and hope that she will soon be back at school.

We have some new chairs in our room. We like them very much. They make our room look better.

Second Grade

By Thomas Shepard, 2nd Grade

We have been painting the tables and chairs in our room. They are real pretty. They are white. We are making Valentines. We like to make them.

We had a party for the boys who were promoted to the Third Grade. We served fruit juice and cookies. We had a good time. The following boys were promoted to the Third Grade:

Donald Branch, Earl Holliman, Ralph Seagle, Paul Turner, Raymond Harding, Herbert Brooks, Charles Walker, Johnny Gregory, Harvey Jacobs, Jimmy Scott.

Assembly Program

By Melvin Radford, 7th Grade

The eleventh and eighth grades presented the morning and evening school sections with a program about Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, we think that no finer and nobler

men were ever born and we honored them in our program. Our program was enthusiastically received by every one that gave ear to it. Our program was well prepared and many hours of thought were devoted to it. Mr. Braswell should receive the most of the credit for helping us with the program.

The program was as follows:

- Song—"America" by all.
- Devotional Gerald Johnson.
- Song—"Ole Black Joe" by all.
- Song—"Dixie" by all.
- Introduction J. W. Sorrell.
- Life of Lee Gerald Johnson.
- Biography of Jackson Treva Coleman, Earl Gilmore.
- Character of Jackson Silas Orr.
- Greatness of Lee Kenneth Stayley, Clyde Wright.
- Greatness of Jackson Raymond Cloninger, Thomas Linville.
- The Lone Sentry Jimmy Cauthen.
- Stonewall Jackson's Way William Jenkins, Robert Ellers.
- Song—"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia" by all.

New Dishes For Wildwood Cottage

By Albert Cox, 6th Grade

Last week Mr. Adams and some of the boys went to Charlotte and bought dishes, silver ware, and army comforts for our recreation cottage down on Coddle Creek. This will make our outings down there easier now because we will not have to carry dishes and bed covering every time we go. They bought enough dishes and silver ware to serve thirty-six people. They bought pots and pans.

Wensil's Plumbing and Heating Co. has promised to wire the Cottage for us and Duke Power Co. has promised to run the line in for us. When this is done, it will be so much nicer and safer than the lamps and lanterns we are now using.

The cottage is comfortably furnished with chairs, tables, chest of drawers, and other articles of furniture collected by Mr. Bruce Thorburn, Probation Officer of Guilford County.

There are also cabinets, tables, benches and seats that were made here at the school. Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys made part of them and Mr. Adams and his boys made the rest.

With our out door furnace and the new range that we have in our kitchen we can prepare our food without the trouble we had when we cook over the open fire. We can now cook inside when the weather is bad and can go down for an outing in any kind of weather.

We would like to thank all the friends of the school who gave their time, money, or furniture. They have made it possible for lots of boys here to have camping trips, weiner roostes, fish fries, parties and outing the like they have never had before.

New Boiler in the Receiving Cottage

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Last Thursday morning when it was so cold the middle section of the boiler in our cottage cracked open and sprang a bad leak. The heating engineer who examined it said that they would have to put in a new one as the old one had given out. On Thursday

night they removed the old boiler and Friday morning they started installing a new one. They finished up that night at quarter after two and put water and a fire in it to test their work. We have been using it since that time. We were glad to get the boiler in as we had heated our building as best we could with our fire place. We did not suffer from the cold as every one worked together to keep the doors closed and took turns warming by the fire.

J. T. S. Bows to Company E.

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Saturday night the Yellowjackets of J. T. S. were host to Company E. of Concord. The game got under way at 7:30 P. M.

Company E. kept ahead all through the game. But the Yellowjackets were close behind.

This is the third game the Yellowjackets have lost, but they seem to be improving rapidly. Johnson, and Walters led the Jackets, while Verble led the winners with 15. J. T. S. gave a good showing for themselves in the last quarter, and may have won if they had continued throughout the game.

Starting Lineups

J. T. S.	Company E.
F., Barnes, 4;	F., Medlin, 7;
F., Wright, 2;	FC., Phillips, 3;
C., Staley, 2;	C., Tucker;
G., Walters, 4;	G., Kinley;
G., Scott, 0;	G., Verble, 15;

Substitutions:

J. T. S.—Painter, 0; Arnette, 0; Johnson, 9; Moore, 0; Ray, 0.

Company E.—Phillips, 2.

A Map Study

By George Marr, 5th Grade

In our fifth grade room, we have an easel on which we have drawn the Northwestern states of the United States. On this map we have placed the products that are grown in each state. In the states where we find the great salt fields, we have bundles of real wood, and sprigs of pine and spruce. In Utah, where we find the great salt fields. We have a small bag of salt displayed. We have a real irish potato representing the great Idaho potato crop. A picture of the salmon is pinned on the state of Washington which tells us that great quantities of salmon are caught from the Columbia river, canned and shipped to all parts of the United States.

We have pictures of citrus fruits tacked on the various States where they are grown. Pictures of sheep and cattle herds are found on the great plains of Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, and New Mexico.

In the state of Montana, we found the sugar beet, from which a great supply of our sugar comes. We have pictures of the sugar beet representing this industry.

This unit of study makes it easier for us to remember for what each state is noted and the leading industry found in that state.

"The Elephant Child"

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

In the fifth grade, we have just finished a mural which covers one wall of our room. We read the story

by Ripling of "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," Then we drew and painted the scenes which were described in the story. All the animals taking part in the story are shown in our school.

We find the elephant child as he begins the journey down to the river to find out what the crocodile had for dinner. His aunt, the ostrich, and his uncle, the giraffe, are shown. You remember how they spanked him for asking so many questions and having no trunk. He was not able to spank back.

The elephant had friends, the Kolo Kolo bird, and the great rock snake. They helped him while he was on the journey down to the river where the crocodile lived. Our next scene shows how the elephant whispers to the crocodile, in the great grey green greasy limpo-po river and asks him what he ate for dinner, and how the old crocodile catches the elephant's snout and pulls and pulls until it is hurting a lot. Then the great rock snake catches the elephant child by his legs and finally gets him away from the crocodile. From that time on the elephant has had a trunk and is able to spank his kinsfolk and do many other things with his long trunk.

Our Library

By Lester Jenkins, 2d Grade

The library has seventy new books. We have some new spelling books for all the grades. We have two hundred books that have been mended. They are pretty. The books look like new books. We like to go to the library and read the pretty books.

The First Grade Teacher

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Hawfield has been sick for two weeks and she has not been able to teach. We hope she will be well and come back to school soon.

Our Principal

By Herbert Freck, 2nd Grade

I am glad we have a new principal. He is a good principal. He is good to the boys. His name is Mr. Braswell. He likes to play games.

Our New Spellers

By Raymond Harding, 3rd Grade

The boys in the third grade have some new spelling books. Our old ones are worn out and we needed them very badly. We are trying to take care of them. We will study hard.

Cub Meeting

By Billy Thompson, 3rd Grade

We went to the Cub Scout meeting Monday night. We played a good game. The name of this game was Kitty. We played it with rook cards. Mrs. Liske and I were the winners of the game.

Baseball Game

By Bobby Duncan, 3rd Grade

Some of the boys from the school went over to Concord to play another game Saturday. It was a very good game. The boys who played were Talmadge Duncan, Kenneth Holcomb, Jerry Peavy, Ed Guinn, Leroy

Shedd, and Bobby Duncan. The score was 29 to 22. The J. T. S. boys won the game. We are going to play another game next Saturday. We thank Mr. Walters for taking us to play.

Boys Play Basketball in Armory at
Concord

By Jerry Peavey, First Grade

A group of J. T. S. boys went over

town to play basketball at the Armory last week. We played the Pink Shirts and they were good players, too. At first they had us 8 and 0, but at the end of the game it was 29 and 23 in favor of the boys of J. T. S. Here is the boys who played: Talmadge Duncan, Bobby Duncan, Ed. Guinn, Leroy Shedd, Kenneth Holcomb and Jerry Peavy.

EVERYBODY LIKES JIMMY

(The Wilson Review)

There is a newspaper picture of Jimmy on my desk. It seems he is a star paper route boy in one of our bigger cities. Jimmy, in person, was in to see me last visiting day. Although he has been away from Jamesburg for two years, he looks the same only he is bigger and heavier. He still has the same million dollar smile. We were glad to see him because everyone likes Jimmy.

Just what is it that makes everyone like Jimmy? Is it his smile? Oh, no, because there is a lot more to Jimmy than just his smile. For one thing, he still is very busy. Years ago as an office boy, he was always making houses, wagons, automobiles and even villages out of wast paper, tin-foil and cardboard. He was really too busy to get into trouble and just as important, he was too busy to worry about himself.

Jimmy was always generous; he was making things for his mother, his baby sister, other boys or people on our grounds. He really enjoyed doing things for other people and as a

result everybody liked Jimmy.

What about these likable traits now that he is outside? First of all, his foster mother and father have faith in him and love him because he is so helpful. His teachers say he tries harder than any boy in the class. He is on the Safety Patrol and is the best hand-ball player in the school. His paper route is steadily growing and he is just too busy to get into trouble.

What about the things he does for other people? Listen to this one. He has a bicycle and is going to give it to another boy in the house who does not own one. Jimmy is going to buy a new \$50 bike. He will get the money from tips at Christmas time from his paper route. Why does he expect so much money? Well, because he says, "All my customers like me." Sure, everybody likes Jimmy and people will like any boy who is too busy to get into trouble. People will like boys who are thinking of helping other people. What we want is more Jimmys because everyone likes Jimmy.

HOW TO TEACH BOXING

By Mark Conn, Boxing Referee

The average American boy knows less about the fundamentals of boxing than almost any other sport. Why? Because of the fear element involved—the fear of taking punishment and getting hurt. And yet every boy should become reasonable proficient in the art of handling his fists, simply because the mental and physical powers that he develops will aid him in becoming a better all-around individual.

In the Army where I headed a huge boxing program to show GIs how to handle themselves, the desire to learn boxing was more keenly felt, because the ability to deliver a knockout blow in a minimum of time was a valuable weapon to a combat soldier.

In civilian life, however, I have come across good athletes who, amazingly enough, know little about the art of self defense—and what's more, show little interest in learning. It is no doubt due to an underlying fear of getting hurt in the process.

For this reason the teaching of boxing requires careful planning, motivation, and instruction. The teacher must know the sport thoroughly and inspire confidence in the pupil. The safety of the boy must always be kept in mind.

Of course the teacher must see that the fundamentals of the sport are first mastered, one at a time. Stance, footwork, simple offensive blows and defensive blocks should be carefully taught. Instruction, rather than competition should be the guiding prin-

ciple during the initial learning stage. Defensive, as well as offensive skills should be stressed, so that the pupil has the confidence and the ability to defend himself as well as deal out punishment. Too often, the youngster learns to throw the left jab without learning how to block the same punch.

Instruction in boxing, like baseball or other sports, must be of a progressive nature—going from the simple to the more complex phases of the sport. After the fundamentals have been mastered, such skills as the one-two punch, in-fighting, ring strategy, and the art of pacing oneself over a number of rounds can be taught. The pupil should be pitted against a rival of approximately equal ability. This is most important. Many a promising athlete has lost all interest in the sport because some one more advanced than he clipped him hard on the nose or chin and flattened him, thus wiping out all desire of advancing himself.

It is inevitable that the youngster, at one time or another, will get a punch that will hurt him. The teacher must let the boy know that in all sports and in boxing especially, the athlete must learn how to take it, as well as hand it out. And that the ability to stick in there after a stiff punch will make a boy a better boxer.

Today, when the nation is concentrating on combating the evils of juvenile delinquency, I have found over and over that boxing, more than any other sport, reaches out and em-

THE UPLIFT

braces the wayward boy, the problem youngster, the so called "tough guy."

An attempt should be made to include boxing in the recreation program of every delinquent area, as a leisure-time activity and as a body and character builder. For boxing establishes a close, heart-to-heart contact between teacher and student. This closeness enables the instructor to work on the pupil's personal problems—the straightening out of character, the molding of a young human being into a sturdy citizen of the future.

Boxing, just as any other sport, can become an integral part of the overall educational program, if prop-

erly taught. The sport is considered to contribute so much to character and body development that it is given a top spot in the recreational set-up in the public schools of New York City.

As recreation supervisor for approximately sixty public schools in the world's largest city, and as a professional boxing referee who has officiated at more than one thousand bouts from Madison Square Garden to China and India, I have seen at firsthand how boxing can, and does develop fine athletes and promote good sportsmanship. What more can you say about your favorite sport, regardless of what it is?

KNOW THYSELF

The world knows but little of failures, and cares less. It watches only the successes.

Stop worrying over things that can't be helped, and do things that can be done.

Few people are concerned about your failure. Few, if any, will help.

You may sit and magnify your mistakes, mourn and go mad over your blunders, but men will only smile that cynical smile and say of you, "He's no good."

Self-pity, sympathy soliciting, wishing and wailing will only let you down lower.

Brace up. Brush up. Think up. And you will get up. Think down. Look down. Act down. And you will stay down.

Paint your face with a smile. Advertise that you are a success. Then think and work for it.

Whatever you think you are is the exact price that the other fellow will pay.

—Silent Partner

ASAP'S FOIBLES

By Calvin G. Reid

Once upon a time there lived in the ancient kingdom of Civilization a man whose name was Oliver Human-Society. Now it is known throughout the land Oliver Human-Society was the only son of Adam Human Eve Society, who were both afflicted with a terrible disease known as sin.

Being the son of diseased parents, Oliver Human-Society was likewise diseased. He had been born so. His affliction was so great it affected his entire being. Even his senses were impaired. His will was weakened; his understanding was darkened. His body was drawn and his fingers were gnarled, as were his toes.

It came to pass that as Oliver Human-Society one day worked in his iron-monger's shop a misshapen finger strayed the thousandth of a cubit and was smashed on the anvil. Oliver's wrath was exceedingly great—even greater than the pain of his wound. He vowed then and there to avenge himself upon the offending finger. He sought out a great man whose name was Moses, a preceptor of the people and an authority on justice.

"Moses," said Oliver Human-Society, "one of my sinful fingers hath offended me. Sayest thou what punishment I shall visit upon this offending member."

"If a finger offends thee," replied Moses "cut it off. If an eye offends thee, pluck it out."

So Oliver Human-Society cut off the offending finger.

As Human-Society grew older he had occasion at one time or other to

be displeased with each of his remaining five fingers on the right hand, so he cut them off one by one as Moses had instructed.

In time Oliver Human-Society became irked at the refusal of his fingerless right hand to perform its duties efficiently, so he cut off his entire right arm.

At about this time a lonely wayfarer was overtaken by night and sought shelter in the sumptuous abode of Oliver Human-Society. The wayfarer was invited in and welcomed to break bread with his host as an honored guest. He was asked what his business was, from whence he came and what was his destination.

The lonely wayfarer identified himself as a great physician whose name was Christ. He said his business was to treat and heal those afflicted with the deadly disease known as sin.

Oliver Human-Society exceedingly joyous that he might be healed, showed his armless right side to Christ and said his lamentable loss was due to sin. Whereupon the great physician informed Oliver that the loss of his arm was not a sin but a crime.

Perplexed, Oliver Human-Society wanted to know how this could be so. He said that Moses himself had prescribed the amputation.

The great physician explained that since Human-Society was not a physician, he could not have attempted the amputation, for in doing so he used contaminated instruments that infected the diseased limb and made further amputation necessary. The

great physician said further that his father, the great physician on earth or in Heaven, had told Moses to prescribe such drastic treatment because he especially wanted to save Oliver Human-Society but knew that Oliver's heart was too hardened for the less severe treatment of forgiveness.

Oliver said he had never before heard of the forgiveness treatment. So the great physician explained that in this treatment the offending members were never amputated but instead were anointed with a soothing balm called forgiveness. They were then swathed in clean bandages known as kindness and tolerance.

Oliver Human-Society said to himself that Christ was a quack doctor with a strange remedy that could do no one any good. So he seized Christ and murdered him.

Now it came to pass that Human-Society's face offended him. He went to Moses and asked Moses what punishment should be visited upon the offending face. To which Moses replied that if a finger offended, cut it off; if an eye offended, pluck it out.

Extremist though he was, Human-Society rebelled at the thought of completely destroying his countenance. He decided to do the next best thing and cut off his nose to spite his face. This he proceeded to do with satisfactory results.

Unfortunately, Oliver Human-Society's face offended him a second time. He went off into the wilderness to think matters over and finally came to the conclusion that perhaps Christ was right after all. At any rate, he himself could not go on for-

ever cutting his body to pieces, else there would soon be nothing left of him.

But Oliver still couldn't force himself to accept the theory of the forgiveness-kindness-tolerance treatment in its entirety. He decided upon a sort of compromise measure. From that day forth when one of his sinfully diseased members offended him he applied an overdose of a caustic solution known as work and brutality. This solution, however, occasioned much pain so Oliver one day yoked his oxen and went into the city of Convenience, where he sought out an herb doctor known as Backward Penologist, who said he had just the very thing—a new anesthetic called stone walls and iron bars.

Backward Penologist said this new anesthetic could be used to isolate and deaden any area to be punished for some offense or another. Oliver Human-Society bought himself a bottle of the pain killer and a hypodermic syringe and went home. He anesthetized his left arm and starting rubbing in the work and brutality solution. The pain was no longer there but he got results just the same: the skin became raw and red with irritation.

Thus it was that for years—yea, centuries—Oliver Human-Society used the stone walls, work and brutality treatment on the diseased members of his body. By and by, however, he noticed that the delinquent redness had turned to a case-hardened white. He journeyed to the city of Conscience and consulted a physician by the name of Common Sense, who was a descendant of the ancient, debunked medi-

cine man known in his day and time as Superstition The Healer.

Now science had progressed far since the heyday of Superstition The Healer. So far, in fact, that even Superstition's descendant Common Sense admitted that his illustrious ancestor was a phony.

Thus it was that Common Sense told Human-Society the truth about the case-hardened white of his diseased limbs. It was he said, a thick growth of callousness resulting from the centuries of stone walls and iron bars and work and brutality treatment.

"No," wailed Oliver Human-Society, "that can't be so; for if it is, no liniment will penetrate it to relieve the aching of my tired old bones."

But the entire city of Conscience rose to support the statement of Common Sense, the capable Twentieth-Century descendant of Superstition The Healer.

Old tired, mutilated, diseased with original sin, actual sin and the ravages of crude surgery, Human-Society tucked his long gray beard under his arm, changed his name to

Father Time and crept off into the wilderness to die a lingering death.

A hard loser, Oliver Human-Society was reluctant to admit that Christ The Great Physician was right in his cure for sin. But Oliver had a little faith born of desperation, so he discontinued the overdose of work and brutality and even applied a few drops of kindness and tolerance now and then.

Today, the callouses are leaving his limbs as he lies in the wilderness critically ill with a disease of the vital organs known as war. He realizes that war, sin and crime will kill him unless something is done, but even to this day he refuses to give up the wine of vindictiveness and the dissipative liquor of revenge both of which are hastening his end. He says his father and mother, Adam Human and Eve Society, made the first mistake and if possible he would like to make the last.

So as Oliver Human-Society lies in the wilderness writing Asap's Foibles upon a tablet of stone walls, his shadow, Father Time, stands by with a scythe ready to slice off his head the moment he makes the last mistake.

THE COURAGEOUS

"They on the heights are not the souls
 Who never erred nor went astray
 Who trod unswerving toward their goals
 Along a smooth, rose-bordered way.
 Nay—those who stand, where first comes dawn,
 Are those who stumbled—but went on."

—Selected.

SPORTSMANSHIP

By Henry J. Nitzsche

Sportsmanship. What does the term signify? Is it just another word, or do the implications contained in that single word mean something grand and noble and thus elevating?

In any line of human endeavor, we cannot be winners all of the time, but we can go along with the verdict of the issues involved in a spirit of true sportsmanship; that is, we can accept defeat with as much grace as we do when we come out victors. At least that is what we ought to do. According to the degree in which we come short of the implication, in that degree do we fall short of being the kind of men we ought to be. The deciding factor ourself. Our attitude does play a vital role in this matter.

If we are engaged in a basketball game, we shall be judged not by the number of victories we have won, but by the manner in which we did win. A cheap, undeserved victory is worse than a defeat brought about by our lack of teamwork and team spirit. We fool no one, not even our conscience.

The true sportsman will always be ready to acknowledge defeat, even though so doing will be wormwood. Remembering that our defeats ought to be stepping-stones to ultimate victory, we can strive on and, by making our cause worthy and dignifying it with our conduct, win for ourselves a world of prestige that could be gained in no other manner

--and the gainer or gainers, are we, ourselves. People have a way of penetrating our moral armor, of penetrating into the core of our motives, and from the knowledge so gained, judge of our real character. No matter where we may happen to be, our character will always come to the surface and be recognized by discerning minds. Sometimes these latter will in a spirit of true sportsmanship overlook our short-comings.

It is well to remember that the cynic, the chronic fault-finder, the dishonest person all are poor sportsmen. We place ourselves in one of the above categories when we refuse to play fair. We lose whatever prestige we might have had. And, consequently, in time, we are shunned by decent folks. Isn't that natural? What do we gain by our lack of courtesy?

Surely, a man's true nature is revealed under stress of adversity. The individual's propensity is clearly shown in his normal outlook on life in general; and his worth as a good citizen also comes into the focal point of the revealing spotlight. But by playing the game "on the level" we not only play fair with ourselves, but we perform a real social service to our country and thus become an asset in the community.

In every phase of life the problem of sportsmanship comes into play. Of course, one ought to win! But the methods used to insure the winning indicates the honesty or lack of it

ordinarily hidden within ourselves. No man ever becomes a real success whose sentiments regarding fair play are questionable; for, if it isn't good for me—it isn't good for the other fellow. If I expect a square deal for myself, I, too, must deal honestly with others. That, paraphrased a little, is the essence of the Golden Rule.

Violation of that rule, as all the pages of history attest, has always resulted in calamity for those who did the violating, those who trampled un-

derfoot the rights of others, and those who sought to win at the expense of justice and fair play.

If we are honest with ourselves, then we surely will try to be true sportsmen in all of our dealings; and, consequently, respect other folk's rights as zealously as we will jealously seek to safeguard our rights—, but, in so doing, we will remain true sportsmen because we are mindful of the rules governing sportsmanship. Nothing is ever lost by playing fair.



THE PUN

A pun is the lowest form of wit,
It does not tax the brain a bit;
One merely takes a word that's plain
And picks out one that sounds the same.
Perhaps some letter may be changed
Or others slightly disarranged,
This to the meaning gives a twist,
Which much delights the humorist;
A simple now may help to show
The way a good pun ought to go:
"It isn't the cough that carries you off,
It's the coffin they carry you off in."

—Anonymous.

THE BEAUTY OF UNSELFISH GREAT- NESS

(State Evangelist)

Biography never fails to interest us. The thought came to me last Wednesday night while Mrs. Louise Trachel was giving us such an interesting and informing review of the biography of Lottie Moon, that nothing interests people so much as the simple story of a human life which holds the charm of unselfish greatness through service. Miss Moon's life in China, as one of our great pioneer missionaries, was such a life. In the story of her personality and achievements we have one of the richly inspiring stories of adventures for God.

Like so many others, Miss Moon began with small resources and limited spiritual interest in the cause of world missions, but by patience, integrity, courage and wisdom she came at last to a high place of achievement and renown. Her life is such as to challenge youth. To think of her should create hope, ambition and moral enthusiasm in the hearts of young people today. She teaches the lesson of complete dependence on God, of steadfast purpose and continuous energy rightly directed. Like the lives of all great Christians the life of Lottie Moon revealed the constant power of God in and through her human personality. She was a personality of richness and strength, but the moral and spiritual energy so characteristic of her was God's witness to her acceptance of and loyalty to Him.

When we study the lives of men and women who have made notable con-

tributions to the world, it seems as if the course of their careers were guided by high ambition and supported by favorable influences from the beginning to the end. What they achieved seems to have been easy for them when the story is all told. But that is not the true picture. The greatest men and women have had their defeats and discouragements. There have been many times where their aims became indistinct; the goals grew dim. Many days and weeks must pass in their lives, as in yours and mine, when the difficulties, and misfortunes seem utterly discouraging. In such circumstances lesser souls do give up their dreams and surrender their distant objectives in a mood of compromise. They slacken their drive and relax their efforts. But great souls never do this. Like the champions they are, they become more determined than ever and concentrate their labors with more intelligence and power of will. It is at such times that men discover will. It is at such times that men discover there is a power of God—a much greater power than anything man possesses—that bears the life onward in the realization of the goal. When men think loftily, plan nobly, and strive earnestly the good forces of the universe of God join with them and "all things work together for good."

People have been passing through discouraging times in recent years. There are many times when you must have been baffled and sick at heart.

The feeling has come over you that God doesn't care, that nothing is certain and the plans and hopes of a lifetime may be destroyed in a few minutes. I suspect Lottie Moon felt that way many times. When the going was hard in China, the people unresponsive, indifferent and even deceptive, she must have had her moments of intense home-sickness for America and an easy way of life. What did a

great career as a pioneer Christian missionary mean at such times? Why not give it all up and live like most other people? But there was a dream that possessed her soul! She couldn't quit. She was a follower of the Christ Who knew no discouragement, no defeat. And Jesus Christ did not fail Lottie Moon. He brought her into a fadeless glory of Christian service and immortality.

ESSAY-ON MEN

The Moccasin

Men are what women marry, they have two feet, two hands and sometimes two women, but never more than one idea or one dollar at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material the only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors, widowers. A bachelor is an eligible man entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types, prizes surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculptor, common sense, faith hope and charity—mostly charity.

If you flatter a man you frighten him to death. If you permit him to make love to you in the beginning he gets tired of you in the end, if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe all he tells

you he thinks you are a fool, if you don't he thinks you are a cynic and don't trust him.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown taret, and tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in a startling hat, rouge, and gay colors. If you join him in his gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears that you are driving him to the devil. If you don't, and urge him to give up his frivolities, he vows that you are snow and ice.

If you are the clinging type, he doubts whether you have a brain, if you are a modern advanced intelligent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart, if you are silly, he longs for intellect, if you are intelligent and brilliant he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while and then some chicken gets him.

HONORING DR. CARVER

(Twin City Sentinel)

Featured by a special memorial service at Tuskegee Institute on the fifth anniversary of his death, the George Washington Carver memorial stamp went on sale Monday throughout the nation. Sixty million stamps of this issue have been authorized for sale by the Post Office Department.

Monday also marked the opening of a \$2,000,000 fund drive for the George Washington Carver Foundation. Part of this money will be used in the restoration of the recently fire-razed Carver laboratory and museum.

The memorial to Dr. Carver which is designed not only to honor his memory, but to perpetuate and advance the work of the great Negro scientist affords fitting tribute to one of the greatest Southerners, white or Negro, who has ever lived, and truly one of the world's outstanding chemists. But no less remarkable than his achievements in agricultural chemistry was the career of a child born in slavery only to work his way through college and surmount every social, educational and economical obstacle along the road to great accomplishments and lasting fame.

The Carver experiments produced dye from plants, paint from clay, over 300 new products from peanuts, another 200 from sweet potatoes. Dr. Carver produced plastics from soybeans when plastics were still a dream in the minds of such "eccentric" pioneers as Henry Ford.

The greatness of Dr. Carver lay

not only in his scientific genius but in his life philosophy as well. The South never gave very much to him in his youth, but he always loved the South. He was deeply interested in Booker T. Washington's program at Tuskegee, and made many personal sacrifices to help the little school along, his efforts, together with those of Dr. Washington and others, resulting in its growth from a tiny institution housed in three old abandoned buildings into the modern plant which is located today on a 3,500-acre campus, and has over 150 buildings and 2,500 students. Dr. Carver, like Dr. Washington, realized that the Negro youth of the South must be taught how to do skilled work both of the mechanical and professional types. He realized also with the famed "Booker T.," that the salvation of both the white and the Negro people of

the South depend largely upon the improvement of the economy of the whole region. That was the binding force which held him to his labors at Tuskegee in the face of tempting offers from abroad. For this splendid Southerner, this outstanding American, was more than a superlative chemist. He was a man who always had his Bible within reach, a man who could say to Henry Ford when he offered him \$100,000 a year to leave Tuskegee, "I was not put on this earth for my own selfish benefit."

American school children might indeed find it more profitable to study the life of George Washington Carver

than to spend their time on certain other famed characters in history. Assuredly no one can read a factual account of Dr. Carver's career without being edified and inspired thereby.

THE WACKY WORLD IN '47

(The Weekly Progress)

So long, 1947. We're sorry you stayed so long. You gave us a lot of laughs, though. And here are a few examples to prove how goofy you were:

In New York one of seven picked up on a charge of using loud, obscene and boisterous language, turned out to be a deaf mute.

In Newark a would-be policeman flunked on his examination for defining "autopsy" as a short name for an automatic pistol.

In St. Louis a stray alley cat ran out of the rain and into a hotel to walk away with two prizes at the St. Louis Cat Club show.

In Dallas a young lady was waiting on a corner for a bus when a man drove up in a convertible, emptied a water pistol in her face and sped away.

In Decatur (Ill.) a drunk truck driver drove into a locomotive. Sore because the engine didn't budge, he tried it again, then a third time before the cops came along and broke it up.

In Detroit sixteen parishioners pelted their pastor with eggs.

In Olivet (Mich.) a pigeon landed

on the porch of a college building and the porch collapsed.

In Syracuse (N. Y.) a man bought \$42 worth of Bibles and paid for them with a rubber check.

In Munich (Germany) many U. S. souvenir-hunters paid thousands of marks for ash trays "used personally by Adolph Hitler," although der Fueher never smoked.

In New York, intent upon impressing her boy friend during the small pox scare, a girl vaccinated 500 people—with water.

In Detroit a scoutmaster sued his wife and mother-in-law for locking him up nights to keep him from attending scout meetings.

In Chicago a 60-year-old man told a burglar, "I'm going to beat the stuffing out of you." He did.

In Viroqua (Wis.) a man rushed to the bank with \$1100 in cash. But the rubber band around the bills broke and the money blew up and down Main Street. Helpful citizens aided in the recovery of the bills and, when he counted to see how much he had left, the man almost passed out. He had three dollars over the original \$1100.

The earth's temperature as a whole, is lower during the time of year when we're nearest the sun.

MIND THE LIGHT

By W. L. Stidger

An unusual story of a woman lighthouse keeper on Robin's Ledge in the New York Harbor off Staten Island, appeared recently in the newspapers. This young woman married a lighthouse keeper and, for years, they were stationed on a Long Island Lighthouse on the mainland. There they had a garden and contact with people every day. Then they were moved to a mere ledge of rock off Staten Island called Robin's Ledge—and that was all there was to it. No earth, no soil for a garden, it was an isolated and lonely place.

"When I first moved out to the barren ledge," the woman lighthouse keeper said, "it was a week before I could force myself to unpack my trunk and household things, I hated the place so much. I didn't think I could stand it on that lonely rock. But there we stayed for 18 years. Then one night my husband took seriously ill with pneumonia. I called Staten Island mainland and they came for him in a boat and took him to the hospital, but I had to stay behind to look after the light.

"Two nights later I heard a row-boat come up to our little dock and I heard a voice calling me. I hurried down and a voice said, "Mrs. Jones, I have bad news for you. Your husband is worse!"

"You mean my husband is dead. I know. I have felt it in my bones!"

"Yes, you're right, Tom is dead!" "That was the hardest moment of my life. The next hardest was the decision as to whether I should stay on Robin's Ledge alone. It was a lonely

place for a woman to be by herself, night and day, month after month. And now it would be lonelier than ever. But my work was here, my whole life, so I decided to stay. Tom was buried on a little hillside on the mainland and for ten years I have been watching that hillside from my ledge of rock. In the spring it is the most beautiful green on this earth. In summer it is still green but paler. In the fall it is the most beautiful brown. In winter it is covered with a blanket of white. But in any season, as I look out from the light on that spot where Tom is buried, across the great waves that pound and roar, the sun sets in glorious crimson at even-time, and in the snowdrifts in winter. I see and hear something besides the waves beating on the shore. I hear Tom's voice saying to me, "Mind the Light, Mary; Mind the Light!" I hear his voice the last thing at night before I go to bed. I hear it in the evening dusk, "Mind the Light, Mary! Mind the Light!" and because of that voice this lonely Robin's Ledge is no longer a lonely spot to me as the years go by, for Tom is here with me!"

Here is a modern parable that illustrates the responsibility the Church of God has of carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth and of keeping ever shining in the lighthouses of this dark world, the kindly light of hope, faith and love. America and the American church must keep the light of the world burning during these days of spiritual rehabilitations. Mind the light, O Church of God, mind the light.

A DAY FOR MEMORIES

(Selected)

"The inheritance of any people," a wise old statesman said many years ago, "is just the sum of what they have to remember."

This does not mean so much the events which are remembered (though they stand out in history books) but the qualities in a people which events, through the test of a crisis, made plain. The remembrance of those qualities moves us to the very depths of our emotions. It is a little wonder that so great a part of the treasure in art and poetry and building centers around the plain people of all nations, the heroes of war and peace whose lives make the world a more important and a grander place in which to live.

To be sure, in this hustling era of noise and excitement there seems to be little time and energy left over for remembering. Our penchant for business brings about a natural out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude and this in turn often makes us feel poor and shallow and insignificant. As such moments it is a good spiritual restorative to give ourselves over to memory, so that we may rediscover the rich inheritance which is ours.

In that inheritance there is sheer grit of those first settlers, hacking

a firm foothold out of a hostile wilderness. There are the half-clad soldiers of Washington's army dying in the snow for the ideal of independence; there are the pioneers breaking the trail to the West; there are the mothers bearing children on winter prairies. There is the majesty of Lincoln, ever faithful to his belief that a riven nation could be united, and there is the bravery of those who fought on his side and of those of the opposing forces.

Yes and we may recall, too, the **known and unknown heroes of the peace which followed—the devotion of doctors in epidemics, the struggles of artists living out their hopes, the courage of scientists and social workers and statesmen, the unsung sacrifices of parents for their children—the frequency of admirable acts among people generally, caring for other people and giving their best against all odds.**

The tradition they have built belongs to all of us. When we remember them, we share with them in their accomplishments, immeasurably strengthening the spiritual fibre of our land.

There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it's hard to tell which one of us ought to reform the rest of us.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy Whisenhunt, pastor of the Reformed Church in Concord, presented the message to the boys at the school last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Whisenhunt talked to the boys regarding the need for SPIRITUAL GROWTH. He used as a Scripture lesson the eighteenth verse of the third chapter of II Peter. The words of this verse are as follows: "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, to whom be glory both now and forever."

Mr. Whisenhunt explained that when the writer of the Scriptures considered growth he probably had in mind a garden where vegetables and other things grow; he had in mind that a garden is a place of growth and development.

For the garden God provides the necessary soil and chemical elements, and these represent the beginning point for a good garden; they represent the divine provision. It may be and generally is true that with human hands the soil in the garden may be improved and enriched, and even other food particles may be provided, but God provides the most essential elements. Then it occurs that the vegetable roots, when the seeds have been planted, go down and down into the soil and feed upon the chemical elements that have been placed there; they take hold of what has been provided for them, and then the roots send the food up through the body of the plants and out into the limbs and leaves. Then the plant begins to grow.

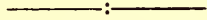
In the second place it was pointed

out that in addition to the divine provision there is a divine requirement—that is, there are some things in addition that man himself must do if the plants grow. For instance, there is the requirement that the soil be prepared and stirred at proper intervals. Then, as the plant grows it hungers and feels the need of additional food, and so it is with the individual who expects to grow. He, too, must hunger and become dissatisfied with what he is and what he has. It was explained to the boys that if any person becomes as smart or as big as he wants to be, he never improves further, but he goes down and down.

In the spiritual life, if one is ambitious to grow and improve, he may find the best spiritual nourishment in the things that are associated with the church, such as the hymn books, the Bible, religious literature and the fellowship of other Christian people. In the church he finds an atmosphere that is conducive to spiritual growth. Then, too, it is in the church that one finds the air or the atmosphere of prayer, and it is through prayer that one may hope to grow and expand spiritually.

In conclusion, it was pointed out that every person who may aspire to grow must recognize the need for exercise and practice in the spiritual virtues. It is necessary that one strive in his everyday living to be more and more like the Master; to be more useful in one's relationship to his fellowman. It was explained to the boys that one can so live his life that when he has come to the end

of his life the tribute that will be This should be the worthy goal of
his will be that he was a good man. every boy.



IDEAS FOR WORKERS

A man is bigger than his ideals.

Only small minded men are hard to get along with.

Don't expect coddling—a job is work and not a petting party.

Carrying a chip on the shoulder is a confession of inferiority.

Base your hope for advancement on brains and not on bluff.

The man who has to be watched will never be set to watch others.

Learn to think for yourself; don't be a mere echo of other men's thoughts.

Good nature is the oil that makes the day's work go without squeaking.

If you want more pay, do more work: it's the job that pays and not the boss.

If the machine can't be improved, see if the way of handing the material can't be.

The workman who never saw the dirt on the floor never made a good inspector.

Every man is foreman of his brains—see to it they don't loaf on the job.

The world owes no man a living, but every man owes the world his best efforts.

That man is lucky who works for an outfit that provides high grade management.

Cultivate good manners: a man doesn't have to be hardboiled because he works in overalls.

Capitalism wants every man to live in a mansion. Bolshevism wants every man to live in a shanty.—The Open Shop Review.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

A good face is the best letter of recommendation.

—:—

The dimmest lights have the most scandal power.

—:—

If you do not want many friends—wear a long face.

—:—

A real movie hero is one who sits through a double feature.

—:—

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.

—:—

"The doors of wisdom are never shut."—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

"They that know no evil will suspect none."—Ben Johnson.

—:—

Envy has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.

—:—

Luck is the cross-road where preparation and opportunity meet.

—:—

Love may never die, but sometimes it could be called unconscious.

—:—

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.

—:—

"My face is my fortune."

"Oh, dear, another panhandler."

—:—

Experience joined with common sense, to mortals is a providence.

—:—

The income tax burear states that America is a land of untold wealth.

—:—

It is not so much what you know as how well you use what you know.

—:—

"The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it; skilful pilots gain their reputations from storms and tempests."—Epicurus.

There is not much to talk about at parties until one or two couples leave.

—:—

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough for literature.

—:—

Quite frequently a hot time in the old makes full cells in the cooler.

—:—

If you smoke in bed the next ashes that drops to the floor may be your own.

—:—

A lie has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.

—:—

Some folks are given credit for being good, when they are only becoming old.

—:—

The honeymoon is over when the breakfast nook won't hold but one of them at a time!

—:—

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," so this shortage of houses is nothnig new.

—:—

Economy is a saving bank into which men drop pennies and get dollars in return.

"When thou seest misery in thy brother's face, let him see mercy in thine eye."—Quarles.

—:—

"Repentance is regret made manifest in reformation."

—William George Jordan.

—:—

"The lost opportunities we most regret are opportunities for loving."

—Charles Wagner.

—:—

Mere knowledge is comparatively worthless unless digested into practiced wisdom and common sense as applied to the affairs of life.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

If little Red Riding Hood lived today, The modern gal would scorn'er. She only had to meet one wolf—Not one on every corner.

Teacher: "Are there any more questions you would like to ask about whales?"

Small Girl: "Teacher, what has the prince got to do with them?"

They searched in vain for a hotel room, and several hours later he said, "Well, mother, I guess we'll have to sleep in one of those night clubs, even if they do charge \$5 for covers!"

Which reminds us of the hack who bragged that he was a self-made man. "You're lucky," said the Con. "I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters, myself!"

Voter: "Why I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself!"

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You see, you wouldn't be in my district!"

Scot (reading humorous weekly on holiday): "Jock, d'ye notice wha' a lot o' jokes they mak' about Scotsmen bein' mean?"

Jock (dourly): "Aye—all ta our expense."

Ex-You Know: "Sorry, old man, but I'm looking for a little financial succor again."

Ditto: "Well you'll have to look farther than this, because I'm not the financial sucker I used to be!"

It isn't in any of the records that a great masterpiece was ever created in the presence of the genial caller who plunked himself down beside the writer's desk and remarked, "Don't let me interrupt you—go right along with your work."

"That gal certainly puts on the dog," said the blonde.

"What do you mean?" asked the redhead.

"Well, her father is an undertaker down in Georgia, so she tells everyone that he's a Southern planter!"

Used Car Dealer: ". . . and there's not a thing wrong with that car!"

Ex-Con: "Then why is it priced so reasonably?"

Used Car Dealer: "Well, it's marked down to make up for the time you'll have to spend filing the numbers off the engine."

After consulting his employment listing, Ye Olde Ed came up with a couple of suggestions for ex-con's who want to get into an uncrowded occupation. First, there's the Hot Cross Bun marker—workers work only one day a year (!!); and then there's an opening in Washington for an "oiler" of hinges on secret doors!

The nervous little man glanced hurriedly at his watch, grabbed his bag, and rushed out to the station platform. The effect on the other travelers was all that could be desired. They also picked up their luggage and ran. Shortly afterward, the little man returned, picked out the best seat in the station and sat down to wait for a train—which was not due for thirty minutes.

A bright young ex-con called at the employment office of a large business concern to apply for a job he'd seen advertised.

"But my dear sir," exclaimed the manager, "you're much too late. Why we've had more than a thousand applications already!"

"Well," the young ex-con slowly replied, "how about hiring me to classify the applications?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 17, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
 Billy Kassell
 Major Loftin
 Calvin Matheson
 Frank Phillips
 Rufus Tuggle
 Leroy Williams

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
 Carl Church
 Paul Church
 Billy Clemmons
 Lester Ingle
 Roy Dale Lipscomb
 J. C. Littlejohn
 Bobby Pope
 Bobby Porter
 Bobby Rice
 Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
 Bobby Blake
 Charles Eugene Everington
 Billy Holder
 Woodrow Mace
 Eugene Peterson
 Clyde Wright

COTTAGE No. 3

Glenn Evans
 David Gibson
 Herbert Griffin
 Earl Hensley
 Kenneth Halcomb
 Robert Jarvis
 Wayne Millsaps
 Woodrow Norton
 James Sehen
 Claude Sexton
 Leroy Shedd
 Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
 Robert Carington
 Frank Fulbright
 Herman Galyan
 Earl Gilmore

Herman Hughes
 Earnest Kitchen
 James Myers
 Russell Murphy
 Robert Milton
 Jimmy McCallum
 Johnny Robinson
 William Thornton
 Robert Thompson
 James Wilson
 Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Earl Allen
 Donald Austin
 Danny Mack Hayes
 Carl Howell
 William Hinson
 Billy Ray Keene
 Evan Myers
 Lewis Parris
 Billy Paschal
 George Patterson
 Charles Pinkston
 Harold Wilkinson
 Elwood Wilson
 J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Floyd Bruce
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 John Ganey
 Earl Holloman
 Edward Ingold
 Melvin Ledford
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Emmitt Fields
Judson Finch
Jack Griffin
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Carl Jenkins
Thomas Milles
Eugene Newton

COTTAGE No. 10

No Honor Roll

COTTAGE No. 11

Earl Brigman
James Cartrette
Thomas Linville
Bill Ray
Jimmy Rogers
Richard Sandlin
Alton Tolar

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Bill Carswell
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Jesse Peavey
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Bass
Cecil Butcher
Willard Brown
J. D. Gupton
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Harvey Jacobs
Leon Martin
Charles McDaniel
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

In order to love people and to be loved by them, one must train oneself to gentleness, humility, the art of bearing with disagreeable people and things, the art of behaving to them so as not to offend anyone, the hardest work of all—work that never ceases from the time you wake up till the time you go to sleep, and the most joyful work of all, because, day after day, you rejoice in your growing success in it, and receive a further reward, unperceived at first, but very joyful after, in being loved by others.—Tolstoy.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1948

NO. 5

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE

"I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded at my will.
I came again when days were passed;
The bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it, still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.
I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my powers and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon:
He still that early impress wore,
But I could change him never more."

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

Somewhere in the background of every successful man's life is a motto, formula or plan which he affirms is the key to his success. A man who has risen by sheer force of manual labor from an ordinary worker to the executive will invariably say that success comes only through hard work and struggle.

The intellectual man asserts that success is realized only through education and a methodized plan of attack. Still others insist that success depends not on what you know, but whom you know. Each one in their turn will offer some word of advice on how to make success a reality, not merely a state of wishful thinking.

In all of these formulized plans, however, no single one of them is expressed with the significance, the clarity, and the simplicity of the poet Browning in this simple statement:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp."

Embodied here, in just seven words, is the basis—yes, the very keynote—of every success story. It is through the reaching for an objective that we meet resistance both in mind and body. The mental and physical struggle with which we try to overcome this resistance is the secret of building strength and knowledge.

As each new objective is realized, or as a new problem is solved, the mind and body not only gain the strength, but also the confidence to go on to greater objectives as a combined unit, or force, with the state of mind that no obstacle is insurmountable. This simple factor, the will to go on regardless of obstacles, is the key to success.

DANGERS OF THE POST-RELEASE PERIOD

During the post-release period in the life of every parolee there are numerous dangers. It is not generally understood either by the parents of the boy or by the public how great this transition period is and how full of pitfalls it is. In a great many instances it is true that the parents have worked themselves up to a point where they have illusions and are obsessed with the idea of marvelous things they would do for the child if he were only back in the home

again. Then, when the day arrives and the boy is permitted to go home, in many instances the parents begin to grant special privileges and to shower their boy with sentimental favors, because of their misguided sympathies, and then the boy becomes a victim of unwise guidance.

In almost every instance, the boys before their release are told that as soon as they get home, even the smallest boy, can get a grand job working in a store or serving a newspaper route or delivering groceries or working in a mill, and that he can start his work immediately and make lots of money. There are a few instances, of course, when this can occur. It is an exception rather than the rule. Generally, the boys who go out from the training school on release do not become well-paid workers so that they are able to contribute most of the money for the upkeep of the family. They do not become the mainstay of the family; an older boy even does well if he takes care of himself. Yet, they have been fed a lot of wild promises concerning these matters. Some of these are used as schemes and inducements to get boys released prematurely without having due forethought for the real effect it may have on the boy when he is given his release.

Every boy who earns his release and goes back out into the world, under the best of conditions, faces difficulties. He is confronted with the necessity of making adjustments at a time when he is full of wonder and after he has dreamed for months of how wonderful it would be to have the privilege of being on his own once again, to go and come at his own liberty. In many instances, before a boy is sent to a correctional school, he was the victim of unwise and indiscreet parental guidance. There were in his life many frustrations. In his home there were follies and evil influences. Some have even come out of the "dives of the devil." Some have lived in poverty and physical squalor. Some have encountered devastating influences which have transpired before their eyes day after day until their ideals and ambitions have been obliterated.

When these conditions have prevailed in the homes prior to commitments, generally they do not disappear overnight. As a rule, the substandard home is not transformed so that it immediately becomes a haven of refuge within a few brief weeks or months. Oftentimes, it occurs that boys before their commitment were in-

corrigible and refused to listen to their parents; some stayed out until the wee small hours of the night, without adequate food and clothing; some spent long hours in the picture theaters as movie fiends, seeing the most lurid of the wild west shows over and over again. Such experiences were filled with excitement and had dominant in them the element of cheap entertainment.

When a boy is at the training school, naturally he is very largely shut off from these experiences. Yet, he holds them in memory and looks forward to the day when he can go back and indulge in them once again. Generally, if a boy became maladjusted in the school or community or his home and is sent to a correctional school, at best it takes a long training process before he can be led to find a better way of life. He has gotten the "biggest kick" possible out of life, as he thinks. It has never been an easy thing to persuade the youth quickly that it is a fine thing to have ambition, to prepare oneself well for a worthy future, or to think soberly and seriously of vocational and professional training in childhood. This is true in all walks of life.

After all, the post-release period in any boy's life would always become easy and rather certain if there could be the same transformation in the home that has occurred in the life of the child. It would be an ideal arrangement if the delinquent parents could be placed, not in some place of punishment, but where they would receive proper training and proper guidance in doing the honorable things which they have neglected to do as parents. Over and over again it is stated by welfare workers and others concerned with the public good that delinquent parents are the ones who should be not only trained but should be punished rather than their children. This arrangement, after all, would avoid much of the waste which is bound to come under the present arrangement.

As it is now, the sole responsibility for a boy living up to the conditions of his parole and making good depends upon the supervision which he receives from the workers in the welfare department, and, generally, their other work is so heavy that what they are able to do for a boy on release is spread out very thinly and means little to the boy. He and his parents are left almost entirely free to work out their own salvation. It is a rather far-fetched hope that whatever good training he may have received at a cor-

rectional school will be of such power and such momentum as to carry him over all the pitfalls and all the disrupting influences which he may encounter from time to time. He desperately needs supervision.

Thus it is that it must be recognized that the post-release period of every boy is filled with grave dangers and many uncertainties.

The fathers and the mothers of the boys should be cautioned and warned of the disastrous things that may occur if they fail to do their part and they should be held responsible for creating an environment for their boys that would help to keep their lives stabilized and guided in the right direction.

* * * * *

SNOWFALL AT THE SCHOOL

During the last few days the school grounds and the farm have been covered with snow. It has not been a deep snow, but the boys at the school have thoroughly enjoyed their experiences with it. They have enjoyed seeing the snow, and most of them have had a grand time skating on it. It is most unusual in this part of the country to have so much snow for so long.

Of course, the usual outside work activities at the school have had to be suspended, and the health of the boys given first consideration. Some of the departments at the school have been able to carry on their work, such as the laundry, the bakery, the textile plant, and the dairy, but the boys on the outside work lines have been going to the gymnasium and playing various indoor games, mostly basketball. The school department, of course, has been operating each day, except for last Saturday morning.

Here at the school we have been trying to take care of the cattle and other farm animals. It has been necessary for them to be kept inside the barns and under the sheds for their protection, and they are being kept warm and well fed.

Though we have been enjoying the snow, we are looking forward to the time when the weather will be more pleasant and the boys can be out on the grounds more.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Experiments in Our 9th Grade Science Class

By Richard Sandlin, 9th Grade

For the past two weeks we have been studying in science about air. We have had seven experiments so far. One of these was to find out if air has weight. By weighing an empty bladder, then pumping it up with air and weighing it again we found that the air in the bladder weighs three tenths of a gram.

In another we found out that air had pressure. We took a gallon can filled it with an inch of water, then heated it until the can was filled with steam, then we put a stopper on it and plunged it into a bucket of cold water, causing a vacuum in the can and the air pressure on the outside of the can crushed the can in.

In another experiment we wanted to find out if air extends an upward pressure? To find out if it did, we had to fill a glass with water, then we put a good piece of cardboard over the top of the glass. We then turned the glass up-side-down holding the piece of cardboard firmly, after a few seconds we removed our hand. Finding that the air pressure that was pressing upward held the piece of cardboard over the top of the glass. We also did a few more experiments. For instance: What part of the air is oxygen? Does the body extend an outward pressure? Is oxygen heavier or lighter than air?

Our next chapter is on, "Man's Control of Atmospheric Pressure," In this

we hope to learn many of the practical uses of air.

The 5th Grade School Room

By Woodrow Norton, 5th Grade

We boys who are in the 5th grade at the Jackson Training School think that we have one of the nicest school rooms in the State of North Carolina.

The walls of our room are painted a very light green. The ceiling and wood work are done in white. We have nice tall windows, which give us the right amount of light and fresh air.

Our pictures are nice ones and several are quite famous. We have also an aquarium, and we like to see our fish eat and play.

Our potted plants are very pretty at this time of the year. We have some that are blooming now.

We have work tables on which we make our posters and murals.

The pupils who finish their lessons and have made good on their work are permitted to go to these tables to read, draw, or play some game. The game we like best is anagrams. We learn to form new words and we think it is great fun when we can take some one's word away from him. This is done by changing the letters about, making a different word, by attaching a letter or several letters.

Our greatest delight is our sand table. We use this to build a country or city which we have studied in geography or history. We think that we have made some real nice scenes.

We have all sizes of boys in our room, so we have all sizes of desk. Each boy enjoys a desk that is comfortable size.

A Poster for Study

By Eugene Williams, 5th Grade

In our Child's Health Book, we have just completed a unit of study about bones and teeth. This unit is very good for it tells us what we must eat in order to get the calcium needed for strength and health. We would not want to eat crushed lime or chalk to get the calcium the bones need, so we must eat the foods that contain calcium. Milk leads in calcium. Be sure that you drink at least one quart of milk a day. Some other foods that contain a good amount of calcium are cheese, buttermilk, cauliflower, figs, and beans. We have made a chart of these foods. Mrs. Liske brought some magazines to school and we got the picture out of them. Milk is our basic food on our poster.

In our study we learned that our bones are like the framework of a kite. Imagine how a person would look without the strong framework of bones. He would have no shape, and his body would be soft and flabby. He could not walk, run, or sit erect. We must have sunshine, and sun baths should be taken whenever possible.

Landscaping at Wildwood Cottage

By Albert Cox, 6th Grade

Last Thursday Mr. Adams and his afternoon work group went by the Old English Boxwood Nursery, owned

By Mr. J. Lee White, and dug up some boxwood which he had very generously donated to be used toward beautifying the cabin grounds. After digging up the boxwoods we hauled in woods, dirt and rock and built a small terrace across the front of the cabin. We set the boxwoods on this terrace. We spent the rest of the afternoon putting out small cedars and shrub and pines. We did not get as many out as we wanted, but we hope to go back sometime soon.

We would like to thank Mr. White for giving us the plants as we think they have improved the looks of our cabin a lot.

J. T. S. Rolls Over Boys's Club

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellowjackets of J. T. S. got themselves into the victory column last Friday when they defeated the powerful Boy's club.

The Yellowjackets controlled the ball game from beginning to end, and the Boy's Club could not stop Walters and Johnson, who is in the big ten scoring in the City League.

The Yellowjackets held the lead all through the game. However, the Boys' Club had a good team there is no doubt of that, but they were outclassed by such players as Johnson, Staley, and Walters.

The Yellowjackets are host to Belk's Monday night. The game will get under way at 6:30.

Belk's Rolls Over J. T. S.

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

in a thriller last night.

This marks the fourth defeat in seven staits, however the jackets seem to be improveing rapidly. Johnson one of the Yellow-jackets top scours was out due to a throat ailment, but is improving, and will play Wednesday when they meet the American Legion. the final score was 40-24 favorBelk's. Staley and Walters sparked the jackets with Robinson sparking the winners with 20.

Second Grade

Evan Myers, 2nd Grade

We were glad when it began snowing Friday for we know we were going to have a good time. Mrs. Morrison let us all go to the window and watch the pretty white flakes fall. We sang "It's Snowing."

We have some new games in our room now. We will enjoy them.

First Grade

By Jimmy Jones, First Grade

We enjoyed the snow which fell on Saturday. We did not have any school on Saturday. Most of the boys played in the snow, and had lots of fun with a sleigh. Our teacher is still sick. We hope that she will be back soon. We did not have our boxing

match Saturday night because of the bad weather. We enjoy the sports here at the school

Framing Pictures

By Elwood Wilson, First Grade

Mr. Hawfield and the carpenter shop boys, have been making frames to put around calenders. These make very pretty pictures. We have one in Cottage No. 5. We thank Mr. Hawfield and the carpenter shop boys for these picture frames.

Cottage Basketball League Continues

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Saturday the Cottage basketball league continued in spite of the snow which had fallen.

The winners are as follows.

A League

No. 4—22 No. 17—16
 No. 10—29 No. 11—3
 No. 3—23 No. 6—2
 No. 7—17 No. 9—2

B League

No. 4—26 No. 17—23
 No. 10—20 No. 11—3
 No. 3—3 No. 6—2
 No. 7—12 No. 9—4

"The thing that impresses me most about America is the way the parents obey their children."—Duke of Windsor.

TODAY DECIDES TOMORROW

(Speakers Library)

"As a man sows, so shall he also reap," was never more true than it is today. Unless we sow the proper kind of seed, we can never reap the proper kind of harvest. Every good tree shall bear good fruit and the youth who lays a good foundation for life will reap a harvest full of satisfaction and joy.

There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that something will turn up by which they will achieve fame and fortune. The man who trusts to luck will usually end in despair.

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck." The great Napoleon believed in his lucky star and he followed it until he saw it go down in blackest night as the Old Guard perished around him at Waterloo, and he died in despair at Helena.

In order to have success in life, you must resolve to carry into your work the very best thought and training. Do not do barely enough to get through, but have a reserve power that will be equal to any probable emergency. Be like St. Paul, who said, "I magnify my office."

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the moment. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. The gladiator who hoped to overcome his adversary trained for the conflict for years. He did not trust to the luck of a sudden stroke to win success. And so in the great battle of life we must train today for the coming years or our lives are apt to lack everything they should contain

and will end in bitterest disappointment.

In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock, and if a boy is born in the lower strata, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust and reach the higher ranks. In this country the opposite is true. The strata of our society is like that of the ocean, where even the lowest drop may some day come to the surface and shine on the crest of the highest wave.

If you will study the great lives of those who have occupied an honorable place in the world, you will find that, without a single exception, they put forth their best efforts at mental or physical training so that when the hour came for them to strike, they were ready and did not have to wait to train and let the opportunity go by.

Character is the combined result of an incalculable number of deeds. As man is the doer of his own deeds, so is he the maker of his own character. He has the power to modify and alter his deeds and every time he acts, he modifies his character for good or ill. These results lie hidden as moral seeds in the dark recesses of his character, awaiting their season of germination and growth. We sow those seeds today and reap the fruits tomorrow.

Education is not the work of a day or of a year. It takes time and pains and can only be fully achieved by great industry. How often is it the case that young people who are just beginning to enter upon the pleasure acquired by knowledge leave the halls

of learning. This does not result so much from lack of means to educate as it does from the want of appreciation of the necessity of training the mind carefully and laboriously. The ruinous conquence of this is manifest in the failure of so many who enter so early and without sufficient preparation in the pursuits of life.

"The child is father to the man." The child shows inclination and disposition that must be properly trained and directed or they are almost sure to bring ruin to life. Parents and those who have charge of children should encourage habits of industry and thoroughness and encourage them in every way possible to understand that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

Every man has a duty to his successor as well as to himself and his neighbor. One may not do what he will with his own, for the gifts of this world are loans to be well used and kept uninjured. There is not a single good in any instance that can be secured without sacrifice that corresponds to its value, and there is never a good action that does not reward one's expenditure.

Garfield, sweeping the schoolroom, ringing the bell, doing odd jobs for

a scanty subsistence, and wearing poor clothes because he could not wear good ones and have an education has inspired more Americans in their youth to noble deed than Garfield the teacher, scholar and statesman. There is that in stalwart selfdenial for a worthy purpose—sacrificing one's wardrobe and larder for the sake of higher attainments—which appeals to the best there is in man. There are successful occupants of pulpits, and other positions of trust and honor who are there because they were inspired to greater endeavor by reading the lives of men who made the most they could of themselves; and they are the uncrowned kings and queens of our day, sharing the freedom of the world.

A multitude of young men never "get there." At forty they have about the same sort and degree of intelligence and manhood which they had at twenty. They have made no progress socially, intellectually or morally. Ambition never fired their hearts to do better and accomplish more. Content to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," they labor on with the same old-fashioned way and dip the same old, oaken bucket.

Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of figures and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all—by example.—John Ruskin.

MOUNTAINS UNCONQUERED

(By John Silvers)

Since the beginning of time man has had the urge to explore and conquer the unknown. He has stood at the North and South poles and charted wild and previously unexplored regions. Yet, there remains on the Earth a mighty chain of mountains where the foot of man has yet to reach the top. The Himalayas, the highest rampart on Earth. Reaching into space, eternally wreathed in ice and snow, protected from an easy approach by a great glacier honey-combed with deep pits and brittle crusts. Mt. Everest and her sister mountains to the North remain unclimbed.

Many nations have sent parties of their best mountaineers to attempt an attack on the great walls of rocks and ice, but almost all expeditions have left all or part of their group sacrificed to the Gods of the mountains. Yes, I call them Gods of the mountains for a good reason. Mohammed, the great prophet of Islam, when about to die, said to his disciples, "I shall come back, reincarnated as the mightiest mountain on the face of the land." To this day and for eternity, the mountains shall be worshipped. Many pilgrims make the long and perilous trip to the foot of the holy mountains but none venture to climb.

English, French, German and Americans. They have all tried to climb Mt. Everest and K2, the second highest in the Karakoram. All sorts of devices and equipment had been used. Oxygen tanks were once considered a necessity to the climbers, but it re-

mained for an American group from the American Alpine Club to make a record ascent of K2 and disprove many theories. This is the story as I heard it from Paul Petzoldt, a former forest ranger and guide at the Teton Mountain National Park, in Wyoming. Paul had done quite a lot of climbing before being invited to join the expedition. He had completed a double traverse of the Matterhorn in Switzerland and climbed the Devils Tower, a vertical tower in Wyoming, to rescue a parachutist who had jumped from a plane to the peak to win a bet. At the time Paul told me this story he was a member of the 10th Mountain Division, at Camp Hale, Colorado.

In organizing the trip, three men besides Paul had been chosen. All were qualified climbers and mountaineers. They were William Bates, James Houston and Robert Street. Each was given a particular job to do, these included treasurer, equipment supply and transportation. This was the year 1937.

Finally after months of preparation. The party was ready to leave. The many supplies consisting partly of thousands of feet of rope, climbing irons, shoes and boots, sun goggles, food and trade articles were finally aboard.

After a rough trip the party arrived at Kashmir, India, through the vale of Kashmir: the group was to start. Among the first things the party had to do was obtain a guide and some native porters. The British

Government provided Captain Arthur Streatfield as guide. Captain Streatfield had led several expeditions unsuccessfully. This was to prove his last trip to the mountains, for as Paul informed me, he was latter killed during the retreat from Dunkirk at the beginning of World War II.

After several days of travel, the expedition reached the Baltoro glacier which had to be traversed until the mountains were reached. The glacier 500 feet deep in spots was a veritable booby-trap of deep holes covered by a thin crust of ice. Great precautions had to be taken in order to protect the men and animals. A misstep meant disaster.

What were the objectives of the expedition? Why should anyone want to climb a mountain. Those are the questions most asked of any climber. This is the answer—"Perhaps on the highest point of the Earth's surface may be found the clues that will lead to the discovery of an old civilization from whence came man. Or the discovery of new forms of animal and plant life. Buried atop these mountains may be the key to knowledge."

Finally in all its majestic splendor and wreathed in clouds the party reached the junction of glacier and mountain. As the party gazed in awe at the peak which had defied all efforts to prove its mystery, the clouds parted and the party saw revealed before its eyes the massive summit 28,000 feet above sea level. The last two hundred feet of the peak was a solid sheet of blue ice that overhung the sheer walls making it look impossible. These men had traveled across a world to engage in combat with K2.

So the attack was planned. Instead of the oxygen tanks whose weight drained the energy out of the men a new plan took shape. At varying heights of 10,000, 22,000 and 25,000 feet, base camps were to be set up—each camp to be completed with tents, stoves and food, for in the event of a sudden storm a man might have to remain in the flimsy tent for days. All this preparation for the final attack on the mountains. The men were to stay at each of base camps for several days before proceeding to the rare air. This would eliminate the oxygen tanks. Captain Streatfield was to be in charge of preparations at base camp. 1. Base camps 1, 2, and 3, were organized without difficulty. Bates went out to reconnoiter for a spot above for camp 4. Every few feet he would drive in an ice pit on and put a rope through to guide him back to camp. A blizzard began to rage and just when the others had started to worry about him, he came staggering into camp. He had been able to climb only 300 feet, when he had to turn back.

The next difficulty was the rock chimneys, these are great shafts in the rocks where a climber goes up by wedging his legs and back against the rock walls and go up inches at a time. All the while these men were setting up thousands of feet of fixed rope as a guide.

Eventually the last camp from which the final attack was to be made was set up. Bates and Houston set out on the first attempt but were forced back. Petzoldt and Street went out the next time and they too struggled back with Petzoldt violently ill from an attack of tropical fever

that he had contracted during the trip through India to Kashmir. It was imperative that Petzoldt receive treatment and with the objective of safety in mind the expedition turned back. They had been on the mountain for four weeks and still K2 re-

tained her mystery. That the party could have conquered the 200 foot ice overhang remains a big question, but if it could have been accomplished by pure heart, these men would have stood atop the mountains.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

Some may long for the soothing touch
 Of lavender, cream and mauve.
 But the ties I wear
 Must possess the glare
 Of a red-hot kitchen stove.
 The books I read,
 And the life I lead
 Are sensible, sane and mild;
 I like calm hats,
 And I don't wear spats,
 But I want my neckties wild!
 Give me a wild tie, brother,
 One with a cosmic urge;
 A tie that will swear
 And rip and tear
 When it sees my old blue serge!
 O, some will say that a gent's cravat
 Should only be seen, not heard;
 But I want a tie
 That will make men cry,
 And render their vision blurred.
 I yearn, I long
 For a tie so strong,
 It will take two men to tie it.
 If such there be,
 Just show it to me—
 Whatever the price, I'll buy it.
 Give me a wild tie, brother.
 One with a lot of sins:
 A tie that will blaze
 In a hectic haze
 Down where the west begins.

—Selected.

AGGRESSIVENESS

(The Summary)

Webster describes aggressiveness as being "disposed towards aggression; self-assertive; pushing; enterprising." At the same time this source gives, as a meaning for aggression: encroachment upon someone's territory or rights. Now let us examine these two interpretations.

One often hears a person called aggressive in a complimentary manner. And rightly so, for aggressive qualities are excellent to have—to a certain degree! In order to advance in life one must have initiative. This coupled with intelligence and good judgement, will do much to place you on any level of life that you may desire.

Naturally the degree of initiative—which is, in all reality, merely the will to do or have—will determine to what extent you receive the things you aim for. If you have a burning urge to do some particular thing—and use your intelligence to realize that you must prepare yourself for it through study and diligent labor—and then pursue your course in an aggressive manner, you are in a fair way of getting even more than you originally craved.

You will find, in all probability, that the original plans you had for the achievement of your goal are constantly changing, and for as you acquire knowledge and experience you will also acquire good judgement. Thus you will see better ways of attaining your end as you go along. And herein lies the danger, for one must

maintain a balance so that it is possible to judge wisely.

It has been said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and we must concur. Impatience is a common human trait and as one gains knowledge, one is quite apt to become impatiently aggressive to the point of encroaching upon another person's rights and privileges and in so doing trample others underfoot in the struggle to gain personal fame and profit. As one becomes more and more aggressive, he does, at the same time, become more obnoxious and troublesome.

However, if patience is practiced until one has had sufficient experience and has gained the necessary worldly knowledge and formal education to make wise decisions and use good judgement, then one is still aggressive in attaining his goal but, his aggressiveness is tempered with understanding and tolerance.

We all have the desire to do greater things and advance ourselves to a higher plane, irregardless of whether or not we are millionaires or tramps. There are few who are completely satisfied with the things they have or the persons they are. It is human nature to be constantly on the rise or decline. Life never stands still for anyone. Learned men describe this change with graphs and cycles and high-sounding phrases but we recognize it as a law of nature.

Therefore we must guard against losing sight of the fact that others

have dreams, desires and rights just as we do. We must constantly guard against aggressiveness that reaches the point of encroachment on the rights of others and we must be certain that we attain our own ends without running rough-shod over anyone else.

The trend in business and politics and life seems to be aimed toward

gaining the goal regardless of how or whom and what gets "scuttled" on the way. That is a trend that will bring about our downfall—both as a nation and as individuals—if it isn't checked. We must soon pause and consider just exactly where we are headed. We must if we are to survive.

A BOY AND HIS BICYCLE

(Selected)

Down in Atlanta, Ga., that other day, 12 year old Arlie Truelove went to a public auction at police headquarters, Arlie hoped to buy a bicycle with the nickels and dimes and pennies he had saved. Time and time again the youngster started the sale with a firm bid of "One dollar and seventy-five cents," but each time a higher bid was entered. But let Gabriel Heatter tell the story as he did recently over the Mutual network.

"They were selling bicycles at an auction," said Mr. Heatter to his radio audience. "And there he stood. A wide-eyed boy, with all the money he had managed to save by scrimping for months on end. One dollar and seventy-five cents. Nickels, dimes, pennies. The auction almost broke the boy's heart. A bike would be brought to the platform. "What am I bid?" the auctioneer would ask.

"Five dollars," somebody would call out. Somebody else would say "Six!" And there he was with one dollar and

seventy-five cents. One by one the bikes were auctioned off. Now there were only two left.

"What am I bid for this one?" said the auctioneer. "She's a beauty." "One dollar and seventy-five cents," said the boy. This time desperately.

"Seven dollars," said a junk dealer. "Sold for seven dollars!"

"One bicycle left. Streamlined. Red, the most beautiful the boy had ever seen.

Again the auctioneer asked, "What am I bid?"

This time the boy's bid came almost in a whisper of heartbreak. "One dollar and seventy-five cents." He looked around at the others in the room. The lack at the boy. Looked back and the understood. Nobody bid. Not a word, and the auctioneer smiled and then just as fast as any auctioneer ever said it, he cried, "Going, Going, Gone."

"Sold to the boy for one dollar and seventy-five cents. "Yes, there's plenty of good will around."

NEW YEAR'S GOOD LUCK

(Sunshine Magazine)

New Year's Day affords everyone the opportunity to bring himself good luck throughout the year. At least that is supposed to be true according to several old superstitions concerning the new year.

The "First Foot"—the first person to enter the house on New Year's morning—plays a significant role in the family's future fortunes. He must be a dark man to bring good luck, but if he also brings a gift and "carries in" more than he "take out" then the house is assured peace and plenty for a whole year. The most auspicious gifts as luck-bringers are a lump of coal and a red-herring.

Unmarried persons are advised to look out of the window on New York's morning. If you see a man, it is a sign that you will be wed before the year is out. Should you see a horse, you can have a wish, and it will be realized within the year. To see a dog is lucky, but a cat foretells worry.

A little care will make it possible to bring oneself good luck for the entire year. Wear something new, if possible, on New Year's Day, but the garment must be put on when you first dress in the morning. Receipt of a gift is certain to carry luck. Wish everyone you meet "A Happy New Year," but remember when the greeting is given to cross your fingers for luck. Be sure to say "rabbits" as the first word when you wake be-

fore anyone has had a chance to speak to you.

Love's progress will be aided on New Year's Day if you are careful to put on the left stocking before the right. The potency of this charm is supposed to be increased if do all things as far as possible left-handed during the day.

To open a bank account on New Year's Day was considered lucky in Old England, the custom growing probable from the belief of many centuries that whatever you do on the first day of the year will be an indication of what will happen during the months that will follow.

In some part of England and Scotland it is supposed to be unlucky to leave a house until some outsider has first entered it.

According to Swiss legend, the Holy Family is abroad during the hour of midnight mass on Christmas Eve. Therefore, a bowl of fresh milk is placed upon the dining table, and each member of the household carefully lays his spoon upon the table cloth. The person who, returning from church, finds his spoon has been moved may anticipate special blessings during the coming year: for surely Mary and Joseph have rested within the abode during their flight into Egypt, and the Virgin used that spoon to feed the Infant Jesus.

Said the mamma mosquito: "If you children are good I'll take you to a nudist camp tonight."

LET ME THINK

The Evangel, Bulletin First Baptist Church, Jacksonville, Fla.

If I give Nothing:

I cast a ballot in favor of closing my church.

I discourage others.

If I Give to Local Support and Not to Missions:

I vote to stop all missionary activity in this hour of the world's great need.

I break faith with the missionaries who have given their all and are dependent upon the church.

I refuse to obey the command to go into all the world and preach the gospel.

If I Give Grudgingly of Necessity:

I shall find no joy in my giving.

I shall not receive the Lord's richest blessing; for it is written that the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

If I refuse to Make a Subscription in Advance:

I make it difficult for my church to project plans for the year.

If I Give Proportionately: ;

I shall give something. I shall not refuse to make any subscription if, because of necessity, mine must be small.

I shall be blessed in my giving, whether the gift be large or small.
"For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to

what a man hath and not according to what he hath not."

I shall probably increase my gifts; I know the kindom causes need increased support, and that I have not been given in proportion. I must ask myself whether or not my giving has increased with my income.

If I Give Systematically:

I shall make it possible for my local church and for my denomination to plan work in advance and to live within income.

I shall make it much easier for myself. I know from past experience, that the accumulation of small obligations soon becomes burdensome.

If I Give Sacrificially:

I shall worship God in my giving.

I shall truly advance the cause of Christ over the forbidding barriers of cruelty and hate.

I shall testify to the high value I place upon Christ and the Church in ministering to the needs of suffering humanity.

I shall express my love to God and man in strengthening the bonds of Christian fellowship around the world. How and what shall I give this year to and through my church?

Fate can slam him and bang him around, and batter his fame till he's sore, but she never can say that he's down while he bobs up serenely once more. A fellow's not dead till he dies, not beat till he no longer tries.

OLD SUSPICIONS DIE HARD

(The Summary)

Perhaps the most acceptable material to be absorbed into the mind of the ignorant mortal is that which reeks of the essence of slander upon the names of those individuals he has been instructed to dislike. We use the word, instructed, to emphasize the point that this pitiful human is decidedly ignorant . . . too moronic to formulate his own opinions concerning the character of his fellow man.

Another point lies buried in this pointed charge. All slanderers, or rumor-mongers, as we desire to call them, are, by necessity, conformists. Since they have no mind of their own, they must be helplessly swayed by the force of their clannish and equally ignorant neighbors.

Our accusation does not include all of mankind. That is self-apparent. Fortunately, this suspicious group of men are in the minority among the world's population, but, nonetheless, detrimental to those whose character come into the line of verbal attack, the courts and churches refer to this demon that would debase society, as slander. In a more common strain we call it gossip. By any name, and in the vernacular of any group, it still loses none of its hateful sting. It exists to curb the honest efforts of each individual toward true contributions, when he has been unfortunate enough to err, whether his error is judged as wrong in his own heart, or in the eyes of society, or both.

True, many of these distributors of derogatory remarks concerning the characters of their fellowmen, are

not aware of the dire effects their acts have upon their victims, but that is no excuse. It certainly does not mitigate the guilt of their unthinking acts. Why must we always look on the seamy side of another's personal makeup for a topic of conversation? It would seem that such material is better left in the past, where it occurred, and where it belongs.

What does it profit any man to convey destructive information regarding the character of another to anyone who is gullible enough to listen? We say gullible with an eye toward intimating that it takes as much ignorance to listen as it does to speak when the topic concerns degrading remarks about a party who is not present to protect his good name. In most cases, for each item of slander or gossip found to emanate from these vicious mouths, there are many more favorable qualities that would be far better to voice, if one must speak of another at all.

How can anyone, who professes to hear the whisperings of his conscience, continue to bear false witness against his neighbor without fearing the return of his slanderous remarks upon himself?

Another damning feature of this sin of society is that, all too often, these defamatory remarks are not based upon fact. The usual grounds for acceptance are mere suspicions . . . old suspicions . . . which these gossipers refuse to let die. You see, old

suspicious die hard in the minds of the ignorant.

Hence, in abandoning this discussion, we would like to opine that

if we can't say something good about our neighbor, it is much better to remain silent.

HOW GOD GETS HIS PLAN CARRIED OUT

(Alabama Baptist)

When God created man he created a creator. We can see that this is true in the material realm, for we are accustomed to that realm. We say that God created the iron in the hills but man makes the tools. We may say that God created the sheep which bear fleece, but that man makes the cloth. We say that God made the fire, but man makes the candle and electric light.

All of which means that God gets his plans and purposes in nature carried out through man's activity. How, then, does God fit man's creatorship into his spiritual plan? If we understood that better than we do, we should be much better fellowcreators with him.

One way is through man's power of thought and reflection. In some kind of way, man can catch a glimpse of the march of God's purpose. For even the material universe exists for a spiritual purpose. The dirt ball on

which we live is but a stage upon which is being acted out a divine drama for which the dirt ball exists. Thus there comes a challenge to men to make the spiritual supreme. To do otherwise is to render futile the very earth upon which men live. The animal can only be an animal, but that man should live as an animal is to betray the long struggle of the ages behind.

Another of the ways of which God works through man as a fellow-creator is by inspiration. He does not compel men to be good. Instead, he beckons men on to higher ideals and a nobler life. That is the great work of the Bible. The dreams and visions of holy men of old lure one on. Indeed, by every great and good word one has heard or read, by every beauty of character one has seen and loved. God is calling one to be a creator in actual life of what he has breathed into his herat.

No one is beat till he quits; no one is through till he stops. No matter how hard failure hits, no matter how often he drops, a fellow's not down till he lies in the dust and refuses to rise.

THE HISTORY OF THAT OLD HYMN

(Selected)

It seems that the talented Mr. Joseph Webster, while an excellent musician was given to spells of discouragement and moodiness common to men of like musical temperaments. Walking into his studio one morning he looked as if his last friend might have died during the night.

"What's the matter now?" His counterpart, Mr. Bennett inquired.

"Oh," he sighed, shrugging his shoulders, "it'll be all right in the by and by.

Mr. Bennett walked over to the organ and took a piece of paper from the top and started writing. Mr. Webster followed him, looked over his shoulder and saw the words: "In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Inspired he sat down and ran his sensitive fingers over the keys. Then the music and melody came. Mr. Bennett wrote on, and Mr. Webster played bar by bar. One verse completed they sang it; then the others. Within fifteen minutes the song was finished; and within an hour the two men heard snatches of it blow in to them

from the outside of men who had caught the joyous sound. And thus was born that old hymn which strikes the slumbering chords of the soul and brings hope to those bereft of hope:

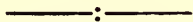
There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

We shall sing of that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Chorus:

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In that sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.



A doctor inquired after the small boy who had swallowed a half dollar the previous day. The anxious mother replied: "No change yet."

HIS PEACE

By Chaplain Maurice Wessman, in *The Messenger*

A few days before His death, Jesus Christ was preparing His disciples for His departure. He had told them how he must go to Jerusalem and there suffer and die. In order to strengthen them, He made certain promises for their welfare. One of these promises was, "my peace I give unto you." That promise was not restricted to the twelve disciples alone, it is ours today.

You will note it was His peace He promised. Remembering His life here upon earth, we know it was not a peace of inability, for He went about doing good. It was not the peace of indifference because in all our afflictions He was afflicted. Rather it was the peace of oneness with His father in Heaven, which peace ever gives calmness in every turmoil of life. That is the peace He imparted to His disciples and imparts to us today. But that peace comes to us only through the twin channels of forgiveness and fellowship. It is the peace of His forgiveness. In the book, *Isabel Carnaby*" by Ellen Fowler a conversation takes place between a Godly father and a noble son.

Says the father: "Modern philosophy teaches that what is done is done, what is written is written, there is no atonement for the deed once accomplished, no washing away the handwriting, but I have not so learned of Christ."

The son spoke: "Then you believe that what is done can be undone? Surely that is impossible."

The father answers: "I do not mean to prophesy smooth things. I know if a man breaks the law of nature, he must be punished to the uttermost, for there is no forgiveness in nature. I know if one breaks the laws of society, he must suffer the shame for there is no forgiveness in society. But if a man breaks the law of God, the transgression can be taken away so completely that it is as if the deed were never done."

That gives the peace of forgiveness. I have no fear concerning my past sins because Jesus has whispered kindly to my soul, "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more."

Coupled with the peace of His forgiveness must be the peace of His fellowship. George Washington the soldier, David Livingstone the missionary, Wm. Gladstone the statesman, John Wanamaker the business— all lived lives of steadiness under fire because they held to the promises of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always." How our lord honored humanity when He said to His followers: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends." "Friendship with Jesus, Fellowship divine. Oh, what blessed sweet communion, Jesus is a Friend of Mine."

Friend, do you know His peace—the peace of His forgiveness, of His fellowship? If not, try Him He will give you calmness and victory in all of life's struggles.

A CREED IS ALWAYS NEEDED

(Your Health)

Everyone needs a creed, a set of rules, something for a guide and something to live by and for.

It doesn't have to be too strict, and it certainly shouldn't be too lax, but it should be something that is believed in and practiced.

This is true of every person in the world, whether he is sick or well, but it is especially true of persons suffering from tuberculosis.

One of the best sets of rules from this was drawn up a long time ago, and with minor modifications it is still something that should be very important to us.

Almost an oath of allegiance, it is: I believe: That it is my duty to society to so live that I shall not be a menace to it. I must learn how to live so that I shall not infect those with whom I come in contact. It should be my duty to help educate the public in regard to the basic facts of the disease. I should ever hold before me the vision of the work which the future for me and so live that God may hold for me and so live that God may speed the day when I am able to return to this work and in this way take part in society.

That it is my duty to the sanatorium to obey its rules and regulations. Experience has taught the officials that certain laws are necessary. To me, they seem obsolete or irrelevant but I should have faith that the staff knows what is best, I should refrain from grumbling and complaining. If the sanatorium is not to my liking, I should have faith in the doctors and nurses that they know what is best for me and are prescribing and carry out the same. In order to create a spirit of fellowship within the institution I should refrain from gossip and criticism. The other patient's religion, business or interests is for God to judge and not for poor insignificant me.

That it is my duty to myself to refrain from self-pity and worry. Here I learn how to live so that when I return to normal life I shall have the high respect for my body that God intended me to have. I must refrain from acts which will impede progress.

Finally. I must realize that although the doctors and nurses can help me, the cure depends on me.

And now an old timer is one who remembers when they used to say, "We now interrupt the news flashes to bring you a radio program."

MACHINE FARMING

News and Press

Stanly county farmers have been adjusting themselves to the new age in farming perhaps as well as any other group of farmers in the country. Not only have they been buying machinery as rapidly as it is put on the market, but they have been abandoning those crops which cannot be handled from sowing or planting through the harvest by machinery.

A well-to-do Alabama farmer who has produced cotton for eight cents a pound by mechanizing every operation from start to finish told the House Agriculture Committee last week that only if it goes in for machine farming, only if it goes in for mechine farming.

"With mechanical equipment" this farmer argued, "the small farmer, or farm laborer, regardless of color, can make a good enough living to keep his

wife and children where they belong—the wife in the home and the children in school."

He had previously said that women and children make up the bulk of the South's farm labor.

He believes that the farm machinery manufacturers will gradually push down the cost of mechanized equipment to such a point that even the poorest of farmers will be able to finance the purchase of enough equipment to do a first class machine-farming job.

Stanly county farmers are well in the forefront of this mechanized farming program, but they should be careful not to allow the program to lag—a program that should take in practically all of them.

BIRTHDAYS

In **The Uplift** we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of **the boys**. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these **weekly** announcements.

Week of February 1, 1948

- Feb. 1—Albert Cavin, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- Feb. 1—Kenneth Staley, Cottage 10, 17th birthday
- Feb. 2—Gerald Johnson, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- Feb. 6—Robert Lee Covington, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- Feb. 6—James Robert Porter, Cottage 1, 12th birthday
- Feb. 7—Charles Walker, Cottage 7, 14th birthday

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church, of Concord, was the guest minister at the school last Sunday. As usual, he brought the boys an excellent message, one that was full of interest and practical suggestions. The boys at the school are always very delighted to have Mr. Moore.

Three different verses were read and used as a Bible text for the message. These selections were Matthew 27:32, Mark 15:21, and Luke 23:26. The verse in Matthew reads as follows: "And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross."

By way of introduction, Mr. Moore asked several questions relating to Simon, and some of these questions were as follows: Who was this Simon of Cyrene? Why was he chosen to bear the cross when Jesus fell exhausted? What effect did this experience have in Simon's life afterwards? Did this experience help or harm him?

It was explained that the Bible gives no additional information concerning Simon. Some commentators have reported that he may have been the father of two sons, whose names were Alexander and Rufus. Some have said, too, that he was a negro, probably a servant. Others have said he was probably a fruit peddler who carried baskets on his shoulders and was, therefore, very strong, with broad shoulders. Simon, in the Greek language, is a word which means "to hear" or "to heed."

Therefore, concerning Simon of Cyrene, one can only imagine or speculate upon him as a character. This Mr. Moore did, in a very interesting message. He pictured him as an old man sitting in his home by the fire, with lines in his face and with knarled hands. There appeared to be bitterness in his eyes as he gazed into the fire. He represents an old man who has come near the end of his life, sad and dejected because of unhappy experiences.

Into the room his grandchildren came for a visit. The older girl, Eunice, speaking for the children, tells how the other children refused to play in the streets with them, and sneered at them because they were Jews. The children, too, were suffering in their hearts because of the sneers.

The old man then explained to the children that although they may have been insulted and hurt, after all, they really did not know what it is to really be treated unfairly, and to them he explained that as a young man, a Jew, he enthusiastically made his plans to go back to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover. He wanted to be there at the time when there was great rejoicing and celebration. For this event he had purchased a new suit of clothes, and he joyfully prepared for the great occasion. As he started on his trip—it was on a Friday morning—the gates of the great city of Jerusalem burst open because of the surging of the vast throng. It was early in the day. The mob was boisterous and noisy, and they were shouting at the top of their voices: "Away

your life? Was it the day when you obtained your first horse and you rode the animal as your very own?"

The old man explained that this was not the grandest day of his life.

The second child asked if it were the day when he was first aware of the fact that he was a man and as such he dressed in the clothing of a man and took his place among the other elders as a man. The oldest child asked if the grandest day of his life were his wedding day. To these questions the man answered that they were all great days, but not the greatest.

He then went on to explain that as a young man he planned to go back to Jerusalem for the joyous Feast of the Passover. He had been there before when there was great joy and when precious gifts were presented. He stated that as he traveled on his way, as a young man, the boat on which he traveled was sunk in a storm. He was captured and placed in a cave. From this he escaped and made his way to Jerusalem. He still thought he had time to enjoy at least a part of the celebration, but instead of the celebration he heard a mob crying, "Away with him! Crucify him! He is an imposter!" Because of the pressure of the mob, he was thrust back against the wall. When he asked who it was that was about to be crucified, with him! Crucify him! He is an imposter! He is a blasphemer!"

Down the street there came three figures, each bearing a cross. On the head of one there was a crown of thorns. This one fell exhausted at the feet of the young man. The Roman soldiers forced the young man to bear the criminal's cross. They required that he bear the cross of the

blasphemer, as they thought. This he did.

His later life was filled with bitterness because he had been denied of the golden privilege, and had been forced into a great humiliation in his soul. This proved to be a curse to his later life.

Mr. Moore then gave a word of another scene. In this there was the same fireplace and a man grown old, with wrinkles in his face and with knarled hands. About his eyes as he smiled tenderly there seemed to be the duplication of crow's feet. He was such a character that anyone would love him. His three grandchildren entered for a visit. The youngest child of the group inquires of the old man, "What was the greatest day of a Roman soldier said, "Have you not heard that they are going to crucify Jesus, who claims to be the King? He has a crown of thorns on his head and he has been beaten with thirty-nine lashes."

As he looks on, Jesus, who bears His cross, falls under its load, and the Roman soldiers force the young man then to take up the cross. He explains that as a young man he was so strong that he carried the cross easily. As he did so, Jesus manifested pity, not for himself, but for the one who was being forced to carry His cross.

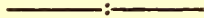
Two of those who were destined to be crucified fought back and they had to be conquered and overpowered before they could be nailed to the cross, but Jesus did not. Even as they nailed His hands to the cross, He meekly looked up into the heavens and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The other two swore and cursed, but not He. At

the time of His crucifixion He was thinking of someone else. He remembered His own mother. As the crucifixion progressed, the heavens turned black and the graves opened up to bear witness that Christ the Son of God was being crucified. The veil in the temple was rent, and thencefore man could look straight into the face of God himself.

The old man said, "I carried the cross of the King."

Mr. Moore concluded his talk by ex-

plaining that each and everyone has crosses to bear. They can either become stepping stones to greater things or they can become curses along the way. He explained, too, that it is not the crosses one bears that count, but rather the manner in which each one carries them. There is no shame in bearing a cross honorably, and no one else can bear the cross of another. Each must bear his own, placing his hands in the hands of the Master as he travels along.



You don't need to carry the whole of the load,
 The world only asks what is fair;
 The tasks will be done and the burden be borne,
 If everyone shoulders his share.
 There's a part of the work that's intended for you,
 And, be you a boy or a man,
 You've nothing to fear at the end of the day,
 If you do just the best that you can.
 Don't bother so much about somebody else.
 Just think of your own little work;
 If you only keep busy, you'll not have the time
 To notice how other folks shirk.
 Do all that you can to bring cheer to the world,
 And overcome evil with good;
 There's no need to fear or cherish regret,
 When you've done just the best that you could.
 —Amos L. Kraybill in the Williamsonian.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

He that lays out for God lays up for himself.

—:—

The greatest fault is to be conscious of none.

—:—

The way to have nothing to give, is to give nothing.

—:—

"Speak no slander, no, nor listen to it."—Tennyson.

—:—

"Shutting our eyes to the danger signal does not clear the track."

—:—

It pays to hold the tongue; five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of silence.

—:—

Some people drink to drown their troubles, but they forget that troubles can swim.

—:—

There is no use in going back looking for lost opportunity. Someone else has found it.

—:—

A lie has always a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—E. W. Rice.

—:—

The wise carry their knowledge, as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.

—:—

It is easier for the generous to forgive than for the offender to ask forgiveness.—Edward Thomas.

—:—

Happiness is like a perfume. You can't sprinkle it on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

—:—

Truly, this world can get on without us, if we would but think so.

—Longfellow.

—:—

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

—Coleridge.

Well may we feel wounded by our own faults; but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others.

—:—

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Bacon.

—:—

You can always tell when a man is a great way from God—when he is always talking about himself; how good he is.—D. L. Moody.

—:—

None are to wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.—Barrow.

—:—

It will very generally be found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.—Dickens.

—:—

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.

—:—

Few things are needful to make wise man happy, but nothing satisfies the fool;—and this is the reason why so many of mankind are miserable.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

Show me a man you honor, and I will know what kind of a man you are, for it shows me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be.—Carlyle.

—:—

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear.

If it is a sin to covet honor, I am the most offensive soul alive.

—Shakespeare.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

"How did Pat get all banged up that way?"

"He was leading the life of Riley, and Riley came home."

—:—

"What did mama's little boy learn at school today?"

"I learned two fellows not to call me 'mama's little boy.'"

—:—

A boy who wants to make the news, Aspires to fill his father's shoes; His sister hopes for something better—She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.

—:—

Two men were discussing Jones who had just died. One of them asked, "Jones never completed his education, did he?"

"No he was never married."

—:—

Wife: "Why do you always go out into the garden when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?"

Husband: "It isn't that. I just want the neighbors to see that I am not beating you."

—:—

Mary: "I wonder what men talk about when they're off to themselves."

Ruth: "Oh, I don't know, probably the same things women do."

Mary: "Aren't men awful."

—:—

Mother: "Why Can't you marry him? Don't you love him?"

Daughter: "Yes, but he's an athiest. He doesn't believe in hell."

Mother: "Marry him, dear. Between us we will convince him he's wrong."

—:—

Lady: "Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

Clerk: "Yes, madam, what can we do for you?"

Lady: "I want my husband's fidelity insured."

—:—

The night was dark as ink. The

lights of the car would not reach up to the sign on the post, and the tourist was undoubtedly lost. Spurred by necessity, he climbed a post and struck a match. The sign read, "Wet Paint."

—:—

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching the girl's waist.

"No it ain't either," she retorted, "It's only a girdle."

—:—

A little worm stuck his head out of the sand. A second little worm looked at the first little worm and said, "You're cute. I could go for you."

The first little worm replied, "Don't be silly! I'm just the other end of you."

—:—

The 80-year-old man, who was as unconscious of his age as a 20-year-old, came in the house one day wet and muddy from the knees down. "I wanted to cross the creek to see about the cow," he explained. "I used to jump it clear and easy, but now every dang time I try I land in the middle. Guess I just ain't noticed it getting wider."

—:—

A sailor on leave was paying his bill at a fashionable hotel. Looking at the girl cashier who was taking his money, he asked her what she had around her neck.

"A necklace, of course, why do you ask?"

"Well," said the sailor, "Everything else around here is so high I thought it might be a garter."

—:—

A fashionly dressed woman approached the flower merchant and asked for a dollar's worth of flowers. After the purchase she inquired: "Will you be here next Wednesday, as I shall want some flowers for my daughter? She's coming home that day."

"She shall have the best in the shop, madam," the florist answered, "What's she in for?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 24, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Onie Kilpatrick
Leroy Williams
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
James Jones
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Charles Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Gene Peterson
Woodrow Mace
Gene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
Clyde Sexton

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Robert Jarvis
Jack Jarvis
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Eddie Brame

Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Jame Myers
Russell Murphey
Jimmy McCallum
Johnny Robinson
Williams Thornton
Robert Thompson
Jame Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Dow
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Gainey
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
Jame Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Billy Hamilton
Horace Jordan
Edward McCall
Jerry Peavey
Jack Paschal
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Emmitt Fields
Herman Hutchins

Marion Ross
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
Everett Covington
Talmadge Duncan
Herald Johnson
James Moore
George Marr
Silas Orr

COTTAGE No. 11

Willis Caddell
Roy Eddings
Thomas Linville
Bill Ray
Alton Tolar
Richard Sandlin
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Bill Carswill
Carl Goard
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Larry Johnston
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Harold Sellers
Charles Sherrin
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Billie Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Donald Baker
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Garland Leonard
Melvin Norman
Carl Propst
Carroll Teer
Coy Wilcox
Eugene Womble

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Sammie Lynn
Lee Perry Martin
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

“Suppose you had money? she said, “what would you do?”

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood. “I’d travel!”

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she had gone. In his hand was nickel!

✓ (364)

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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1948

NO. 6

FEB 7 1948

AND IT WAS SO

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction.

The unthankable heart, like my fingers in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

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REPORTERS—Bobby Joe Duncan, Glenn Evans, Robert Jarvis, John Weaver, Billy Kassell.

SPORTS WRITERS—Charles Autry, Eugene Grice, Gerald Johnson.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Robert King.

PRINTING CLASS—Charles Angel, Silas Orr, Robert Shepherd, Jerry Rippy, John Weaver.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

MOTHER

Somebody prays for a boy astray,
Afar from home, at close of day,
Somebody loves him in spite of sin,
Somebody seeks his soul to win,
Would give her all, his soul to win,
That somebody is mother.

Somebody's heart is filled with joy,
To meet a penitent, erring boy,
To know her prayers were not in vain,
To welcome home her boy again,
In spite of every sin and stain;
That somebody is mother.

—Richard Jones.

THE THRILL AND THE ZEST OF YOUTH

The youth period of life, if the heritage and environment are normal and favorable, is the most glorious time for all. Indeed, it is the life heritage of every child and every young person that they have a happy time in youth and that they enjoy all the thrilling and glorious experiences that go along with a well-rounded life.

The youth period, of course, is that time when the young folks are wondering, full of curiosity, when they are exploring, and when they are adventuring into newer realms of living.. Someone has said, in connection with this time of life, that a person is, or should be willing to try anything one time, which is an indication of the fact that young people are full of adventure and full of the desire to explore into the realms of the unknown.

Thus it is that while youth is that time when people adventure

and explore, it must be recognized that it is also a period that is full of dangers. There are those who hold to the theory that it is not too bad if a young person sows his wild oats because then he knows more about the realities of life, and he knows some things from experience which tend to caution and warn him of certain pitfalls and dangers that may be ahead. It is quite evident that the youth period is the critical period.

In the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes and the first verse, the writer very vividly throws out a warning to the youth in these words: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

After all, it seems to be a divine dispensation that the youth period, even including that of young manhood and young womanhood, is filled with aspirations, and it is a time when people have visions of the great things to be for their lives. It is, indeed, the period when individuals begin their preparation for careers in professions and vocations and when they visualize how wonderful the fruitions of life will be and how much they will do for humanity. It seems safe to assume that it is the period when influences of high ideals are the most potent. In the youth period people are probably more responsive to the appeals for service than in any other. It is the period when they are freest from selfishness and when their lives have not become calloused by the evils of mature life.

It is not always recognized that there are likewise grave dangers in what we may define as the mature period of life, when people begin to settle down and allow themselves to become fascinated too greatly with the material gains of life. For too many it tends to become that period when they lose their idealism of youth, and it seems well to caution that people should avoid that place in life when they would not joyfully and zestfully enter into the social and religious activities within their community for the upbuilding of churches, schools and other similar enterprises.

The Psalmist in the 91st chapter, sixth verse, expresses these cautious words: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." The noonday, of course, is the mature period of life.

For those who reach their maturity, in the middle years of

life, there are three categories into which they are likely to fall, and these are as follows:

First, those who begin to say that things designed for community improvement can't be done, or else they say, "I can't do it, even though it needs to be done." These are those who begin to grow selfish and to think too lavishly about their welfare and comfort. They have become unwilling to accept the challenges which call for the efforts of a buoyant spirit. They have tended to grow contented and satisfied with present-day achievements, and the possible attainments of the future have no great allurements for them.

Second, there are those who assume the attitude towards community activities for social betterment that there are many fine things that really do not need to be done. These are those who tend to lose their vision and think that the best things have already been accomplished and that there are no needs for further changes; that the status quo is good enough.

Third, there is that other category of people who retain their zest of youth and who cultivate their zeal and their enthusiasm for doing things. They proclaim that their doctrine is that whatever needs to be done for the uplift of humanity, they can do it. It is on the shoulders of such people that the world, after all, goes forward into the newer and the better days. These are those who have deep convictions and deep resolutions that carry them even over beyond the limitations and the measurements of what might be termed the experts, and it lifts them into the realm of leadership which inspires others to follow. This group represents those who do not become cynical or egocentric, but rather they are those who are respected, esteemed, and admired by their fellowmen. They are those who have reached the mature state in life, and yet have not become self-righteous or given to self-pity, but rather they rejoice in the glorious opportunities which come to men from day to day to help one's fellowman.

In the Scriptures it is proclaimed that there is a place in life for youth and for adulthood. Happy is that person who has a combination of the spirit of each in his own life. The Scriptural proclamation is in these words: "And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams."

Certainly, no one is justified in wasting his life at any time, but he should always strive to do his best for himself and for others. Every person should avoid having it said of him as was said by the comic character, Jiggs, to another character: "You started wasting time the day you were born."

My creed is as follows:

1. I love my fellowman, even as I love myself.
2. I have faith in others, despite their shortcomings.
3. I have learned that I have my own life to live.
4. I have long ago learned to not be discouraged when others about me shirk their responsibilities.
5. I have discovered the thrill and the satisfaction of using obstacles as stepping stones.
6. I have developed self-confidence and self-reliance through the school of experience.
7. I have learned that meekness and sincerity are possessions far superior in value to vanity and cynicism.
8. I have learned to keep cheerful and optimistic, and to not despair.

* * * * *

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1947 AT STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

January

- Jan. 5—Fourteen boys joined First Baptist Church in Concord.
- Jan. 9—Fed. Govt. loaned a highly pedigreed Holstein bull, descendant of the Ormsby strain.
- Jan. 10—Mr. J. J. Barnhardt donated an excellent Hereford bull.
- Jan. 15—Printing Dept. completed the publication of "The History of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School" by S. G. Hawfield and others.
- Jan. 23—Mrs. Cameron Morrison gave \$100 for Venetian blinds for Cottage No. 10.
- Jan. 24—Mr. Maury Richmond donated electric Victrola to First Grade.

Jan. 26—JTS members of First Baptist Church participated in communion service there.

Jan. 28—The Superintendent and four boys from the School presented a program at the Kannapolis McIver School, P. T. A. program.

February

Feb. 10—Boy Scouts from Jackson Training School gave program on Radio Station WEGO.

Feb. 13-17—Boxing Team participated in Golden Gloves Tournament in Charlotte.

Feb. 16—Six boys joined Rocky Ridge Methodist Church.

Feb. 16—James Wilson of Cottage No. 2 won first prize for suggesting "Wildwood" as name for new cabin.

Feb. 17—High Point College class in Pathology made a visit.

Feb. 19-21—Supt. Hawfield attended meeting of National Conference of Training School Superintendents in New York.

Feb. 27—Sociology class from Salisbury (Boyden High School) visited the School.

March

Mar. 1—Mr. S. F. Dribben sent annual donation in memory of Mr. Ceasar Cone, on the 30th anniversary of the death of Mr. Cone.

Mar. 3—Lions Club, Concord, donated \$25 for equipment for Wildwood Cottage.

Mar. 6—Boxing Team took part in Boxing Tournament in High Point.

Mar. 18—Basketball cottage championship games B-teams Cottage 7 defeated Cottage 10, 14-12; A-teams Cottage 3 defeated Cottage 11, 26-18.

Mar. 26—Mr. Herman Cone donated a loom for the Textile Plant.

Mar. 28—Supt. Hawfield was presented a Past President Key of the North Carolina Education Association in Asheville.

April

Apr. 6—Bibles presented to all boys who did not have copies of their own, by members of First Baptist Church, Concord.

April 12—Wm. B. Peeden, a former Asheville boy, donated \$43

to Cottage No. 10 for athletic supplies.

J. W. McRorie, former boy, donated \$10 for Cottage No. 10.

Apr. 16—Automatic Printing Press arrived.

Apr. 23—JTS boys and Supt. Hawfield presented a program for DAR'S in Concord.

Apr. 28—Twenty-one boys joined Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, Concord, N. C.

Apr. 30—Group of Concord citizens contributed \$27 for Scout uniforms and equipment.

May

May 5—Four boys joined Southside Baptist Church, Concord.

May 8—Group of students from Salem College, Winston-Salem, accompanied by Miss Mabel Pitzer of the Juvenile Court Division of the Welfare Department, Winston-Salem, visited the School.

May 10—Mr. Aubrey Hoover, Jr., contributed \$220 and Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., \$110, making it possible for thirty Scouts to attend summer camp at Camp Dick Henning.

May 15—Mr. Harvey Moore donated \$100 for a new radio for the Infirmary.

May 16—Supt. Hawfield addressed DAR'S at Albemarle.

June

June 1—Eighteen boys joined First Baptist Church, Concord.

June 2—Dr. D. W. Dudley began a five-day dental clinic.

June 4—Mr. J. W. Beckham, Charlotte, N. C., donated \$50 for equipment for Wildwood Cottage.

June 12—Mrs. H. C. Dwelle, Charlotte, donated \$100, and Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point, donated \$25, for Wildwood Cottage.

June 14—Eighteen Boy Scouts left for Camp Dick Henning for a week's stay.

June 27—Clyde Small, a former boy, gave \$100 for flood lights for the tennis court at Cottage No. 10.

(To be continued next week)

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Teacher Well Again

By James Wilson, 2nd Grade

Our teacher is well and in school now. We are glad she is back with us.

Our New Boys

By Donald Branch 3rd Grade

The third grade has a new boy. His name is Otis Maness. He is from High Point. We hope he likes us.

The Snow

By Woodrow Mace, 2nd Grade

The snow is going away. We liked it. We like to slide on it. But we are glad it is going away. Then we can play out in the yard when it is all gone.

Our Picture Show

By Russell Seagle, 2nd Grade

The name of our picture today was "Scrub Game." It was a good picture. It showed us why we should keep clean. We should use soap and water to wash dirt and germs away.

Our Mural

By Charles Walker 3rd Grade

The third grade boys have made a pretty mural. They painted children playing in the snow also painted big snow men, with funny faces and wearing big black hats. We enjoy looking at the mural since it is up in our room.

Sick Teacher

By Raymond Harding, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Morrison, the second grade teacher has been sick for the past two days.

Mr. Braswell took half of the boys and Miss Ohler took the rest. We hope she will be well soon. We all miss her.

Our Basketball Games

By J. D. Ashley 3rd Grade

Monday night both teams from number seven played.

The little team, played number six. The score was five to three. The big team won nine to two.

Mr. Horn, our officer really hollowed for us. Everybody enjoyed the game.

Weather and Work.

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Old man Weather thought fast last night, the snow hadn't gotten off the ground until it rained, sleeted and froze.

On these bad days the boys who work in the fields don't have any work to do except shell peanuts. The boys appreciate Mr. Hawfield and Mr. Walters for letting them go to the gym and play.

Radio Program

By William Jenkins, 8th Grade

On Tuesday February 3, some of the boys of the different grades went

to the Radio Station. First the boys sang a song titled "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes." Then Gerald Johnson gave a talk about the Biography of Charles Dickens, then Kenneth Staley gave a talk about the characters created by Dickens. Then the boys sang one verse of "Sweet and Low." We hope all the people who were listening enjoyed the program.

New Boys at the School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The school hasn't enrolled as many new boys as it did the first two weeks of this month for some time.

The boys are as follows: Leon Martin, Cordova, 7th Grade; Otis Manners, High Point, 3rd grade; Joe Hannah, Franklin, 6th grade; Howard Bass, Southern Pines, 6th grade; Robert Kennedy, Carthage, 3rd grade; Hugh Ball, Statesville, 9th grade. We hope these boys will make the best of their stay here and learn all they can.

The Weather

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

It has been snowing and sleeting for about ten days now. The campus is covered with ice and snow. Everybody likes to see it snow, but sometimes it brings inconveniences.

The boys have been slipping and sliding about and the shoeshop has taken on more business.

The workline has been going to the gym steady and the boys play basketball and read books while they are there.

The outlook for better weather is

strong in me and I hope it will soon clear up.

American Legion Tops J. T. S. 42-36

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Legion topped the Yellowjackets last night in a thriller.

Although the Jackets played their hearts out they could not stop a strong and powerful team like the Legion.

However, I think the Jackets should be commended for their fine game, because the odds were against them in many ways.

Coach Braswell thinks his boys are improving, and I'm sure we all agree with him.

Final score 42-36 in favor of American Legion.

Our Devotion

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

The eighth grade has just finished the Book of Proverbs in the Bible. Solomon says that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

The class has taken to this and enjoy and profit from this reading.

The Proverbs tells what is right and what is wrong, who to go with and who not to go with.

Solomon speaks against any one who has a proud look, a lying tongue and hands that shed innocent blood.

People with riches and sin do not wind up at the top in the end, but at the shameful end when they have to pay the penalty.

People that go with sinless people

shall be sinless, but those who pick wicked companions shall surely come to wot and poverty.

The book of Proverbs teaches us how foolish it is to be proud, lazy, lying, angry, flattery, talebearing, unclean.

We have all benefited from the study and discussion of this book.

Character Created by Dickens

By Kenneth Staley 11th Grde

It was a book of sketches rather than a novel that first revealed Dickens genius. Dickens (whose sketches by Boz, contributed to a daily paper, had already attracted some attention) was invited to write humorous to go with the pictures. The sudden death of the Artist who was to have drawn the picture left the development of the theme in Dickens hand. The result was The Pickwick papers, wherein are described the wandering of the kind Mr. Pickwick and three fellow-members of the Pickwick club, the too impressive Lugman, the poetic Snodgrass, and the sporting Winkle, in quest of anything which shall make for "the advancement of knowledge and the diffusion of learning". How Mr. Pickwick employs Sam Weller as his body-servant and find him always "in the right, although his mode of expressing his opinion is somewhat homely and occasionally incomprehensible" how Mr. Pickwick's land-lady, Mrs. Bardell, misinterprets a chance remark and sues him for breach of promise. How Mr. Pickwick and his companion get into various difficulties and wiggle m—her ahosd,n ,œæJ ere uhtfoo assfoe out of them—these, and a host of other things are duly set forth in the four stout volumns of the Pickwick papers.

There is no plot, in the strict sense of the word, but in the course of Mr. Pickwick varied mishaps, Dickens gathers into his dragnet an extraordinary collection of odd chracters. They are not real people in the way that Jane Austin's people are real Hers, though they are often foolish and occasionally disagreeable, are entirely normal and sane. When you turn from Jane Austin to Dickens, you find yourself wondering how it has come about that somewhere between 1813 and 1837 everybody in the world has gone a little mad.

The Ninth Grade

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Recently the boys of the ninth grade along with Mrs. Baucom have been cleaning the ninth grade room. This cleaning has helped the appearance of our room a great deal. We also have cleaned and inventoried all of the science equipment. All of the boys like the room much better now. We are going to start some plants in our windows. Some of the boys made posters on English showing ways of "Making Friends." We put these on the Bulletin Board. On another Bulletin Board we have some pictures of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. We have pictures of him from 1933 until 1945. And at the top of the Bulletin Board, we have a very good picture of him and his wife and their dog Fala. This picture was made a short time before his death. This is the best picture we have ever seen of his home life.

We have on another Bulletin Board two posters on science which were

drawn by Howard Riley and Charles Woodrow of the 9th grade.

A Letter From One of Our Old Boys

Hello, Mr. Hawfield;

Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I am still thinking about all of you. Hope this finds everybody well and happy. For myself, I am feeling all right. I am in San Francisco, California now, waiting to go to Pearl Harbor. The weather here is beautiful today.

Mr. Hawfield. I received the grades. I want to thank you for sending them. How are all the boys? I hope they are having a good time with basketball. It won't be long before baseball time. I sure would love to see the boys baseball games this year, but I will be overseas. Tell all the boys I said hello and to be good.

Mr. Hawfield, I like the Navy all right. It is a good chance for a young boy. Is Mr. Morris still there? If not please send me his home address so I can write him. Mr. Hawfield, I wish I just could explain to you how much you all did for me. How is Mrs. Hawfield? Tell her I said hello. I am going to Pearl Harbor the 5th of February, I think. I will send you my real address when I get there. If you wish you can write to the address that's on the envelope, because I will get it all right.

How did the wheat crop come out? I hope you had good luck with it. I went over to the Golden Gate Bridge this weekend, sure did enjoy it. Then I went out to the headquarters of the Ninth Army, looked at all the old guns and all, and on that place there were hundreds of graves, some of

them were graves of big heroes, and somewhere in there I saw graves of men that were from my own state, been dead over 50 years, and in the middle of the cemetery was the American flag.

Mr. Hawfield, I will drop you a few lines every once and a while and let you hear from me. Give my regards to all the boys. I will close fore now. With good luck to everybody.

Billy Andrews

Scrub Game

By William Jenkins, 8th Grade

On Monday, February 2, 1948 the boys had the pleasure of seeing another picture show entitled "Scrub Game." It showed where this woman was washing her hands and she looked up at the towel and saw black finger prints on it, and she called Jackie, her daughter and asked her to let her see her hands and she saw them and made her wash them again. In her friends house this boy started out to school and his mother asked him to let her see his neck and face. And she made him wash over and then he got his books and started to school. When he got there he saw Jackie out on the ball field playing in his place. Then he walked out to her and asked her what she was doing out on the field in his place, and just as he got out on the ball field the bell rang, for school to start. Then it showed Jackie and Roger when school was over getting their bikes and starting home. Jackie said that she bet he couldn't ride without holding the handle-bars and he tried but he couldn't do it. Then Roger said he

would race her home, and he bet he could beat her. And then they started to race, but Roger hit a piece of wood in the road and he landed on the side of the road. With his knee all skinned, Jackie said she would take him to the hospital and she said she was sorry she had made him mad at her and he said he wasn't mad and that he would do the same for her if she had gotten hurt. Then it showed them where they were in the doctor's office and he fixed his knee and then he told them all about how soap was made and how it was supposed to be used. And he told them about Blackheads and how Ring-worm was started and how boils started. Then he told what diseases started Ring-worm and what disease started boils. The picture stressed the importance of cleanliness and told us how to take care of our skin. It said that you could get the itch and other diseases from wearing other peoples clothes. Always use soap when you wash or when you take a bath. Don't just wash the parts of your body that shows, but wash all over. I am sure all the boys enjoyed this picture very much and all the boys want to express their appreciation to all who made this picture possible.

Jackson Boxers Back From Greenville

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Sunday night coach Earl Walters brought his boxers back from Greenville, where they took part in the annual Carolinas A. A. V. boxing tournament.

These lads won five of their fights, in their sixteen bouts. Ko's, and T. K. O's featured the bouts, with

Jackson taking it and dishing it out.

"Here is a paragraph out of the Greenville Piedmont." Earl Walters this time, herded his Jackson Training School lads from Concord about the building. The boys made a great appearance in their khaki pants, and jackets and are liked by the group that follows the clouters about.

Here are the Friday morning bouts:
Harold Matlox, 104, dec., J. C. Woodell, of J. T. S.

Troy Wall, 112, J. T. S., lost by K. O. in 1st.

Robert Ellers, 110, J. T. S., lost by dec.

Frank Sergeant, 107, J. T. S., lost by dec.

Carl Davis, 130, J. T. S., K. O'ed. in 2nd.

Harold Sloop, 133, J. T. S., K. O'ed. in 2nd.

Carl Howell, 133, J. T. S., won by K. O. in 1st.

Evan Myers, 135, J. T. S., won by forfeit.

Garland Leonard, 132, J. T. S., lost dec.

James Moore, 137 won by K. O. in 1st.

Friday night bouts:

Frankie White, 109, dec. Robert Canady 109 of J. T. S.

Jack Crumpton, 116, dec., Leon Poston, 118 of J. T. S.

Heyward Knight, 116, dec., Charles Farmer, 118, of J. T. S.

Joe Capie, 123 dec., John Bass, 120 of J. T. S. But the group was all for Bass.

Jimmy Gossett, 132, won, T. K. O. over Carl Howell, 133, J. T. S.

Jack Cassidy, 135, won T. K. O., over Evan Myers, 135, of J. T. S. Charles Anton, 143, won dec., over

Harvey Arnette, 142, of J. T. S. James Moore, 137, J. T. S., lost K. O. to William Long, 148 of Charlston.

This was a good group of fights, but the Jackson lads are looking for revenge when they take on a tough team from the Kannapolis Y. who has defeated them once before.

Charles Dickens

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Charles Dickens was born in Portsea, England, on February 7, 1812. As a child he enjoyed whatever advantages go with early adversity. He was the second oldest child in a family of eight. His father, John Dickens, was a small clerk in the Navy offices, an impoverished but genial man. In 1815, after the close of the war between England and France, he lost his position and he drifted from one poor home in London to another and finally landed in the Marshalsea Prison for debt. Meanwhile, Charles Dickens, in tears and drudgery, worked in a tumble-down blacking warehouse, lived in a garret, visited his family in prison on Sundays, and felt his life shattered before it had begun. Then something "turned up" to liberate Dickens senior. A timely legacy restored the family to something like gentility, and little Charles had three or four years of quiet life at a private school.

Dickens made his own career. A few years of secondary school constituted his education. He never went to college. His education came from his reading, observation, and rude experience. In a sense, he never was an educated man. He knew little of what we call the great literature of

the past and of history he knew practically nothing. Of foreign politics he knew little, nor did he care. Foreign-countries always seemed to him delightfully queer places where people wore amusing costumes and made comical attempts to speak English. Little, too, did he know of Philosophy and religion. Dickens mind was entirely commonplace in regard to both.

By teaching himself shorthand he secured the position of court reporter in the old Doctor's Commons,, a quaint Elizabethan survival where they handled marriage, divorce, wills, and other "ghastly" causes. This experience gave him the peculiar contempt for law which never left him. In 1831, Dickens moved up to the Reporters Gallery of the "old, the unburned, and unreformed—House of Commons," and he also went out reporting election speeches. This experience got him forever a contempt for government as well as for law.

Thus equipped, young Charles set out to conquer the world. His first dream was the stage. Night after night for two or three years Dickens sat entranced with the melodrama of the cheap London theaters, buried with love, treachery, battle, and blue fire, in which the heroic jack tar would knock over 16 smugglers like ninepins. But fate led him elsewhere. Writing, also was a passion that he had, and he has told of his throbbing joy, of his eyes dim with tears when a manuscript sent anonymously to an editor appeared in all the majesty of print. So Dickens began writing sketches under the name of "Boz," the family nickname of a younger brother. To "Boz," came a success so sudden

that it litterly staggered humanity. These sketches were noticed by a publishing firm, and he was asked to write a story to go with a series of drawings by a well-known comic artist, Robert Seymour. "Pickwick Papers," published serially in 1836 and 1837, was the result. He was to receive 15 guines (about 75 dollars) for each monthly installment, a rising fortune that lifted him to rapture, and at the same time to matrimony.

The very week that the "Pickwick Papers" began their monthly appearance in April, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, one of the three pretty daughters of a newspaper associate. Dickens looked at Catherine, beautiful and silent, and saw nothing but the reflection of himself and did not realize the emptiness of the mirror. Catherine looked back adoringly at Charles, and did not realize that genius and egotism always lie close together. With their marriage came the phenomenon of "Pickwick." 'At first the "Papers" failed to sell—a few hundred copies only. Then into the book stepped Mr. Sam Weller, polishing boots at the White Hart Inn; and away went the narrative, on the wings of imagination, down English lane, past gabled inns, and along the highways as varied and as cheery as a flying coach at a gallop—and the world was at the authors feet. The Pickwick Papers and the books that followed without pause lifted young "Boy" to the height of success, from poverty to affluences, from nonontity to fame, all in a few brief years.

With the Pickwick Papers" Dickens leaped into the celebrity. He now began looking for new worlds to conquer. America had welcomed his

books from the start. Dickens, in his youth a radical, hating Toryism and aristocracy, longed to participate in the new freedom. Leaving his four children at home, he landed in **Boston** with his wife in January 1842. The town blazed with excitement; society was thrilled; there were dinners, receptions, adulation. Young Charles Dickens, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, reveled in his new sovereignty, writing home of the freedom of America and the comports of the workers. Dickens found in Boston friendships which he never lost. After he left Boston he went to New York, with a "Boy" ball of 3,000 people, to Philadelphia with a huge public reception, thence to Baltimore and to Washington, where he met President Tyler and the Congress; and to Richmond, which showed him what Southern culture could add to the more boisterous welcome of the north. Such was the triumph progress of the young author only a few years before in the shabby genteel class of London. However, Dickens disillusionment began. This was not the America of his dreams. The America all seemed to chew tobacco; he lived in a flood of it; they kept slaves whom he never stopped to compare with factory slaves of England, from whom went up unheeded "the cry of the children", American government seemed all plunder and roguery. Then after leaving the East Coast he went west as far as Cairo, Illinois. The west finished him; it seemed nothing but foul and reeking canal boats, swamps, bullfrogs, and tobacco juice, ending in the pestilential morass called the Mississippi. Charles Dickens had no eye to see the pageant of America, the great epic of the settlements of the

west. He turned into a peevish cockney snob, impatient of every small discomfort resenting the fact that hotelkeepers should dare to talk to him. Dickens turned his back in disgust, bending his spleen and the grievances of copyright the theft of his books with out a thank you for the national tribute of his reception. After spending two weeks in Canada, consoled there by the presence of the real nobility and the English garrison in Montreal, he returned home. After a little swearing the Americans soon forgave him.

These years that followed were filled with activity, fame, and success. He lived in style, though he never entered high society. With book writing went newspaper editing. Dickens felt the need of reforming all the world, beginning with England. He and some of his enthusiastic friends founded the "Daily News," with Dickens throwing himself eagerly into the editorial chair in January 1846 and threw himself out again in 19 days. After this he founded instead a weekly journal, called "Household Words," and carried on with it and a later magazine," all the year round till his death. Dickens made many tours in England, Scotland, and Ireland between the years 1858 and 1870. He developed a phenomenal power on the platform. But while this success and fame was going on, the fire on the hearth had died in Dickens' home, for years intimate friends had known that he and his wife no longer seemed compatible. Presently the world learned, in a public notice sent forth by Dickens, that the husband and wife had agreed to part. There is no doubt that Georgia Hogarth, the wife's younger sister, who had lived with them

since 1842, had taken away Catharine's place as companion and confident. She remained with him until his death.

After his separation from his wife, Dickens sought relief in the strain and excitement. In 1867 and 1898 he made his second American tour. This time he avoided public receptions and even private hospitality. It was the America of the close of the war, throbbing with new interests, yet warm with heroic memories. Dickens, worn to death, had neither eyes nor ears for it, and he returned home in 1869 and resumed the strain of lecturing. He wrote many new sketches and books, but now he was paying the price with his life. His sight often failed him. On the street, he could see only half of the letters on the signs, words slipped from him; his touch failed and his hands groped, feeling in the air. At a last appearance in March, 1870 he said to a London audience, "From these garish lights I vanish forevermore" and over the great hall there passed a sigh like the rustle of dead oak leaves in autumn. In retirement he struggled with his last task, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood, a tale of night and storm and murder. He guarded jealously the secret of the plot—all too jealously, for it died with him. The book was still unfinished on the evening of June 8th 1870, Charles Dickens sank stricken to the floor. All of his life, Charles Dickens tried to do what he thought was good for mankind and he left many great and well known books for them. Some of which are: The Pickwick Papers, The Old Curiosity Shop, Oliver Twist,

David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations and Christmas Carols in which he made famous the immortal character of Scrooge. Surely these books will live as long as the English language is used and spoken.

TALENTS

From The Young Citizen, in Sunshine Magazine

In the lore of the Orient, there is a story about a good man who built a large and prosperous business through honest toil and unselfish co-operation with his fellow workers.

As old age crept upon him he began to feel concerned for the future of his enterprise. His only living relatives were three stalwart nephews.

One day he called the young men to him saying, "One of you shall be my successor." They thanked him and each vowed to do his very best if chosen.

The old man continued, "I have a problem. He who solves it best have my business." So saying he handed each youth a coin, "This is a large room, but go and buy something that will fill the room as full as is possible, but spend no more than the coin I have given you. Go now, but return at sunset, for I shall be waiting."

All day long the men went about the market place and among the trades people, and as shadows lengthened they made their way back to the house of their uncle. He greeted them kindly and asked to see their purchases.

The first youth dragged a bale of straw into the room. When he had un-

ted it, it made a pile so great that it hid two walls of the room. He was complimented by the others who helped clear it away.

The second youth brought in two bags of thistledown, which, when released, filled half the room. The other two chered him.

The third youth stood silent and forlorn. "And what have you?" asked the aged man.

"I gave half my coin to a hungry child," he answered meekly, "and most of what I had left I gave to alms at the church, where I asked God to forgive my sins."

There was no cheering, but the youth continued, "And with the farthing I bought a flint and this small candle." And with that he struck the flint and lighted the candle which filled every corner of the room with light.

The kindly old man could not help but think of the passage of scripture which he quoted, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." And while the young man fell to his knees, the old man blessed him and gave to him all of his possessions.

There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage.

BOXING TEAM AT GREENVILLE S. C.

By Paul Barrett, in The Greenville Piedmont

The Greenville business man looked at me quizzically.

"This may surprise you," he said quietly. "I was listening to the fights (Carolinas AAU) on the radio the other night when the weather was bad. I had a particular interest in how those Jackson Training School boys made out."

He paused a moment to let the question form in my mind. Then he said:

"You see I spent four years there when I was a kid. I was an orphan and there is where I first learned the rudiments of my business."

Many Greenville fight fans have been interested in the Jackson boxing team each year it has come here for the tournament and have openly pulled for the youngsters against other boys who have as a rule had more experiences and ring savvy. Here then is the story of that team and those kids.

The team is the personal joy and problem of Earl Walters, a Concord native who left his North Carolina home and came to Erskine College for his College education. There he played football and basketball and made one appearance in the 1939 Golden Gloves (as it was known then) tournament here. A bad shoulder on which an operation had been performed earlier jumped out of place then, however, and stopped his ring career.

When Walters finished Erskine in '41 he went to Kannapolis to work with YMCA athletics, then into service for more than three years. On

his return he took over the athletic directorship of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School for boys, being in charge of recreation for some 350 youngsters sent to that institution for correction by the state or because in some cases the lads were homeless.

That was in 1946 and at Christmas time when the boys were given a week off from their duties and schooling, Walters went to the Superintendent.

"Let's try to stop some of the run-aways we have always at this time of year when the kids are idle," he proposed. "Give me permission to stage a boxing tournament."

"Go to it," the school head answered, and Walters did. A total of 115 boys entered the meet—and not a single runaway was during the holidays.

In January of 1947 Walters brought his winners and most promising fighters to Greenville for their first tournament competition. He told them they were free to roam the streets, go to theaters or sit around the Greenville hotel where they were quartered. They did and in the doing one of the lads found a pocketbook in a theater, returned it to the manager and he returned it to the owner.

The Jackson fighters won but two scraps here that year but they won the hearts of the fans. Several Greenvillians wrote letters of commendation to the school superintendent about the conduct of the boys and Wake Myers, hotel manager, asked that they

stay at his hostelry again this season. For days, Walters reports, the super walked around with his coat pocket stuffed with Greenville letters, pulling them out proudly at the least excuse.

Well, that 1947 team went to Charlotte from here, and won seven scraps. At Greensboro they won 15, and four trophies, including the one given for the best example of sportsmanship. At Winston-Salem they barely missed the team trophy, but did take that honor at High Point. In all they won 21 trophies in five tournaments—which by any measuring rod is not bad.

Last Christmas Walters again staged his holiday tournament. This time he had around 175 boys competing and again no runaways. But missing from the winners was one of the most promising of the 1947 fighters, a lad who had been allowed to go home to aid in the support of his family, his father almost losing his eyesight. The boy's trouble had been an uncontrollable desire to drive automobiles—a desire that led him to drive two that belonged to other people. Now in chauffeuring for his father, Walters believes that the temptation will be subdued and the kid be all right.

This is the first meet of the new

season for the Jacksons and Walters likes to be Greenvilles. "There's something about this tournament," he says. "The men are nice who sponsor the show, the fans considerate—and Greenville is a good place to come to. The ABC puts on a great program.

His boys haven't done too well, only one has advanced to tonight's final program. But that suits Walters for he checked the score cards Friday and found that three of his boys lost their fights by only one point each.

"They learn a lot here, too, he figures. "When I turn 'em lose they go out and try to smoke all the cigarets in Greenville. Then when they get in the ring they find how it hurts them and when they leave here they buckle down, work and train hard for the rest of the tournaments."

When the Jackson boys were going through the weighing-in process at the YMCA Thursday, one member of the team found someone's wallet in the latrine where it had been dropped. He carried it to his coach and the owner was found.

"If these boys can stand temptations like that each year, I think we are making progress," Walters feels, "and Greenville's friendliness to our teams helps a lot."

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 8, 1948

Feb. 10—William Thornton, Cottage 4, 16th birthday

LOOKING WITHIN

The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal

The other day we read about a young couple who set up housekeeping in an almost inaccessible part of Alaska. Both are American born; the wife and mother, for they have two children, went to Alaska to teach and the husband to trap. The husband hewed and dressed the lumber that went into the building of the home. The hardy couple say that they are thrilled with life in a part of the country where the thermometer sometimes goes fifty degrees below zero and where their nearest neighbor, a lone trapper, lives thirty-five miles away. The only thing that seems to bother the contented pair is as to how they can get their children to school when the time comes and how to give them the companionship necessary.

The newspapers and other periodicals are full of stories of an entirely different kind. In the lines and between them we read of the incessant and never satisfied wants of people from the poorest and most obscure to the richest and most notable. You would be hard put to find a man or woman who does not want with scarce-contained emotion more of this and that and everything. Everywhere there is a great search for time-savers and comfort bringers. Possessions, ease and the status in life to permit one to do as he pleases, seems to be the mainspring of action; the end-all and be-all of living.

This chasing after the material, the fleshpots, the things that perish, and evaluating success in terms of

them, is the root of all warfare, private and personal to global. Too many dissipate their emotions in wanting the things they do not have and find it difficult to get much satisfaction out of what they do have. These people spend so much time and energy wanting that they cannot find enough time to properly use and enjoy what they have.

Four or five generations ago wealth, comfort and communication were nothing like what is found today. A thousand calls are made on the attention of people today to engage in every sort of activity, and chase after every sort of profit and dividend. Allures without end constantly try to wheedle them into broad lanes of pleasure and gain with the promise of great material rewards at the minimum of cost.

Few would care to try the life enjoyed by the Alaska couple. The general opinion probably is that they are crazy and self-deluded by the "show-off," but there is no need of going behind facts. They like the life because they find something in it that folks with less temerity do not even suspect in their philosophy.

The Master once said that the Kingdom of Heaven is within. Evidently these Alaskans are looking within and drinking deep of the living waters.

There is a plenty of business sense in the world; plenty of rivalry sense; plenty of "bring the bacon home," plenty of inventive genius; plenty of

organizing sense. In the plenitude of competitive impacts people stalemate each other and often "do each other in." The motivating "What will I get out of it?" plays havoc with the public weal, and why cannot all of us realize that the public weal is vital to each one. It may seem smart to bypass the public weal when it is in the way of profit or desire. Because we do this, numberless others drag our selfishness in as an excuse to do likewise. To depend on the outside to supply the necessities of life is to engage in a battle royal with countless others who are out for the same purpose.

Latent in every person are great gifts, gifts unsuspected or poorly evaluated when they are known. Each of us is, within, a gold mine, if we only knew it. That is why meditation or concentration has been found the indispensable way to worthwhile accomplishment.

The great laws of life are designed for the good of all beings. They are for development and expansion, not for mere accumulation and manipulation; not for the self-interest of any one; not for the person who wants

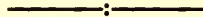
hungrily to live but is indifferent as to whether others live or not. No one can be read out his heritage in the laws of life.

The really smart people are those who study universal law and harmonize themselves as well as they possibly can. They are benefactors to every sentient thing and in the end their own best friends.

Material things are greatly desirable; even more, they are indispensable. Unnecessary negating of them is pointless. Their use is progressive; it is the abuse, the putting them above the things that should come first, that is so great a curse to worshippers of Mammon.

The world is thinking more about such things than ever before. In spite of what may seem to be the case, the forces for good are not losing the great fight.

The number of those who look within is on the increase. Those who try to storm life the hard way, looking to the outside for all their impacts, finally see the futility and begin to look within and are seriously disappointed no more.



Thoreau wrote that "Frontiers are not west or east or south, but wherever a man faces a fact."

RIGHT NOT MIGHT

(Speakers Library)

In spite of all the high-sounding phrases which we use concerning the effects of Christianity and modern civilization, it remains a fact that in the dealings of nation with nation and of man with man, might has been called right in the vast majority of cases and the world has accepted it as such. It has been more remarkably true in international relations than in man's dealing with each other private affairs.

The signs of the times very recently are that a different standard is to be established among the nations of the world; so that all nations will take an interest in the welfare of each and protect the weak against the strong.

If we trace the history of nations from the earliest times to almost the present, we will find that the word right seldom entered into their calculations. Their only thought was: "Have we strength enough to overwhelm the other country, and will it pay us to do it?" If both questions could be answered in the affirmative, they commenced to prepare for the conflict. It was thus that Rome spread her arms all over the civilized world. It was not necessary to seek an excuse for starting the war but simply conquer the other country for the purpose of annexation. Might was the only law they knew and if anyone suggested the law of right, they would have considered him a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

The desire to steal territory from a neighboring country caused most of the wars, of both the ancient and the

modern world. Governments have never been as honorable in their dealings with each other as individuals have been. Men at the heads of great governments were usually just and honorable in their dealings with their fellow-men and at the same time resorted to the most dishonorable and deceitful conduct in dealing with other nations. Hence arose the expression: "O, patriotism, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Men who would not harm a child and whose hearts seemed to be filled with the milk of human kindness would rush their countries into needless and senseless wars where thousands would die on the field of battle and misery flood the land for years, if there was a good prospect of securing more territory, and their consciences seemed to be perfectly clear. History has usually called them heroes and patriots if they had sufficient might to overcome and crush the other country.

A glaring example of this was the crushing of the South African Republic by Great Britain. There was no excuse for the war, only gold and diamonds had been discovered in that country and England wanted them. Though they could raise only 50,000 soldiers, they held the English for three years while all nations of the world looked on and felt it was none their affairs. If there was sufficient might in British arms to crush the Boers, the world would accept it as right, and so the government of the sturdy Boers disappeared from the world.

The same condition prevailed at the breaking out of the recent World War. The Germans thought they had such a perfect military machine they could conquer all the adjoining territory and be a second Roman Empire.

The books contain records of thousands of incidents where apparent might has been overwhelmed and humiliated by right. That is the reason for the expression: "God armeth the patriot." One case is that of our own feeble colonies when we went to war with the most powerful nation in Europe and by holding out for eight years, wore her out and secured our independence. The mighty power of autocratic Austria failed to defeat the little republic of Switzerland and the power of Rome could never conquer the Highlands of Scotland.

A different spirit is now arising among the nations and a desire for real helpfulness is spreading everywhere. The nations have organized a league, which will be joined by all countries in time, and in it they agree not to steal from each other and will not make war on each other, without trying their cases before the international court. This will practically abolish war, as there is usually not sufficient issue between the nations to even be tried. In World War I there was absolutely no dispute between Germany on the one hand and France and Russia on the other. No notes had been exchanged between them and there would have been nothing to submit to an international court, so there could have been no war. No country could go before such a tribunal and say: "I want to steal some land of my neighbor, so

would like to go war."

Now that the nations are becoming more respectable, private parties will also. It has not always been considered wrong for a man with money to take something of value from one who has but little, because the latter could not afford to carry on a law suit, on account of the expense. Might has often won over right in cases of that kind. There is a law which provides that one charged with crime who cannot afford to hire an attorney shall have appointed by the court and paid for from public funds. There is an agitation on foot in some quarters to have a similar course followed where a wealthy man or corporation commences action against a poor man without any just cause, for the purpose of taking his property, knowing he could not defend his title, no matter how perfect it might be. This would be a long step in the right direction.

The organization of labor unions is an illustration of the way in which a large number of persons can unite their strength and conduct a successful warfare against vast accumulation of capital. Formerly each man acted for himself, so employers were able to force workers to work long days in bad surroundings, for large enough wages to sustain life. The question of right was not considered as might governed. Today, all this is changed and the question of what is right in each case is what governs.

In thousands of ways the world is improving and the day is not distant when it will be an established principle everywhere that Right must triumph over Might.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest minister at the school last Sunday was Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr St. Methodist Church in Concord. The message which he presented to the boys was very interesting and practical, and we were all delighted to have Mr. Carper with us once again. We count him among our most faithful and loyal friends.

Mr. Carper talked to the boys regarding the topic, "Essentials for Happiness," and he read as a Scripture lesson the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

In his message Mr. Carper explained to the boys that there are certain yearnings or aspirations in the heart of every individual. Each one has certain ideals for his own life. He may or may not eventually achieve his ideals, but it was explained that the nearer any person comes towards fulfilling the goals and the aspirations of the heart, the nearer he attains real happiness for himself. Generally, the people who do attain a rather full measure of their ideals avoid being miserable and wretched in their inner life; they avoid hating and discounting themselves. The happy person, after all, is the one who measures up, in large degree, to the high standards which he has set for himself.

It was explained to the boys that God's plan for the life of every individual is that he shall be blessed, or happy. It is God's plan that a person's life be full of power and meaning, so that he is able to achieve his best, always moving towards a high goal. It may be that a person does not attain early in life the highest aims or purposes which he has for himself,

but if he is persistent and determined, the chances are that there will come some later day in life when he succeeds in doing what he has set out to do.

Mr. Carper explained that the Sermon on the Mount teaches that there are certain mental, or intangible, essential tools which everyone should possess, and these were described as follows:

1. Good health is highly important. It was explained that in olden times some thought that the highest degree of goodness or saintliness was attained when a person punished his own body, as if by punishment he might subdue himself. In illustrating this, it was pointed out that one of the saints climbed up on a high pole so that he would be away from men, a way from all the pollutions of the world. He thought this was the best way from all the pollutions of the world. Actually, the body of this misguided saint became polluted with maggots and other insects which dropped to the ground about him. He had entirely misinterpreted the best use which he should make of his body, which, after all, is the temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

2. A second essential was described as congenial work. There are some things each person can do and do better than anything else. Too many people, it was explained, are misfits and they are square pegs in round holes, but when a person really finds his choicest profession or vocation he then becomes free and contented and is able to serve other people with an abundance of service.

3. Self-control was described as an-

other tool. The highest type of living occurs when a person controls himself and avoids "flying off the handle." Such is far superior to being restricted by outside coercion. It was explained in this connection that the eagle, when the storm approaches, does not flee away from it but flies directly into the face of the storm, and by the swift currents it is wafted upward and onward.

4. Another essential tool was described as human companionship. After all, no one is supposed to live his life as a hermit, isolated and apart from others. Everyone is supposed to live with the crowd, learning and making friends from day to day. A person's friends represent one's most prized possessions and can contribute greatly to his happiness. This is a tool that can not be bought but it can be won.

5. Ambition is mentioned as a fifth tool needed by all. A person's ambition determines how successful and how useful he becomes later on. If he has ambition it strengthens his personality. Ambition was described as personality pride. The person who has it is recognized and esteemed by his fellowmen.

6. Courage was mentioned as another essential tool. In the everyday affairs of the world there are always situations and emergencies which require courage and not cowardice. The world has a way of giving gold medals to those who do the things that need to be done at critical moments. Oftentimes, Boy Scouts are given rewards for outstanding deeds of merit.

7. Religion is described as a final tool needed by all. Everyone has a need for a religion that is based on faith and hope that will lead on event-

ually through all the experiences of life, and on out into eternity.

When a person has these tools, he has those things which will help him to travel on the road toward happiness. It may be described as the road toward heaven. This is or should be the aspiration and the goal for each and everyone.

CORRECTION—Sermon by Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., January 25 at the school.

In last week's issue of *The Uplift* there was a synopsis of an excellent sermon presented to the boys by Rev. Oren Moore, Jr. Unfortunately, the type became so jumbled that the real meaning of the message was lost. We are, therefore, carrying a corrected report of the sermon in this week's issue below:

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church, of Concord, was the guest minister at the school last Sunday. As usual, he brought the boys an excellent message, one that was full of interest and practical suggestions. The boys at the school are always very delighted to have Mr. Moore.

Three different verses were read and used as a Bible text for the message. These selections were Matthew 27:32, Mark 15:21, and Luke 23:26. The verse in Matthew reads as follows: "And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross."

By way of introduction, Mr. Moore asked several questions relating to Simon, and some of these questions were as follows: Who was this Simon of Cyrene? Why was he chosen to

bear the cross when Jesus fell exhausted? What effect did this experience have in Simon's life afterwards? Did this experience help or harm him?

It was explained that the Bible gives no additional information concerning Simon. Some commentators have reported that he may have been the father of two sons, whose names were Alexander and Rufus. Some have said, too, that he was a negro, probably a servant. Others have said he was probably a fruit peddler who carried baskets on his shoulders and was, therefore, very strong, with broad shoulders. Simon, in the Greek language, is a word which means "to hear" or "to heed."

Therefore, concerning Simon of Cyrene, one can only imagine or speculate upon him as a character. This Mr. Moore did, in a very interesting message. He pictured him as an old man sitting in his home by the fire, with lines in his face and with knarled hands. There appeared to be bitterness in his eyes as he gazed into the fire. He represents an old man who has come near the end of his life, sad and dejected because of unhappy experiences.

Into the room his grandchildren came for a visit. The older girl, Eunice, speaking for the children, tells how the other children refused to play in the streets with them, and sneered at them because they were Jews. The children, too, were suffering in their hearts because of the sneers.

The old man then explained to the children that although they may have been insulted and hurt, after all, they really did not know what it is to really be treated unfairly, and to them he

explained that as a young man, a Jew, he enthusiastically made his plans to go back to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover. He wanted to be there at the time when there was great rejoicing and celebration. For this event he had purchased a new suit of clothes, and he joyfully prepared for the great occasion. As he started on his trip—it was on a Friday morning—the gates of the great city of Jerusalem burst open because of the surging of the vast throng. It was early in the day. The mob was boisterous and noisy, and they were shouting at the top of their voices: "Away with him! Crucify him! He is an imposter! He is a blasphemer!"

Down the street there came three figures, each bearing a cross. On the head of one there was a crown of thorns. This one fell exhausted at the feet of the young man. The Roman soldiers forced the young man to bear the criminal's cross. They required that he bear the cross of the blasphemer, as they thought. This he did.

His later life was filled with bitterness because he had been denied of the golden privilege, and had been forced into a great humiliation in his soul. This proved to be a curse to his later life.

Mr. Moore then gave a word of another scene. In this there was the same fireplace and a man grown old, with wrinkles in his face and with knarled hands. About his eyes as he smiled tenderly there seemed to be the duplication of crow's feet. He was such a character that anyone would love him. His three grandchildren entered for a visit. The youngest child of the group inquires of the old

man, "What was the greatest day of your life? Was it the day when you obtained your first horse and you rode the animal as your very own?"

The old man explained that this was not the grandest day of his life.

The second child asked if it were the day when he was first aware of the fact that he was a man and as such he dressed in the clothing of a man and took his place among the other elders as a man. The oldest child asked if the grandest day of his life were his wedding day. To these questions the man answered that they were all great days, but not the greatest.

He then went on to explain that as a young man he planned to go back to Jerusalem for the joyous Feast of the Passover. He had been there before when there was great joy and when precious gifts were presented. He stated that as he traveled on his way, as a young man, the boat on which he traveled was sunk in a storm. He was captured and placed in a cave. From this he escaped and made his way to Jerusalem. He still thought he had time to enjoy at least a part of the celebration, but instead of the celebration he heard a mob crying, "Away with him! Crucify him! He is an imposter!" Because of the pressure of the mob, he was thrust back against the wall. When he asked who it was that was about to be crucified, a Roman soldier said, "Have you not heard that they are going to crucify Jesus, who claims to be the King? He has a crown of thorns on his head and he has been beaten with thirty-nine lashes."

As he looks on, Jesus, who bears His cross, falls under its load, and the

Roman soldiers force the young man then to take up the cross. He explains that as a young man he was so strong that he carried the cross easily. As he did so, Jesus manifested pity, not for himself, but for the one who was being forced to carry His cross.

Two of those who were destined to be crucified fought back and they had to be conquered and overpowered before they could be nailed to the cross, but Jesus did not. Even as they nailed His hands to the cross, He meekly looked up into the heavens and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The other two swore and cursed, but not He. At the time of His crucifixion He was thinking of someone else. He remembered His own mother. As the crucifixion progressed, the heavens turned black and the graves opened up to bear witness that Christ the Son of God was being crucified. The veil in the temple was rent, and thenceforth man could look straight into the face of God himself.

The old man said, "I carried the cross of the King."

Mr. Moore concluded his talk by explaining that each and everyone has crosses to bear. They can either become stepping stones to greater things or they can become curses along the way. He explained, too, that it is not the crosses one bears that count, but rather the manner in which each one carries them. There is no shame in bearing a cross honorably, and no one else can bear the cross of another. Each must bear his own, placing his hands in the hands of the Master as he travels along.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Grow angry slow there's plenty of time.

—:—

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

—:—

What is more important than what you've got?

—:—

When the going gets tough, the tough keep going.

—:—

The wavering mind is but a base possession. —Euripides

—:—

You cannot put a great hope into a small soul.—J. D. Jones.

—:—

One may smile and smile and be a villain still.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Jesus went about doing good—so many people just go about.

—:—

"A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.

—:—

A bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint.—Bacon.

—:—

Weakness on both sides, is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.

—:—

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not years.

—:—

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

—:—

"I will get ready, and then perhaps my chance will come.—Lincoln.

—:—

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.—Shakespeare.

—:—

If you want people to think you're wise talk to them in a language they can't understand.

A man in earnest finds means, or if he cannot find, creates them.

—:—

He that is not open to conviction, is not qualified for discussion.

—:—

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.

—:—

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.—Dean Inge.

—:—

No man is happy who does not think himself so.—Marcus Antonius.

—:—

The boy who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

—:—

The man who tells me an indelicate story, does me an injury. —J. C. Fields

—:—

The richest pearl in the Christian's crown of graces is humility.—Good.

—:—

If your batting average is high enough the big league will find you.

—:—

"Forgiveness is the heart's forgetfulness of an injury."

—William George Jordan.

—:—

"The worst thing about money is that it sometimes costs so much."

—Emerson.

—:—

Being reproached for giving to an unworthy person, Aristotle said, "I did not give to the man, but to humanity."

—:—

Nothing is so contemptible as that affection of wisdom which some display by universal incredulity.

—Goldsmith

—:—

"It is incumbent upon every person of every description to contribute to his country's welfare."

George Washington.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Maid: "There's a woman outside with a man."

Old Maid: "Tell her I'll take him."

—:—

Professor: "Every time I breathe someone passes into eternity."

Student: "Try cloves."

—Stanley News and Press.

—:—

The easiest weeds to kill are widow's weeds. You only have to say "wilt thou and they wilt."

—Health Rays.

—:—

The bell hop interrupted a noisy party in a hotel room.

"I've been sent to ask you to make less noise," he said. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read.

"Shame on him," said one of the noisy crowd. "I could read when I was five years old."

—:—

"Are you taking this course," said the first-aid instructor, "so you'll be able to help if a member of your family is injured?"

"Oh, no," replied the housewife, "I thought this bandaging would come in handy when I started wrapping Christmas packages."

—Stanley News and Press.

—:—

An Indian returned to the town for the third time to buy half a dozen bottles of cough syrup.

Druggist: "Someone sick at your house?"

Indian: "No sick."

Druggist: "Then what on earth is all this cough syrup for?"

Indian: "Me likeum on pancakes."

—Spunk.

—:—

An old man was crossing a busy street corner when a big police dog dashed into him and knocked him down. The next instant an Austin skidded around the corner, bumped and inflicting more severe bruises.

Bystanders assisted him to his feet

and soon asked him if the dog had hurt him.

"Not exactly," he replied, "It was the tin can tied to his tail that did the damage."

—:—

"Do you have to go home early—as usual?" said his friend as a timid little man rose to leave. "What are you—a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little man with dignity.

"What makes you say that?" asked the others.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."

—:—

The son of the house had been reading of an escaped lunatic.

"How do they catch lunatics?" he asked.

eTnrjoybrstatt hrr dd fdfwf mbgg wg

The father who had just paid a number of bills, waxed sarcastic.

"With enormous straw hats, with little bits of ones, with silks and laces and feathers and jewelry, and so on and so on."

"I recall now," the mother spoke up, "I used to wear things of that sort until I married you."

Mother—Charlie, sit down and tell your sister a story.

Charlie—I can't sit down, mother, I just told father a story.

—:—

A worldly-wise waitress in a new Houston (Tex.) cafe thought she had heard everything until a lanky cowboy asked for a drink of water. I'm sorry, but we can't serve water yet," she said. "The health department says there's bacteria in it."

The cowboy, who was chewing on a plug of Old Mule, found it necessary at this point to head for the door, where he showered the outside with tobacco juice.

Then he ambled back to the cafe counter and asked: "How big are they?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 31, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
 Billy Kassell
 Major Loftin
 Calvin Matheson
 Gerald Petty
 Frank Phillips
 J. W. Sorrell
 Rufus Tuggle
 Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Ellers
 James Jones
 Alfred Perry
 Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
 Harvey Arnette
 Hubert Brooks
 Eugene Everington
 Billy Holder
 Woodrow Mace
 Thomas Martin
 Eddie Medlin
 Eugene Peterson
 Melvin Radford
 James Scott
 Henry Shepherd
 Clyde Smith
 Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Woodrow Norton
 Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Covington
 Frank Fulbright
 Ernest Kitchen
 James Myers
 Robert Melton
 Jimmy McCollum
 William Thornton
 Robert Thompson
 James Wilson
 Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
 Billy Best

Jimmy Cauthern
 Herman Fore
 William Hinson
 Evan Myers
 George Patterson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Floyd Bruce
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Eugene McLean
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

J. D. Ashley
 Phillip Kirk
 Jerry Peavey
 Frank Spivey
 Elijah Spivey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
 Emmitt Fields
 Jack Griffin
 Paul Hendren
 Thomas Miller
 Charles Stanley
 Raymond Harding

COTTAGE No. 10

Marshall Beaver
 Ted Clonch
 Everett Covington
 Albert Cavin
 Talmadge Duncan
 Kenneth King
 James Moore
 George Marr
 Jack Melvin
 J. C. Mikeal

Jerry Peek
Howard Riley
Kenneth Staley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Jimmy Billings
Willis Caddell
Conley Haney
Curtis Helms
Barney Hopkins
Bill Ray
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Bill Carswell
Jack Hensley
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Charles Sherrin
Joe Swink
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Treva Coleman
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Jerry Rippy

Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williamson
Coy Wilcox
Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Carl Davis
Harvey Jacobs
Sammie Lynn
Charles McDaniels
Ralph Morgan
Bobby Peavey
Walter Sampson.
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

—:—
EARNING HIS BIT

The plumber was working and his new assistant was looking on. The latter was learning the trade and this was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber had been inspecting the finished job with a lighted candle, which he handed to his helper. "Here," he said, "if you've got to be so conscientious, blow that out!"

BELIEVERS

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God's power must know.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live his life in spite of woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

—Tyndall.

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher

FACULTY ADVISER—Frank H. Braswell

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock

REPORTERS—Herman Hughes, J. W. Sorrell, Gerald Johnson, Glenn Evans, Jerry Rippy.

SPORTS WRITER—Herman Hughes.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Silas Orr, Joseph Blackburn.

PRINTING CLASS—J. W. Sorrell, Gerald Johnson, Hugh Ball, Johnny Weaver, Jerry Rippy.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT

Homely in feature. An old-style room,
With its tall, quaint clock and its old, quaint loom,
Has very much of his homemade air;
Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
Homely in character. Void of pretense;
Homely in homeliest common sense.
Homely in honesty, homespun stuff
For every weather, mild or rough.
Homely in humor which bubbled up
Like a forest spring in its earthen cup.
Homely in justice. He knew the law,
But often more than the letter he saw.

O Uncommon Commoner, may your name
Forever lead like a living flame!

—Edmund Vance Cook in *The Grade Teacher*.

HIGH LIGHTS OF 1947 AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

(Continued From Last Week)

July

July 1—Pasteurizing plant installed.

July 2—Mr. Hilton West, Greensboro, donated thirty-five bags of cement for Wildwood Cottage.

Mr. L. R. Stewart, Greensboro, donated twenty-five bags of cement for Wildwood Cottage.

July 5-12—Twenty-six Boy Scouts at Camp Dick Henning.

July 19—Boys of the school guests of Bob Allen of Charlotte to see "Holiday on Ice." Mr. J. W. (Bill) Propst, Jr., of Concord arranged for transportation.

July 21—Dr. D. W. Dudley began a seven-weeks clinic.

July 26—Cottage No. 7 softball team won championship from team representing Cottage No. 10.

Cottage No. 2 won baseball championship from boys of Cottage No. 4.

July 28—Several pieces of furniture donated for Wildwood Cottage by friends in Greensboro.

August

Aug. 8—Kennedy Barn for beef herd struck by lightning and burned.

Aug. 20—Mr. Frank Morris, asst. farm manager, resigned because of illness.

Mr. James H. Hobby, dairyman, resigned because of illness.

September

Sept. 1—Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hinson employed as farm assistant—cottage officer and matron for Cottage No. 1.

Sept. 21—Miss Juanita Noland State Psychologist for correctional institutions, came for a weeks' visit.

Sept. 27—Jack Dempsey and Grady Cole Visited the school.

October

Oct. 1—Mr. Lee White, Farm Manager, retired.

Mr. James Lardner Query became Farm Manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Braswell employed, Mr. Braswell as classroom teacher for 8th and 11th grades and officer for Cottage No. 2, and Mrs. Braswell as matron.

Oct. 11—Allan Lane, the Red Rider of the movies, visited the school.

Oct. 13—Mr. Dave M. Dahlgren, Supt, of Milne-Municipal Boys' Home, New Orleans, visited here.

Oct. 28—Mrs. Curtis Yarborough employed as Boys' Fund Accountant.

Oct. 31—Gala Halloween Festival.

Mrs. Jason Plummer's resignation as Boys' Fund Accountant effective.

November

Nov. 5—Mr. Leon Godown, Printing Instructor, resigned to affiliate with the Concord Daily Tribune.

Nov. 10—Mr. J. E. Ferguson, Budget Officer, resigned to take employment with the Propst Construction Company, Concord.

Miss Mildred Shoe, Concord, assumed duties as Budget Officer.

Nov. 11-16—Mr. J. A. Peck, Dairyman, attended Cattle Breeding Conference in Atlanta, Ga.

Nov. 18—Superintendents of N. C. correctional institutions and Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of Correction, met at the school.

Nov. 26—Thanksgiving. Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 4 for football championship.

Nov. 29—Mr. J. W. Hines, School Principal and officer of Cottage No. 3, resigned.

December

Dec. 1—Mr. Frank Braswell became principal of the school.

Dec. 13—Transportation for all boys provided by the Queen City Coach Co., Charlotte, for the All-Star Football game between Charlotte Clippers and College All-Stars.

Dec. 21—Christmas holidays began and observed for one week at the school.

Dec. 22-27—Boxing tournament at the school.

* * * * *

NATIONAL BOY SCOUT WEEK

Throughout the world this week is being observed as National Boy Scout Week. It marks the 38th anniversary of the birth of this organization in the United States. Thus it is that this character-building institution for the youth of the land has had an illustrious history during these thirty-eight years. It has influenced the lives of millions of boys and has opened up doors of service to many millions more of volunteer adults, men who have given generously of their time and their talents for the promotion of this organization.

The Boy Scouts of America is an organization that really does an effective piece of work in the field of character training for the youth. It offers a rich and varied program for those who come under its influences. Provision is made in its program for hiking,

camping, leadership training in troops and patrols, training in patriotism and religion, and for doing good turns to others as an act of kindness without hope of remuneration. In addition to these, the program offers training in practical subject matter through its merit badge program. Valuable social contacts are available under the banner of Scouting. It makes a strong appeal to all the various impulses of youth. Many a boy has constructed his first useful article in the field of industrial arts under the sponsorship of the Scouting program. Close ties of friendship have been formed by the volunteer adult leader and his boys as they have lived Scouting together day after day.

It is a wonderful idea that one week has been set apart to be observed as National Boy Scout Week. At this time, great emphasis is placed on the Scouting program throughout the land. Many new boys are inspired to enroll in the program, and many local councils conduct successful financial campaigns in the interest of Scouting. Through the observance this week there should come a great momentum of interest for Scouting such as the nation has never known before. This organization offers to the youth of the land their finest opportunities for wholesome training. Let each and everyone give Scouting a hearty boost.

* * * * *

THE WRIGHT AIRPLANE TO BE BROUGHT HOME

The prospect is now bright that the aircraft with which the Wright brothers made history on December 17, 1903 on the sand dunes of North Carolina will soon be brought home and preserved in the Smithsonian Institute as one of the nation's most highly treasured historic relics.

Of course, it was lamentable that Mr. Orville Wright, one of the great inventors of this crude aircraft, was provoked in 1928 to give the plane to the British Kensington Museum. It is delightful to the American people to know now that whatever offense may have occurred at that time has been obliterated and that this treasured relic will eventually rest in the land of its birth. It is to be hoped now that the Smithsonian officials will actively interest themselves in the early return of this plane to Washington. Twenty years ago it

should have been placed there and would have been but for the blundering of those in charge of that institution.

Throughout the years and the centuries this relic will become of greater interest because of the unlimited expansion in the field of airplanes. The airplane now represents one of the deadliest weapons of warfare, yet it is one of the most useful means of transportation and travel. Its contributions will become greater and greater as the years go by.

The Wright brothers deserve the highest honor and esteem for their daring experiments. They hastened the day when the airplane would become one of our most useful facilities.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 15, 1948

- Feb. 19—Carl Howell, Cottage 5, 16th birthday
- Feb. 19—Harold Sloop, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
- Feb. 20—Donald Stack, Cottage 2, 16th birthday
- Feb. 20—Elbert Gentry, Cottage 14, 14th birthday
- Feb. 21—Paul Hendren, Cottage 9, 17th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Yellow Jackets Slip by Wensils 40-30.

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellowjackets broke a four game losing streak when they slipped past the Wensils of Concord.

Wensils, once on top and in the undefeated column has been falling rapidly toward the resting place.

Brown gave the Wensils 10 but could not get much support from the rest of the team.

The Yellow Jackets on the other hand were powerful, and hard to handle. Walters turned in a great defensive game, and giving the winners 19, one point below half of the Jackets points. Staley also gave a good showing for himself with nine.

The Yellowjackets take on Company E. Wednesday night at 6:30.

Starting Lineups

J. T. S.

R.F. Walters 19; L.F. Staley 9; C. Johnson 7; R.G. Arnette 5; L.G. Moore.

Wensil

R.F. Burris 3; L.F. Moose 3; C. Brown 10; R.G. Dye 2; L.G. Fisher 11.

Substitutions—J. T. S.: Barnes, Ray, Billings. Wensil: Lentz, Linker, Stansil.

Score by periods.

J. T. S.	11	16	29	40
Wensils	13	17	20	30

Score at half: J. T. S. 16—Wensils 17.

Good Manners Everywhere

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Every boy should watch his man-

Basketball Game

ners at school, at home, at church, and at the movies. A lot of times a boy is tested by his manners, and the way he acts. He can practice his manners at all times. People are sometimes surprised at the way a boy acts because they have not been used to seeing him act so mannerly. It is most important for him to use his manners when he has company. When he goes to church he should not chew gum, or wiggle around. One's manners at home and school are most important of all. When he is at home he should look as neat as he possibly can and when one goes to school he should wash and comb his hair so he will look neat at school, too. When he goes to the movies he should never talk or laugh out loud; it annoys people around him. He should take off his hat before he enters the movie because it may cause someone behind him not to see the picture. He should keep his shoes off the seat; it might get them dirty and it is not polite.

Manners are just a matter of kindness, and respect, so every boy should watch his manners everywhere he goes.

Abe Lincoln's Birthday Anniversary

By Alfred Davis, 9th Grade

Thursday, February 12, marks the birthday anniversary of one of our great Presidents, Abe Lincoln.

On Sunday morning of Feb. 12, 1809, Nancy Hanks welcomed into a

world of battle and blood, of whispering dreams and wistful dust, a new child, a boy. This boy was Abe Lincoln.

Although he was born in a house with only one door and one window, it was written that he would come to know many doors and many windows.

In our ninth grade room, we have on the Bulliten-board a copy of Lincoln's last picture. It was taken on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, just a month before he had made his great, second inaugural address. With lines of inexpressible sorrow creasing his face, he bows under accumulated years of strain.

Baking School

By Kenneth Staley, 11th Grade

On January 29th, four boys who attended the Fleishman's school for bakers received their diplomas from Mr. Charles Baker. This school was held at Charlotte. While there we learned many valuable facts concerning the various types of doughs and icings.

The lectures and visual education taught us the different formulas for breads, cakes, and icings. A model bakery exhibited at the school contained the necessary equipment for the making of high quality baked goods.

We wish to express our appreciation to Mr. Frank Liske, head of the baking department here at the school, for the opportunity to attend this school.

My Last Day At The School

By Charles Shearin, 11th Grade

Well, today is my last day at the

school. It seems like I have been here a long time, but I haven't been here so long after all. I am sure that I have learned a lot in the time that I have spent here. I am sure that everyone has tried to help me as much as they could in any way.

I have spent most of this last day thinking about what I should do when I get home. I haven't quite decided what I will do but whatever I do I will work hard and put my best into it.

I certainly appreciate all that the school has done for me. I am sure that everyone here wants to see me go home and really make something out of myself. When I get home, whatever I do, I will do my very best.

Second Grade News

By Joe Harvey Ennis, 2nd Grade

Today is Monday. It is snowing. From where we are sitting we can see the pretty snow flakes falling. Our teacher, Mrs. Wm. Morrison, is still sick. We hope she will soon be well.

The following boys have been going to Mrs. Baucom's room: Harvey Ennis, Claude Crump, John Robert Kennedy, Charles Johnson, and Wayne Millsaps.

Mrs. Baucom sends to our room each morning to get second grade books. She has us to read, write, do arithmetic and she lets us have some time to enjoy magazines.

Chapel Program

By Kenneth Staley, 11th Grade

Friday morning, the seventh grade gave the regular chapel program. For a subject, we told of the most

interesting parts of the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The first thing on the program was a song, entitled "America." Melvin Radford then read the 23rd Psalm, after which we sang another song, "Faith Of Our Fathers," which was also his favorite hymn. Harold Sloop then gave a synopsis of Roosevelt's boy hood days. Other talks that followed were: his education by Roy Eddings; his political life by Melvin Radford; various interesting parts of his life by Charles Franklin; his experience with infantile paralysis by Everett Covington; and his death by Bobby Long. The last thing on the program was a song, "Home on the Range," Roosevelt's favorite song. We hope everybody enjoyed our program.

Weather

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The weather still remains an item of much interest to all the boys. It is a determining factor in the type of work to be followed. Some want sunshine, some rain, some snow. The lovers of snow are really experiencing an enjoyable season. North winds have been bringing more snow than many of the boys have ever seen before. The teachers find it rather trying to stimulate thinking when a snow storm is raging on the outside. History, English, and arithmetic become dull when compared to how interesting it is to watch the flakes of snow blow here and there.

No. 5 and No. 15 Play Basketball Game

By Glenn Rice, 5th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage no.

5 and Cottage no. 15 played a basketball game. It was a good game from the beginning to the end. All the boys played hard to win the game. Cottage no. 5 won the game by the score of 19 to 9.

The referee was Kenneth Staley of Cottage No. 10. He called a good clean game.

The boys who played for Cottage No. 5 were: Charles Pinkston, James Woodell, Herman Vance, Elwood Wilson, and Glenn Rice. For no. 15 were: Eugene Williams, Carl Propst, Thelbert Suggs, Harry Hill, and Melvin Norman. All of these boys play on the little team.

By Bobby Joe Duncan, 5th Grade

Saturday morning, Mr. Walters took some boys over to Concord to play a basketball game. It was a very good game. The boys from the school won the game by the score of 36 to 18. The boys who played were: Talmadge Duncan, Ed. Guinn, Kenneth Holcomb, Jerry Peavey, and Bobby Joe Duncan.

The boys have not lost a game yet. They say they are not going to lose a game. We hope to win the championship and get a gold basketball.

No. 1 and No. 13 Play Basketball

By J. C. Littlejohn, 5th Grade

Saturday No. 1 and No. 13 played basketball, and No. 1 won. The big team won their game, the score was 39 to 27. And the B. team tied their game, the score was 12, and 12. It was a good game.

The referees were Kenneth Staley and Gerald Johnson. Gerald Johnson refereed the first half and Staley the last half.

Birthday Party

By William Jenkins, 8th Grade

On Friday, February 1, 1948, the boys who had birthdays in November and December went to the gym and had a birthday party. The boys who went are as follows: Paul Turner, Herman Forbs, Carl Lowman, Raymond Harding, Raymond Kiser, Roy Lipscomb, Harvey Jacobs, Bernie Hoosier, Elbert Gentry, Jack Woody, Thomas Everette, Roger Willard, Tommy Edwards, Willie Newcomb, Marshall Beaver, Glenn Rice, Jack Hensley, Billy Ray Keene, Leonard Dehort, Thomas McGee, Howard Sellers, Carroll Teer, Carl Propst, Paul Church, Junior Blackburn, Tommy Collins, Billy Teer, Clarence Groves, Horace Jordan, Hubert Brooks, J. W. Sorrell, Frank Grady, Carl Bowden, J. C. Littlejohn, Nathan McCarson. I am sure all the boys want to express their appreciation to all who made this birthday party possible.

The Snow

By Robert Melton, First Grade

Today is Monday, February 9, 1948. The snow is falling fast, today. We like to see it snow. It is very pretty. We have had lots of snow this winter. We like to play in it.

The Dairy

By Willard Brown, First Grade

I work in the dairy. I like to work in the dairy. Mr. Peck is my officer.

Mr. Kennett is my substitute officer. I feed the cows. I give them hay. After I give them hay we have to put straw in the barn for bedding. Then we wash the milk barn where the cows were milked.

Why I Like Boxing

By Evan Myers, 3rd Grade

I like boxing because it is a good clean sport. It helps you to be a good sport at all times. Whether you win or lose. Although I have just begun boxing I am going as far as I can. I have fought five times and won three. I am going to keep trying, thanks to Coach Earl Walters for making it possible for me to start my career of boxing.

Evan's Possum

By Robert Melton, First Grade

I am in Cottage no. 5. My officer is Mr. Walters. Evan Myers is in my cottage. He has a possum. It is a young possum. He has him in a box. He is getting tame. He will let us pick him up. He will not bite us. We like to play with him. He will swing by his tail from my finger.

Our Boxer

By Elbert Gentry, First Grade

Our room had a boxer in the fights Saturday night. His name is Russell Seagle. Russell put up a good fight but the other boxer beat him. We were proud of Russell because he did his best. We hope he will win the next time.

J. T. S. BOXERS WIN OVER Y TEAM

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Plenty of flying fists were seen in the Jackson Training School gym last night when the J. T. S. boxing team emerged victorious 8 to 4 over the Kannapolis YMCA team in a thrill-packed boxing program.

There was action and sensation in almost every fight. All of the fights were three-rounders.

In the evening's opener, Tommy Ownsby, 62, of Kannapolis, decisioned Billy Brown, 62, of J. T. S.

The score was nip and tuck for the next four fights as Bobby Elliot, 73, of Kannapolis dropped a decision to Woodrow Norton, 70, of J. T. S. Bobby Woodard, 73, of Kannapolis defeated Russell Seagle, 72, of J. T. S. in a three-round decision; Bobby Russell, 83, of Kannapolis lost a decision to Gene Williams, 83, of J. T. S. and Bobby Duncan, 90, of J. T. S. knocked out Bobby Willis, 87, of Kannapolis in the third round and the score moved over to J. T. S.'s favor.

The fighters, as the weights grew heavier, begin mixing it up from the opening gong to the final bell.

Next on the docket was a stiff fight between Blackie Canady, 113, of J. T. S. and Alton Perkins, 111, of the YMCA team with Canady be-

ing awarded a close decision.

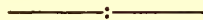
On down the line, Charles Farmer, 115, of J. T. S. took a decision over Louis McDowell, 115, of Kannapolis; Leon Poston, 117, of J. T. S. lost by a decision to Milton Hubbard, 120, of Kannapolis; Carl Davis, 130, of J. T. S. decisioned Tommy Cannon, 126, of the Y team.

The orchid for the best performance of the evening then went to Evan Myers, 135, of J. T. S. when he knocked out Jimmy King, 137, of Kannapolis in the second round of a mixed-up affair which saw fist and gloves landing from every direction.

Another T. K. O. resulted from the next bout when Bill McGinnis sent Gene Hinson to the canvas in the first round.

The feature bout, which brought the crowd of pugilists fans to their feet, was between Bobby Billings 163, of J. T. S. and Junior Johnson, 160, of Kannapolis, a fight which went the full three rounds to see Billings win by a decision.

The J. T. S. boxers will fight next week-end in Mt. Holly and in the Golden Gloves in Charlotte February 18-23.



An idler is a watch that lacks both hands; As useless when it goes, as when it stands.—William Cowper.

ABE LINCOLN

(Speakers Magazine)

Five days after his nomination in 1868, the Chicago Tribune printed an editorial profile of Candidate Lincoln. That editorial was as follows:

Ten thousand inquiries will be made as to the looks, the habits, tastes, and other characteristics of Honest Old Abe. We anticipate a few of them.

Mr. Lincoln stands 6 feet 4 inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly.

In manner he is remarkably cordial and, at the same time, simple. His politeness is always sincere but never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand and a warmer smile of recognition are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full-grown men and Presidents are made.

His hair is black, and though thin is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies

description. It nearer resembles that of Clay than that of Webster; but is unlike either. It is very large and phrenologically well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-cut mouth, and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description.

In his personal habits Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He never was accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language. A friend says that once, when in towering rage in consequence of the effort of certain parties to perpetrate a fraud on the State, he was heard to say, "They shan't do it, damn 'em!" but beyond an expression of that kind, his bitterest feelings never carry him. He never gambles; we doubt if

He is particularly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever, and in debt he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar. He never speculates. The rage for the sudden acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been

moderate, but sufficient for his purposes. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in purset of knowledge.

In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous but exact, and, above all, religiously honest. He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged anyone out of a cent or even spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money; but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and though not a communicant, is a pewholder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln belongs.

He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—too exact in his notions to suit the atmosphere of Washington as it now is. His enemies may say that he tells black Republican lies; but no man ever charged that, in a professional capacity or as a citizen dealing with his neighbors, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of modest means and simple tastes. A good-size house of wood, simple but tastefully furn-

ished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own, and there he lives at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and for his honesty, ability, and patriotism, the admiration of his countrymen.

If Mr. Lincoln is elected President he will carry but little that is ornamental to the White House. The country must accept his sincerity, his ability, and his honesty in the mold in which they are cast. He will not be able to make as polite a bow as Frank Pierce, but he will not commence anew the agitation of the slavery question by recommending to Congress any Kansas Nebraska bills. He may not preside at the Presidential dinners with the ease and grace which distinguish the "venerable public functionary," Mr. Buchanan; but he will not create the necessity for a Covode committee and the disgraceful revelations of Cornelius Wendell. He will take to the Presidential chair just the qualities which the country now demands to save it from impending destruction—ability that no man can question, firmness that never has been impeached, and patriotism that never despairs.

MY PRAYER

Forgive me, Father, if I do not always see Thy guiding hand
 O help me more each day, Thy way to understand
 I know that at the end of this dark road there will be light
 Let us not stumble, Lord, be Thou my constant guide.
 Forgive me, Father, if I do not always bow my head unto Thy will
 If I cry out in deep despair, tell me that "Thou art God" and bid my
 heart "Be still."
 Teach me to understand, and always trust in Thee
 For Thou hast always been, art now, and will be in Eternity.

—Lilian Grojean.

EVERYBODY EQUAL

(The Coastlevel Times)

In the age we are living in, we insist that "Equality" is the watchword. Too often it is a mere shibboleth. All about us we see examples where citizens of town, and even office holders forget the rule of reason, and devote their entire energies to working only for their little neck of the woods, even though at times it to be the detriment of some other community without defense in its own behalf.

What we have always supported, and what we want to see more of, are men in office who will forget the mere handful of people comprising their own community. One single community can amount to but little, no matter if it grow and grow, bigger and bigger, if it be surrounded by other communities that are struggling and poor.

The reason today in many counties the county seat town is hated most, it is because in some county seats, there are certain individuals whose actions harm their town, and bring discredit and reproach on all alike.

Progressive county seats derive a great deal of their growth and strength from the mere fact that the courthouse brings to the community many people from all parts of a county, by necessity bent on their own business.

They have to come to the courthouse to do business, which means they must spend money for food, shelter, and other things while there.

This is a great commercial advantage not appreciated to the fullest, for now and then will be found tradesmen who assume it their divine right, and often give little in return not even courtesy.

Worst of all, there are people now and then who take advantage of outlying parts of their counties, and by means or subterfuge, try to attract every development to the county seat, whether this move is logical or not.

A county seat must always be on its guard to avoid suspicions and criticisms (which are the natural sequence in outlying parts of the county) that it is not working for their interests.

County seats are more often than not, unjustly accused of working against other parts of a county. In essence, the truth is, that a few individuals sometimes do this, but the bad impression they create falls on all alike.

Sometimes this selfish attitude is one of thoughtlessness, at other times it is pure connivance and scheming to get by wits and politics something not justly earned.

If the thoughtful and fair citizens of a community do not remain on the alert to fight this attitude, all the time, many will suffer for it.

It is therefore mighty plain, that it is to the interest of every person in a county seat, whether in or out of office, to work for the improvement, the development, and the betterment of every other community in the county.

Particularly when the county seat is the chief commercial center, its people will prosper the more and reap richer benefits from the increased trade to be expected by a thriving and prosperous, and happy neighbor community.

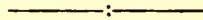
It is likewise well for every person elected to county office to remember his duty when elected is not purely for the interests of his own community alone. He is equally bound to recognize and support all the useful and interesting things at the county seat. A prosperous and progressive county seat reflects credit on the citizenship of an entire county. Tourists who visit a county seat are impressed by the type and the care of public buildings apparent. These impressions can cause them to wish to see more of a country, or vice-versa.

There is no such thing as living alone these days. We do not have to be ambitious enough to aim at the "one world" concepts of Henry Wallace and other radicals who would

throw every race and every kind into one pot and let them stew and stink together.

But we are in favor of our home people—who, are all of one kind, whose ideas, hopes, ambitions and needs are the same,—getting closer together. We in this part of the Walter Raleigh Coastland of North Carolina regardless of which county we live in, can proceed most profitably, and more easily under the banner of "One County"—all for one and one for all.

We must fight the selfish and greedy in our own midst. Every greedy person is a menace to all his neighbors, for the whole community may be judged by his actions, and they may suffer thereby.



GOLDEN RULE IN MANY TONGUES

Let more of you treat his brother in a way he himself would not dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others.
—Chinese.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.
—Grecian.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.
—Buddist.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.
—Jewish.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.—NTA Reporter.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL-EXODUS 20:15

G. W. Rhodes, in "The Tar Heel Boy"

Without a doubt, people have been taking things that did not belong to them for a long time. So we find this among the ten important rules of conduct, known as the Ten Commandments.

In fact, one important function of government is to protect the property of all people. A long time ago, the main business of government was to protect the lives and property of people from other people who sought to take these precious possessions. We realize also that when one person kills another person, he has stolen the other person's life, because stealing is simply taking what belongs to someone else. The chief business of our federal and state courts, at great expense to taxpayers, is to determine and follow up with punishment, whether or not persons accused of taking life or property are guilty, as charged. The fact that these courts are necessary proves that many people still are breaking the commandments, "Thou Shalt Not Steal."

Here is an interesting question: Why do people steal? It is natural for a child to take what he sees and wants. But children must be taught not to steal. Of course, children who come nearest to having everything they want, have less reason to take what belongs to others. In any case, the children must be convinced that they must not take what belongs to other people. In some cases punishment may be necessary. If they form the habit of stealing, they soon take

things of greater value and attract attention for violation of the law. Some boys who come to the Training School have already formed this habit. They take what belongs to other boys, from shoe laces to hair oil. The habit is so firmly fixed that determination and time are necessary to break it. Many boys here finally realize how serious stealing is and stop it completely. Those who do not, pass on to punishment later.

Why do grown people steal? There may be different answers to that question. Doubtless, some of them were children who formed the habit and were never able to break it. Some of them needed help and advice at a time when they did not get it. Do you have this habit? If so, this is the time and place to overcome it, outlive it and rise above it. So long as a boy steals from his associates he is not prepared to go home. The Training School has not done much for him, regardless of how long he has been here. No boy can go home and keep out of trouble very long if he is still a thief. We might as well face the fact as it is. No good citizen will take what belongs to other people. If stealing has become a habit, that habit must be broken. There must be a strong desire on the inside to straighten up and live the good life. The best way to do this is to associate with Christian people who go to church and Sunday School and read their Bibles. Here and now is the time and place for each boy to leave

off the practice of taking what belongs to other people. There is no other way to become a good citizen.

RELIGION DOES COUNT

(The Campus Crier)

Although there are lots of people in the world who say they have no interest in religion and express no religious belief there is no one who is honest with themselves and in their convictions that does not have some religious belief. They may not be affiliated with any recognized church or denomination but basically they are religious. That is, they believe in a supreme being or some supernatural power that governs the universe. One only has to study and observe the customs, manners and traditions of a people to see they are religious.

The very foundations of civilization are built upon religious ideals. Without these ideals civilization would crumble. This fact was evidenced during the reign of the Nazis in Europe. Under their reign the value of human life was negligible and it was through fear that people were allowed to live and there are instances without number where those who were brave enough to admit they held to some religious belief suffered an ignominious death.

Then there are those who say that religion is only for women and children. These persons, as a rule, are only trying to cover up their selfish attitudes. If one will again study the course of human events or the trend of progress of the human race they will see that religion has played a vital part in the building of nations. This was not done by thieves and rob-

bers but by men who had a strong religious conviction, a conviction that gave them a clear insight into the needs of the world and prompted them to act. A study of industry and government will reveal they are men with a religious background. Whether it shows it or not the school system of the nation has a religious foundation. Every good work, no matter where it may be found, is based upon a religious ideal.

All sound minded persons have some religious belief even though they may not make a show of it by church attendance. Attending church services does not, in itself, make a person religious. It is, however, one of the best ways to develop and strengthen a person's religious belief.

Those who say that religion is a 'sissy' idea are only showing an ignorant attitude. If religion is only for the weak Jesus could not have had the strength to drive the money changers from the temple nor could He have carried the cross.

The men after whom all clear thinking boys wish to pattern their lives or who may be held in their esteem are men with religious convictions and are not ashamed to admit it.

Religion is one of the most important attributes toward a free, wholesome and independent life. It is the very foundation upon which your life is founded and does count.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

(Selected)

In a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedeitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out on to the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but as a general thing Martin could recognize the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had resoled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and his future life, and to draw nearer to God. Since that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, brought his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup. Then he lit the samovar, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever any one passed in unfamiliar boots he would stoop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas' reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, with leather soles. The old man was called Stepanitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that Stepanitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovar is just on the boil."

He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovar on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the

window with his fingers. Stepanitch turned and came to the window. Martin beckoned an invitation to come in, and went himself to open the door and greet him.

"Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you!" Stepanitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor, he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I'll wipe up the floor—it's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two glasses, he passed one to his guest, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, he began to blow on it.

Stepanitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

"Thank you, Martin Avedeitch," he said. "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

Stepanitch went away; and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Bible sayings.

After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his win-

dow. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at a place where the new building was going up.

The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down on the foot-path and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this, a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle, trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands, knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed, and the woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it into its place, and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and scolding him, and threatening to take him to the police. The lad was struggling and protesting, saying, "I did not take it. Why are you beating me? Let me go!"

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go Granny. Forgive him, Granny."

"I'll pay him out for this mischief, so that he won't forget it for a year! I'll take the guilty rascal to the police!"

Martin began entreating the old woman.

"Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

"That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way—but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable of the Lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "otherwise we shall not be forgiven. Forgive every one, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoilt."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began

to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said. "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for anyone. "It's 'Grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman softened at the thought.

"Of course, he was not to blame for it, it was only his childness," said she, referring to the boy.

As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I'm going that way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple. Martin stood and watched them as they went along talking to each other.

When they were out of sight, Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

"Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was

all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Bible from the shelf. It was his purpose to open it at the place he had marked, but the book opened at another place.

As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though some one were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepanitch,

who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they vanished.

And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Book just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

RHODORA

(On being asked whence is the Flower)

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodoro in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Make the black water with their beauty gay;
 Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodoro! If the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TROUT AND CRAWFISH

Charity and Children

One Sunday morning many years ago, three young trout started up the creek to Sunday school. They passed a sandbar along the way where a number of little crawfish were playing happily in the sun. Perhaps we'd better stop right here and say that the trout are more generally known as bass, and that the crawfish are known in college laboratories as crawfish. But in the country they are trout and crawfish.

The trout stopped and looked with amazement at the antics of the little crawfish. They were astounded to see that every one was moving backwards instead of forward. The young trout were deeply concerned by this discovery. They had no idea that anybody living in their creek could be so wrong. Approaching the crawfish they asked, "Why do you always move backwards?" The crawfish replied that they had always traveled that way. The young trout then asked the crawfish if they wouldn't like to learn to go forward, and the little crawfish agreed that they would like to do that. So the trout slowly and painstakingly began to try to teach the crawfish to go forward, and seemingly with success.

After a while they discovered that it was 11 o'clock and they had missed their own Sunday school together. They went home, fearing to be scolded for their delinquency. To their surprise, however, the pastor, Sunday school superintendent and other church officials commended them on their good work and suggested that they go back on the following Sunday, organize a mission Sunday school and continue

the good work.

Next Sunday morning they returned to the same spot to find the little crawfish already arrived at the sandbar. They were disappointed, however, to note that their pupils of the previous week were swimming backward as gleefully as though they had never had a lesson in the art of going forward. Undaunted, the trout began the lesson all over again, determined that in the future the little crawfish would all go forward instead of backward. But when they returned the following Sunday, they found their little pupils cavorting on the sandbar, dashing here and there; and every single one was moving backwards.

When they had returned home and reported their complete failure, the church decided to appoint a visiting committee said that the work of the the parents of the little crawfish. The report was discouraging. The committee said that the work of the trout could never be successful; that the entire crawfish family, brothers, sisters, parents, all swam backwards, and that no one could undo in one hour on Sunday morning the home influences of the entire week.

The moral of this fable is obvious. Many pastors, Sunday school teachers and superintendents, training union leaders and others concerned with the religious education of our youth can sympathize with the young trout. They realize all too well that their task on Sunday is well nigh hopeless without the cooperation of the home and family throughout the week.

TWENTY-FIVE PAIRS OF EYES

(Sunshine Magazine)

There lives in Boston a man whose name is Burroughs, who makes it his business to help newsboys, according to Dr. William L. Stidger in his book of Human Interest Stories. Burroughs himself was a newsboy on the streets of Boston, and all his life he has felt the need that city newsboys have the loving interest of a friend.

Mr. Burroughs was inspired in a big way to do something for newsboys through an incident that happened when he was a comparatively young man. One day a Boston social worker came to him with a pile of small slips of paper on which were written the names of men. The visitor threw them down in front of Burroughs and said, "Look at those votes; see what you think of them!"

Burroughs looked at the pile of non-descript papers and said, "I see a pile of papers with names written on them; and I see my name written on some of them. What are they? Have I been elected dog catcher, or something?"

"No, Mr. Burroughs; that is the result of a vote I took with a group of underprivileged boys last night. None of them in that one hundred have normal homes. I asked them to write down the name of the one man in Boston they would want to be like when they grew up. Your name led the list with twenty-five votes out of one hundred. Some of them named their fathers, but very few, be-

cause most of their fathers are not worthy of such imitation. Some of them named the mayor, but only five. Some of them named baseball players, but not many of them. Your name got the largest vote. What do you think of that?"

Burroughs's face turned white. He clutched the edge of his desk until his hands turned white. Then he said, "What do I think of that? I think it is a responsibility that fills me with terror. But it also gives me a sense of responsibility which I feel more deeply than if I had been elected president of this nation. It is almost too much of a responsibility to live up to. It is the greatest honor that has ever come to me. I shall never be able to make a move that I do not see twenty-five pairs of eyes on me watching to see what I do. I shall never again be able to do a single thing in public life in this city without those twenty-five pairs of eyes looking through me."

It was that experience that started Burroughs on his lifelong work of helping the newsboys of this nation. That experience was the turning point in his life.

What happened to Burroughs is a symbol of what may be the experience of certain outstanding men in every small town, village, or city. There is always some citizen, or several of them who are the models for young and aspiring boys.

—:—

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

APPROACH TO LIFE

(The Summary)

The constructive approach to life is an habitual attitude wherein we try to see the constructive part or phase of a person, an experience or a thing, instead of the negative.

Here is a simple though vivid illustration that brings home the point very clearly. We take two glasses and into each one we pour water half way between top and bottom. We give these two glasses of water to two persons. One will remark, "Look here, my glass is half empty." The other says, "My glass is half full."

They are both right, of course, because if a glass is half empty it naturally is half full and vice versa. But we are not interested in the mathematics of the situation. What does interest us in reactions indicative of mental processes—in this instance, approach to life.

It is quite clear then, that the person who remarks "half empty" sees the bad before the good. He is supercritical and negative in his thinking. At heart he is inclined towards

pessimism. His primal urge, either conscious or unconscious, is to tear down. That is his approach to life whether he is regarding a sunset, a painting, a glass that is half full, a job at hand or a person. He thinks and therefore sees—emptiness.

On the other hand the one who says, "My glass is half full," is the exact opposite. He is the hopeful, positive-thinking, optimistic man. His approach to life is constructive. He believes, that in spite of blemishes, this is a beautiful world to life in. That, in spite of some evidence of maliciousness, most men and women are trying to do the right thing; that, in spite of discouraging circumstances, good will prevail. He thinks and lives and sees—fullness.

Which one would be the more pleasant, the more inspiring companion, the more helpful co-worker, the more trusted partner, the more responsible parent, the fairer employer? Which one will be the more successful and happier in life? Think it over.

A MIRROR OR A WINDOW

There is a story of a miserly old man who was visited by a Rabbi who called him to the window. "What do you see?" he asked.

"I see men women and little children," the rich man replied.

Then the Rabbi took him to a mirror.

"What do you see now?" he inquired.

"Now I see myself," the other replied.

"Yes," said the Rabbi; "both the window and the mirror are made of glass, but no sooner does a little silver come between you and others that you cease to see others and see only yourself."

—Brother Ballard.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill street Baptist Church in Concord, preached to the boys last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Tarlton is highly esteemed by the boys, and they always give him a cordial welcome to the school.

Mr. Tarlton read the Scripture lesson from the 20th chapter of Exodus, beginning at the first verse and reading through seventeen verses, in which a record is made of the Ten Commandments as proclaimed by the Lord to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Mr. Tarlton used as a text the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of the book of James, reading as follows: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

The minister explained that each person is help accountable for what he knows, and in terms of his own intelligence. The wild man of the jungles, or those who are idiotic in their minds, certainly are not judge as are other people who have intelligence and have the benefits of civilization.

It was explained that no one blames a log for floating down stream, nor does he blame an angry ox for goring its victim. They are helpless and have no ethical standards for good judgment. However, people generally are responsible for what they do, and if they fail their opportunities they have committed sins.

It was explained that almost all people everywhere believe there is a God; that He created the world and that He redeemed it through

the sacrifices of Jesus, but too many people accept this truth as a fact and never let it influence their lives for the better things. At one time Jesus explained that the ox knoweth the voice of the master and obeyeth it, but that human beings all too often forget their Creator. The Christian should always be willing to put God first in everything, and if he fails to do this, there is sin.

The second of the Ten Commandments rebukes those who curse; "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." In the end, those who curse and swear feel ashamed of themselves, and they bring a reproach upon their parents and upon their home communities. It is all too easy to get into the habit of cursing and one should have determination to quit it. Those who curse not only defame their own lives but they become a stumbling block to others.

It was explained that the Third Commandment pertains to the observance of the Sabbath as a holy day? People should feel free to worship on the Sabbath and to refresh themselves from their labors. If every person would do his duty there would be no reason for gas stations or stores to be open, nor for other work to be done on the Sabbath.

The Lord explained that he would be merciful to the thousands but that people must be willing to strive for obedience to the Ten Commandments in their lives. It would be a far better world if everyone would do as well as he knows what is right to do.

There are no short cuts to the highest standards of religion, but each must dedicate himself fully to the observance of the Ten Commandments.

—————:—————

GRADATIM

Each year might be considered the rung on the ladder of life. As a New Year begins Holland's "Gradatim" makes timely reading.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;

But we built the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,

That a noble deed is a step toward God—

Lifting the soul from the common sad
To a purer aid and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;

By what we have mastered of good and gain;

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,

When the morning calls us to life and light,

But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,

And we think that we mount the air on wings

Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!

We may borrow the wings to find the way—

We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we will fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown

From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;

But the dream departs, and the vision falls,

And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.
Heaven is not reached in a single bound:

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.
—Dickens.

—:—

Power, to its last particle, is duty.
—John Foster.

—:—

Where law ends, tyranny begins.
—Wm. Pitt.

—:—

Few save the poor feel for the poor.
—L. F. Landon.

—:—

There is no instinct like that of the heart.—Bulwer.

—:—

If wrong our hearts, our heads are in vain.—Young.

—:—

Man while he loves is never quite depraved.—Lamb.

—:—

Where the speech is corrupted the mind is also.—Seneca.

—:—

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—Goethe.

—:—

All human power is a compound of time and patience.—Balzac.

—:—

You cannot put a great hope into a small soul.—J. L. Jones.

—:—

He buys honey too dear who licks it from thorns.—Old Proverb.

—:—

Consider pleasures as they depart, not as they come.—Aristotle.

—:—

A mousetrap: easy to enter but not easy to get out of.—Balfour.

—:—

He is not poor that has little, but he that desires much.—Daniel.

—:—

Men might be better if we deemed better of them—The worst way to improve the world is to condemn it.

—Bailey.

Events of all sorts creep or fly exactly as God pleases.—Cowper.

—:—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—Shakespeare.

—:—

The miserable hath no other medicine but only hope.—Shakespeare.

—:—

The reason a dog has so many friends—he wags his tail—not his tongue.

—:—

Memory, the daughter of attention, is the teeming mother of knowledge.
—Tupper.

—:—

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

—:—

Never shift your tongue into high gear until you are sure your brain is truning over.—Threads.

—:—

The jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.
—Schiller.

—:—

There is no man so good who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten time in his life.

—:—

Yet each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard; Some do it with a bitter look, some with a flattering word; The coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword.

—:—

I would have nobody to control me, I would be absolute; and who but I? Now, he that is absolute can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes, can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure, can be content; and he that can be content, has no more to desire. So the matter's over; and come what will come, I am satisfied.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Maximum penalty for bigamy—two mothers-in-law.

—:—

"It's raining cats and dogs."

"How do you know?"

"I just stepped in a poodle."

—:—

A hill-billy trigger man may not understand the court trial at first, but, in the end he gets the hang of it.

—:—

Salesgirl: "Yes, Mrs. Jones, our girdles come in four fixed sizes—small, medium, wow, and holy mackerel!"

—:—

"Poor Bill, he mumbled a few words in church and was married, then he mumbled a few in his sleep and was divorced!"

—:—

"Little boy, how is it that your mother's name is Jones and yours is Smith."

"She got married again and I didn't."

—:—

"Where does your stomach go when you stand up?"

"It retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name."

—Health Rays.

—:—

A young man was asked what his father did.

He replied: "He cleans out the bank."

"Janitor or president?" asked the questioner.

—:—

Mother: "Now before you get serious with him, be sure he is always kind."

Daughter: "Oh, I'm sure he is; he told me he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched."

—:—

A conversation was overheard between a German prisoner and an American guard. "Hitler told us we'd march from California to New York

but he didn't tell us we'd stop and pick peanuts in Georgia on the way."

—:—

"I say, Thomas," said the town banker, "I understand your employer is quite ill. What is his temperature today?"

"Tain't for me to say," answered Thomas primly. "He died yesterday."

—:—

A lodge member approached Henry. "We are having a raffle for a poor widow," he said, "Will you buy a ticket?"

"Nope," said Henry. "My wife wouldn't let me keep her if I won."

—Stanley News and Press

—:—

A prominent statistician recently stated that there were 1,030 "career" women in the United States who have taken up law. We might also inform the brother there are several other million women in this country who lay it down.

—:—

A Canadian newspaper calls attention to an advertisement of a nursing bottle that concludes with the words: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place or under a faucet. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

—:—

A little boy of four asked the meaning of guaranteed. It means very good, most reliable, the best, his mother answered, and forgot about it until bedtime, when he squeezed her in giving her his good night kiss, and said, with deep feeling. Good night, guaranteed mother.

—:—

Sometime ago, after having his wallet stolen in the subway, the victim, by then resigned to the loss, received this letter:

"Sir, I stole yur munny. Remorz is noring me, so I send sum of it back to you. Wen it nors agin I will send sum more."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 7, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
 Billy Kassell
 Major Loftin
 Calvin Matheson
 Gerald Petty
 J. W. Sorrell
 Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Alfred Davis
 James Jones
 Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
 Jimmy Cauthern
 Herman Fore
 William Hinson
 Billy Ray King
 Evan Myers
 Charles Pinkston
 Leroy Williams
 J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 Edward Ingold
 Richard Messick
 Eugene McLean
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Jimmy Armstrong
 J. D. Ashley
 Paul Allen

Edd Gwinn
 Edward McCall
 Thomas McGee
 Jerry Peavey
 Frank Spivey
 Elijah Spivey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Emmitt Fields
 Jack Griffin
 Raymond Harding
 Eugene Newton
 Robert Williamson
 Thomas Miller

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
 Everett Covington
 Talmadge Duncan
 Gerald Johnson
 Kenneth King
 James Moore
 Jack Melvin
 George Marr
 J. C. Mikeal
 Silas Orr
 Jerry Peavey
 Howard Riley
 Kenneth Staley
 Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Bobby Billings
 Willis Caddell
 Edwin Morgan
 Bill Ray
 Benny Riggins
 Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Homer Fisher
 Carl Goard

Jack Hensley
 David Hill
 Chester Lee
 Nathan McCarson
 Fred Painter
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Russell Seagle
 Harold Sellers
 Charles Sherrin
 Howard Wise
 Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Earl Bowden
 Carlyle Brown
 Sam Finney
 Frank Grady
 Richard Harper
 Ray Lunsford
 Willie Newcomb
 Jerry Rippy
 Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 Cecil Butcher

Donald Bass
 J. K. Blackburn
 Willard Brown
 Charles Farmer
 J. D. Gupton
 Harry Hill
 Garland Leonard
 Donald Ross
 Frank Sargent
 Carroll Teer
 Coy Wilcox
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
 Eden Chavis
 Harvey Jacobs
 Leon Martin
 Ralph Morgan
 Carrol Painter
 Harold Sloop
 Francis Thomas
 Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
 Harvey Honeycutt

 LEARN TO LAUGH

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. When you laugh, you free your brain and release nerve tension. Laugh heartily in order to exercise unused muscles. Laughter gives buoyancy to your spirit. It is a soul tonic.

Learn to smile. Smiles enable your countenance. They remove wrinkles and add sparkle to the eyes. They advertise good nature and win friendly response. Smiles are man-made sunshine.

Learn to be cheerful. Tell a helpful story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. It smooths the way.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to linger over your ills and sorrows. Don't burden others with your complaints. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1948

NO. 8

A GOOD LOSER

Let others cheer the winning man,
There's one I hold worth while;
'Tis he who does the best he can,
Then loses with a smile.

Beaten is he, but not to stay
Down with the rank and file;
That man will win some other day,
Who loses with a smile.

—Arthur Heide.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us all in th' struggle and splutter
Our daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, our keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An a heart to feel for all that suffers.
Give us, too, a bit of a song,
An, a tale, and a book to help us along,
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove how grief's a blessin',
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise and free;
Our goodly best for ourselves and others,
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

—Selected.

SOME INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS AT THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SUPERINTENDENTS

The annual meeting of the National Conference of Superintendents of Training Schools was held in New York last week. As usual, the discussions were along practical lines. Those attending the conference, representing the various institutions of the nation, included many who have had specialized training for this work, and many who have had a number of successful years of experience in the field of treating juvenile delinquents.

This conference is held each year at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, and is presided over by Mr. W. Frank Penn, a chart-

er member, who is recognized as an outstanding leader in the field of institutional work as related to the program of treating juvenile delinquents.

This year the conference observed its twenty-fifth anniversary. At this celebration an interesting program had been prepared, and in it was the following explanation of the purposes and policies of this organization:

"The Conference was started as the result of an informal meeting of some of the Superintendents in attendance at The National Conference of Juvenile Agencies, at Boston in September, 1923. The purpose was to hold an informal conference, with round table discussions, dealing with practical problems, connected with institutions for male juveniles and youths, with the discussion groups confined to the heads of such institutions, with an opportunity for frank presentation of individual views, made possible by the absence of press representatives and public."

Some very practical suggestions were made at the conference, and among these were the following:

It is of great importance to provide an adequate amount of nutritious food for the growing boys in institutions. It was explained that any institution that meets its obligations as it should ought to give proper consideration to the question of feeding the boys properly and adequately. The following was suggested as an adequate weekly diet for a growing boy, ten to sixteen years of age, as follows:

- 7 quarts milk.
- 4 pounds potatoes (sweet or Irish).
- ½ pound beans.
- 2 pounds citrus fruit.
- 3 pounds green or yellow vegetables.
- 4 pounds other vegetables (canned or fresh).
- 7 eggs.
- 2½ pounds meat (beef, pork, poultry, or fish).
- 5 pounds bread or cakes.
- 1⅓ pounds fat or oils.
- ¾ pound sweets (sugar, etc.)

Practically every institution seems to be committed to the policy of providing the same quality of food for the boys as is provided

for staff members, and also to the policy of having the food properly prepared for the boys. It was explained that any time food is not good enough for staff members it is not good enough for the boys either.

Another problem pertaining to the operation of a correctional institution is that of proper correction and discipline, and it is perfectly obvious that institutions everywhere are resorting more and more to policies of counseling boys individually and depriving them of privileges rather than resorting to the traditional method of corporal punishment. It is always found that the stronger the program of supervision and treatment, the less it is necessary to use any sort of punishment.

One of the important principles stressed in the conference was the fact that any punishment at any time should be definitely related to the relationship between the staff members and the boys. Whenever it is necessary to correct a boy or counsel him for misbehavior, it is done much more effectively if the boy has proper respect and admiration for the officer in charge, and it is definite that no form of punishment at any time should go beyond the right relationship between an officer and a boy. This means, of course, that in all instances it will be necessary to treat a boy fairly and to let him understand what is involved in the experience.

In every institution there should be proper regard for the importance of education in the academic school department. However, in this department the program should be so arranged and so planned that it will meet the needs of the boys. In the educational program there should be a place for sex education, music, industrial arts, and other vocational trades. Some institutions find it quite helpful to have a form of "student council" where the boys have an opportunity to elect their own representatives who meet with the members of the administrative staff to talk over problems which affect the boys most intimately. This is something that evidently must be inaugurated gradually and cautiously.

Another interesting discussion related to the question of placing or releasing boys. One of the superintendents reported that at his institution they had excellent results with a twenty-hour course properly outlined and taught to the boys who are eligible for parole. In this course an effort is made to explain to the boys some

of the pitfalls they will likely face and how they can best meet these difficult situations.

There seems to be very definite trend everywhere to provide more and more institutional supervision through case workers for the boys who are released in home placements or elsewhere. This tends to prevent a wastage, and bridges the gap between the institution and the parole status.

Many other related problems were discussed, such as public relations, adequate plants, personnel, psychiatric and psychological services, and other problems of purely administrative nature. Taken as a whole, the conference was very interesting and profitable.

* * * * *

COMMENDATION OF JTS BOYS WHO PARTICIPATED IN GREENVILLE BOXING TOURNAMENT

On January 28 a group of seventeen boys from the Jackson Training School, under the direction of their Coach, Mr. Earl Walters, went to Greenville S. C. and participated in the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament. The boys had a very delightful trip, and the school was delighted for them to have the opportunity to make this trip away from the school. This was the first tournament of the year for the boys, and, consequently, practically all of them were in the tournament for the first time. Evidently, they were competing with boys who had had much more training and experience and, therefore, they did not win any first place trophy. Nevertheless, they did have a very profitable trip. Bobby Billings was the only boy to enter the finals, and he was awarded a consolation trophy. The principal thing of it was that the boys had this profitable and enjoyable experience.

Honorable J. Kenneth Cass, Mayor of the City of Greenville, wrote Mr. Walters the following letter:

Dear Coach Walters:

After having seen your boxing team in action here in Greenville in the recent Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament, sponsored by the American Business Club this year and last year, I wanted to take this opportunity and write you a few lines and tell you that we appreciate very much you entering your team

in the tournament and also tell you how much we enjoyed having these boys here in our City during the tournament. In my opinion, your boys gave a good account of themselves and I am sure that they will improve as time goes by. Their conduct while in the City was excellent and their sportsmanship was certainly beyond question. Never have I seen a group of boys displaying such good sportsmanship. It is my hope that they will enter a team next year and the years to come and that I will have the pleasure of meeting you personally in the next tournament.

Again let me thank you for bringing your team to our City.

Yours very truly,

J. Kenneth Cass, Mayor

* * * * *

MISS JUANITA NOLAND VISITS JTS AGAIN

We are delighted that Miss Juanita Noland, who is the state psychologist for correctional institutions, has found it possible in her schedule to spend some additional time here at the Jackson Training School. She worked here some last summer, and her work proved to be a great benefit to the teachers in their classification of the boys.

During Miss Noland's stay here, she has planned her work so that she will give the following tests: intelligence and educational achievement tests for new boys, and vocational aptitude tests to new boys and as many of the other boys as possible. In addition to this, she plans to have individual conferences with several boys who present personality problems and who need specialized treatment during their stay here at the school. All of these represents very desirable and important phases of the instructional program.

All of us at the school hope Miss Noland will find her stay here pleasant and interesting to her. We want to feel that the school is keenly interested in the services which she, no doubt, will be able to render to the institution.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Hair Cut

By Elmer Southerland, First Grade

We had our hair cut this morning. We like to have our hair cut. It makes us look better. Mr. Horne had three boys to help him.

The Show

By Elijah Spivey, 3rd Grade

The Cub Scouts had a good time Saturday. Mrs. Liske, our Den Mother, took us to see the picture "The Sea Wolf." We liked the picture very much.

Our Letters

By Jimmy Armstrong, First Grade

We wrote our letters today, Friday February 12. We write every two weeks. Mr. Braswell's grade helped us to write our letters. We thank them for helping us.

From A Cub Scout

Jimmy Sehen First Grade

I am a cub scout. I am glad I am a cub scout. Mrs. Liske is my Den Mother. Saturday morning we went to a show in town. I saw other cub scouts there. The name of the show was "The Ghost". It was a good show. I liked it.

New Books

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Something new will be added to the

thinking and the atmosphere of the pupil, all the boys in the lower grades will get new books, English, Math, Spelling. 11th Grade got new books last October, Ancient history first and second semester, thanks for these books.

Basketball

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

Concord defeated J. T. S. Saturday Jan. 14, 1948.

It was a hard game although Concord did win.

The score was 16-18 in their favor.

The boys who played were Leroy Shedd, Jerry Peavey, Edd Gwinn, Talmadge Duncan, Johnny Robinson.

We want to thank Mr. Walters for taking us to play. We hope to win the rest of our games.

Yellowjackets Idle

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellowjackets have been idle for the past week due to the snow which had fallen.

They have been in constant drilling, and may be hard to handle on Monday night when they meet the American Legion, who is on top of the league, and are very powerful, but the Jackets are powerful also, and this will be a thriller, I promise you.

The Jackets have their regular five and are out to win this one so they will be in the play off.

The Jackets have two men on the Big Ten scoring column. They are

Earl Walters and Gerald Johnson, both wicked on offense as well as defence. While the Legion has Glover, and Waddle, two of the best men in the league.

Second Grade News

By Claude Crump, 2nd Grade

Mrs. W. M. Morrison our second grade teacher is back at school today, and we were all happy to see her. She has been out two weeks with "Flu." We had two new boys to come to our room this morning. Their names are Robert Kennady from Carthage, N. C. and Buddy Swink from Patterson, N. C. We are glad to have them in our room. The snow has come and gone, and I think the boys had the best time they have ever had.

Fun At Wildwood Cottage

By John Carter, 4th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Mr. Adams took the Receiving Cottage boys on a weiner roast. Some of the boys played in the woods, while Mr. Adams and some of the other boys got ready for the weiner roast.

About 7: o'clock, we lined up for our weiners and drinks.

After we finished eating, we had an Indian wrestling match: then other games.

We had lots of fun and we want to thank Mr. Adams for taking us to the Cottage.

Cottage No. 17 Defeats Cottage No. 2

By Hugh Barnes, 11th Grade

Saturday Feb. 14 Cottage 17 and

Cottage 2 boys played an excellent game from beginning to end. Each boy played his best to win the game but the boys at Cottage 17 played harder every time No. 2 made a basket. At the end the score was A team 31-24, B team 39-18.

The players at Cottage 17 are as follows: Harold Sloop, Robert Canady, Hugh Barnes, Walter Sampson, Carroll Painter.

The players at Cottage 2 are as follows: Harvey Arnette, Jimmy Scott, Melvin Radford, Donald Stack, Billy Andrews.

No. 5 and No. 7 Play Basketball Game

By William Jenkins, 8th Grade

On Saturday February 14, cottage 7, played Cottage 5, in a basketball game. At first the Cottage 5 boys were ahead but at the first half the score was tied 13-13 the leading players were Edward Guinn, 2; Edward McCall, 3; Billy Jenkins, 8. The boys who made the most points for No. 5 was Donald Austin, 6; Billy Best, 7. Then the second five for Cottage 7, played the second five from Cottage 5. At the end of the game the score was 32 to 30 in favor of the Cottage 7 boys. The boys who made the most points on the second five were Phillipkirk, 9; Clyde Leonard, 4; Thomas McGee, 4, Glenn Davis, 2. I am sure all the boys enjoyed playing this game.

New Boys Enrolled in School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The boys that came since the last of Jan. have had a taste of bad weather, although none complained about it. The boys are as follows: Jesse Ashe-

burn, 6th Grade, Carthage; Harvey Brisson, 8th Grade, Lumberton; Zane Brisson, 6th Grade, Lumberton; Elmore Rowless 6th Grade, Lumberton; Charles Fields, 9th Grade, Summerfield; Lewis Holt 5th Grade, Burlington; Thurman Hornaday, 6th Grade, High Point; Johnny Ollis, 5th Grade, High Point; E. J. Primm, 4th Grade, Mt. Airy; Buddy Ray Swink, 3rd Grade, Patterson.

All these boys seem to like the School, although, after they have been here longer they will know and like our School better.

Time

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

We had a picture show Friday on Time. It went something like this.

Even from the beginning there has always been time; it is universal. Time shows in the giant redwood trees in California. Loggers claim they have found some to be as much as three thousand years old.

Time shows in the movement of the ocean, the mountains such as Mt. Everest in Northern India.

At first the only way of telling time was by night and day. Man next started notching a stick, one for every day.

Then he noticed that a small tree cast a shadow and as the day wore on the shadow traveled around it. Then he started placing rocks at certain distances apart to tell half day etc. From this came the sundial.

The position of the stars in the sky helped them at night. They made timetables to show where they would appear.

The people needed something that

would run day and night because the sundial would only work in the daytime and only on sunny days at that.

Next came a big vessel with a small tube extending from the bottom with a small hole in it. When the water began to leak out it uncovered numerals to tell time by.

Then came the hourglass. Because water freezes in winter, the hourglass had sand and sometimes eggshells in it. It leaked from one half to the other half slowly. When it had emptied into the bottom, it was turned upside down.

A candle clock became useful that burned itself out. It had notches to tell time by. Sometimes the shadow was used to tell time by.

Then the Escapement was born with only wheels and weight to work it.

Galileo used to watch a lamp hanging from the top of a cathedral swing back and forth steadily, never missing a beat. It was as a pendulum.

Then the Egyptians began observing a certain group of stars next to the horizon just before dusk.

One week later they were slightly higher. About a month later they were still higher. Around three hundred and sixty-five days later they were back in the same place.

The earth travels in a circle around the sun spinning on its axis. As it spins on its axis day and night come.

Now the pendulum clocks were becoming famous. Cabinet makers started making cabinets for them fancy. Sometimes the numerals were so fancy you couldn't read them.

Next they made a coiling spring to wind. The pendulum was replaced by wheels and hair springs that wound

and unwound continuously.

They started making them smaller and the pocket watch was born. The alarm watch which made chime sounds when opened became famous.

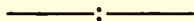
The wrist watch was born next and watchmakers kept on improving them till they keep accurate time today.

In Elgin Ill. they have stromometers that check timepieces on their Siberaal clocks.

They have a telescope that can only be pointed two ways. As the time star appears a flexible line among other lines is moved along with it by little wheels, east to west. As the star passes the center a delicate automatic machine checking the Siberaal

clock with the time star to see if it is accurate. Thus these clocks are accurate to the hundreth of a second.

Thus from telling time by night and day to the delicate timepieces of today, man has always strived to have some way to tell time. They are better, neater, cheaper, and more accurate. Time helps to run the wheels of industry. It helps the doctor to time his patients pulse. It helps to keep the complicated runs of trains and transportation systems on schedule. It helps in war when attack must be at the right time and must be certain. Thus in peace and war, time has become the servant of man. It is invincible.



Having a town, or a street, or a flower named after you does not always turn out to be the great honor it was meant to be. Some of the worst streets in nearly every town carry the name of a one-time illustrious citizen. And many a man of this age takes little pride in certain backward towns that honored an ancestor with his name. A few years ago it became a vogue to name newly developed flowers after well-known people. There was the Lawson carnation named after the Boston financier, that created quite a sensation because of its color and no doubt, because the colorful Tom Lawson himself was something of a sensation at that time. Royalty also came in for similar honors. There was a beautiful, new rose named in honor of the Duchess of York, but it is hardly probable that the royal lady would have been pleased if, during the recent period when the Japanese beetle got into English gardens, she had overheard the woman who was examining the roses in her garden exclaim, "My, oh my! The Duchess of York is full of bugs!"

RULES OF CIVILITY

(By George Washington)

Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those that are present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not on when others stop.

At play and at fire it is good manners to give place to the last comer, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary.

When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other or crossing them.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not upon any one.

Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played with.

Read no letter, books, or paper in company, but when there is a necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave; come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them unless desired, or give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have (them) in mind thereof.

Show not yourself glad at the mis-

fortune of another, though he were your enemy.

It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein.

In writing or speaking give to every person his due title according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgement to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it flavors of arrogance.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; make no jest that is sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you, to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own repu-

tation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friends to disclose a secret.

Utter not base or frivolous things amongst grave and learned men, nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, or things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth or at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change the subject if you can. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it's a time to converse.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience;

if any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being asked. interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others; neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Make not comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act or virtue, commend not another for the same.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not; neither speak nor laugh.

Speak not evil of the absence, for it is unjust.

Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not, but put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers; for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously and with reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

THE UPLIFT

EDUCATION

(By J. Malenda, in *The Virginian*)

Since the Termination of World War II, American colleges and universities have reported great increases in student attendance. This is largely due to the returned servicemen who are taking advantage of training provided by the government. Not only ex-servicemen are trying to help themselves, however, it's the trend of the American people. It appears that they too are turning toward education. Education is one of the greatest functions in our daily lives. No matter what we do during the course of the day, it is connected with education, directly or indirectly. The old saying, "Opportunity knocks only once" is quite contrary in the case of education. Education knocks a countless number of times during our lives. Why not take advantage of it? Thousands upon thousands of books whose only former use was to gather dust in our public libraries are today being used to advantage. The future of America belongs to only those who prepare for it. Since the trend seems to be toward education, let's review our educational department here at the penitentiary.

It is not compulsory to attend our classes, although I think you will all agree that it broadens the mind. We offer many courses. There are three types of training. First we have the elementary school, which starts the student off in the field of education. It consists of "Readin, Ritin and Rithmetic," the three R's. In addition to this we have History and Geogra-

phy. The course teaches the basic principles and prepares the student for advanced schooling. Most of the school's population falls into this category.

Next we come to the second type of education, the non-vocational studies. These studies consist of, English, Grammer and Composition, Civics and History, Math, Elementary Science, etc. Most of our students find these courses to their liking and have profited a great deal from them.

The third type of training is the vocational training, such as: Carpentry, Architural Drawing, Poultry Farming, Shorthand, Electrical Maintenance, Sign Painting and Art Machine Shop Practice, Book keeping and the Orchestra. Next to the elementary studies, this type of training seems to enroll more students than non-vocational training. Most people like to work with their hands, that is to say, learn by doing.

Since the United States seems to have been bitten by the education bug, suppose we here try and advance ourselves? There is a purpose behind our school system. Most people are led to believe that this purpose is merely to instruct the student in the particular subject he has chosen. True, to a certain extent. The underlying purpose is to make the student exercise the use of reason and aid him in making a better citizen. I'm sure we all want to be good citizens so that when the time comes for our release, we can adjust well in the social system on the

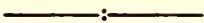
outside. In short, we want the student to learn one of the world's greatest lessons, "How to get along with one another." An individual who educates himself during his confinement shows that he is trying to advance himself. This in turn throws considerable light on the subject of pardon and parole.

It is true, very true, that the facilities are inadequate to advance education as far as we would like. For one thing, there is inadequate space. Our greatest handicap is that we do not have the class rooms. It is a wonder that anything at all is accomplished with all the noise going on at once. How can a student show interest in a subject when a constant flow of voices fills the chapel? It is almost impossible for him to think and apply himself in these surroundings.

The administration has planned for a long time to make a few changes. A new set up has been planned, but due to the high cost of building materials, the plan cannot be carried

out. It is the sincerest hope of all of us, that someday soon this project will be started. It will enable us to accomodate more students, teach more classes, give more individual assistance, work in better surroundings, enable us to concentrate without any noise and a lot of other factors that are so essential in teaching. Until that time, let's make the most of what we do have.

There is absolutely no reason why we cannot educate ourselves. At least to a certain extent. We have spare time in our cells at night. Why not use this time for something educationally constructive instead of lying around as most of us do. Too many people are led to believe that education is a morbid and braitwisting process. It is hardly that, fellows. It can be a lot of fun. Don't take my word for it though, ask the fellows who work next to you and who are interested in it and find out for yourself. Now that a brand new year has rolled around, let's all make a resolution: "To educate ourselves."



If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill
 Be a scrub in the valley, but be
 The best little scrub at the side of the hill;
 Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
 We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew.
 There's something for all of us here;
 There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,
 And the task we must do is the near.
 If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;
 If you can't be a sun, be a star;
 It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
 Be the best of whatever you are.

Mary Louise S. "The New Era"

THE COUNTRY BOY HAS BEST CHANCE

(We The People)

Searching for the elementary differences between country boys and big city kids, one of America's ace observers for the press has written:

"The product of modern civilization I feel most sorry for is the metropolitan child—the kid who grows up in a big city . . ." whose boyhood is spent ". . . in crowded places where asphalt has smothered the grass . . . and stone canyons condense the broad sky."

I clipped the column by this man who, like Ernie Pyle used to do, gets right smack on the inside of whatever he's writing about. I had it in my shirt pocket the other day when I ran across Jesse James out at State College. He wasn't bent on robbing any trains or banks, and instead of the bandana mask usually connected up with the name, the 260-pound young fellow was wearing a natty green-and-white checked shirt and an Irish green tie.

Those are the trade-marks of this new Jesse James, and he wears them proudly. For, like the columnist who went on to say that "a boy raised in the hinterlands has time to have fun in the free way a boy needs," Jesse James has a world of faith in the bright young sons and daughters of our Country Cousins. He doesn't look upon his position as Assistant State 4-H Club Leader for the Agricultural Extension Service as a "job."

But it is hard work, and achievements by North Carolina's 96,000 4-H club members is good enough proof for me.

Jesse and I got to talkin' and I showed him the clipping I'd been

carrying around for weeks. He read it over, reciting out loud the very well put lines that said:

"The country boy can do more things he wants in the way he wants to, and he learns by his own trial-and-error method, which is the best way. You don't really grow wise enough to learn from other people's mistakes until you are older—if you ever do."

Big, jovial Jesse liked this expression as the writer had phrased it, and he said:

"Let me tell you, cousin, about a boy who fits right into this picture!"

So he told me about D. G. Harwood, Jr., an extremely capable Stanly County 4-H Club boy who has done a lot of trying and erring in his eighteen busy years. He must have learned a lot this way, because, as Jesse related, "D. G." recently purchased a thirty-six acre farm, using only part of the profits of his 61 club projects!

"Jesse," I says, "there is more here than meets the eye!" And I wasn't talking about his loud shirts which serve to announce his presence at sixty paces.

"But it's a fact," says Jesse, with a grin all the way across his expansive face. "Let me get his record for you"?

Digging through a stack of records of the twenty-four Club boys and girls who represented North Carolina at the National 4-H Club in Chicago late in November, he tossed one over to me. "Take a look at that," he said in a way that led me to believe I was holding a document that might have been snaffled from the Freedom Train.

"D. G. Harwood, Jr., Millingsport

4-H Club, Stanly County—"the report form said. Inside, the facts mounted up to a terrific peak of performance. Two capping achievements stood out:

He was named to head the State 4-H Club Council for 1947-48; and he has been in full partnership with his father since 1941 in a 193-acre dairy and general farm. His record was an amazing piece.

Then I thought again of the writer's words in that ragged-edged clipping—

"The country boy never falls victim to the chief crime of modern city life, which is—to become a stranger to the land. He may grow up somewhat shy and reserved, but he has an interior self-reliance that makes up for it."



HYMN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

All hail, thou glorious morn
That Washington was born!
All hail to thee!
Whether thy skies be bright,
Or veiled in clouds of night,
To thee in joyous right
Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim.
To sing and praise thy name,
O Washington!
O'er all this land so free,
Hearts turn with pride to thee,
Champion of liberty,
Columbia's son.

When Britain's tyrant hand
Smote freedom's native land
With mad decree.
Thy gleaming blade, raised high,
'Mid war clouds rolling by,
Wrote on thy country's sky,
"Great land, be free!"

Let Freedom each year bring
Chaplets as fresh as spring
To deck his son!
While Freedom's angels stand
Guard o'er that flag and land,
Saved by the mighty hand
Of Washington.

—From The Grade Teacher.

ON BEING AWARE OF GOD

(The Word and Way)

There is a familiar line of Scripture that runs, "Be still, and know that I am God." Modern man desperately wants to be assured that God exists and He is concerned about His creation and His creature. The breakdown of the philosophy of human progress and the terroors of a world wrecked by wars have driven man to a new interest in Theology. But man lacks the ability to be still and this is a fundamental requirement for knowing God. Most modern people find it almost intolerable to be still. They arise in the morning in a rush. The work and society of the day are based on lots of action and so they hurry on from one thing to the next until late evening and wearily go to bed.

God is not in such a hurry as most of us think we are. His ways are slow but very sure. One of the qualities of the Living God is surely patience. He is the Great Brooding Spirit behind all life, the Creator, Redeemer and Lord of all creatures, whether they recognize it and reverently acknowledge it or not, and He looks upon a thousand years as a day. It was but yesterday in God's sight that Norman, the Conqueror invaded the British Isles; it was only a couple of days ago but that God sent His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. If we have the faith to take the long look, we can hope for much amid the confusion and chaos of our Twentieth century.

Few people even take five or ten minutes a day for prayerful meditation. If they would do so they would find life's spiritual resources easier to draw on and the difficulties of the daily routine easier to surmount. It helps tremendously to sit and think constructively for a few minutes about God's power and willingness to help us in our human affairs. Such thoughts are steadying and heartening. They bring poise and assurance to our distracted human ways. Try just being still and thinking about God in every way we are invited to think of Him through nature, reason and revelation.

We are often tempted to try to take over some of God's work. We minstakenly imagine that we can hurry the process of life along a bit. We want to see evils abolished, prejudices rooted out, justice established and judgment executed. When God seems to let the mills grind too slowly we try to hurry the things along. The outcome is a fiasco. After we fail, we then lose faith in God's purposes and as Ecclesiastes says: "because sentence against evil is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

Many Christians grow lukewarm and lose their enthusiasm because they lack the patience and spiritual insight to learn to think with God and work with God. They cannot "be still and know" God. But there is no other way to find that poise and power of

life that marks men and women of buoyant and victorious faith.

There are many things that we cannot change, but God can change them. There are ancient evils that we deplore in our helplessness; but God is quietly working their final destruc-

tion. There are ideals the world seems impotent to achieve; but God is bringing a generation to claim them some day. What we need is patience and the faith that holds steady when the boat rocks. We must "be still and know" God.

A DYING CHURCH

(The Arkansas Baptist)

The story is told of an artist who was engaged to paint the picture of a dying church. Those who commissioned him rather naturally expected that he would portray a ramshackle old structure set in the midst of a neglected yard overgrown with weeds with broken windows, weather-beaten and unprinted walls, and surrounded by a general air of decrepitude.

Instead the artist painted the picture of a stately building with expensive artglass windows, a considerable expanse of richly carved wood, a high pulpit, and comfortable pews. In the foyer, on a conspicuous corner of the wall, a box was fitted, across the front of which were the

words, "For Missions." Over the little opening designed to receive the contributions there was a cobweb.

There is a profound truth underneath the artistic satire! A church may be meeting in a glorious Gothic cathedral, and yet be in the throes of death. The actual life of a Christian congregation cannot be measured by the building in which the people worship, but by their concern for the establishment of the kingdom of God.

The marks of death are upon a congregation of Christian's who worship God on the Sabbath Day in the midst of comfortable surroundings and who carry upon their souls no burden because of the world's need.

BIRTHDAYS

In The Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 22, 1948

- Feb. 22—James Wiley Cauthen, Cottage 5, 15th birthday
- Feb. 24—Billy Carswell, Cottage 13, 17th birthday
- Feb. 25—Eugene Womble, Cottage 15, 14th birthday
- Feb. 27—Harry Hill, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- Feb. 28—Edwin Parker, Cottage 13, 16th birthday

TOMMY TAKE-A CHANCE

(Story World)

TAKE-A-CHANCE was not Tommy's real name—not the one his parents used when they called him. This odd name had been given to him by his school-mates, because he was always taking chances. In crossing a street, if a car was not exactly in front of him he would dash in before or behind it, even when he was not in any special hurry.

Officer Murphy, the nice traffic officer on the corner, had told him time and time again, "Use your eyes, ears and head, before stepping off the curb, but Tommy Take A-Chance would forget the warning almost at once.

One day when he forgot and rushed into the street too near a car, he was suddenly lifted right off his feet, carried to the parkway between the curb and sidewalk, and firmly seated on the grass. In astonishment he looked up into the firm face and stern eyes of Officer Murphy.

"You sit there for fifteen minutes until I get off traffic duty, then you are to go with me," the blue-coated man ordered, in a tone of authority.

Tommy was scared. Officer Murphy always had been so jolly. He had been nice to him and to all his school-mates and Tommy could hardly believe this stern voice of authority could come from the same person. But it had, and here he was under arrest, he guessed. He wondered if they would put him in jail. Tommy was very unhappy.

After what seemed a long, long time the fifteen minutes were up and Officer Murphy, with a gruff, "Come along, Tommy," started down the street.

Tommy had to run at times to keep

up with the officer's long strides, but in the next block the big man opened the door of his parked car and told Tommy to get in.

It was all Tommy could do to keep the tears back, not only because he knew he was in the wrong, but because he liked Officer Murphy and felt sure that now he was disgraced forever in his eyes.

When the car stopped a short time later, Tommy was surprised to find they were getting out in front of a neat white house instead of the police station. Officer Murphy, without a word, walked to the door, unlocked it with a key he had, and opening the door motioned Tommy to enter.

"That you Dad?" a voice called from somewhere.

"Yes, Hal! I've brought someone to see you."

In the living room on a couch lay the owner of the voice—a boy about Tommy's age. As Officer Murphy introduced them, Tommy noticed the boy's leg was in a cast, and crutches lay on the floor beside the couch.

"Now you boys get acquainted while I go and telephone Tommy's mother that he is our guest," Hal's father said, and Tommy's heart leaped for joy when he noticed the broad smile on the officer's face as he left the room.

It did not take the boys long to get acquainted and soon they were having an exciting game of checkers. Hal did not mention the cast on his leg, and of course Tommy was too polite to mention it.

It was much later, when Officer

Murphy was taking Tommy home in his car, that the boy heard the story of how Hal received the broken leg and almost lost his life, bravely saving the life of another boy who, like Tommy, should have been named "Take-A-Chance."

"I'm not going to deserve that name any longer," Tommy promised Officer

Murphy. "Before I take a chance I'll always think of what that other boy cost Hal, and what I might have cost you."

Tommy, true to his promise, now tells the story of Hal to all the other boys he knows who are tempted to take a chance.

HOW TO SUCCEED

(Selected)

Mr. Henry Ford said that while making his first car in a little brick building at the rear of his home, he worked enthusiastically, looking forward to great results. Then the thrill and the interest suddenly evaporated. Why? He realized he had gone far enough on the first car to see how he could build a second and better one.

But by forcing himself to go on he discovered he was learning more and more about the way in which the second car should be built. But so strong was the temptation to quit that he realized it was precisely that—a temptation to quit—not merely an urge to do better. And had he stopped work on his first production, he might have failed to finish the second car, too.

Commenting on Mr. Ford's philosophy of life on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour several years ago, W. J. Cameron said, "Young persons sometimes ask Mr. Ford, 'How can I make

my life a success?' One such tip would be 'If you start a thing, finish it.' It sounds like a rather familiar piece of old-fashioned advice—but it is part of an engineer's design for living—finish it!

"Yes, one says, 'but the thing may not be worth finishing.' Of course, when he says 'finish it,' Mr. Ford isn't thinking about the thing at all, he is thinking about you.

In the preparatory time of life, the real job is not what you are working on, but what it is doing to you. You start it with a great gust of interest—you miss your meals for it—then suddenly it goes stale—and you quit. Or you find that your plan is wrong—and you quit. And all that you have as profit from your effort is the knowledge of how to quit.

"It is always too soon to quit." Quitting makes a dead-end of any road—often just as it is ready to open. Transfer if you must; catch another wave length, but don't quit."

Their capital has been Dublin for many a year, which makes Ireland the richest country in the world.

TALENTS

(Sunshine Magazine)

In the lore of the Orient, there is a story about a good man who built a large and prosperous business through honest toil and unselfish cooperation with his fellow workers.

As old age crept upon him he began to feel concerned for the future of his enterprise. His only living relatives were three stalwart nephews.

One day he called the young men to him saying, "One of you shall be my successor." They thanked him and each vowed to do his very best if chosen.

The old man continued, "I have a problem. He who solves it best shall have my business." So saying he handed each youth a coin, "This is a large room, but go and buy something that will fill the room as full as possible, but spend no more than the coin I have given you. Go now, but return at sunset, for I shall be waiting."

All day long the men went about the market place and among the trades peoples, and as shadows lengthened they made their way back to the house of their uncle. He greeted them kindly and asked to see their purchases.

The first youth dragged a bale of straw into the room. When he had

untied it, it made a pile so great that it hid two walls of the room. He was complimented by the others who helped clear it away.

The second youth brought in two bags of thistledown, which, when released, filled half the room. The other two cheered him.

The third youth stood silent and forlorn. "And what have you?" asked the aged man.

"I gave half my coin to a hungry child," he answered meekly, "and most of what I had left I gave to alms at the church, where I asked God to forgive my sins."

There was no cheering, but the youth continued, "And with the farthing I brought a flint and this small candle." And with that he struck the flint and lighted the candle which filled every corner of the room with light.

The kindly old man could not help but think of the passage of Scripture which he quoted, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." And while the young man fell to his knees, the old man blessed him and gave to him all of his possessions.

It has been said the nut that holds the steering wheel is the cause of most automobile accidents.

WE NEED OUR MYTHS

(By Nelson Autrim Crawford, in Household Magazine)

Whether George Washington ever cut down a cherry tree, I don't know—and don't much care. Nor am I concerned whether Abraham Lincoln walked nine miles—or was it 29?—on a cold night to return a borrowed book.

I imagine the Washington story was dreamed up by good old Parson Weems as he rode the highway in his self-imposed task of bringing reading matter to everyone who could and would read—a worthy cause if there ever was one. The simple, patriotic clergyman thought honesty was the best virtue boys and girls of the new nation could learn, and he knew the name of Washington packed more weight than the name of Weems.

Where the Lincoln story originated, I don't know. Possibly it is entirely true. Perhaps his law partner Herndon had a vague remembrance of some incident Lincoln had told him.

In my childhood—and yours, unless you are very young—these stories, and many others about Washington and Lincoln, were read and reread in every schoolroom. If I recall correctly, I never thought of them particularly as fact or not fact; they were good moral tales, like Sir Walter Raleigh

and his Cloak or Dick Whittington and his Cat.

The wave of debunking swept out a lot of pleasant, stimulating stories. Washington had to be presented just as he was, smallpox pits, oath-tinctured quarrels with Jefferson, and all. Lincoln's backwoods humor and his difficulties with his wife got a big play.

That's all right, of course—provided the essential greatness of the man is not lost sight of. It doesn't hurt to realize that every man of genius is a human being.

I still am glad, however, for youngsters to be told about the cherry tree and the return of the book. It won't impair their later reverence for the men any more than the Santa Clause story will destroy their faith in the spirit of Christmas.

Fantasy and myth are a part of every child's life. For that matter, they are a part of every nation's life. The ideals that a family or a nation hold have to be embodied in a person—and ancestor or a national hero. The handed-down stories—that's all myths are—are an inspiration to right living in a world that sadly needs it.

There was a time when our bank book was our favorite book, but even that now lacks interest.

THE GUIDING STAR

(By John Silvers)

When we gaze into the heavens we behold the bright stars, fixed pin points of light, symbols of hope and a guide to those who are lost. For those who wish to look upward they remain the eternal signposts of the sky.

For eons the stars have looked down upon man's crude efforts to become the ruler of this particular corner of the universe. Tho perfection does not exist, it is inevitable that someday the faults akin to mankind, lust, greed, intolerance, hate and the many others shall no longer be part of the normal scene.

We, as individuals can help to hasten that day of ultimate perfection by looking upward at the stars. A star need not be a bright spot in the firmament. It can be a person you respect or admire, an ideal you have not the courage to adhere to, or a philosophy of life and behavior set forth by the great men of history and religion.

If you can find a friend, a sympathetic, understanding person, who represents to you the qualities missing in yourself, you have your guide. In time of trouble he will be there—as unchanging as the position of the stars in the sky—to offer sound advice and counsel. In following his road you can absorb his good qualities which have remained suppressed within your-

self and bring them to the surface.

It has been written "*Hitch your Wagon to a Star!*" Many people in all walks and stages of life have set out towards a definite objective and reached their goal successfully. The going may be rough but with your star to guide you, you cannot miss.

The Pilgrims who landed in 1620 had as a guiding star, a new land where no oppression existed, where they could follow the precepts of their beliefs without fear. As a result the way was now open to those who were soon to follow. Our country now stands out in the darkness as a symbol of freedom to the entire world.

Consider Helen Keller, who tho deaf and blind became through her self-determination and courage, one of the greatest women of our time. Or Abraham Lincoln, who fought his way to the presidency by his eagerness for knowledge.

Inevitably there will be obstacles in the way. If you wish to attain your goal select your guiding star to show you the way and start out, head high and with confidence in the future. Once on the way don't stop until you reach your destination. There at the end of your journey you will assuredly find satisfaction, happiness and peace of mind awaiting you.

—————:—————

The hand that rocks the cradle is usually the same hand that turned out the parlor lights.

KEEP YOUR SENSE OF MISSION

(The Speakers Library Magazine)

Most of us are able to meet the really great disasters of life with a certain courage and fortitude. We go to the hospital for major operations with a smile upon our lips and with confidence in our hearts. We rise above tragedy with a certain resilience that is nothing less than splendid.

But we are not so successful in meeting the petty irritations that come regularly with each day's monotonous routine. The carping criticism of the faultfinder wears us down; the rattle in the window, or the squeak in the car which we cannot find; these things break our spirit.

An eccentric old man once prayed, "Lord, deliver us from the knats; we can take care of the elephants ourselves."

The one great fortification against these petty annoyances is a vivid sense of mission.

The teacher who can see beyond the restless boys to the vigorous citizens, and think of herself as having some part in making useful men of them, will be one of her greatest assets.

A brilliant musician, an artist in his profession, was assigned to teach in a slum district. The children were unmannerly and coarse; the physical equipment was in bad repair; there was a spirit of squalor about the entire school. "But I always keep in mind

that I am a window through which they will get a glimpse of a better world," she said, "and that keeps my own soul serene and saves me from surrendering to the hopelessness all about me." Small wonder that she was the favorite teacher of the school!

Seek for the secret of the success of such as Sir Wilred Grenfell, Albert Schweitzer, Jane Addams, or Nurse Kenny, and you will discover it in their exalted sense of mission.

Look deep into the life of any great leader of men, and you will find that he differs from other men only in the fact that he is driven by a sense of mission.

Just at this present moment the statesmen of the world are discussing, with great seriousness, their responsibility for building a new and better world.

The school teacher who is breaking down racial prejudice, creating a world consciousness in the minds of her pupils, and preparing them for the increased responsibilities of the new world, is rendering a patriotic service as great as any that is being rendered on the battlefield.

This sense of mission is something that grows up within us; it is not something that comes in our pay envelope. With it, any of us has a chance to succeed; without it, no one has any chance at success.—Roy L. Smith, Minnesota Journal of Education.

Fame, to the ambitious, is like salt water to the thirsty—the more one gets the more he wants.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. N. C. Williams, Jr., pastor of Epworth Methodist Church, was guest preacher for our afternoon service last Sunday. We appreciated his visit, and hope he will be with us again soon.

Mr. Williams' subject was "What think you of Christ?" His text was the same, taken from Matthew 22:40.

For the first part of his sermon, Mr. Williams brought out the fact that some people do not think of Christ at all. That is tragic, because tragedy is not always something that happens to us but something that fails to happen to us. The tragedy of those who never think of Christ is in what they miss. Christ would enter their lives not to rob but to enrich, not to limit but to liberate. Mr. Williams supported his statement with the following Scripture verse: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will call upon Me I will come unto him and will suffer with him and he with Me."

The next fact the preacher brought out was that some people think Christ is a weakling. Some artists picture Him as such—pale, emaciated, with a halo about His head. These artists had no warrant for such a portrayal. There is no evidence in the New Testament to show what Jesus looked like. Certainly, there is no evidence for thinking that Jesus is a weakling. In the New Testament we find that those who came in contact with Him were impressed not with His weakness but with His great strength. In this connection Mr. Williams said he was aware that the boys at Jackson Train-

ing School were conscious of strength, from the fine reports he had seen in the paper relative to the accomplishments of the boxing team.

John the Baptist was a forceful personality, he said. He dared to rebuke Herod for public indecency, and he challenged the politicians of Jerusalem and those who pointed to Jesus and said, "There cometh one mightier than I."

One day Jesus asked His disciples what people thought of Him, and Peter answered that some people thought he resembled John the Baptist, other Elijah, and still others one of the prophets. The men of Jesus' day must have been impressed with His power, less they would not have likened Him to Elijah. Strong men would not have followed Him. Jesus said, "Whom say ye that I am?"

Mr. Williams pointed out that Jesus drove the money changers from the temple. They were afraid of Him; Caiphus and the high priest were so afraid of this man's influence that they plotted His death, and Pilate trembled before Him, saying, "Be thou the king of the Jews?" to which Jesus replied, "Thou sayest that I am."

When Jesus spoke, men were deeply stirred, some to hate Him, others to love Him with an undying love. When He preached He either created a riot or a revival. His preaching blew up old prejudices and traditions and shook the social order of His day to its very foundations. His words have become the moral standards of our day. They haunt us and make us feel

uneasy. They have become the conscience of mankind. When we consider the storms that have swept across the world, when we think of the empires that have come and gone since Jesus taught in that obscure corner of the Roman Empire nineteen centuries ago, it is amazing that men today should still be feeling the impact of His influence. Surely, no weakling could cast such a spell upon the ages.

There are people who consider Jesus a menace to life, and He was so considered by the ecclesiastical politicians of His day. They crucified Him, not because He went about preaching the goodness of God, or for proclaiming the Golden Rule, or because He held sublime ideas of heaven, but because He was a menace to inhumane and unjust methods of making money and using power. Jesus is still a menace to many of our ways of making money and using power. If he is a menace to everything that blights life, He is by the same token the champion of everything that blesses it. He inspires those who dare battle for a better world. He encourages men to perform deeds of love and charity. To every soul that seeks to lead the world to light and brotherhood, he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Mr. Williams' next point was that some would say that Jesus is out of date, that He may have suited the first century but He can have no helpful word for the twentieth century, with its baffling and complicated problems. These people say times have changed. They say His civilization was pastoral, while ours is industrial; that His civilization knew no science while this

is a scientific age; that life was simple then, now it is complicated. They ask, "What has He to offer us? Why should we follow Him?" Mr. Williams said that times have changed, but human nature has not changed. If Jesus had anything helpful to say in the first century, it is still valid for the twentieth century; if He could help men to find love for unselfish purposes in His day, He can do it now; times have changed, but the laws by which men grow to maturity have not changed. Furthermore, times may have changed, but sin has not changed. It has changed its clothes, but not its character. Today, as in the time of Pharaoh, men follow a low ideal, when a higher is possible, and that is sin.

The speaker pointed out in this connection that the spirit of brotherhood must be made manifest. "You have called me brother." Such were the words of the beggar after he had begged Tolstoy (Russian author) for a few cents. "I am sorry, my brother, but I have not a single copeck about me."

"That is all right, sir," he said; "you have already given me more than I asked for. I asked you for only a few cents and you called me 'brother.'"

One day Jesus met Zaccheus, who, on his own confession, was a greedy and unjust man. When Jesus finished with him he was saying, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken naught from any man by false acquisition I restore him fourfold." Jesus, who broke the power of sin in men's lives in the long ago, can do it now, if we will open our hearts to His cleansing grace.

No, Jesus is not out of date. He

(Continued on Page 31.)

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Nothing is harder on a woman's clothes than her enemies.

—:—

Many a blonde is dyeing to meet a man who prefers brunettes.

—:—

Life is, Oh so very sweet
When we're out on the street;

—:—

"To follow you I'm not content, until
I know the way you went."

—:—

Self-admiration often indicates
there is no accounting for taste.

—:—

You can't take it with you when
you die! If you did it would melt.

—:—

It is hard to be honest with others
if you can't be honest with yourself.

—:—

The milk of human kindness would
be all right if it didn't curdle so quickly.

—:—

Some people we know remind us of
a book—easily read but hard to shut
up.

—:—

It is a mistake to speak of one's
troubles for they are never interesting
to others.

—:—

The gals are wearing longer dresses
—and the men are wearing their suits
longer, too.

—:—

It is better to remain silent and be
thought a fool than to speak out and
remove all doubt.

—:—

A small boy is a pain in the neck
when he is around, and a pain in the
heart when is not.

—:—

The girl who believes that no man
is good enough for her is probably
right—but she is generally left.

In idleness there is perpetual de-
spair.—Carlyle.

—:—

Idleness is the key to beggary, and
the root of all evil.—Spurgeon.

—:—

He that is ungrateful has no guilt
but one; all other crimes may pass
for virtues in him.—Young.

—:—

I'd as soon travel around the world
in a cage of lions as in a group of six
or more friends from whom there was
no escape.

—:—

Why look ahead
And judge the time as slow?

One needs but to look behind,
To see how quickly it does go.

—:—

Among great places of fiction found
in every language, is the one about
having "a little extra work to do at
the office."

—:—

The spirit of a person's life is ever
shedding some power, just as a flow-
er is steadily bestowing fragrance
upon the air.—T. Starr King.

"Stop my good friends as you go
by,

As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, you soon shall be
Prepare yourself to follow me."

—:—

When people yearn with all their
hearts

For just one treasure far away;
They close their eyes to countless
joys

That crowd around them every day.

—:—

We cannot live only for ourselves.
A thousand fibers connect with our
fellow-men and along those fibers, as
sympathetic threads, are actions run
as causes, and they come back to us as
effects.—Melville.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

As the little brook said when an elephant sat down in it: "Well, I'll be dammed!"

"Do you remember when you cured my rheumatism a couple of years ago, Dov," said the patient, "and you told me to avoid dampness?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the doctor approvingly.

"Well, I just came back to ask you if I might take a bath," said the patient."

During the last war a jeep which was kept busy shuttling back and forth from the front lines to the rear, and most frequently the occupant was a Catholic chaplain. Until this fact was noted the jeep had never been named, but from this point onward it proudly bore its name upon the hood -- "Bringing Up Father."

"You use too many unnecessary words," said the newspaper editor to the new reporter. "Now here's a story I want you to go out on, and when you come back, tell it simply as you possibly can."

This was the story the reporter turned in: "Donald Green, 5 Park Street, lit a match to see if there was any gas in his tank. Yes, Age 41."

He rounded the bend at close to sixty-five. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away. "It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

The soldier from the Tennessee mountains was playing poker with several English Tommies. Picking up his cards he found four aces. "One pound," said the Englishman next to him.

It was the Tennessee boy's turn to

bet. "I don't know how yo' boys count yo' money but I'll raise yo'-all one ton!"

A farmer named Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he drank her health every day. When for the first time he was observed to omit the custom, a friend said: "Come Brown, your old toast."

No, was the reply. As I cannot make her Brown I'll toast her no longer.

The shoemaker, a temperance man, was passing an inn one night when the landlord emerged struggling with a hefty customer.

"Give me a hand to get Bill home," he urged.

"Not I," chuckled the shoemaker. If you'd do as I do when I've done a real good job, you'd stick him up in the window as an advertisement."

A family with a summer cottage in a Wisconsin wilderness habitually paid the requested price of 50c to an Indian for a milk pail brim full of blueberries. But one day last summer he suddenly grunted in protest and upped the price to a dollar.

"Why?" they asked in amazement. "Hell of big war some place," was his laconic reply.

It was the candidate's first great speech, and he wanted to make it tell, and wished to end with a warning. He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original.

He quickly thought of something better. Then he shouted:

"Don't fellow countrymen and citizens, I beg you—don't wait till the house takes fire before you summon the firemen."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 7, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Calvin Matheson
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Alfred Davis
James Jones
Alfred Perry
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Eugene Peterson
John Ollis
James Scott
Henry Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Otis Maness
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Avery Brown
Robert Covington
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore

Herman Hughes
Ernest Kitchen
Leon Martin
James Myers
Russell Murphy
Johnny Robinson
Robert Thompson
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthern
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
Glenn Pinkston
Harold Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Floyd Bruce
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Elwood Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Eugene McLean
Tommy Pressley
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Roy Eddings

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Asheburn
Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Carl Goard
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Edwin Parker
Russell Seagle
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Treva Coleman
Frank Grady
Richard Harper

Ray Lunsford
Willie Newcomb
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Sammy Lynn
Charles McDaniels
Carroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
Harvey Honeycutt

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE
SCHOOL

(Concluded from page 27)

still marches ahead and gives the challenge to us, "Follow Me."

One day the artist Rubens went to see a friend in his office, but the friend was not in. After waiting a while, Rubens took a pencil and sketched a picture on a piece of paper, put the paper on the friend's desk, and left the office. When the friend came in, he picked up the sketch, studied it carefully a minute and said, "Ah Rubens has been here. Nobody else could draw like that."

Mr. Williams said, "As I see Jesus lifting men above pettiness and vanity

and selfish purposes, as I see Him healing the broken-hearted and giving courage to those who must face death, as I see Him drawing men up to new levels of moral and spiritual achievements, I say, "Surely God is in Christ. Nobody else could draw men like that. God is in Him, for He does God's work in the world."

In closing, Mr. Williams referred to the fishermen of Brittany. We are told that they uttered this simple prayer when they launched their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God! My boat is so small, and the ocean is so wide." Might not this same petition be uttered by us who are voyaging on God's great ocean of light.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1948

NO. 9

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—H. W. Longfellow.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

WRECKERS

I watched them tearing a building down—
A gang of men in a busy town,
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell,
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.
I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled
As the men you'd hire if you had to build?"
He gave a laugh and said, "No indeed!"
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken years to do."
Which of these roles have I tried to play?
Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule or square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well made plan
Patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker who walks the town
Content with the labor of tearing down?

—H. S. Harp.

—————:—————

FORGIVENESS AND PATIENCE

In the world in which the human family journeys together towards eternity, there are two kindred virtues—forgiveness and patience—which seem to represent the highest qualities of life. These two related virtues seem to represent the very essence of life itself, and they are, after all, the criteria whereby we demonstrate to the world the true Christian qualities of ourselves.

It is inevitable as day and night that members of the human family have lived and will continue to live in rather intimate relationships in family life, in social contracts, and in professional

and vocational relationships. There is never a day when the average human being lives his life separate and apart from all others and when he does not rub shoulders with other people along life's pathway. Try as sincerely as we may, there arise various situations in which people are called upon under trying circumstances to manifest a forgiving spirit, and when one person is generous enough and at the same time humble enough to manifest a forgiving spirit, he or she makes himself superior to others.

When the Savior of mankind was being nailed to the cross and suffered the greatest humiliation and affliction of all times, being called upon to give His life as a ransom for others, He said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Somewhere deep down in His soul there was a fountain of spiritual power which was able to defy all of the suffering and the affliction that a sinful generation could heap upon His shoulders. Thus it was that the Master, as He uttered these words, earned for Himself the only passport into the portals of heaven, because He was sent into the world to show forth the mercies of God.

George Hubbard, one of the noted English poets and ministers, expressed his sentiments in these beautiful words: "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass if he would reach heaven; for everyone has need to be forgiven."

At one time General Oglethorpe said to John Wesley: "I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Wesley, "that you never sin."

Jean Paul Richter, a noted German writer, once said: "Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for givenness or else forgiving another."

Thus it is that people always manifest a great strength and nobility of character when they forego a spirit of vengeance and dare to forgive an injury that may have come from a griveous injustice. Just as it is Christ-like to forgive, so it is a measure of little and vicious minds if they are incapable of feeling the pleasure of forgiving those who do us wrong. By all means, the safest course in life is to manifest and cultivate this noble virtue of forgiving when we have felt an injury or an injustice to ourselves. Forgiveness is one of the surest currencies of eternity.

One of the kindred virtues to forgiveness is patience. Too often, people are much too prone to grow impatient with their fellowmen

and to utter sharp and cutting epithets which can but leave their ugly scars upon the souls of those who utter such things. The world in which we live would be far different if all people could manifest patience toward others and could postpone, not for a day but forever, their hurtful remarks about others, whether in the home, in the church, in the community, or in the work-a-day world.

A noted writer has admonished that all of us be willing to "enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back upon. Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits."

Another writer enriched our literature with these words: "Many people consider patience a commonplace virtue, not to say a tame and insipid one. But, rightly appreciated, it is grand and heroic. Without it the strongest character has a dangerously weak spot which at any moment may be its ruin. With it the otherwise weakest has an element of invincible strength."

How true it is then, that patience is another one of the crowning virtues of life. It is that staff upon which one may rely day by day, as he shows to the world his own peace of mind, his own inner poise and self-control. It is through patience that he rides the waves of turmoil and trouble, and finds himself as the conqueror of his own destiny. Through the manifestation of patience he achieves for himself the regard and admiration and esteem of those about him.

Oftentimes, patience must be not a matter of a day or a week, but of years, but the fruits of patience are among the dearest treasures of life. God Himself would have us to be patient, trusting in the Lord, forgetting always the trivial things which we encounter from day to day. Patience is one of the stepping stones on which we travel towards heaven's gate.

Generally, those who find employment in the field of social welfare work and those who strive from day to day to mold character and to instill in the lives of others the highest quality of citizenship, will never acquire great treasures of material wealth for themselves. It should not and cannot be their chief objective in life to acquire great fortunes. It is true that such workers need enough to feel a sense of security; they need enough to feel that in old age

they will not be buffeted about in a cold and heartless world. Yet, it is entirely within the reach of possibility for those who, by chance or choice, are engaged in working for others that they may hold in their hands the choicest treasures of life. Time has proven over and over again that material things vanish and fade away with the passing of years, but that things of the spirit live on into eternity. Those whose efforts are employed in helping others will find it necessary time and again to endure hardships and headaches; they will find it necessary to give again and again of their very souls; but, after all, this is the way of the Redeemer; it is the way of the cross; it is the way towards heaven.

* * * * *

ANOTHER LETTER COMPLIMENTING THE JTS BOXING TEAM

February 16, 1948

Dear Mr. Walters:

As President of the American Business Club, I want to thank you for the fine team you entered in our recent Carolinas' A. A. U. Boxing Tournament.

I particularly want you to know what an excellent impression your boys made on the fans. It was not unusual to hear the fans express the fact that your team was their favorite. This was because your boys showed such superb sportsmanship and outstanding courage. Your boys made not only a favorable impression in the ring but also on the citizens of this City while they were on the streets, in the restaurants and at the hotel. Please tell each member of your team that the American Business Club was most happy to have them as our guests.

You are doing a grand job.

Very truly yours,

Schaefer B. Kendrick

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Treat

By George Brincefield, 1st Grade

A friend in town sent us some cookies. We liked them. We were glad to get them.

Our News

By Robert Evans, 1st Grade

Today is February 23rd. This is a cold day. It sleeted some last night. We went to the library this morning.

Our Easter Story

By Elijah Spivey, 3rd Grade

We are studying our Easter story. We have pictures of Jesus in the tomb. And other pictures of Jesus. We enjoy looking at them very much.

Unusual February

By Roy Eddings, 7th Grade

This is the second time we have had 5 Sundays in the 20th Century and there are only 29 days in February this year.

Log Cabin

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Mr. Braswell and the boys of Cottage 2 are going to the log cabin today. The boys helped Mr. Braswell by getting some money out of the office. They got \$3.50. They got some "hotdogs," drinks and marshmallows. We are going to have a good time today. Mr. Braswell will furnish the drinks.

Our Hike

By Joe Swink, 3rd Grade

Mr. Corliss took No. 13 and No. 11 for a hike last Sunday. He took us over by the gravel pit and on over to the highway and back to the school. We all had a good time.

Our Planting

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Some of the J. T. S. boys have been planting sugar peas. Mr. Querry and some of the officers help the boys. The boys planted some strawberries. I hope we will get to eat some of the berries this summer.

The Cookies

By Richard Cook, 3rd Grade

Yesterday we got some cookies from Miss Maude Brown. We enjoyed them very much. The Third Grade stopped their work and ate them. They were very good. We thank Miss Brown for the cookies.

Basketball Game

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

J. T. S. defeated Concord, Saturday, February 21, 1948. The score was 43—0. It was a good game. We don't play Saturday of this week but we will play the next Saturday which marks the beginning of the playoff.

The boys who went were Leroy Shedd, Ed Guinn, Kenneth Holcomb, Talmadge Duncan, and John Robinson.

We hope that we can win the rest of our games. We want to thank Mr. Walters for taking us to play.

Second Grade News

By Thomas Shepard, 2nd Grade

On Saturday Feb. 21, Mr. and Mrs. Braswell took the boys in their cottage over to Wildwood Cottage for an outing. We fished and had a good time. After we had played a long time, they served cold drinks, sandwiches, ice-cream and cake. Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield and Miss Nolan came over and brought us some oranges which we enjoyed very much. The boys want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Braswell for taking us and hope we can go again very soon.

The Fifth Grade Chapel Program

By Tommy Edwards, 5th Grade

One of the best Chapel programs, we think, was given by the 5th Grade boys.

We gave a two part program, one part on the life of Lincoln, which consisted of a few poems, songs and readings. The second part was about Valentine. We gave a little Valentine play, and a few songs. We had the stage made into a living room for our play. We had lots of fun seeing some of the boys dressed like girls.

We were happy to have so many visitors present.

Spring

By Treva Coleman, 11th Grade

For the past few days Mr. Hooker and the boys who work in the Shoe Shop have been working on the Spray

Wagon, spraying the trees in the Orchard. The trees are sprayed with a mixture of 64 per cent oil, 5 per cent soap and 31 per cent emulsion. The soap and oil makes the bark on the tree smooth and clean, and the emulsion seals the openings in the trees so that the moths, bugs, and worms can't lay eggs in them. The oil dries up the eggs that are already layed. This process is usually started before the eggs start to hatch.

Cottage Seven Defeats Cottage Three

By Fairly McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday, February 21, 1948, Cottage 7 played Cottage 3 in a basketball game. At the end of the first half the score was 18 to 6 in favor of the Cottage 7 boys. The boys who made points are as follows: Ed Guinn, 4, Edward McCall, 4, Phillip Kirk, 4, W. L. Steele, 4, and Billy Jenkins, 2. Then the second five played and at the last of the game the score was 25 to 10 in favor of the Cottage Seven boys. Those who made points on the second five are as follows: Glenn Davis, 2, Paul Allen, 3, Clyde Leonard 0, Frank Spivey, 0, and Fairley McGee, 2. I am sure all the boys enjoyed playing this game.

Our Trip to Wildwood Cottage

By Woodrow Mace, 1st Grade

Cottage Two went to the Wildwood Cabin Saturday, the 21st. We had a good time over there, fishing, playing, and eating.

We all thank Mr. and Mrs. Braswell for taking us. Miss Nolan went with us.

James Scott was the only one who

caught a fish and it was a little one. He threw it back in.

We ate all we could hold. We had from three to four hotdogs, a Pepsi Cola, icecream and cookies, peanut butter and pimento cheese sandwiches and crackers, cake and an orange.

We want to thank Mr. Liske for cooking hot dog rolls for us.

We all had a good time.

THE END
Chapel Program

By Kenneth Staley, 11th Grade

Friday morning, the Sixth Grade presented a program in remembrance of George Washington's birthday. The program consisted of poems, readings and songs. To begin the program Leon Martin read the Scripture and lead the prayer, after which we gave

the salute to the Flag and then sang America the Beautiful. Elmore Dowless read a poem, "Young Washington." Then we sang "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," after which a reading was given by John Robinson entitled "George Washington and His Mother." Zane Brisson and Joe Hannah gave two poems, "Concord Hymn" and "Washington." Then the group sang "Yankee Doodle." "Inscription at Mount Vernon" was given by John Robinson. Carl Goard read a poem, "22 of February." John Robinson gave four harmonica selections entitled "Yankee Doodle," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and "Dixie." The program ended by singing the Star Spangled Banner. Everyone enjoyed the program very much.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of February 29, 1948

- March 1—Richard Wilcox, Cottage 1, 15th birthday
- March 2—Robert Evans, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- March 4—Donald Edward Hall, Cottage 9, 14th birthday
- March 5—Billy Kassell, Cottage 16, 14th birthday
- March 5—Herman Hughes, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- March 5—Edd Guinn, Cottage 7, 14th birthday
- March 6—John Wilson Robinson, Cottage 4, 15th birthday

DR. CARL V. REYNOLDS

(Better Health)

The slight, ruddy-faced man who has served North Carolina as its State Health Officer since 1934—Dr. Carl V. Reynolds—is the recipient this month of new honor—a lifetime membership in the American Social Hygiene Society.

The distinction has come only to those persons whose contributions to social hygiene have proved worthy of national recognition.

Twenty-eight years ago, Carl Veronn Reynolds shocked a group of Asheville churchwomen, to whom he was speaking, with facts and figures about the little-known venereal diseases. His was a topic not then aired in parlors and churches. Encouraged by his hearers' response, Dr. Reynolds, at that time Asheville's Health Officer, distributed the speech widely throughout the State. From 1915 to the present day, this medical statesman has fought to rip away "the veil of ignorance" depicted in that early message.

In 1939, Dr. Reynolds enlisted financial assistance of the Reynolds family, tobacco manufactures, for his fight. An intense control program thus was started in North Carolina prior to Congressional action which launched the well-financed national program. Now, as for ten years past, there are more clinic stations open for treatment of VD in North Carolina than in any other State.

The United States Public Health Service, the North Carolina State Board of Health and the Zachary Smith Reynolds Foundation pooled funds in 1942 to establish at Raleigh the Venereal Disease Education In-

stitute, thus extending Dr. Reynolds influence in the VD control movement. The educational devices developed by this agency flowed to other states, and, during the war, to military installations.

Throughout his administration, Dr. Reynolds has fought with considerable courage to rid the State of prostitution, and to place VD control clinics within easy access of the population.

Pioneering in venereal disease control is only one of the important accomplishments of North Carolina's health officer.

Public health education for many years has been a concern of Dr. Reynolds. Because of his leadership in this field, North Carolina was chosen in 1941 as the initial pilot area for demonstration programs in health education under joint auspices of the United States Public Health Service and the North Carolina State Board of Health.

The training of able public health servants has also been a passion with the Doctor. He was instrumental in establishing at the University of North Carolina the School of Public Health, with the late, great Dr. Milton Rosenau as its head.

Under Dr. Reynolds' administration, the North Carolina State Board of Health's annual appropriation increased from less than \$1,000,000 in 1934 to more than \$5,000,000 in 1946. The Board's physical plant has spread from one to four buildings; a 285-acre biological farm has been purchased and developed.

He has stepped up every State-wide

effort to eradicate all the infectious diseases and has watched the death rates from these diseases cascade amazingly. What of this physician's background?

He was born at Asheville in 1872, the son of a doctor, and one of a long line of medical men. He attended private school and later a military academy in his home town. He pursued literary studies at Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina, and graduated from the University City of New York Medical College in 1895.

Tuberculosis was the young physician's specialty when he began practice in Asheville. Although he maintained a private practice until 1934, Dr. Reynolds determined early in his career to devote a part of his time to public health needs. While he was part-time city health officer, Dr. Reynolds urged passage of some of the State's first important community health ordinances.

The steps from pioneering community health work to presidency of the State Board of Health, then to State Health officership, were natural ones for a man who put into practice the belief that the individual physician has a responsibility not only to his patient, but also to the community surrounding that patient.

It is characteristic of the man that

his philosophy of medicine has not changed from his early years in the field.

When Better Health asked the Doctor to talk ideas, he referred the writer to the 1920 annals of the North Carolina Medical Society, which he addressed as its president. His subject was daring: "Medical Legislation."

In that message he told his doctor-contemporaries:

"We advise how to get well where we should advise how to keep well."

"The trend of the public mind is toward some type of socialistic medicine . . . We should awaken, ere it is too late, and realize that certain fundamental changes are to be made and that this is necessary to society, before we are embarrassed by having our duties poorly done by incompetents . . .

"Improved medical care must come from more cooperative and less purely individualistic care from the medical profession. Free choice of physician by patient, present relation of patient to the physician, just and assured remuneration for work done by the physician, can easily be assured to the physicians under an insurance plan . . ."

Courageous. Mellow. Sensitive to human need. Lover of sport, of beauty, of life. Perhaps to an extent most North Carolinians do not realize, Carl V. Reynolds has been good for this State.

Smart Alec says the man who gets too big for his breeches will be exposed in the end!

FOLKS, FACTS AND FANCIES

By Beatrice Cobb

My good friend, Mr. Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh, sent me a clipping this week from his News and Observer, in which he related the story of the origin of an expression attributed to the late Governor Vance, said to have been made in a conversation with one of Burke county's most illustrious educators, the late Dr. R. L. Abernethy, founder of Rutherford College: "My God, Abernethy." I had heard Mr. Daniels tell it before—I think it is contained in one of his books. I don't doubt its foundation in fact. Mr. Daniels, always an ardent "dry", would have to admit that even nowadays a "disreputable" crowd of "moonshiners" and "bootleggers" are, as a rule, lined up on the "dry" side. I recall that on the occasion of one "wet-dry" election here the principal workers at the polls were well-know bootleggers. I am not drawing any conclusions, simply reporting an observation.

I hope I get a copy of the sketch Dr. Rozzelle wrote about Dr. Abernethy. I wonder if it ever occurs to Methodist leaders that a mistake was made when Rutherford College was abandoned. It served a great purpose in its day and could still have a useful place in the State's educational structure—but "that's water over the wheel", and there's no need now in indulging in vain regrets.

But back to Mr. Daniels' story, herewith quote: "It is gratifying that an adequate portrayal of a North Carolinian who deserves to be better

known was made by the Rev. C. Excellence Rozzelle at the Methodist Conference in Charlotte last week. For two generations the Rev. R. L. Abernethy has been chiefly remembered by a remark said to have been addressed to him by Senator Vance. It was during the State prohibition campaign in 1882. Dr. Abernethy was an ardent advocate of prohibition. He undertook to enlist Senator Vance for the movement, and, after his appeal to Vance to join the dries, Abernethy reported that Vance said: 'My God, Abernethy, I cannot line up with that disreputable crowd', or words to that effect.

"Who was Dr. Abernethy? Mr. Rozzelle at the historical meeting gave the story of his building a useful small college in Burke county—Rutherford College—which for years did an excellent work though hampered by lack of funds or modern buildings. We quote:

"Probably the most significant thing about the life of Abernethy was that he made unsurpassed contributions to Christian education despite the fact that he never had a single day of formal schooling. He was taught his "letters" by a Negro slave and his early textbooks were lettered sacks and barrels. Though deprived of formal education he had such thirst for knowledge that he became a great scholar with a passion for educational opportunities for all regardless of economic or social condition'."

THE WILL TO GOODNESS

(The Alabama Baptist)

As an aid to civilization, law, of course, is of great value. Every straight thinking man knows that, but, after all, law deals only with the manifestation of evil. It does not go deep enough. It often changes one's conduct, but it does not change one's attitude. As a counteraction to the world's evil, it is not adequate. To tell a man what he should do, or must do, is not the same thing as making him want to do it, and it is the "will to goodness," the "will to do God's will," which one must have if any real progress is made and the victory over evil is ultimately won.

There was once a man—the greatest strictly human figure who ever trod this earth—who had a very profound respect for certain laws, for he believed they came from God. So he set himself to obey those laws, as many a man has done since. But he found it a desperate fight—a losing struggle. This is his account of it. (Moffatt's translation.)

"The law is spiritual; we know that. But then I am a creature of the flesh, in the thralldom of sin. I cannot understand my own action. I do not act as I wish to act; on the contrary, I do what I detest.

"For in me (that is in my flesh) no good dwells, I know. The wish is there, but not the power of doing what is right. I cannot be good as I want to be, but I do wrong against my wishes."

In all of that Paul was seeing himself in relationship to the Mosaic law which did not reach his needs. It did not provide for him a will to goodness. But Paul got the will through an experience in and personal relationship to Christ. He came to say, "It is no longer I but Christ liveth in me," and his will to goodness came out of his experience in Christ, not his knowledge of the law.

No man ever kept the perfect law of God except in Christ "who is the end of all law." As was the case with Paul, Mr. Spurgeon, this writer, and millions of others, the law only adds terror and torture to the soul until peace is found in Christ. And when peace is found then comes the will to do God's will and the will finally comes out of love not law.

Oh, we have said time and again, both in preaching and writing, a thing that is verily true and yet it is the hardest thing in the world to get the one idea over to the fold. It is that the Christian religion is centered in a Person—Christ—and not any kind of law. But when he comes into the life with all of his fullness and cleansing power, whoever has him will keep all law in him.

This is what Thomas Chalmers called the "expulsive power of a new affection." It means that when the Christ-life comes into the human heart a will to do God's will comes into it also.

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR

By Roy L. Smith, in Speakers Library

There lived in New York a high-spirited girl who suffered greatly from infantile paralysis. For a time it appeared that she would be perfectly helpless for the rest of her life. On one of her worst days a kindly friend, thinking to sympathize with her, said, "Well, I suppose that **affliction colors** life for all of us." To which the afflicted girl replied, "Then I propose to choose my color." And from that day on she began to win the fight.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, retired from his coaching position with the University of Chicago because of an automatic rule which cut him off at the age of seventy, took the position of Director of Athletics at the College of the Pacific, in California, and began adding some of the most brilliant laurels of his whole career. **He chose his color, and it was not blue.**

Little Mike Dowling, at the age of fifteen, lying in the bed of a stranger, heard the farmer's wife say, "It's a pity he didn't die; what can he do with both his feet and both his hands gone?" But he determined to choose his own color, and when he died the entire state of Minnesota joined in paying him the most lavish tribute ever accorded to a citizen of the state.

Daniel, in the midst of the paganism of Babylon, purposed in **his heart that** he would not defile himself. John Bunyan, in Bedford jail, wrote "**Pilgrim's Progress**"; Cervantes, in another prison, penned the **amazing** lines of Don Quixote. **Prisons and bars** were helpless where they were concerned. Each made his imprisonment serve the largest purpose of his life, for he had a larger purpose.

Merab Mossman, another poliomyelitis victim, had to be carried from recitation room to recitation room at Morningside College, in Iowa, but on graduation day she insisted upon walking across the stage on **her crutches** to get her diploma, **instead of** having someone bring it to her. With those same crutches at her side she drove her little car to New York City and enrolled in Columbia University. On a crutch and a cane she started for China to take the chair of social science at Ginling College in Nanking. Caught in the backwash of the war, she commandeered a ricksha and from it gave the orders that fed 40,000 Chinese women and children. That's why the Chinese gave her the name of "the limping angel." She chose her color, too.

A Bible and a newspaper in every home, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.—Exchange.

THE VEILED FACE

By Dr. John W. Holland, in *Sunshine Magazine*

At Lake City, Colorado, a cloud-burst deluged a mountain gorge. People fled for their lives. When the waters subsided, it was discovered that dirt had been washed away, exposing both gold and silver ore.

The storms that sweep across human lives have a similar effect. In Ralph Connor's greatest book, "The Sky Pilot," you may remember the character, Gwen. This care-free girl, riding her pony, was injured in a cattle jam. Paralyzed from her hips down, she rebelled and grew bitter against heaven and earth.

The Sky Pilot brought her a bunch of flowers from the depths of the canyon that she loved. He told her a story of the Master of the Prairies who wanted fairer flowers than any that grew upon the open plains. Finally, a great bolt of lightning from heaven split the earth asunder, forming the canyon, and at last, in the dark and damp places of the gorge the delicate flowers grew. "The flowers of the Spirit," the Sky Pilot told Gwen, "and

these are love, peace, patience, gentleness, faith, and courage grown only in canyons of human suffering."

There was once a young man whom some people called a "good fellow." His nature bordered a bit on the brawler. He was his own worst enemy. He loved his little son almost to distraction. One day the boy was stricken with an incurable illness. In the affliction of his son, the father was transformed into a good, honorable man. The storm passed, but revealed in him unexpected gold. Perhaps, after all, a boy had better be a cripple and have a good man for a father, than be well and have a bad father.

Great character, like the gold nuggets in the mountains, needs but the storms and stresses to reveal it. If trouble and sorrow come to us, we must not sit down and repine, but wait and watch for some new richness which will certainly be revealed to us. It is really true that grief stands with veiled face to open the golden doors of love and understanding.

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CHINESE PROVERB

If there is righteousness in the heart there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

—Reprint Reader's Digest.

MOHANDAS K. GHANDI

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer)

Within the last several years one fact has been remarkable, namely: the passing of so many men and women prominent in various circles. Yes, as time passes it is likely that few will equal in lasting influence the record left behind by the man recently felled by an assassin's hand.

Especially for the 400,000,000 people of India will the effect be most pronounced with the warring factions eager to spring at each others throats.

Ghandi's chief influence was spiritual in nature, yet that influence is such as to make a marked impression on our age when so much stress is habitually laid on materiality. Whether we agree with the Mahatma's philosophy or not is beside the point. He exerts a definite influence on the thought of today with emphasis on coming generations of thinkers. He lived a life of a little more than the allotted span of three score and ten. At least he was never a menace to the well-being of mankind, and that is something.

Other men in other times have followed the identical lines of reasoning: that of overcoming evil with good, literally submerging the latter in an ocean of goodness. Sometimes one can shame a person into decency. Sometimes, however, it is impossible, and then other means must be employed to correct what is in error.

However, it ought to be quite clear that to be right and to be just are to be true and worth the striving; it for no other reason than for the peace of mind thus reached. To be right is to be substantially fortified. To be just is to be rationally sound. To be true

is to be invincible in the face of falsehood. For whatever is false is worthless.

The visible presence of the Mathatma has gone from among men. His influence remains. The coming years will increase rather than lessen that influence. The world can little afford the loss of its truly great men, especially at a time when the passions of men threaten to run wild and cause a cataclysmic upheaval.

On the shady side is the handiwork of the cowardly assassin. He will be forgotten, being engulfed in a chasm of oblivion, and this, too, is as it should be; for the unjust deed added nothing to the cause which the irresponsible group espoused. The hand that struck down had nothing of worth to offer. A cause is rotten if rotten means are employed to further its end. And with this we can brush aside all thought of the workers of unholy deeds.

To western minds, Ghandi's ideas may have seemed peculiar because they were oriental in nature. But this is not entirely correct for, no matter where we may be, or in whatever circumstances we may be placed, either by our own efforts or by exterior influences, right and wrong stand eternally opposed with no possible chance for a reconciliation. There can never be a compromise. The cleavage between the two is definite and lasting. In this knowledge Ghandi governed his thinking and his thinking controlled his actions. He knew the value of logical reasoning governed by sound ethical laws, and

he further understood the efficacy of being right no matter if the entire world chose to be wrong. He had on his side the Eternal Verities.

So it matters little if men mock the efforts of good men to bring about the **Brotherhood of Man**. It will come, Men like Guatama, Socrates, Ghandi

—and the Christ—have already triumphed to the utter consternation of the forces of evil. The victory is assured. The new world to come will be a world of peace—and of truth. And those who have in time witnessed for the truth will be vindicated.

HATE IS A HORRID WORD

By Ethel Barron

When I was a child, I believed that if a person harmed you in some way, the thing to do was to hate him with all your heart and he would be harmed, too. Then an incident arose which aroused doubts in my mind about my pet theory.

One day, my father sent me to the store for his newspaper. There was some change left over from the money he gave me. On the way home I lost it. My father did not believe my story. He was convinced that I had spent it and was afraid to tell him the truth.

To punish me, he said that I must stay at home while my sisters and brother went to a picnic to which I had looked forward with a great deal of anticipation. For that entire day, I hated my father. I hated him so much that I wished some horrible fate would overtake him.

"When I am older," I vowed, "I am going to become a lady policeman so that I can arrest him and put him in jail."

That unworthy ambition so filled my thoughts and so blinded me to my surroundings that I did not realize that the cellar door was open I, not my father, fell headlong into the cellar. I, not my father, had sprained an

ankle. Hate had acted as a boomerang. It had hit me, not the person whom I hated.

As I grew older, I realized more and more how horrid a word hate is and how devastating it can be, not so much to the one who is hated, but to the one who hates.

The Dictionary defines the words "to hate" as "to dislike intensely; to detest." But actually its connotations extend much further. Hater is an overwhelming emotion that is like some turbulent river which overflows its banks and leaves desolation and havoc.

Physicians will tell you that it is actually bad for the nervous system. It tenses the body. It causes one to lose sleep and appetite. It disturbs the digestion.

Psychologically, too, it leaves its terrible mark. The person who hates exudes hate in every thought, in every action. Inadvertently, when you hate you show it in your eyes, in the shape of your mouth, in the cadence of your voice. People will sense hatred in you, and they will steer away from you as they do from the plague. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Hate, and you hate alone."

HOW TO SUCCEED

(Selected)

Years ago a little lad walked down a river road toward New York City. A man came along in a buggy and stopped to talk to him. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going to New York to get a job," the young man answered.

"What kind of job?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know much about anything except making soap. I don't suppose I'll ever get anywhere just doing that," the young man replied.

"Young fellow," the elderly man said, "somebody is going to make the very best soap in the world and that man might be you."

When they separated that day, the young man's future had been influenced by the conversation. He arrived in New York City and went to work at soapmaking with amazing vigor. That young man's name was James Colgate—founder of the famous Colgate soap enterprise.

Everybody can be placed into one of two categories: those who are going some place, and those who are going no place. In order to get some place we must have an aim. Young Colgate set his sights high and achieved success.

When Jim Farley died back in 1898, he left his widow and three sons with only a few hundred dollars for their subsistence. His oldest boy, Jim, was only ten years old, but he had to do work in a brick yard in order to keep the family going. Young Jim didn't

have a chance to get much education. But he determined that he was going to be a success. He reasoned that the most valuable asset man can possess is a friend.

He never got inside a high school, but four colleges had honored him with degrees by the time he became chairman of the Democratic National Committee and Postmaster General of the United States.

One day a reporter interviewing Jim Farley asked him the secret of his success. "Is it hard work?" the reporter asked. "No. That wasn't most important," Farley answered.

Then the reporter said, "I understood that you call 10,000 people by their first names."

"No, the figure is wrong," Farley said, "I call 50,000 people by their first names." And that, Jim Farley himself maintains, was the secret of his success—he had a genuine interest in people. He could call multiplied thousands by their first names and many thousands of them he knew intimately enough to talk of some of the problems they were facing.

Many believe that one of the greatest influences in getting Franklin D. Roosevelt into the White House was the ability Mr. Farley had of winning friends. That's twisting the whole business of friendship around to personal advantage, perhaps, but one can scarcely help others without helping himself.

A CLEAR ROAD TO PEACE

(The Local Preacher)

While a great many people realize to an appreciable degree their responsibilities as citizens of the nation and the world and, according to their opportunities and abilities, information and belief, make sincere efforts to shoulder these responsibilities, there are far too many individuals who are content to enjoy the fruits of national and world security but who are unwilling to do their share in maintaining it.

If some well-meaning people who prate of peace and brotherhood, would work as hard at the job of removing the real causes of war as they do at undermining the defenses of our country, we would have more respect for their sincerity. If these people think peace can be maintained without an adequate army and navy while their, in their greed and avarice, continue to demand higher wages, shorter hours, bigger profits, higher prices for products, and more of the good things of life—all at the expense of low wages poverty, undernourishment,

and intolerable living conditions for less fortunate people—they are due for another rude awakening.

Accepting in principal the theory that "one world" of Christian brotherhood would need no restraining forces to keep the peace, we must face the fact that today we do not live in such a world. So far from this ideal are we that even our smallest village in nominally Christian America has a peace officer, while in our larger cities thousands of policemen are necessary.

But even this fact does not mean that peace in the world is impossible, if we are willing to forego, until the world is more Christian, our idealistic idea of peace. The fact that policemen do keep the peace in our communities and in our cities points the way to peace in the world—even in as un-Christian a world as ours.

It also points the finger of responsibility at the decent nations of our time, and charges them with a definite obligation to see that peace is maintained.

THESE THINGS

You know the things you've wanted,
 Since you were just a kid,
 The things you've often said you'd do,
 But somehow never did.

Remember the plans you've made,
 And just filed away?
 Well, put them off no longer,
 And do them today.

—Howard Brittain.

THE UPLIFT

EDUCATION

(By G. McATee, in Keystone)

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us, to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God, who made us, has endowed us.

Education alone, is not the complete, unmitigated procedure the world is ever endeavoring so unfruitfully to establish as a crime deterrent. But, it is an excellent and essential asset toward the elimination of the so called social vice.

Education begins in the cradle, on the mother's knee. It is the cultural and moral teachings at home that form the basis of character. The strength and moral standards of every state and country lies in the infinite teaching and education of its youth and adults alike.

How great the effect education has on character is evident by the fact that prison bodies as a whole, constitute an overwhelming majority of academic and vocational incompetence. Approximately seventy percent or more of those confined behind "gray walls," show an alarming discrepancy between "book education" and intellectual ability. This is an immediate threat to the man about to be released on parole.

Invariably the inability to adjust oneself and to secure work to maintain a livelihood in the world of today can be attributed to lack of education. Also, these are the paramount causes of crime. And, constitute a hazard for the prospective parolee. Failure of the man on parole to satisfactorily

fulfill his obligations can, without an iota of doubt be laid at the door of his own stupidity. Beyond all reasonable doubt, education offers a high hope for rehabilitation. It prepares the parolee for complete living. Aids him in his understanding of the social scheme of which he is now a part. It assists him to function more understandingly, more willingly, and more effectively as a good citizen. The range of observation that education offers is unlimited. And, the pleasures derived from a desire to learn are many. At the present time about one fourth of our prison population is taking advantage of the educational opportunities of this institution for self improvement. Either by attending regular classes or by correspondence. This should be much greater.

The uneducated parolee has little, if any, regard for society. He feels that society having done its worst to him, now owes him a debt. He is out "to get even." And wants to get back a "bit" of his own.

With this in mind he proceeds to gain by "hook or crook" anything that is not nailed down. He seeks and finds only companions like himself, uneducated, unemployed, a nuisance to themselves and everybody else, they are without a place in the economic regime of a law abiding community. And, sooner or later, depending upon his luck, he finds himself back again, behind the gray walls, telling all and sundry who will listen to him of the "raw deal" the parole officer, the

judge and the police gave him. Never thinking for a moment that his incredible stupidity was one of the main factors in his return to the prison.

Reform is an individual matter. If we are sincere in our efforts to rehabilitate ourselves. If we truly desire to become a law abiding citizen of our country, we then, should by all means, take into account our failings and endeavor to the best of our ability to correct them and to partake of any worthwhile program that would materially aid us Bearing in mind that prison atrophies the power of "finding ourselves" in the world of today, each and everyone of us should acquaint ourselves with the educational opportunities afforded us through the medium of "our school." I say our school—because it definitely is our

school.

We should and must admit that the lack of perception regarding crimes definitely show that had we been properly trained, properly educated, given adequate schooling and necessary vocational guidance, then perhaps our chances of entering a penal institution would have been practically nil.

Education is the root of rehabilitation. It is the immediate solution to our problem.

In the industrial world of today, there is an ever increasing demand for skilled workmen, executives and specialists, which is dependent upon the general education of the individual.

Speaking in rough trends, we can hardly expect the employer to employ, or society to accept the uneducated.



PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL

Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
 Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
 Continuous effort of itself implies,
 In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
 'Twixt failure and success the point's so fine
 Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
 But oh! how true, when shades of doubt dismay
 'Tis often darkest just before the day.
 There is no failure, save from within;
 Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.
 A little more persistence, courage, vim—
 Success will dawn o'er failure's cloudy rim—
 Take thou this honey for the bitter cup—
 There is no failure, save in giving up.—Henry W. Austin.

TRUTH VERSUS FALSEHOOD

By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The Lond Prison Farmer*

When a business man makes a deal he generally, indeed always, if he be a good business man, gives plenty of thought as to the real value of his transaction as far as he, himself, is concerned. He just wouldn't do business long if he weren't that smart; and that he knows when and if he has made a good deal goes without saying.

Now we, all of us, are in business. Our business is to "sell ourselves" to the world. In the process two vital factors enter—truth and falsehood.

We can, of course, lie about ourselves, about our real intentions, about our aspirations. We can indeed for a time seemingly "gain" by deception; but, make no bones about it, in the long run we stand to lose everything when men find out that we have been untruthful. Within ourselves the virus of deception will have become operative so that before long we will be definitely on the downward path to inevitable disaster and total loss.

By falsifying we gain only the contempt of decent men; because they are certain to discover that we have deceived them. If we make a habit of lying the time will come when we will not be believed even though we tell the truth. That is the punishment due to lying.

Naturally, in playing a game, or when we are members of a military organization, we try to deceive the opponent in order to gain an advantage. Yet even that is strictly in accordance with the established rules of the game. To bring back false re-

ports on the enemy's activities would be playing right into his hands with consequences disastrous to our own men.

In all normal dealings we are expected to be truthful. It is only by so doing that we can retain a good reputation in the community or enhance our prestige. Surely, he who resorts to a lie to cover up his mistakes is far from honest even with himself. Motivated by fear he becomes a moral coward and thus is placed, by himself, on the defensive. Being on the defensive requires apologies. But when we are right we are not in need of defense because the truth is its own defense.

Why does a man lie? Because his cause is unworthy; because he has something to cover up; because he isn't sure of obtaining his objective. Furthermore, it is a definite sign of a characteristic weakness.

Truth is a mighty tower of defense and also a powerful offense weapon. Truth cannot be overcome by a lie; although, sometimes, the lie remains effective for a long time until the truth comes to light. Still, even in adversity, it is better to be truthful than to resort to falsification. Our conscience approves when we are right, it condemns us when we are in the wrong.

Since we are in the business of selling ourselves to the world we ought to make ourselves as valuable as possible. That is the method employed by all successful businessmen the

world over. As our integrity becomes evident, our prestige mounts, and when that happens we cannot fail to attain success. Indeed, the really successful man is he who has established himself as a thoroughly reliable character, a man who can be depended upon to be right under all circumstances.

All men hold the common liar in contempt. Such a one is shunned. On the other hand, all men are forced to respect the man who is truthful, who goes out of his way to be honest with others as well as with himself. Falsehood therefore, is lost; truth means victory.



GIVE A LAD THE THINGS HE NEEDS

Give a lad the things he needs
 And he'll not stray from right;
 Give a lad the help he asks,
 A goal to keep in sight,
 A bit of love, a bit of trust,
 A little guidance too;
 A helping hand, encouragement,
 Good cheer when he feels blue.

Teach him to judge 'tween right and might,
 Show him the value of a smile;
 Show him that others' happiness
 Is what makes life worthwhile.
 Give a lad the things he needs,
 If you would have him grow
 Into a man that all men trust—
 And all men proudly know.

—G. F. Bentley.

LETHARGY VS. ALERTNESS

(Reprinted from L. P. F.)

Lethargy and alertness are direct opposites. The one implies mental stagnation; the other is identified with keenness of mind eminently awake to eventualities. Lethargy is like something which puts its victims to sleep, which deadens the reasoning faculty, which limits the effective scope of beneficial influence. The alert person is always on his toes, ever prepared to take advantage of opportunities.

That which is lethargic is dull and unimpressive, sleepy, only half-alive. The term is kin to "lethe", and this is readily understood when we speak of the "lethal" or knockout punch inflicted in the roped arena. A disinclination to action; a proneness to accept a state of inertia; stagnation, mental as well as physical—these are lethargy.

Between two men, one possessing a keen intellect and the other sluggish, it is the former that will get ahead because he can foresee possibilities which are hidden from the dullard. Furthermore, the incentive to learn more increases as the individual's knowledge accumulates. But where there is no will to learn, where there is a lack of urge, where one just drifts with the tide (the line of least resistance), the intellect is stultified deadened, or, ineffective to further the individual's best interests.

A nation, as also an individual, can easily sink into cultural decay and become lethargic; then it remains inactive while other nations advance industrially, scientifically, socially or

culturally. We have the "sleepy" nation as well as the "stupid" individual.

By the term "lethargy" is meant that state of mind where, an individual or group of individuals submit willingly to drift along, to remain inactive when action is in order. Naturally, it is evident that such a state of affairs is harmful both to the individual and to the community as a whole.

The normally healthy individual is naturally alert, prone to engage in physical and mental activity. For him, nothing is so dead as stagnation, inertia, or as some put it — "drifting with the tide." The lazy man drifts. He lacks the spiritual impulse that might lead him to reach worthwhile objectives. He is lost in the midst of spiritual depression, in the lethargic realm of "let the other fellow do it," in other words, **there's no get-up about him because he has led himself to believe that the world owes him a living'** so that all he has to do is wait until the world is ready to agree with him.

Lethargy is that dreamy state in which men sometimes lose themselves while waiting and expecting something to happen. Sluggishness, from an intellectual standpoint, is one of the principal ingredients that go into the development of psychological failure. Thinking, for such, is altogether too much like hard work, and they don't like to work.

On the other hand, alertness to surroundings and to opportunities for self-improvement is necessary if the individual is to rise above the com-

monality, is to stand out above others; not that he wants to appear superior, but because it is the natural thing for him to do as a rational creature. One ought to realize that a man is only alive in so far as he is capable of logical thinking. That is, he is alive from the neck up.

THE TEACHER'S "IF"

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, from *Treasured Verses*, Warp Publishing Company.

If you can take your dreams into the classroom,
 And always make them part of each day's work;
 If you can face the countless petty problems,
 Nor turn from them, nor ever try to shirk;
 If you can live so that the child you work with
 Deep in his heart knows you to be a man;
 If you can take "I can't" from out his language
 And put in a place a vigorous "I can;"
 If you can take love with you to the classroom,
 And yet on firmness never shut the door;
 If you can teach a child the love of nature,
 So that he helps himself to all her store;
 If you can teach him life is what we make it,
 That he himself can be his only bar;
 If you can tell him something of the heavens,
 Or something of the wonder of a star;
 If you with simple bits of truth and honor,
 His better self occasionally reach,
 And yet not overdo nor have him dub you
 As one who is inclined to ever preach;
 If you impart to him a bit of liking
 For all the wondrous things he finds in print,
 Yet have him understand that to be happy,
 Play, exercise, fresh air he must not stint;
 If you can give of all the best that's in you,
 And in the giving always happy be;
 If you can find the good that's hidden somewhere
 Deep in the heart of every child you see;
 If you can do these things and all the others
 That teachers everywhere do every day—
 You're in the work that you were surely meant for.
 Take hold of it! Know it's your place and stay.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Concord, preached to the boys at the school last Sunday afternoon. We were delighted to have Mr. McKinnon, and the boys, no doubt, will profit by the excellent message he brought to them.

Mr. McKinnon read a selection of Scripture from the second chapter of Ephesians, beginning with the 19th verse and extending through the 22nd. In his talk to them he stressed the meaning and the importance of the church. The great apostle Paul wrote the letter of the Ephesians to the young church at Ephesus and used these words:

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God;

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

The church at Ephesus at the time of Paul's letter had been in existence for a brief period of only ten years, and it greatly needed his encouragement.

Mr. McKinnon explained that there are three important things to remember regarding the church and what it is. These are as follows:

First, the church offers citizenship in the kingdom of which Christ is king.

Second, membership in the church represents being in the household of heaven with God at the head of the house.

Third, the church, materially speaking, is a holy temple. The great apostle Paul belonged to the Jewish

sect, and at the same time he was a Roman citizen by birth. This, of course, gave him certain definite rights and privileges. At one time he was arrested in Jerusalem because he preached a doctrine of loyalty to Jesus Christ. He was beaten, his hands were tied, and he was stripped of his clothing. Then it was that Paul asked the question: "Is it fair to punish a man who is a Roman citizen before he has had a fair trial?" When Paul explained to the judge that he was a Roman citizen, the same judge replied that he had obtained this privilege with a great price.

It was explained by the minister that Paul was a citizen of the kingdom of heaven because he had experienced the rebirth on the road to Damascus. This is the experience through which every Christian may enter if he is but willing.

In illustrating the importance of becoming an American citizen, with all the rights and privileges accompanying it, Mr. McKinnon explained that any foreigner who desires citizenship in this country must undergo certain definite requirements. He must stay in this country a certain length of time and life suitable papers. He must have others with good reputations to vouch for him, and he must also renounce his allegiance to any other foreign nation. All of these are experiences which test the new loyalty of a prospective citizen.

To illustrate further, Mr. McKinnon explained that the early Pilgrims who came to this country were accustomed to assemble at times in the famous Plymouth Hall. Here they had about

them their old English Bibles, certain antique relics, and articles of clothing. Thus, although they were Pilgrims and strangers in a foreign land, they had brought with them certain material articles that represented bits of England.

Thus it was pointed out that one who becomes a Christian really renounces his allegiance to the evil things of his former life, and he takes new obligations, and by his interest and his behavior he acquires for himself new credentials as a Christian. It was said of the early apostles that they were "in the world but not of it."

Those who were members of the church, and everyone should be, generally find a church almost wherever they go. Christians in the church are of the household of God. They are brothers and sisters in sainthood. Those who have acquired membership in this household have a profound sense of security. They have a home for a refuge, and it is the home in which God offers His love and care to those who worship Him. The christian church is described as a temple, with Christ as the chief cornerstone. All churches, generally, have their cornerstone, and in olden times they were stones that tied the walls together.

In the present day there are many churches and many different denominations, but they are all bound together in their allegiances to the one Christ. Today the church is a growing institution, possessing a moral strength and excellence. It is sustained by the Spirit of God, Himself.

In conclusion, Mr. McKinnon pointed out that, no doubt, Paul's letter to the young church at Ephesus meant much to these early Christians. They lived in a city where the great temple to Diana was located. It was recognized as one of the seven wonders of the world. She was the goddess of love, and her statue stood in the hall of this great building. She wielded a great influence there. On the other hand, the young church, composed of a mere handful of Christians, almost two thousand years ago, made an humble beginning and its existence has been made stronger with the passing of the years. The great temple to Diana has long since crumbled, and today there are only pictures of it and images of it on coins, whereas on the other hand the church of the living Christ has spread through the world, and today it represents the consecrated Christians in all the different lands of the earth.

Next to being right in the world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, because you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing about between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere; but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again.

—Thomas Huxley.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Many a woman who can't add can certainly distract.

—:—

Where the going gets tough, the tough keep going.

—:—

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.

—:—

He who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.

"I will get ready, and then perhaps my chance will come.—Lincoln.

—:—

Truly, this world can get on without us, if would think so.—Longfellow.

—:—

The boy who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

—:—

The sweetest pleasures are those which do not exhaust hope.—DeLevis.

—:—

He who would climb a tree must grasp its branches—not the blossoms.

—:—

The hypocrite pays tribute to God that he may impose upon the man.
—Swift.

—:—

"A chip on the shoulder always indicates that there is wood higher up."

—:—

I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

—:—

Were'er men go—in Heaven or Hell—they find themselves. And that is all they find.

—:—

When neither their property nor their honor is touched, the majority of men live content.

—:—

I have never for one instant seen clearly within myself. How then

would you have me judge the deeds of others?

—:—

Never judge a man by his failures. He may have been too honest to succeed.

—:—

What we'd like to know is what certain people do with all their money and where they get it.

—:—

"There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-wearers here below."—Spurgeon.

—:—

A laughing hyena escaped from the circus. I would suggest lookin in the local movie house for it.

—:—

Some people are so dumb that even pouring liniment on their heads wouldn't make them smart.

—:—

The future always holds something for the man who keeps his faith in it.
—Selected.

—:—

God has never been discouraged by small beginnings; it is small growth that disappoints Him.—Roy F. Smith.

A peach came walking down the street
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye
And the peach became a pear.

—:—

Be methodical if you would succeed in business, or in anything. Have a work for every moment, and mind the moment's work.

—:—

A determined man can do more with a rusty wrench than a loafer with all the tools in a machine shop.

—Exchange.

—:—

There never was a person who did anything worth doing that did not receive more than he gave.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Why do women who are dieting accept dinner invitations.

—:—

Shot—that which, if some people have more than one, they are half.

—:—

“Talk may be cheap, but it has cost many a man his name, fame and fortune.”

—:—

A bachelor is a man who gets a chance to use his home phone once in a while.

—:—

Now is the time for all apartment janitors to make warm friends of their tenants.

—:—

Money doesn't make a fool out of a girl nearly as often as a girl makes money out of a fool.

—:—

Then there was the drunk who saw a sign and said: “It can't be done!” The sign read: “Drink Canada Dry.”

—:—

Good company, and good discourse are the very sinews virtue.

—Izaak Walton.

—:—

Trailers are being taken to the wilds by hunters. What's handier than chasing your dinner with the dining room?

—:—

Courting some girls is like a football game—just when the line is going strong, a little interference ruins everything.

—:—

“Why don't you wear clothes that fit you?”

“I wouldn't feel right. I was in the Army three years.”

—:—

The shortest possible unit of time that scientist have discovered is that between the turn of the light to green and the honk of the car behind you.

Whenever Janie kisses me
My blood begins to freeze;
I wish she'd kiss me all at once
Instead of by degrees.

—:—

A scientist says it is the lower part of the face, not the eyes, that gives away one's thoughts—especially when one opens the lower part of his face.

—:—

Professor: “Jones, what three words are used most among college students?”

Jones: “I don't know.”

Professor. “Correct.”

—:—

An Army sergeant had been retired after long service. “What are you going to do now?” he was asked.

“I'm going to take it easy. For six weeks. I'm just going to sit on the porch. After that I'm going to start rocking—slowly.”

—:—

With graceful feet, a maiden sweet,
Was tripping the light fantastic;

When she suddenly tore for the
dressing room door,

The cause—post-war elastic.

Usually the first screw to get loose in a person's head is the one that controls the tongue.

—:—

Several little hairpins

Scattered here and there,

Gasoline deleted,

Tires minus air,

Faint perfume aroma,

Mud-guards sprayed with tar,

Plainly shows that Junior

Last night had the car.

—:—

“What happened after you were thrown out of the side exit on your face?”

“I told the usher I belonged to a very prominent family.”

“So what?”

“He begged my pardon, asked me in again and threw me out the front door.”

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 21, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
 Albert Cox -
 Charles Fields
 Billy Kassell
 Onie Kilpatrick
 Calvin Matheson
 Gerald Petty
 Frank Phillips
 J. W. Sorrell
 Rufus Tuggle
 Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
 Carl Church
 Alfred Davis
 James Jones
 Alfred Perry
 Bobby Porter
 Bobby Pope
 Bobby Rice
 Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
 Harvey Arnette
 Bobby Blake
 Hubert Brooks
 Billy Holder
 Lester Jenkins
 Woodrow Mace
 Thomas Martin
 Eddie Medlin
 Billy McVicker
 Johnny Ollis
 Eugene Peterson
 Melvin Radford
 Van Robinson
 James Scott
 Thomas Shepherd
 Clyde Smith
 Donald Stack
 James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
 James Christy
 Glenn Evans
 David Gibson
 Herbert Griffin
 Earl Hensley

Jack Jarvis
 James Martin
 Otis Maness
 Wayne Millsaps
 Woodrow Norton
 Francis Dean Ray
 Claude Sexton
 Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
 Avery Brown
 Robert Covington
 Frank Fulbright
 Earl Gilmore
 Herman Hughes
 Leon Martin
 James Myers
 Russell Murphy
 Jimmy McCollum
 Johnny Robinson
 Robert Thompson
 Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
 Billy Best
 Jimmy Cauthern
 Herman Fore
 Danny Mack Hayes
 Carl Howell
 William Hinson
 Evan Myers
 Lester Owens
 Lewis Parris
 George Patterson
 Charles Pinkston
 Glenn Rice
 Harold Wilkinson
 Leroy Williams
 J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Floyd Bruce
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 John Ganey
 Edward Ingold
 Melvin Ledford
 Jerry Minner

Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Frank Spivey
 Elijah Spivey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Jimmy Delvichio
 Emmitt Fields
 Marvin Guyton
 Jack Griffin
 Herman Hutchins
 Thomas Miller
 Marion Ross
 Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10

Marshall Beaver
 Albert Cavin
 Ted Clonch
 Everett Covington
 Talmadge Duncan
 Gerald Johnson
 George Marr
 Jack Melvin
 James Moore
 Jerry Peavey
 John Potter
 Kenneth Staley
 Robert Whitaker
 J. C. Mikeal

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Asheburn
 Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brimm
 Zane Brisson

Bill Carswell
 Jack Coleman
 Homer Fisher
 Carl Goard
 David Hill
 Chester Lee
 Nathan McCarson
 Edwin Parker
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Russell Seagle
 Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Earl Bowden
 Frank Grady
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Jerry Rippey
 Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 J. K. Blackburn
 Howard Bass
 Charles Farmer
 Harry Hill
 Garland Leonard
 Frank Sargent
 Carroll Teer
 Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Hugh Barnes
 Robert Canady
 Eden Chavis
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Bernie Houser
 Harvey Jacobs
 Sammy Lynn
 Carroll Painter
 Bobby Peavey
 Walter Samson
 Harold Sloop
 Harold Thomas
 Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
 Harvey Honeycutt
 THE END

C364

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THE UPLIFT

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NO. 10

CAROLINA ROOM

MAR 8 1948

THE COURAGEOUS

“They on the heights are not the souls
 Who never erred nor went astray
 Who trod unswerving toward their goals
 Along a smooth, rose-bordered way.
 Nay—those who stand, where first comes
 dawn,
 Are those who stumbled—but went on.”

—Observed by Geo. W. Olinger.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

A MOTHER AND HER BABY

God made the streams that gurgle down the purple mountain-side;
He made the gorgeous coloring with which the sunset's dyed;
He made the hills and covered them with glory; and He made
The sparkle on the dew-drop and the shifting shine and shade.
Then, seeing, that He needed but a crown for all earth's charms,
He made a little woman with a baby in her arms.
He made the arching rainbow that is hurled across the sky;
He made the blessed flowers that nod and smile as we go by;
He made the ball-room beauty as she sways with queenly grace,
But sweetest of them all He made the lovelight in the face
That bends above a baby warding off all earth's alarms—
God bless the little woman with a baby in her arms.

—Observed by Geo. W. Olinger-Denver, Colo., U. S. A.

—:—

THE RECREATIONAL PROGRAM AT JTS HIGHLY BENEFICIAL

For a period of a little more than two years, the recreational program at the Jackson Training School, including various sports and games and playground activities, has been under the supervision of a full-time director, Mr. Earl Walters. Mr. Walters became a member of the staff in February, 1946, and since that time the total recreational program has been expanded and enriched with the purpose of giving to each and every boy an opportunity to participate in various sports and games according to his own physical ability.

There are many evidences of the fact that the morale of the boys is far superior to what it was prior to the introduction of the

recreational program. The boys are much more satisfied and contented and their improved behavior has been reflected in all the other activities at the school. The very fact that not a single boy ran away during the month of February is an indication of the contentment among the boys. We are certain that the recreational program, including swimming, boxing, baseball, basketball, and football, has had a very wholesome effect upon the entire population. There have been many instances in which boys have participated either as members of cottage teams or as members of varsity teams, and through their experiences they have learned to live in harmony with their fellow students. They have learned to have a feeling that they belong to certain groups, and they have learned many valuable lessons in muscular coordination. Likewise, it is true that many boys by becoming proficient in some of the branches of sports have developed a feeling of self-pride, and it has tended to improve their entire personalities.

It is believed that the play program has even helped materially with the improvement of work habits, because it is evident that play and work, if properly directed, merge into one another for the total improvement of the individual.

It has been our purpose in recent months to provide many different types of recreational activities. This wide variety has enabled the school to reach almost every boy who is enrolled here.

It has not been our purpose to be fanatical or lopsided in thinking of an adequate recreational program of sports and games as compared with other phases of the program, such as religious and educational training and work activities, but we have deliberately given more emphasis toward recreation for boys instead of thinking of the boys as being here primarily to earn their own way in the world.

It is certain that many of our boys have had their first opportunity here at the Jackson Training School to participate in wholesome recreation. Prior to their commitment to us, no doubt, many of them had found their recreation in the alleyways or some other filthy spot inhabited frequently by undirected gangs. Here it happens that a twelve, thirteen, or fourteen-year-old boy in a football game catches a punt, races across the field, is tackled and thrown under a heap of squirming humanity that almost knocks

him out, and still he calls it play and fun of the highest type. In the football game he is doing the thing that he has heard about, read about and seen before.

As the boys participate in various sports they develop good habits of play and learn the lesson of social adaptation. Through numerous play activities they tend to correct whatever tendencies they may have toward shyness, excessive day dreaming, depression, unusual discouragement, brooding over-imaginary, injury or insults, over-sensitiveness, sullenness, and bullying. In their various sports and games the boys engage in running, jumping, dodging, throwing, chasing one another, and all these tend to develop each boy's own individuality, and through them he learns to measure himself against his playmates. After a while the boy tends to reach that point where he becomes an important unit in organized team activities, and the games tend to demand all his interest, his ability, his strength and his loyalty.

The boy who learns to take part in games here, and most of them do, acquires certain habits and skills which tend to make social adaptation easier now, and it will be easier for him in adult life. For the young boy, participation in sports and games is a serious matter, and it is highly essential for mental and physical health and growth and for personal and social development.

John Dewey and other educators have shown us the importance of recreation in the total educational process in these words:

“First, the child learns by doing.

“Second, the activity must be fundamentally satisfying to the child.

“Third, the activity must be interesting.

“The activity should provide opportunities for the development of human personality, including muscular coordination, intellectual, emotional, and organic development.”

When sports and games for boys are wisely planned and supervised they represent one of the richest opportunities for character development. It is generally recognized that any boy is most nearly himself when he plays, and it is at the time of participation in sports that the adult leader has his best chance for instilling proper character traits, proper attitudes toward authority and other boys.

Football has many fine social values for boys. On the other hand, if improperly guided, it may be made the occasion for cheat-

ing, spiking opponents, slugging, or unsportsmanlike razzing, but if properly guided it becomes a strong moral force in the lives of boys.

Sports and games within themselves may not always be regarded as virtuous in themselves, but rather as a rich source of good influence of adult leaders.

Many communities throughout the nation have in recent years discovered that there is a very high relationship or correlation between the recreational program and the local problems of juvenile delinquency. What starts out as innocent play becomes mischief because of the wrong environment and the need for proper guidance. Mischief, in turn, becomes delinquency. Delinquency leads to adult crime, and so we have a vicious circle.

Just as it is important for the child in the local community to avoid shooting craps in the back alley or on the sidewalk, so it is that the boys who are with us here need the best recreational program possible. The recreational program has been unusually helpful here and, no doubt, it will continue to be expanded and strengthened as the months pass.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 7, 1948

- March 10—David Hill, Cottage 13, 15th birthday
- March 11—Jerry Rippy, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
- March 11—Robert Thompson, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- March 11—Ransom Edwards, Cottage 2, 15th birthday
- March 12—Donald Branch, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- March 13—Clyde Smith, Cottage 2, 15th birthday
- March 13—Carlton Wilcox, Cottage 15, 17th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Trip

By Elmer Sutherland, 1th Grade

Cottage number six went to wild-wood cottage Saturday afternoon. We had a good time. We caught six fish.

We climbed trees, and had good things to eat.

Our Trip

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Russell took No. 6 to the log cabin Saturday. Some of the boys fished. Minter caught five fish and Seagle caught one fish. All of the boys enjoyed the trip.

Second Grade News

By Harvey Ennis, 2nd Grade

We are glad March has come. We will get to fly our kites. We have a new boy in our grade, his name is Jimmy Bonds and he is from Concord. We know he will like it here, and we are glad to have him in our room.

Yellowjackets Edges Legion 36-35

By Herman Hughes 11th Grade

The Yellow Jackets got into action last night when they slipped past the powerful Legion a team who is on top of the league. The Yellow Jackets made it a habit to knock the leading team off.

They have defeated Wensil, a one time and undefeated an untied team and last night it was Legion.

I think the Yellow Jackets have the

best team in the league, but they aren't lucky enough to win. Most of their loses have been by 1 or 2 points, but they are clicking now and, I believe they will come through the rest of the schedule undefeated.

It was the same trio who sparkled the Jackets last night. Johnson, Staley, and Walters while Glover and Klutz gave the losers 26.

Our Teacher is Back

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Miss Sarah Oehler was sick for 3 days. She came to school Monday. We did not go to the work line. But we were sent around to the rooms. Some of the third grade went to the first grade, and some to another grade. We are all glad Miss Oehler is back.

Our Trip to Wildwood Cottage

By Willard Brown, First Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Peck took us to Wildwood Cottage Sunday afternoon. We had supper down there. We fished some in the creek. We played a funny game. We had a good time. We hope we can go again. I was about to fall in the creek.

Cottage No. 3's Walk

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Sunday afternoon under the supervision of Mr. Caldwell the boys of Cottage 3 went on a walk. First they went to the gravel pit and played some games and then went into the woods

to look for signs of Spring. After that we started back to the Cottage. We wish to thank Mr. Caldwell for taking us on this nice trip.

My Turtle

Sunday we went on a walk in the woods. We jumped rabbits. I found a mud turtle. We kept looking for more rabbits, but couldn't find a rabbit. We started to the cottage and went through the fields and Mr. Hinson jumped a rabbit. We went through the mud and we went through corn fields. We could not catch the rabbit so we came to the cottage.

Mr. Russel's Garden

By Russell Seagle, 1th Grade

At the laundry, Mr. Russel is fixing to plant some tomatoe seed. Sam Finney and Ralph Seagle went to the woods and got some rich dirt. He planted seed Saturday morning, they haven't come up yet but they will be soon. When they come up Mr. Russell is going to give these boys who helped him some of the tomatoes.

Kite Flying At The School

For the past few days the boys at the school have been flying kites.

Saturday right after dinner it was rather difficult to get one up owing to rough winds, so some of the boys waited about 2:00 or 2:30 when the wind died down.

Some of the boys have funny kites, some are, "The man in the moon, "The Colors," "A kite," A big League."

Needless to say that the boys enjoy seeing kites fly.

The Visitors

By Richard Cook, 3rd Grade

Sunday we had visitors at the Sunday School. One of them played a trombone after Sunday School. Two of them came to the cottage and played softball. It was a good game. After the ball game they told us a story. It was a good one. We liked it. At dinner they ate with us. After dinner they played some more ball with us for a little while. They left us.

Banquet for the All-Star Football Team

By Jimmie Jones, 1th Grade

The Lions Club and the Kawanis Club invited the all Star Football players to a banquet Monday night Feb. 2.

Mr. Hawfield went with us over there.

We had a good supper, after that we had speeches and jokes, we also saw a film about Davidson College football team. than the all star players were given a little golden colored football as a trophy for their work.

Our Study on Astronomy

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Recently the Ninth Grade has been studing the solar system which consists of the Nine planets: Venus, Mercury, Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, Mars, and Pluto. Mrs. Baucom, our teacher, has been showing us some very intersting pictures of observation towers such as the large one in California. We wish to learn all we can about the solar system which

is a very important phase in our lives.

New Boys at the School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

We have not had many new boy's this two weeks as we usually have.

The new boys are as follows: Bobby Hedrick, High Point, 6th Grade; Thomas Dixon, Pearson County, 6th Grade; Jimmy Bonds, Concord, 3rd Grade; Wayne Whittington, Concord, 4th Grade; Jerry Odom, Greensboro, 3rd Grade; Tommy Scroggs, Robinsville, 7th Grade.

We hope these boys will make the best of their stay at school.

Our Basketball Game

By J. D. Ashley, 3rd Grade

Saturday on Feb. 28, the boys of No. 7 played No. 3. Mr. Braswell had two of his boys to referee the game. It was a good game. The boys who played on No. 7 team were Jack Paschal, Elijah Spivey, Frank Spivey, Richard Cook, and Tommy Edwards.

On the second five were Billy Brown, Billy Hamilton, Charles Walker, J. D. Ashley and Jimmy Armstrong. We all enjoyed the game.

Yellowjackets Humbles Wensils

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellowjackets playing on their home floor whalloped Wensil last night in a thriller.

This makes twice the Jackets have beaten the Wensils. The Yellowjackets held the lead at the half and then came back to a powerful attack which

the Wensils could not match.

Gerald Johnson, the Jackets center, and guard on the all star team turned in a great performance for himself along with another all star team mate Earl Walters. These boys gave the Yellowjackets half of their points.

The Yellowjackets play timily Wednesday and this winds up the Jackets cage schudule.

The Ninth Grade Program

By Sammy Lynn, 9th Grade

The ninth Grade had a radio program in honor of our great American poet, Henry W. Longfellow whose birthday anniversary falls on the 27th of Feb. The biography was given by Earl Gilmore. The first thing on the program was given by Waylon Gardner who gave one of Longfellow's best poems, "The Children's Hour." Then came Johnny Weaver with "The Arrow and the Song." The next thing on the program was Glenn Evans who gave "Excelsoir"; Jerry Rippy gave "The Village Blacksmith"; Howard Riley gave the poem; "The Builders." Then we had three songs by Longfellow: "A Day of Sunshine"; "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"; and "Stars of The Summer Night." We hope everyone enjoyed the program.

Yellowjackets Idle

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

The Yellowjackets have been idle for the past week, but they have been practicing hard, and they will be hard to handle this Tuesday night when they tangle with Trinity, a strong and forceful team from Concord.

The Jackets lost last week to Belk's 17-25, but two of the squads best players were out due to boxing in Greensboro. They were Earl Walters, and James Moore.

But Friday the Yellowjackets will have the regular five, and will be hard to handle next Tuesday.

The B. Y. P. U.

By Charles Franklin, 7th Grade

In the Baptist Training Union yesterday, when Mr. Puckett and Mr. Softees got out here we sang a song and then we went to our classes. Then the president of our class took over. We had the sword drill and then we had the lesson program. The first part was told about Columbus. When

he discovered America, he thought he had found India so, the people there on the island he called Indians, and as the program goes on it tells about the Cherokee Indians and the trail of tears about when the white man came to America and it was thickly settled. The Cherokees were forced by the government to go west, so before they started about thirty thousand started on the journey the trail of tears, and about nine-thousand reached the west and about four-thousand had died on the way from disease and hunger and exposure and the three thousand that started in the mountains were granted the privilege of staying so they made the eastern tribe of Indians in the United States.

FRIENDSHIP MAKES A POOR MAN RICH

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings.

Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, unpermanent relationships.

Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrightened by ill report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days.

Friendship has not the iridescent joy of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To desire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity of faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment.—Selected.

U. S. NAVY'S FILL THE FLEET WEEK

(By Richard P. Spencer)

Mr. Richard Spencer, a member of the local Rotary Club, presented a very interesting paper at the regular meeting last week. His program pertained to the nation-wide "Fill The Fleet Week." For the main part of the program Mr. Spencer presented a very excellent discussion of the needs of our Navy and of the excellent possibilities which it offers to young men.

Mr. Spencer's paper showed that it had been prepared with careful thought, and the high quality of the paper was such that we are presenting it to our readers in the belief that they will appreciate the contents of the paper.

Mr. Spencer, by his training and experience, is thoroughly familiar with the Navy of the United States, and his discussion, therefore, carries with it the full weight of a person who is familiar with the Navy's importance in our national defense.

It is a pleasure and a privilege to discuss with you a subject so vital to this country's success in her efforts to create world peace, and so absolutely necessary, right now, to maintain the small measure of peace that we do have. There are some among us who served during the war in the United States Navy. However, I am afraid that we here—and those ex-Navy men all over the country—who got out after V-J Day may have carried with us an impression of the Navy which has persisted — which has not radically changed — as the Navy has radically changed. We have kept a memory of the U. S. Navy as a tremendous force of ships, planes, submarines, advanced bases, warehouses, docks, wharves — a complete and overwhelming implement for literally shoving an enemy back across oceans, islands, and continents.

That may be our memory, and that is the picture of the Navy which is shared not only by many ex-Navy men but by a great majority of the U. S. citizens without Navy connections. I think that it is extremely dangerous for us to place this country's safety and security on such a conception. I

think that it could be fatal to our peace to keep on thinking of the Navy as the instrument it was on V-J Day, 1945. Because the Navy is no longer an overwhelming force ready to execute our international policies.

Therefore, I would like now to give you, very briefly, a factual description of your Navy as it is today. I want to try to show you what it actually is — not what perhaps it should be, nor what it used to be—but what it really is today.

The Navy is made up of two major components which might be called the Operating Force and the Reserve Force. Since the reserve force is more static let me describe that first. It is made up of the so-called Zipper and Mothball fleets, and the U. S. Navy Reserve organization. At present there are more than 850,000 people in the Navy Reserve and, with the ships, planes, subs, guns and all the rest, in the zipped up mothball fleets, the Navy Reserve is a force whose potentialities cannot be lightly overlooked.

There is great national security bound up in the U. S. Navy Reserve

but, by tradition and by law, the Navy Reserve is a force which cannot be completely mobilized until war is imminent.

Now, let's take a look at the Operating Force of the United States Navy. The total number of men at sea today in the Navy, is not as great as the number who took part in the invasion of Guadalcanal in 1942. And we all remember how close we came to being driven from that little island.

The Navy is spread thin across the world. There are the fleets in both Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean—fleets built around a few big, fast, modern carriers. The Navy is manning bases on many small islands; in Alaska; Japan and China. The continental establishment, situated mainly on the eastern and western seaboards provides training, repair, home ports, research, hospitalization, administration and schools for the fleets.

The Navy of today is small, compact in its units, very efficient and, aside from its routine peacetime business, is devoting most of its effort and attention to the testing, development and effective absorption of the result of scientific research into the ever changing pattern.

Now let me bring the Navy right into this room and show you what a vital part of your life it is. Here are a few facts which, in themselves, contain a real danger to our peace in the immediate—not the far future.

On July 1st 1947 the enlisted strength of the U. S. Navy was about 434,000 men. By July 1st 1948 the enlistment of 232,000 of them will have expired. What industry in this country, operating at maximum efficiency with minimum personnel

could survive a 50 per cent walk-out?

Before I go on let me answer the question which must be in your minds now. Why, you must be asking, are half of the Navy men leaving it? Is there something wrong with the Navy that this many men want to get out?

The answer is No! The real reason is that the majority of the 232,000 expiring enlistments are those of very young men who volunteered for two year's service soon after V-J Day. Their reason for volunteering were varied but the main one, I think most of them will agree, was to obtain the benefits of the G. I. Bill of Rights. Now, their two years are up and they want to take advantage—particularly of the educational benefits—of the Bill. The Navy is proud of them and is sure that these young men will become a real credit to the country.

However, they are going out. The Navy—if there is no input—will be cut in half by July 1st 1948. To prevent this extremely dangerous reduction this great drive for recruits has been inaugurated and the efforts of thousands of plain citizens across the nation are being freely given because thinking men know that the Navy must be maintained at its average appropriated strength of 395,000 men.

Now let me bring this thing even closer to you. I am sure that all of us realize that the Navy is necessary to our peace—that it is necessary if we want to live. But perhaps many of us have said to ourselves—what can I personally, do about it?

The answer is simple. Let me first assure you that the Navy is in the forefront of scientific research. That it is equipped with the most modern equipment in every department and

that it is replacing obsolete methods and obsolete means as rapidly as new ways and new things are developed and tested. The Navy's material needs can be kept in good shape, and with the equipment of the operating force and reserve fleets it is by far the most powerful organization afloat.

The Navy's real and serious and immediate need is manpower. That is the answer to your question: what can I do about it? You can help the Navy recruit the men it must have to remain an effective implement for our statesmen to have silently backing them up when they tell the still restless and warring world what must be done to make peace.

That means that you can talk Navy to the boys of 17 and over who are not yet decided as to their future.

Now you may be asking—what can I tell them? A career in the Navy is an honorable and satisfying one offering many advantages, some of them hidden, some obvious. There is of course the great opportunity for education in the Navy's splendid system of training schools. There is also, the fine feeling of security the Navy offers and this is especially attractive to the boys who are just going into manhood and are cutting some of the close ties of home and family. I am sure that you will agree with me that it is very comforting to know that your next meal is coming up hot and good and on time, that you have a bed, and shelter, and your health will be looked after, no matter what happens. You'll agree that to be free of the worry of where the money for rent, for food, for doctors, for clothing, for travel, is coming from would give you a very satisfact-

ory feeling. But perhaps the most gratifying feeling is derived from the knowledge that once in the Navy one is exempt from income taxes! All of these things are advantages the Navy offers. But there is one which, while it doesn't seem too important to a 17 or 18 year old boy — to whom life appears to be going to last ten thousand years and old age is a complaint of ancient men over 30 — will, I think, appeal to you. And it is one which, when really serious consideration is being given the Navy by an acquaintance of yours, you can stress.

Let me ask you to count the number of men you know who are 18 years old and who can — now — afford to pay a premium of \$134 monthly for twenty years in order to retire at 38 with a life income guaranteed of \$107 a month, providing he makes Chief Petty Officer? Or, to make it simpler, let me ask you to count the number of men you know of 37 or 38 who can retire — now? There are not many of them. Such a guaranteed life income is reserved for the very rich and— Navy men. That's a point which is hard to put across to a boy just out of high school now while wages are so high and jobs so easy to get—and when youth gives little thought to middle age. But there it is—a boy of 17 entering the Navy today will receive for twenty years, good pay, good food, the best medical and dental care, housing, clothing, and 30 days paid vacation a year. He will learn a trade or a skill which will be useful to him in later years as a civilian. Then, when his 20 years are over (and he should be advanced to chief petty officer) he can go on inactive duty

with a government guaranteed income of \$107.25 per month.

There then is our Navy of today, and there is what you—each one of you—can do to help it. Each of you must know some young lad who is facing the future—uncertain, untal-

ented, undirected—a boy suddenly grown into a man's clothes, and thrust into a man's world. You can give him the finest future in the world—today and enlist in the United States Navy.

Thank very much.

PAYING TO SERVE

(The Christian Index)

We leave with you the decision as to whether the lines that follow belong on the news pages as statement of fact or here as an expression of views. We state the facts and leave reaction to the reader.

Young ministerial students at Norman Junior College, working their way through college to better serve Him, have purchased with their own funds Bibles and an organ. The Bibles will be given to inmates of the Colquitt County jail where they conduct Sunday services; the organ will be used to make the services more beautiful and effective.

Ben Hammett was reporting to President Hugh F. Edwards and others of the ministerial association on the Sunday services when we attended their meeting. Several inmates had requested Bibles and Hammett suggested twelve dollars would meet the

immediate need. William T. Bodenhamer, president of the college, contributed half the amount and the hat was passed for the remainder.

The young preachers, with never a surplus dollar in their pockets, met the challenge with some to spare. We couldn't help but be proud of them.

Hammett next reported \$112 on hand for the organ fund with eight dollars needed. There would have been no point in a second collection the same day. He was reminding the group an appeal would be made later to buy this organ for use at the jail and other institutions.

The story ends there. We are not taking a collection. The Bibles and organ have been purchased.

We were humble and ashamed as we sat with the group—humble before them and ashamed they had to make the sacrifice. What is your reaction?

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrows, but it empties today of its strength.—Alexander McClaren.

JTS RECREATIONAL PROGRAM COM- MENDED

In a recent issue of the Concord Tribune Mr. M. B. Fuller, a citizen of Concord, a local oil dealer, and one who is keenly interested in the proposed recreational program for the City, presented a letter in which he not only urged the great need of an adequate recreational program for the City but he also paid a fine compliment to the recreational program at the Jackson Training School under the direction of Mr. Earl Walters.

We believe the readers of the Uplift will be delighted to read Mr. Fuller's appraisal of the recreational program, and his letter is given herewith:

Dear Sir:

This letter is being written hoping that you will keep plugging, through your paper, for the new recreational band issue.

If you have had the privilege in the last four nights of seeing boys in flocks displaying their powers and gentle arts of fisticuff, you would instantly know what I mean when I say "The City of Concord needs a recreational program." I am speaking of the Charlotte Golden Gloves. Using Earl Walters, athletic director of Jackson Training School, as our representative of this county and town and using his group of boys as an illustration of what adequate recreational facilities can accomplish, you can easily find the answer to the question, "Do we need a recreational

program for our children?"

Earl has brought out the qualities in his group of boys that we like to see in any bunch. Their willingness to box the more experienced fighters in the Charlotte Golden Gloves and in other Golden Gloves tournaments and still return, both inside and out of the ring, with courage, determination and sportsmanship of the highest calibre.

If Earl does this with a group of youngsters, we can do the same thing with a lot of groups of youngsters.

Personally, I am thrilled and proud that we have a group such as the Jackson Training School boys in our county. It would mean even more to me and to other men and women of Concord if we could see our youngsters get the same benefits from the proposed City Recreational program.

THINK BEFORE CRITICIZING

If you condemn or criticize something in another person, ask yourself why. We are most inclined to condemn or criticize in others what we fear or have not mastered in ourselves. What is there in you similar to the thing you deplore in another? Work on it in yourself. Do not condemn yourself even then. Put your energy into overcoming.

AS THE SEASONS ROLL

(The Orphan's Friend)

Winter has really been asserting itself in no muted terms. The gentry who love to reminisce have been delving into their memories and, in rarer instances, in the books, and they assert that this year of 1948 measures up to the most rigorous years in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Thanks are due for the fact that the successive snows that fell were of the dry and powdery kind, because this is the mildest form of snow.

Of course the young folks were delighted when Old Mother Goose first began her picking. But in time the monotony of bad walking, plus the chore of help in the digging of paths, began to pall upon even the irrepres-

sibles. But according to the calendar and experience (which through a dear teacher, nevertheless does teach) the backbone of winter is broken, or at least severely mauled. The remaining days of February and all of the March days carry potentialities of wintry blasts and sleet and snows, but to all intents and purposes we can put it down that winter has done its worst.

And now it is not amiss to begin to think of spring which is very close by. The genial sun which has too much hidden its face during the snow-bound days is daily climbing in the heavens and rises a little earlier and sets a little later each diurnal turn of the earth. Soon green things will begin to peep out of the soil and wraps and rubbers will be less and less called upon.

There are two very important predictions in the press and over the radio that is most pleasing. One is that the crop survey in this country is promising for a good agricultural year, with some concession to the pocket-book of the harassed housewife with little or no detriment to the producer. Then the food situation abroad, while acute still, is better than hitherto thought possible.

Food is vitally important. Man and animal must eat, and eat well in order to preserve health and usefulness. But the seasons relate to more than weather and food. They affect every department of life and are necessary to existence.

A citizen short on fuel and inadequately supplied with provisions, is not likely to be grateful to winter as he draws on his "rubbers," turns up his coat collar and goes out to battle sleet and blasty atmosphere. Yet in the working of nature there are deep and beneficial effects that do not appear in connection with personal feeling and convenience. It is preparation for the glories of spring when man and all of creation begin to sing the song of youth and regeneration. Spring is a new lease on life with promises of joy and abundance.

There is no greater waste of time that to call unseasonable weather ugly names. No indelicate epithet has been known to abate the situation by an iota. These changes of season and the mutations during season, are the

will and wisdom of the Creator and He certainly knows more about it than man.

All the seasons are good in their turn. Each subserves a basic purpose and that purpose is good. All is conceived in love and ultimate good. If in our blindness we were permitted

to pick and choose in the light of the immediate, unwise would be the choice.

Winter, spring, summer, autumn all are good. Their offerings are indispensable to man, animal, vegetable and mineral. The wise man makes the best of them as they appear in rotation.

KEEPING ARRIVING

We are always arriving somewhere. As Tagore has beautifully put it, "even the road over which we travel is in itself a part of our destination."

How anxiously we look forward to the meeting of one much loved whom we have not seen for a long time. How their arrival thrills us with joy.

And how we are thrilled the moment we arrive at some destination toward which we have planned and worked.

We look forward to the close of each day—its lengthening shadows, its sunset, its stars.

But the greatest arrival of all is to arrive in someone's life—there to bring beauty, happiness and helpfulness.

How strange it is that the very presence of some people cheers and brightens the atmosphere about them, no matter where they go. What a beautiful world with them to feel that you are wanted in it, and are a part of it! Just to arrive in a new day and you have definite work to do, is an inspiration.

To bring happiness to someone else, is to double your own.

I like to watch the effect on an audience of the first arrival of a great actor or actress as they come into their part in the play.

We add luster to virtue, exchange beauty and build alters where the worship of true values may have honest expression every time we determine to make our arrival—no matter where—a happy event.

Remember, you are always arriving somewhere!

—Selected.

THE BUSY BEAVER

(By Robert G. Upson, in Our Paper)

During a vacation in Maine one summer I had an opportunity to watch the beaver at work. Late one afternoon I set out through the thick pine forest, carrying my gun though habit for it was out of season and the only things I could shoot were predators.

There were numerous colonies of beavers on the nearby ponds, formed by the beaver dams, along the course of small streams that flow out of the upland forests to the north. I followed a game trail worn by bear and deer and an occasional moose that wandered down from Nova Scotia. I had often heard of the beaver pond's existence, but had never seen one.

Approaching the beaver ponds between the towering pine as the sun sank behind the tree tops, I began to hear the sound of falling trees made by the beavers at work building houses and dams. I heard five trees fall in as many minutes. I made my way softly down to the borders of the pool and got into a clump of willows where I could peep out without disturbing the busy beavers.

Across the pond, a distance of fifty or sixty yards from my vantage point, there were birch and aspen trees from a few inches to a foot thick. It was here that several beavers were hard at work. Many trees had been made to fall into the water; and at every tree several more beavers were engaged in gnawing off the limbs and swimming away with them through the water to the house, of which I counted a dozen or more on this one pond. Then another tree would totter and go crash-

ing down where two beavers had been working at the butt of it till they had gnawed it off.

All were busy as could be, darting about here and there, plunging into and emerging from the water. The woodland seemed to be full of them; and the noise they created reminded me of a noisy lumber camp. Altogether it was an interesting scene and I lay there for half an hour, watching them at work.

Suddenly, one of the beaver slapped the surface of the water a **resounding** wallop with his flat tail and the ones in the water quickly submerged! The beavers in the brush came tumbling pell-mell out of the bushes lining the shore, and into the water. I imagined the beavers had suddenly gotten scent of me on the wind.

Two foxes came scurrying out of the bushes behind them, right up to the brink of the pool. They made a sudden rush among the beavers; and they succeeded in overhauling one of the wary rodents that perhaps had farther to run, after the signal was given. The two foxes shook the life out of the helpless beaver and began to tear him apart, snapping and growling over the choice bits.

The foxes stood in plain sight across the pond, within easy range. I got a good rest for my shotgun across a log and laid one of the snarling killers out kicking, with a load of 3's. Even then the other did not bound away, but he stood an instant, here with drooping tail he started to slink off. That was his undoing; for with

another shot, I brought him to the ground.

They were sleek and fat from having no doubt lived high on beaver flesh for weeks. The pelts were practically worthless, being out of season,

and the heavy load of buckshot had mutilated them. I felt vague apprehension; for having killed foxes out of season; but I felt more than justified that I had rid the woodlands of those two killers.

HAPPINESS

I once knew a man who had a beautiful steam heated home with soft rugs, latest furniture and a wife who was always trying to make him comfortable. But he wasn't happy.

I knew another man who went to many parties, shows and dances. Some people think that if they could do what he did night after night, they would be happy. But he wasn't.

I know another man who has a great capacity for getting enjoyment out of everyday contacts. He sees and makes much humor in life. But he isn't a happy man.

All three of these men have good incomes. There is probably a man somewhere who has all they have of comfort, pleasure and native capacity to enjoy. But if he lacks something I am about to mention I dare say he is not happy.

What is this elusive something so desired by rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man, thief, by society belle and society outcast?

It is a sense of well being which as Dr. John Murray used to say is "derived from the harmonious gratification of all the powers of the soul."

Freedom from fear of want is necessary. Pleasure and enjoyments which do not have a back kick from Mr. R. E. Morse seem to help some people while others do not appear to need much external aid.

Solomon felt that through wisdom and understanding, happiness could be attained. Probably he was right. Surely these should make for inner harmony with the Source of Being, and help one to exercise all his abilities, command externals to contribute what appeared necessary and yield various surpluses so that one could feel that, he had carried his own load and lifted that of those less fortunate thus squaring accounts and leaving the world a bit better for having lived.—Masonic News.

ADEQUATE SPIRITUAL RESERVES

(Christian Science Monitor)

General Eisenhower's final report as Chief of Staff discloses—almost as his renunciation of the Presidency—the full stature of a great American. More important, it sets consideration of national security in the right frame and throws on it the light not merely of military alertness but of broad-gauged statesmanship. While America's military leadership speaks with such manifest moderation, the going must be hard for scaremongers at home or abroad.

General Eisenhower was speaking as a soldier, and frankly as an advocate of greater preparedness. What he said should be fully weighed by the American people. It should be balanced against non-military advice. But as military advice it is as good as they are likely to get. It sets forth what a soldier who is far more than a soldier who is far more than a soldier believes should be done.

Push ahead toward real intergration of the armed service; make military service more attractive; adapt universal military training; provide now for total mobilization in an emergency and for quick conversion of industry. Carry on with short-range and long-range programs.

We doubt if he would ask so much for the short-range programs if he could be more confident that the long-range program would not be neglected. Few observers believe that the danger of war is an immediate one. But no one today can be sure that some firebrand will not start a conflagration. And those who plan the United States defenses know that

never again will they have many months of comparative security in which to "build up" after hostilities begun.

But while putting forward the views of the military men as to what is required, General Eisenhower recognizes that there can be no real security in an atomic or bacteriological war. Moreover, he says:

"Security cannot be measured by the size of the munitions stockpiles or the number of men under arms or the monopoly of an invincible weapon. That was the German and Japanese idea of power, which, in the test of war, was proved false. Even in times of peace the index of material strength is unreliable, for arms become obsolete and worthless; vast armies decay while sapping the strength of the nations supporting them; monopoly of a weapon is soon broken. But adequate spiritual reserves, coupled with understanding of each day's requirements, will meet every issue of our time."

"Adequate spiritual reserves" might well come first in any nation's consideration of its defenses. With adequate understanding of divine protection, a people would rely on weapons that "are not carnal, but might through God to pulling down of strong holds." Seeking to do His will they would purify their purposes. They would use naturally the weapons of enlightenment, unselfishness, courage, and wisdom. They would prepare more wisely against war.

They would find the necessary "understanding of each day's require-

ments." General Eisenhower himself urged more emphasis on preparing for peace. He also recognized the value of the Marshall Plan as raising peaceful bulwarks. The fact is, effective use of American weight in the world today can go a very long way toward keeping the peace. Some will measure this weight by military power. But large factories are the mental, moral, and industrial forces

of America. Until both friends and opponents understand that the United States is going to use these forces to uphold justice and freedom in the world, a new aggressor could make the same mistake that Hitler did.

In intelligent understanding of world issues and courageous readiness to deal with them before war comes lies the first line of American defense.



LIFE'S FLEET

Before you sit down to wait for your ship to come in, ask yourself what reason you have for expecting a ship. Have you sent out one? The vessels that come into port laden with rich cargoes do not drift there. They do not belong to the first loafer upon the dock. Every ship that comes in was sent out by some one, and that one has the right to whatever it carries. Young men who claim that the world owes them a living generally go a little farther. They have an idea that some day a piece of good fortune will drift their way, and that they will have all the heart can wish, without working for it. But the vessels that carry cargoes of happiness and prosperity are not drifting about to become property of those who happen to be the first to spy their sails on the horizon. What sort of ships are you sending out? How much effort and determination and hard work are you putting into your venture? You waste time when you sit about waiting for the good fortune you have done nothing to earn.—Selected.

A DISSERTATION ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(The Summary)

In reading several articles on Juvenile Delinquency by the Summary Editor, I find that the articles were agreeable to me to an extent, but somewhat stereotyped and single-minded in view.

This single-mindedness troubles this writer to the point where he feels this article is necessary, in-as-much as it may express certain aspects of juvenile delinquency which the Summary Editor failed to touch upon in any of his articles on the subject.

Parents have the best interests of their children wholeheartedly at hand. Altogether it is undoubtedly true that parents have to share the blame for the bad conduct of their children, there are certain psychological aspects of each individual case of juvenile delinquents which must not be overlooked.

Before going any further I would like to make one point clear. No one, in my opinion, is qualified to call himself an authority on juvenile delinquency unless he has at least a superficial knowledge of psychiatry; especially child psychology. However, one may express an opinion on a given subject and let the reader, or hope that the reader can, determine the rightness or wrongness of that opinion.

Our educational system could do a great deal toward alleviating "juvenile delinquency" by teaching students to become mere civic-minded and to realize the important part each in-

dividual plays in keeping his community a community that can demand and receive the respect of the city in which he lives.

Most adults are selfish in regards to taking an interest in children other than their own. If the people of a community were to mutualize their interests in children as a whole, it would be a far better thing for all concerned and would certainly help to prevent growing children from becoming delinquent. Give a child the feeling that the whole community is interested in him especially, and he will try hard to conduct himself in such a way as to gain their respect and continued interest.

It is extremely hard to reason with a juvenile delinquent simply because of his lack of "Association of Ideas." Parents and the church both teach a child the same manner of life, but each in its own way. Consequently, the child is confused. The juvenile's mind is not developed to the extent where he can combine what is taught him both by his parents and the church, into one substantial meaning. Ask a juvenile delinquent why he chose his particular form of waywardness as something worth accomplishing and he will, of course, be unable to answer. Then suggest to him that he followed the "Crowd" and watch him become angry.

There are too many cases of juvenile delinquency wherein the child's mind was dominated by the "crowd"

in spite of the sound guidance and happy home life in which the child was brought up. (Ye editor must disagree here because a really sound home guidance teaches a child to trust and discuss his problems with his parents and also to think for himself.)

The "parents-are-the-cause" complex which so many of our social workers have is, if known by the child, a definite incentive for the delinquent to continue his waywardness. It gives the child to someone on whom he can place the blame for his bad conduct and at the same time eases his conscience.

Fear of being scorned by the "gang" if he does not follow their wayward-

ness is one of the primary reasons why a child become delinquent. Fear is one of the greatest destroyers of human integrity and incidentally, common sense. Teach a child to think properly and he will realize that fear is a shameful beast that can, and must, be conquered.

"To be derided by fools is trivial; to be respected by wise men is an accomplishment."

Understand the above paragraph and teach it to a child so that he can understand it, and you will have one less juvenile delinquent to worry about. A parent can only teach; it is the child who must learn.

HOW TO GET ALONG

1. Keep skid chains on your tongue. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice. How you say it often counts more than what you say.

2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs.

3. Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. Praise good work, regardless of who did it. If criticism is merited, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.

4. Be interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their home and families. Make merry with those who rejoice and mourn with those who weep. Let every one you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as a person of importance.

5. Be cheerful. Keep the corners of your mouth turned up. Hide your pains, worries and disappointments under a pleasant smile. Laugh at good stories and learn to tell them.

6. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Discuss but don't argue. It is a mark of superior minds to disagree and yet be friendly.—The Broadcaster, via. Extension Farm News.

PRELUDE TO SPRING

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

With the snow rapidly vanishing from the countryside and the thermometer rising above the freezing point, it definitely points to the nearness of spring. Of course, this is nothing new to most of us. That is why its true significance is often lost sight of. We habitually take it for granted as we do most of the normal phases of life. But there is a special hidden meaning in this rotation of the seasons, just as the cycles of life are not without their purposes.

The winter, of course, has not been very severe, at least not in this sector of the country; and this thought reminds us of the the extraordinary severity of the frigid blasts which hit England and the continent last year. The drear gloominess of winter is about to be superceded by the invigorating springtime showers and the increasingly warmer rays of the ver-
nal sunshine.

In many spots the wintry hues remain as tangible evidence that Mr. Winter is loathe to make his departure. Only here and there does a lonesome blade of grass stand out and make itself noticeable because of its fresh greenness. It's still too early for the trees to put on their pussy-willows, or, that ancient harbinger of spring, the bluebird, to make an appearance. However, winter is definitely on the way out, though there may be a spasmodic cold spell of a night and chill winds from Canada's frigid zone. Spring is coming.

The men are getting ready to prepare the soil for early spring plow-

ing, for one can hear the occasional hum of a tractor, the sign that things are stirring and that the planting season will be upon us before we are aware of it. Not as in some years has this young year been in the way of floods, although, for a day or so, things looked threatening. The paucity of heavy rains made the thaw less a menace.

One always looks forward to a pleasant springtime because that seems to be the time when Nature is getting ready for a spontaneous awakening from winters slumber. Even the birds, long in the southland, are preparing for their annual trek northward .

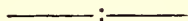
The cycles of the seasons remind one of nothing so much as the corresponding periods in life: youth, adolescence, maturity and old age. I'm speaking here, naturally, in a physical sense. I'm thinking of the tangible evidence that surrounds us. But this evidence also points elsewhere beyond the realm of the physical. Life does not really end: it continues, in one form or another.

We can learn a lesson from the normal sequence of the seasons and apply that lesson to our daily lives. All nature, indeed is pregnant with significance, if we only look for the proper interpretation.

Thus, with the winter fast drawing to a close, ready to depart and make room for its natural successor, we look for the unfolding of the magnificent panorama which, quite frequently in past years, we have been witnesses to,

and we somehow feel that life is worth living after all—even though we may, or may not, be nearing the autumn of life. It is grand to see Nature throwing off her winter garb and bedecking herself with the customary spring time garments which, to us, seems so peculiarly natural that we often miss its real beauty. Taking things for granted, we pass over many factors and say "it's just another springtime." But isn't there

something quite different? No two seasons are exactly alike, even as no two men are alike in all respects. Yet, were some Power to take away the springtime, wouldn't we miss it? It would be like a wheel minus several cogs and thus worthless. Life would be hampered because of the irregularity of the crops. So we greet this time of the year as appropriately being the natural "Prelude to Spring."



LIFE'S ARITHMETIC

We have the wisest teacher,
 And she has given us this rule
 That helps us in our lessons—
 You can use it in your school.

Always add a smile or two
 When things are going wrong,
 Subtract the frowns that try to come
 When lessons seem too long.

Then multiply your efforts when
 The figures won't come right,
 Divide your pleasures, day by day,
 With everyone in sight.

Now if you always use this rule
 You'll have a happy day,
 For lessons then are easy,
 And the hours fly away.

—Youth's Companion.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On last Sunday afternoon Rev. George M. Wilcox was the guest minister at the school. We appreciated his visit and the fine message which he brought to the boys. He read a Scripture selection from the ninth chapter of Matthew, beginning with the ninth verse and reading through the fifteenth. In this selection there is an account of the incident when Jesus, walking by the Sea of Galilee, found Matthew sitting at the seat of customs collecting taxes, and asked that he come and follow Him.

Mr. Wilcox explained to the boys how every person, sooner or later in life, finds it necessary to make a choice as to what he will do. He has to choose his profession or the vocation in which he will work to make a living, and the sooner a person can make a decision as to his life work the happier and more contented and more successful he can become. In making these decisions about life work, everyone can profit by going to Jesus and asking for his assistance.

Generally, we of today, in thinking of Jesus, are prone to think of Him as one who lived long ago—one who lived almost two thousand years ago. After His service among mankind He was crucified by those whom He had served; He ascended later into heaven and after that the Comforter or the Holy Spirit came to bear witness to the apostles and to encourage and assist them in their great trials and tribulations.

When Jesus passed where Matthew was, He looked upon this tax gatherer who was a Jew and was one who had, in a sense, sold himself out to the Ro-

mans so that he could exploit the position of collecting taxes. Matthew was greatly disliked by other Jews; he was very unpopular, and those who saw him daily saw little of anything that was good. When Jesus looked upon Matthew He saw that he was a tax gatherer, too, but He looked beyond and saw him in certain possibilities for service.

It was explained in this connection that there is in everyone something that is valuable and useful for God's work, if each person would but ask what there is in his own life that can be used. After Matthew was called into service along with the other disciples, he became a student in the school of service as it was taught by the Master.

Mr. Wilcox reminded the boys how Mel Trotter, one of the greatest evangelists of all times, was at one time a drunkard. One night he made his way into a mission house in Chicago, where he heard the testimony of another whom the Lord had saved. As Mr. Trotter heard this man and looked at him he declared that if the Lord could save that man He could certainly save him. Later, when it was asked of Mr. Trotter if he knew he had been saved, he replied that he certainly did, because, as he said, he was there when it happened.

Mr. Wilcox explained also that Jesus makes it a point to use what is good and useful in each person who becomes a Christian. When Matthew enlisted in the service he began immediately to share in the work. While he was not one of the three most intimate disciples, he did many deeds of

service, and he is credited with having written one of the books of the Bible. In his writings he asserts that one cannot serve God and man. He wrote for us the most complete record of the Sermon on the Mount. At another point he wrote how Jesus had said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Thus, he gave us one of the unique interpretations of the work and the messages of Jesus. Because he was one of the disciples, all the world has profited thereby.

After Matthew enlisted as one of the followers of Jesus, he always had the assurance that the Master was standing by his side. At one time Christ said, "All power is given to Me

in heaven and in earth." At another point He said, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you always." Matthew heard these proclamations, and it gave him the full assurance that he, as one of the followers of the Master, had an inexhaustible source of power for whatever he chose to do.

Mr. Wilcox explained to the boys that just as Jesus called upon Matthew to follow Him centuries ago, He is to-day calling upon each one of them to follow Him. Matthew as a disciple was able to see his opportunity, and he developed himself and used his opportunities as they came to him from day to day. So can each of us do likewise.

LOVE

Within you is the power to attract to yourself all that you need for a happy and complete life. This power is divine love, and as you let it express itself freely through you it will draw to you the love and friendship and happiness you desire.

You need never be lonely or unhappy, you need never have any unfulfilled longing for good when you acknowledge and use this attracting power of love. If your life has seemed empty and lacking in happiness you can begin now to change it with the magic ingredient of love.

Keep your heart filled with love and good will toward everyone. Let love express itself through you in friendly, cheerful words and gracious acts of kindness and consideration. Your expression of love and good will can only attract the same response in others, and your life will be filled to overflow with joy and happiness.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Philosophy is the art of living.
—Plutarch.

—:—

All sunshine makes the desert.
—Arab Proverb.

—:—

A smile is the whisper of a laugh.
—Child's Definition.

—:—

This world belongs to the energetic.
—Emerson.

—:—

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—Bruyere.

—:—

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Moore.

—:—

Music is the medicine of the breaking heart.—A. Hunt.

—:—

I do pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.—Falkland.

—:—

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—Seneca.

—:—

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.—Heber.

—:—

What's gone and past help, should be past grief.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement.—Goldsmith.

—:—

Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.—Mark Twain.

—:—

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

—:—

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

—John Newton.

—:—

Thoroughly to teach another is the best way to learn for yourself.

—Tryon Edwards.

He is most free from danger, who, even when safe, is on his guard.
—Publius Syrus.

—:—

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time.
—Bacon.

—:—

It is a barren kind of criticism which tells you what a thing is not.
—R. W. Griswold.

—:—

If you wish to please people, you must begin by understanding them.
—Charles Reade.

—:—

Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich.—Chamfort.

—:—

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.—Franklin.

—:—

He who would really benefit mankind must reach them through their work.—Henry Ford.

—:—

Honesty is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.—Hazlitt.

—:—

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.—H. L. Wayland.

—:—

I never think he is quite ready for another world who is altogether weary of this.—H. A. Hamilton.

—:—

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—Terence.

—:—

As the turning of logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies will a lull brain.—Longfellow.

—:—

He is to be educated not because he is to make shoes, nails, and pins, but because he is a man.—Channing.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Even good eggs have to be careful when a girl is boiling.

With the high price of meat today, when a man bits a dog it isn't news—it is lunch.

Cannibal King: "What are we having for lunch today?"

Cook: "Two old maids."

King: "Ugh! Leftovers again!"

A weary worker, tired with fighting the slick and icy highways, wired his boss: "Will not be at office today. Am not home yesterday yet."

She: "A large percentage of accidents occur in the kitchen."

He: "Yes, and what's more we men have to eat them and pretend to enjoy them."

New Patient, while waiting for a checkover:

Old Patient: "So—so. I'm aching from lumbago."

New Patient: "Shake hands, I'm Middleton from Humbolt."

"Oh Captain," said a lady on a liner, "my husband is frequently subject to seasickness. Could you tell me what he ought to do in case of an attack?"

"It's not necessary to tell him ma'am," said the captain, "he'll do it."

"Aren't you ashamed," the judge asked the man, "to have your wife support you by taking in washing?"

"Yes, I am, your Honor," he replied. "But what can I do? She's too ignorant to do anything better."

—Stanley News and Press.

A woman was mailing the old family Bible to her brother in a distant city. The postal clerk examined the heavy package carefully and inquired if it contained anything breakable. "Nothing but the Ten Command-

ments," was the quick reply.

One cold, raw morning in January, a snail started to climb a cherry tree. As he inched his way upward, a wise-guy beetle stuck his head out of a nearby crack and called, "Hey, buddy, you're wasting your time! There ain't any cherries up there."

The snail didn't even pause as he replied, "There will be when I get there."

The arithmetic class was learning about weights and measures.

Teacher: "What does milk come in."

Johnny: "In pints."

Teacher: "What else?"

Johnny thought deeply for a moment and then said brightly, "In squirts."

A man called up a bird store the other day and said:

"Send me 30,000 cockroaches at once."

"What in heaven's name do you want with 30,000 cockroaches at once?"

"Well," replied the householder, "I am moving today and my lease says I must leave the premises here in exactly the same condition in which I found them."

You've heard about the panhandler who wanted \$200 for a cup of coffee because he couldn't go into a restaurant dressed as he was. Here's a new one:

A panhandler approached a prosperous-looking man and asked for a dime for a cup of coffee. "Is this all you have to do?" replied the prospect reprovingly. "Look at you—you sleep on park benches, your clothes are tatters, and you're hungry. Why don't you get a grip on yourself and go to work?"

"Go to work?" growled the bum in disgust. "What for—to support a bum like me?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 28, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
 Albert Cox
 Charles Fields
 Billy Kassell
 Onie Kilpatrick
 Major Loftin
 Calvin Matheson
 Frank Phillips
 J. W. Sorrell
 Rufus Tuggle
 Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
 Carl Church
 Paul Church
 Alfred Davis
 Charles Franklin
 James Jones
 Alfred Perry
 Bobby Rice
 Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
 Harvey Arnette
 Hubert Brooks
 Eugene Everington
 Billy Holder
 Woodrow Mace
 Thomas Martin
 Johnny Ollis
 Eugene Peterson
 Melvin Radford
 James Scott
 Wayne Whittington

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Covington
 Billy Ray Daye
 Herman Galyan
 Earl Gilmore
 Herman Hughes
 Leon Martin
 James Myers
 Robert Melton
 Jimmy McCollum

Johnny Robinson
 Robert Thompson
 Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
 Donald Austin
 Billy Best
 Jimmy Cauthern
 Danny Mack Hayes
 William Hinson
 Billy Ray King
 Lewis Parris
 George Patterson
 Glenn Rice
 Buddy Ray Swink
 Harold Wilkinson
 Leroy Williams
 J. C. Woodell
 Evan Myers

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 Earl Holloman
 Edward Ingold
 Melvin Ledford
 Jerry Minter
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Lewis Southerland
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
 Garry Dudley
 Marion Guyton
 Jack Griffin
 Herman Hutchines
 Raymond Harding
 Paul Hendren
 Joe Hannah
 Carl Jenkins

Thomas Miller
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

James Cartrette
Jimmy Delvechio
Roy Eddings
Curtis Helms
Barney Hopkins
Thomas Linville
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Homer Fisher
Carl Goard
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarrison
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Harold Sellers

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Carlyle Brown
Treva Coleman

Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Ray Lunsford
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Bass
Howard Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Melvin Norman
Carl Propst
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Sammy Lynn
Perry Leon Martin
Caroll Painter
Bobby Peavey
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas
Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY
(No Honor Roll)

“GO TO THE ANT”

A biologist tells of how he watched an ant carrying a piece of straw which seemed a big burden for it. The ant came to a crack in the earth which was too wide for it to cross. It stood for a time, as though pondering the situation, then put the straw across the crack and walked over upon it.

What a lesson for us! The burden can become the bridge for progress—War Cry.

C364

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THE UPLIFT

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LIFE

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come
double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes
precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to re-
fresh us,
And joy seems sweeter and the cares come
after
And a moan is the finest of foils for laugh-
ter;
And that is life!"

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

WHAT IS SELFISHNESS

An American captain of industry once used the phrase "enlightened selfishness" in his advertising and was bitterly criticized by the uplifters for doing so.

Yet selfishness is almost man's first instinct.

In the days of savagery if he didn't look out for himself nobody looked out for him and he soon passed out of the picture.

Today selfishness is as prevalent as ever, but it has been toned down considerably by intelligence.

In other words it has been "enlightened."

I do not suppose that many of the people who denounce selfishness could define it very accurately.

Certainly they have considerable of it themselves.

Otherwise they would not be in a position to be advising other people.

If the majority of the people in the world were absolutely unselfish the minority would have and hold all the goods of life.

But after long oppression the majority begin to think of themselves a little.

They thought of themselves very earnestly before the French revolution, including with themselves those who were even more oppressed.

The result was an overturning of a form of tyranny which has not since ventured to assert itself in the world.

It is selfish for a man to want success, instead of wanting it for his neighbor.

For that reason he will work harder than his neighbor, make more sacrifices that he may pass him on the road.

And if he is a man of decent instincts when he succeeds he will try to help others along.

And perhaps the satisfaction he gets out of that is another form of gratified selfishness.

Only in mother love do we find absolute selfishness.

And when that goes so far as to pamper and spoil children it does more harm than good.

Many youngsters are ruined by the indulgence of mothers.

Many half grownup children get used to depending on their mothers for things they ought to get for themselves.

I think that boys and girls reared among selfish people would get along better than those whom everything is done.

Unselfishness begets selfishness.

You ought to think of others, but if you don't think of yourself you might as well cease struggling for life is not going to hold very much for you.

—Exchange.

PEOPLE. NOT THINGS

It's a long jump from

School days, school days,
Dear old Golden-Rule days.

to the recent convention of 12,000 school administrators in Atlantic City. One cannot help wondering what yesterday's "queen in calico" and her "bashful, barefoot beau" would have thought of the sort of school days these educators envisaged for tomorrow's youngsters.

Schools with big, airy, ground-floor classrooms, libraries, auditoriums, lunchrooms, playrooms, restrooms, rooms for plants and animals. Each classroom with a phonograph, radio, and television screen. Visits by bus to union meetings, traffic court, political rallies, service clubs. Rest periods, health service, camping experience, available to all children. Constructive community programs in the evening for children and adults.

This present dream picture tempts one to forget the present deplorable state of American education, with its overcrowding, its overworked, underpaid teachers, its gross inequalities of opportunity. But there is one compensation which is also a warning. Desirable as are all the improved facilities, visual aids, etc., it remains true that the really good teacher **can surmount** most limitations of equipment and achieve worth-while results in both character and intelligence even before the community votes the sort of school she should have ideally.

No one in his senses would today advocate little-red-school-house education any more than horse-and-buggy economics. But in gadget-minded America, where things often seem more important than people, it is well to remember the Scripture: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore—with all thy getting, get understanding." The central problem is still to find wise and understanding teachers who can teach their students to think—even without television.—Exchange.

ANOTHER LETTER OF COMMENDATION

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent
Jackson Training School
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

It was a pleasure to have Earl Walters and the Jackson Training School team with us during the 1948 Piedmont Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament. Their presence, participation, and fine sportsmanship did much to make this years tournament the best we have had.

You will no doubt recall the com-

pliments that your team received during our tournament. We can say even more now for they always conducted themselves in a manner becoming young gentlemen.

Again expressing our sincere appreciation and looking forward to having you with us again in 1949, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Hale Newlin,
General Chairman, 1948 Piedmont
Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 14, 1948

- March 14—Fred Rufus Painter, Cottage 13, 13th birthday
- March 14—Charles Smith, Cottage 18, 16th birthday
- March 15—J. K. Blackburn, Jr., Cottage 15, 13th birthday
- March 15—Charles Pinkston, Cottage 5, 15th birthday
- March 17—Hugh Ball, Cottage 14, 17th birthday
- March 17—James Myers, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- March 19—Howard Bass, Cottage 15, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Laundry

By Sam Finney, 1st Grade

I work in the laundry. I hang up sheets. I run pillow cases and sheets through the mangle. I help take the laundry to the cottages. I like my work. Mr. Russell is my officer.

Sunday

By Ralph Seagle, 3rd Grade

Last Sunday, we had a good preacher. Every Sunday Mr. Hawfield lets different preachers come to the school and preach to us. We sing songs too. Some of the boys go to sleep in church.

The Kite Contest

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

We are going to have a kite contest Easter. I will get a kite and cord Saturday and I hope it is a good one—all the Cub Scouts are going to enter the contest and the best one will enter the finals.

Our School

By Lester Owens, 3rd Grade

Jackson Training School is a good school, you will learn to be a good citizen and it teaches you trades. We go to church twice every Sunday. We go to Sunday School in the morning and go to preaching in the afternoon. We have a nice playground to play on and to fly our kites. We get them hung on the light wires, but we get them down. After supper last night,

No. 5 went out side and flew their kites. Carl Howell was the highest and the string broke and it got away. And Mr. Walters made one and his went farther than Carl Howell's did.

Our Visitor

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

We had a visitor at Cottage No. 13 Friday and Saturday. It was a boy that used to be at Jackson Training School. His name was Jack Ray, who was in Cottage No. 1. We were very glad to have him with us.

Our Trip

By Earl Holloman, 3rd Grade

Last Saturday afternoon the boys of Cottage No. 6 went to the cabin. They had a good time fishing and playing. The boys played hide. We had a good supper. We had milk, meat, sandwiches and cake.

Our Story

By Elbert Gentry, 1st Grade

Our teacher is reading a book to us. The name of the book is "Stocky." It is about a boy named Stocky, who lived out west and hunted buffaloes. He had to work hard. It is a good book. We like it very much.

Our Kites

By Elwood Wilson, 1st Grade

The boys are flying kites. They have kites of all kinds. Some are

little. Some are large. One boy has a box kite. We are going to have a kite contest at our school very soon. I hope our boys will win.

My Work

By James Wilson, 1st Grade

I work on the chicken force. I give the chickens water once every day. Sometimes I help gather the eggs. Then I sweep the storeroom and help fill the orders. I like my work very much. Mr. White is my officer.

Cottage No. 1 Hike

By Jimmy Jones, First Grade

On Sunday, Feb. 29, all of the boys in Cottage No. 1 went on a hike. We went over to Mr. Barnhart's farm on the way we chased 3 rabbits. We passed a little stream with some fish in it. One of the boys found a small turtle. The boys brought it back to the Cottage with them and they hope to make him a pet.

Our Room

By Bobby Peavey, 3rd Grade

The third grade has painted spring scenes for the last week. We have some very pretty scenes in our grade. We are working on our program. We are going to have it in about two weeks. It is about Easter and spring. Our teacher is reading us the "Black Stallion," we are enjoying it very much. We have a good time at school.

Easter

By Earl Wood, 3rd Grade

Easter is coming soon as we all

know, it is March 27. It is on Sunday. Do you know why we have Easter? Well, I will tell you:

We have Easter to remember that Jesus rose on that day. He arose three days after they crucified him on the cross. We go to church on this day, remembering what was done for us by Jesus.

Our New Teacher

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

The Ninth grade has a new teacher, Mr. J. H. Holbrooks. He is from Appalachian State Teachers College. He started to work at the school Wednesday. We are all glad we have a good teacher. Mr. Holbrook's home is in Charlotte. He seems to have a great interest in the sports of the school. We hope he likes his job as much as we will enjoy having him.

Our Walk

By James Martin, 3rd Grade

We went on a walk. It was Cottage no. 3. We had a good time. We went down by the gravel pit and we went down by the branch and over by the strawberry patch and we went by the dairy. We have a good dairy barn and we like the good milk. We came back by the cattle and we went by the bakery and by the laundry and to the Cottage. We thank Mr. Caldwell for taking us on a walk.

The Basketball Game

By Jimmy Jones, First Grade

On March the 6th, the boys of Cottage No. 1 played the boys of Cottage No. 10. Cottage No. 1 lost the game

but we played a good game with them.

These are the boys that played on Cottage No. 1 team: "A" team, Jimmy Jones, Alfred Perry, Bobby Ellers, Roger Willard, and Roy Lipscomb. "B" team, J. C. Littlejohn, Bobby Porter, Lester Ingle, Nathan Ashwell and Carl Davis. We hope that we can play them again.

A Walk Sunday Afternoon

By Charles Franklin, 7th Grade

At Cottage No. 1, Mr. Hinson took the boys for a walk. But two of the boys were in B. T. U.

So, Littlejohn and I started looking for them. When we got over in the dairy pasture, we saw some boys over toward the vineyard. So, we started over that way. But we were disappointed, it wasn't the boys from our Cottage, so we went on to our Cottage and waited till they came in. But still we had a good time.

Superintendents and Mrs. Brown Visit Jackson Training School

Reports from Superintendent and Mrs. Brown verify the fact that Jackson is one of the best equipped and best planned Correctional Schools in our state or in this part of our Country. Many things a boy needed have been provided not in small amounts, but in sufficient quantities to make him know that he will not need to worry about anything. (Why would any boy ever want to leave Jackson?)

The Superintendent, Mr. Hawfield, and his staff and boys were most kind in showing them around the grounds for which they are very grateful.—The Behve, Morrison Training School.

Mrs. Baucom Leaves The School

By Major Loftin, 9th Grade

Tuesday, March 9, was a sad day for the 9th grade boys, because Mrs. Baucom left the school.

All of the boys was very sorry to see her go. We are glad she stayed as long as she did.

She is going to her home in Concord, and keep house for her husband and one daughter.

All of the boys wish she would reconsider, and stay with us longer.

Mr. J. H. Holbrooks will take Mrs. Baucom's place. We hope he will be as good as Mrs. Baucom was.

Mrs. Baucom said, "she would be coming back to visit us." We will be looking for her.

Former Boy Visits School

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

On March 3, 1948, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDaniel, a former boy of Cottage no. 1 visited the school for the second time in 19 years. On his first visit, he supplied the school with an ice cream treat for every one. On this visit he treated the boys of Cottage no. 1 and Cottage no. 11 with candy bars and crackerjacks. He said he would like to have treated the whole school, due to the fact that he had a long trip ahead of him. They were on their way to Washington to visit relatives. While on his second visit at the school, he visited Jimmy Delvechio, a close relative of his. He gave a small donation on our blinds and said he was going to give more. They are living in Oakland, California. He was paroled April 27, 1926 and he said when

he got home he was going to subscribe for the Uplift. They were living in Washington the first time they were at the school. He is now working as a street car conductor in Oakland, California.

The Radio Program

By Charles Franklin, 7th Grade

The boys of the 7th grade room gave a program over the radio. The boys that spoke on the radio are the following: Melvin Radford, Harold Sellers, Charles Franklin, Donald Stack, Cecil Butcher, Jerry Peek, Barney Hopkins, and Bobby Long.

The first thing on the program was a song by the group, "Home on the Range." The announcer, Mr. Caldwell, would tell the title and the boys would say their part. The first speaker was Melvin Radford and the name of his speech was "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell." The second was Harold Sellers and his part was "The Work of Alexander Graham Bell." The 3rd part was by Charles Franklin, and it was entitled "The Box That Talked." The fourth part was by Donald Stack. It was "His Early Communication." The fifth part was given by Cecil Butcher and it was entitled "The First Message." The last speaker was Jerry Peek and his was "Materials in a Telephone." Barney Hopkins and Bobby Long did not get to say their parts because the time ran short, but we hope they will get to be first on another program if we have one.

The Show

By Billy Andrews, 8th Grade

We had a short movie on a boy who was new in a certain town and didn't know how to become one of the gang as he was at home.

He came home one day very gloomy and his father asked him what was the matter. Chris told him of his trouble and his dad suggested to wear a sweater or shirt like the other boys instead of just a plain suit. Also to listen to what the others said.

The next day he listened and found out to help others when they needed it.

He went to the drugstore to get some pills. He noticed two girls and Phil over in a booth and at the same time Phil motioned for him to come over. He went over and sat down and Phil asked him if he was going to the party and Chris said he would like to, eyeing a pretty girl nearby.

He went home and told his dad of it and his dad said it was a little late for a date but to go ahead anyway.

He got "slicked" up and went to the party. While he was there he heard a boy talking about electrons and he got stuck. Chris went over and told them all about it (it was right up his alley.) He invited some of the gang over the next day. Then he showed them the record player he was about to complete. A girl invited him to bring it over for a small party. Chris was one of the gang now.

Another shy guy was on his way to fame in the town that once was strange to him.

To avoid that run down feeling—cross the streets carefully.

FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Religious Herald)

"A Manifesto" which five prominent churchmen published in the name of Protestants and other Americans United, bids fair to hasten a decision by the American people upon the question of the use, either directly or indirectly, of public funds for religious instruction. Several speakers at the annual meeting of the International Council of Religious Education in Milwaukee last week vigorously supported the leased-time plan which is now used in many states. Dr. Walter M. Howlett, of New York, expressed the opinion that the program can operate without harm to the public school system. Mr. Walter D. Howell, of the Presbyterian Board of Education, advocated improvements in the released-time plan in order to solve special problems with the undertaking. Chief among these special problems are the weak financial support and legal barriers in many states which prevent the use of public school rooms for religious instruction. This reminds us that the released-time plan which operates in most of the northern states is unlike the plan which operates in Virginia and North Carolina.

Inaccurate and misleading statements are frequently made about the relation between the church and the public school system during the early years of American history. Actually the public school system did not come into existence until the second third of the nineteenth century. A great industrial transformation, accompanied by large immigrations,

notably from Ireland, destroyed the homogeneity of most cities in the North. Popular demands for education led to the organization of public school systems in several states, but in each instance the struggle for public schools was accompanied by a conflict among sectarian groups in regard to religious education. Feeling ran high, creating intense bitterness between national political parties.

After Massachusetts inaugurated a public school system under the guidance of Horace Mann, the state amended its constitution in 1855 to provide that state and town funds raised and appropriated for education must be spent only on regularly organized and conducted schools. No religious sect should ever share in these funds. The new public schools were state institutions. Sister states followed the example of Massachusetts with similar amendments to their constitutions. To agitate for the repeal of these amendments in order to teach religion in the public schools would probably revive the unpleasant experiences of a century ago.

In the South conditions were different. Means of secondary education were limited to personal instruction by tutors, to pauper schools, and a few Lancastrian schools. For several years before the Civil War Richmond had a Lancastrian school, and from 1866 until 1872 the City Council appropriated \$4,000 annually for its support. On June 9, 1869, the City Council passed an ordinance to establish public schools in Richmond.

The Council authorized the appointment of a Board of Education, and the following month it appropriated \$15,000 to open schools for white and colored children in October. The first public schools in the City of Richmond opened on October 4, 1869, with eight teachers for white children and twenty-five teachers for colored children.

Two laws, one in 1846 and the other in 1849, gave permissive powers to the counties of Virginia to establish free schools and to levy taxes for their support. Several years passed after the Civil War before Virginia inaugurated a public school system, and it has been within the past forty years that the system became in fact a statewide organization. During that time Virginia felt the effects of industrialization. The population has changed and shifted. New minority

groups in the cities and towns have raised questions about long established practices. For years Scripture reading and Christian prayers had been a part of the daily program in the public school rooms, because no one objected. That was no longer true. Because there are now many religious groups among the citizens, Virginia faces a problem which confronted the people of Massachusetts a hundred years ago. There seems to be but one answer if we propose to adhere to the principle of soul liberty under democratic government.

It will be well for us to keep these things in mind as we try to find a solution to this very difficult problem of religious education. From the beginning the public school system has been free. We must resolve to keep it free.



CRITICISM

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.—Johnson.

Justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe, and honestly to award—these are the true aims and duties of criticisms.
—Simms.

Criticism is the child and handmaid of reflection. It works by censure, and censure implies a standard.—R. G. White.

It is our pride that makes another's criticism rangle, our self-will that makes another's deed offensive, our egotism that feels hurt by another's self-assertion.—Mary Baker Eddy.

You do not get a man's most effective criticism until you provoke him. Severe truth is expressed with some bitterness.

—Goethe.

TO ORVILLE—WHO GAVE THE WORLD WINGS A TRIBUTE

(By H. Charles McDermott, in O. P. News)

He was tired. He had worked hard all his life. Part of his labor had fashioned airfoils, and since that day the world had wings. Beside him always had worked his brother. And he had seen immortal sleep overtake him and settle upon his brother. So he had waited a little longer, and joined with a nation, yes, with a whole world to pay homage to this brother with whom he had built the first successful airplane, this brother who had dared to share such a vast dream with him.

When the clod had echoed through the whispering words of the minister, he had turned away, turned to a world in which he now walked alone. And he was very tired. But he waited a little longer still. There was yet a climax to this dream of his.

Soon, soon, swift on the wings he had given to the world it came, that climax. It came as he must have known it would, an even grander climax to him than to those who designed it back-stage in the laboratories and air research bases in the vast heart of America.

A ram-jet.

A simple, explanatory term for the miracle that pierce the unknown and mysterious walls of time frontiers that had baffled man since first he walked from the Cro-Magnon and Grimaldi caves, or perhaps the Mas d'Azil. The first man able to throw back his head, lift his eyes to the sky and dream about the beauty and vastness of the

airborne cirrocumulus scudding across distant horizons. The ram-jet that pierced for the first time a new barrier as the Cro-Magnards or perhaps Azilians had for the first time pierced shells to make necklaces.

Ram-jet. A new, yet old instrument. An engine that grew out of and perhaps made obsolete, their airfoils as such. Yet it had been their prophecy; it must have been somewhere in the scheme of their ultimate dream.

A ram-jet that pierced the truly new world. However, they had dreamed and risked their lives, and now the prophecy had come around—their dream, their sacrifice, their genius, had given to a new generation a whole new wonderful unexplored world. So perhaps he thought they would pardon him now if he turned his wings toward another and greater adventure.

"No, they did not mind, Orville. When you went to your resting place beside your brother Wilbur, the city, the nation, yea the whole world, paid homage."

"Hundreds gathered in Woodland cemetery in your beloved Dayton, Ohio, and they placed you to the left of your brother, as you had requested.

"A state highway patrol escort of motorcycles led the procession to the cemetery, Orville, while the official respects of the nation were paid by Army and Navy officials who rode in fifteen cars.

"More persons milled into and around the First Baptist Church for the simple ceremonies, but what I thought you'd want to know, Orville, is that you indeed left behind what you no doubt, intended to leave. You didn't forget.

"No you didn't forget. Orville. You left your dreams, that wonderful heritage that makes us a wonderful nation.

"I know you must wonder if they are safe, Orville, those priceless dreams you left behind. They are.

"Your dreams are safe.

"You see, at the church today, hundreds of children stood outside in silent awe of the man who gave the world wings, the man who had waited till he had seen the ram-jet pierce the new unknown world to open a new vista, a new frontier, where dreams have a chance to survive.

"That is what makes America great, Orville. Because it never wears out, this nation, this dream of ours. It is always opening that new world. It was always new for you. And when you had explored its outermost crevice with your wings, you didn't leave it old and discarded to discourage a new generation of young, adventuring Americans. No. You waited till the ram-jet was an achievement, an accomplishment, till it had pierced, actually pierced the sonic barrier and gone winging into the supersonic frontier.

"Yes, you left the world new and young again for these youthful American adventures.

"And to the old generation you have left the knowledge that when they too,

are tired, yet another world awaits—and there you and others like you will make them welcome to a world of exploration, devoid of fear; for you have pierced it before them as you did this one, and have prepared immortal air-fold which shall guide them safely through the heavens.

"You have again, Orville, blazed a trail for them! You and Wilbur—pioneers of New Worlds. Oh yes, and the children, they who stood outside the church today.

"They, the standing children, awe-struck and silent, watching as you passed by. We wondered if your dreams would be safe with us, whether they were so precious after all. And then we knew suddenly that they were.

"And we knew how to make sure, Orville, that they would always be safe, those dreams you had left to us.

"We knew where they would be safe" Orville.

"So we gave your dreams to those children, Orville, where they'll be safe forevermore.

"We know you approve.

"We knew they belonged to them, Orville. That's why they came and stood outside by the hundreds, silent, awed. They had come, we knew, for these dreams. For your dreams, Orville.

"And as they turned away at last, turned their faces to a new and curiously strange hum in the sky, we saw in their eyes that they had placed these dreams where they will be safe forevermore, Orville.

"Their eyes were bright with them."

PROFITABLE EXPERIENCES

(By The Right Reverend Oliver L. Loring, D. D.)

It is now thirty years since I passed my Tenderfoot tests, yet I have never forgotten that "A Scout is Helpful." A man who began his life in Scouting not only finds it easy to remember his first inspirations and joys, but is also grateful for every opportunity to express his tremendous debt to the character-strengthening ideals he received early in life from the Scout Oath and Law. Duty to God and man was not invented by Scouting, but this primary law for a just society is learned more easily and permanently through the relationships of Scouts with their leaders and with each other. In this tribute and testimonial to the Boy Scouts of America as a vital character-building force for youth, I turn back thirty years to remember vividly and thankfully some of my own profitable experiences.

First in importance I place the splendid results obtained in the development of any boy, when he is confronted with the challenge of capable adult male leadership. At the age when Scouting is most effective, no home, however perfect, can provide all the stimulus needed by the endless mental and physical energy of a growing boy. It is the age of hero worship, time for struggle toward excellence. My work in the Church has brought me in touch time and again with the courts and prisons, where the whole problem of juvenile delinquency originated on lack of directed energies. How fortunate I was in my Scouting experiences! In a suburb of Boston, a busy architect caught the vision of

his personal obligation to give some of his time to youth. He was a man of spirit and integrity. He found he could be a better father to his own sons by this broader responsibility of becoming a Scoutmaster. First he became a master of the spirit of the Scout Manual himself, then with discipline and enthusiasm, he undertook the leadership of Troop 1, Newtonville, Massachusetts. His knowledge of all that Scouting means and teaches, challenged and inspired me. I dreaded the thought of failing his confidence in his Scouts. Every command, every test seemed not an obstacle, but a personal responsibility. At this age a boy wants to prove his own power to accomplish. Even more, a boy will strive to justify the confidence and faith placed in him by a wise leader. My Scoutmaster never bluffed, never shirked. His sincere and able leadership has contributed to the background of my thinking in any experiences of leadership that have come to me in later life.

Much as I admired my Scoutmaster and his Assistants, my Scouting was not all devoted to profitable hero worship. This was the age in personality development when discovery of the human body and its possible skills loomed large. Passing the requirements for Second and First Class ranks were real mountain peaks to me. Then came tests for Merit Badges, and the fun of acquiring some ability in all subjects so well chosen for Scout activities. Boyhood is well known to be an impressionable age. Some of the

subjects like First Aid, Camping and Nature Study have paid dividends ever since in my growing sense of preparedness for life and the enjoyment of it. All of the educational program of Scouting, under alert leadership, becomes an adventure. In this age education is being restudied, some of when the whole process and goal of us may be thankful for the attitudes toward "knowledge as power" which were subtly given us in Scouting.

Now that I wear the "uniform" of the Church, I discover that my first lessons in representing a group to the community were learned in the uniform of scouting. Every man who looks back to his Scouting years in the period of World War 1, must remember the over-plus of pride he felt as a Scout in service to the community. It was not difficult to dramatize one's participation, even in a small way, into the larger effort of the whole society. We tried in our Red Cross work, invarious War Drives, and other activities, to participate in a very real way. For many of us it was an introduction to the various humanitarian agencies of the community. The ideal of aiding and building a positive and helpful community was begun in us.

All the time these somewhat fundamental values of Scouting were being experienced, good fun was also stressed. A boy of Scouting age has seemingly an inexhaustible store of

sheer animal good spirits. Such a boy left alone to his own devices, without the rough and tumble of a competitive group, may grow up with a warped sense of youth and little concept of fair play. If the competitive group he joins is the neighborhood gang, his ideals will rise no higher than that neighborhood. If the group, however, has all its activity guided by the ideal of the Scout Oath and Law, the results will be very different. Humorous pranks exist but they are not intentionally mean. If England has won battles on the playing fields of Eton, it is equally true that the regulative ideals of a God-fearing Democracy have been strengthened by the spirit of Scouting.

Delinquency has been termed the Nation's number one social problem. This problem is phrased in a more vivid manner by saying there are no delinquent boys; there are only delinquent parents, delinquent religious groups, delinquent community groups. Scouting can and does promote duty to God and man, but only when Scouting finds individuals and groups willing to bring leadership to its program.

I believe in Scouting for a greater reason than my personal debt to its contribution to my own life. In this hour of civilization's crisis, I endorse the offering Scouting can make toward the building of true citizens of this our world.

God often comforts us, not by changing the circumstances of our lives, but by changing our attitude towards them.

—S. H. B. Masterman.

PANAMA CANAL

(By James Davis, in *The Training School Echo*)

"Our life line is threatened by lack of bases and by new war weapons."

History was made when a canal was started across Panama, 50 miles from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean. This immense enterprise was originally undertaken in 1882 by a French Company under M. De Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez Canal. The work of excavation went on until 1887, when the enormous expenditure of money (\$226,000,000) and the comparatively little work accomplished brought operations to an end, the company falling into difficulties and suspending payment in 1889.

In 1892 bribery had taken place in the French company and the building of the canal was undertaken another company, but no marked progress was made. The United States, meanwhile developed a project of building a canal across Nicaragua. At this junction the French company offered to sell its partly completed canal and its rights, obtained under treaty with Columbia, to the United States for \$40,000,000. The Nicaragua Canal project was abandoned.

The senate of Columbia refused to ratify this purchase, the Department of Panama seceded, Nov. 1903 and formed an independent republic. Their agreement consisted of concessions of right of way and dominion for which \$10,000,000 was to be paid and a yearly rental of \$250,000. This was for a strip of territory (the canal zone) ten miles wide, extending the distance of five miles on each side of the center

line of the canal route, including the cities of Panama and Colon.

Subsequently a treaty was made with Columbia (ratified in 1921) by which that republic received in compensation \$25,000,000 from the United States, to be paid in yearly installments of \$5,000,000.

Before any actual digging was done on the canal, a vast amount of work was necessary to make the Isthmus a healthful place for the workmen. Its cities were cleaned, its swamps drained, and other preventive measures were taken against malaria and yellow fever.

The Panama Canal is the greatest triumph of engineering in modern times. Starting from the Atlantic Coast, this canal runs at sea level for eight miles. Then an immense dam turns the valley of the Chagres River into a lake 22 miles long and ships of the largest size are lifted to the level of this lake by means of the famous Gatun Locks. After proceeding across the lake and through the deep Culebra Cut, they are lowered by other locks to sea level near the Pacific end of the canal.

The opening of the canal in 1914 was an event of great importance in the history of the United States, and the world. It brought New York and San Francisco more than 8000 miles nearer by sea than they were before; quickened trade by giving all Atlantic and Gulf cities easier access to the Pacific, and lowered freight rates between the eastern and west-

ern coasts, and it expedited trade with foreign countries. Then the canal was even much more vital to the U. S. during the war for ships and supplies were speeded from ocean to ocean. The U. S. considered long before Pearl Harbor that the big ditch was our No. 1 defense harbor. After that it was made one of the most heavily fortified strips of land on earth.

Then men, planes, and weapons were rushed to the vital canal zone. Soon the United States was granted permission to build more than a hundred bases. The jungles were cleared for air fields, gun batteries, and listening posts. These bases allowed the United States to guard the canal from enemy planes. Such planes could be spotted long before they reached the canal zone.

Most of these bases were given back to Panama on V-J Day. The U. S. air force asked to keep only 14. In particular, a request for the air port of Rio Hato was made because it is the only airport near the canal that is able to take care of the giant B-29's.

Our State Department asked Panama for 99 year lease on the 14 bases. Panama refused and would not agree on any term at the present. Then on December 10, an agreement was signed by Panama's foreign minister. Panama gave us a 5-year lease on 13 bases and a 10-year lease on Rio Hato. The agreement was not approved by the Panama Assembly.

The assembly met in Panama City. In the streets the people of Panama paraded in protest, crying aloud, "Down with the Yankees." The assembly voted against the agreement

51 to 0.

The United States did not argue or threaten, for within 24 hours our soldiers were being moved from the 14 Panama bases.

For many years Latin American countries have feared and distrusted Uncle Sam. They thought we interfered too much in their affairs, but this was changed and a "good neighbor" policy was used. We gave help to other countries only when they asked for it. Distrust has led Panama to defy her big neighbor though she gets most of her income from the United States.

Our country recognized Panama's right to make her own decisions, and to show the world that we will live up to our beliefs, we moved from Panama's bases at once. By doing so, we hope to win the trust and support of Latin America.

Panama, without protection of our defense will be crippled, for if an atomic bomb would hit near the locks, our lifeline would be cut off from sea to sea.

Now is the time to think fast to save lives. Perhaps even the destiny of the world is at stake. There is before congress a bill to dig the canal down to sea level, doing away with the locks. This would cost the U. S. Approximately \$2,800,000,000.

The law makers of the United States have suggested, "Why not use this money to start a new canal in some more friendly country?" Nicaragua has long wanted us to build a canal across her territory. This canal would be 173 miles long, but part of it would run through a big lake.

Also, Mexico and Columbia have wanted canals. The big question now is 'Will Uncle Sam decide that two life lines are betted than one? Do we have an urgent need for an additional canal? Is it necessary in the atomic

age we are embarking upon? The up-keep of the present canal is terrific! Could this money be used to greater advantage elsewhere? Congress is even now considering this important issue.

THE VANITY OF DISSIPATION

(Exchange)

Centuries ago Solomon, who called himself "the preacher", evaluated dissipation (wordly pleasure, mirth, and gratification) only to conclude that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Today a world slowly recovering from the sacrifices and destruction of war poses the same question that the Preacher posed in his day (Eccl. 1:3): "What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?"

Is it possible for a man to find today that dissipation is an antidote to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?" Is the gratification of false appetites any more satisfying today than it was in the Preacher's day thousands of years ago? Surely it is not, as every dissipated man or woman will some day realize.

That "wine maketh merry" is a belief which has echoed in every age. But what a travesty to regard "merry" as something that comes out of a bottle and ends in a headache! There

is a vast difference between the "merry" which "wine maketh" and the permanent peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away. One is fleeting and usually accompanies wrong doing, whereas the other is spontaneous and accompanies right doing.

The source of dissipation in life is the feeling that one is the creature and puppet of chance. Hence spring mad follies, profligate wastes, toxic pleasures and septic negligence. If these are the things one wants and is seeking, then let him eat, drink and seeking, then let him eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow he dies and then is ended all his dissipation.

Over against the follies and vanities of man Solomon had a word in conclusion. He said "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

Fear God, and keep His commandment; for this is the whole duty of man."—

It's easier to do a job right than to explain why you didn't.

GREATNESS OF CHARACTER

(By E. Groetz, in Joliet-Stateville Time)

Never before have you had so many opportunities and incentives summoning you to such large efforts. What you do with your present chances, abilities and inspirations you will be likely to do with larger powers in time to come. Prove the greatness of the qualities within you by earnest and enthusiastic effort this day. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but of ambition, initiative, and courage. Do not mislead yourself into believing under other circumstances, or in a different environment, you could and would do better. In your present position you must prove your greatness of character. Right where you are, at this moment, that's the place to be doing your best work to translate your good intentions into deeds.

Few persons can afford to indulge in worry, since it is an extravagant habit. It costs much, while it produces nothing by way of useful results. Nine tenths of the things worried about never happen! Worries are principally of two kinds; over things you cannot help, or things you can help. If you cannot help them, worry is obviously unavailing and useless. If you can help them, intelligence would indicate that you take definite steps to remedy them. In most cases, if the thought and time spent in anxiety and regret were directed to earnest effort in improving present conditions, the useless worry would disappear of itself.

Worry is not a necessary evil—it is valuable energy misdirected. Cultivate contentment through occupation.

Make a list of the personal qualities which you know have been characteristic of eminently successful men. You will likely set down such as these: Industry, concentration, self-reliance, integrity, patience, cheerfulness, common-sense, energy, self-confidence, tact, enthusiasm, determination, diligence, decision, definiteness, pluck, tenacity and stability. When you have made a complete list, submit yourself to rigid examination to determine approximately in what degree you have already developed these qualities within yourself. This is a practical plan for uncovering possible weaknesses, and of knowing where to concentrate your efforts toward self-improvement.

To cultivate a beautiful garden you must uproot all weeds and other unlovely things. This is best done, not by sitting down and studying the origin of such weeds and ascertaining their names and number, but by patient and diligent work in pulling them up by the roots; ridding your garden of them forever. Likewise, to cultivate a beautiful mind you must uproot and cast from you all mental weeds and other unlovely thoughts, such as pride, envy, impatience, fear, resentment, and selfishness. Then you must plant and carefully cultivate in your mental-garden seeds of kindness, goodness, love, purity, humility, reverence, and righteousness.

THE ASPECT IN MAN

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer)

When all is said and done, it appears reasonable that man is the most intriguing study in all this conglomeration called an "ordered universe." He has been the subject of intense scrutiny by most of the world's greatest minds such as Gautama, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle to mention but a few. And to many, he still remains as much of a riddle as he appeared to distant antiquity. But a light is beginning to dawn. No longer is the riddle absolutely unfathomable. Man is something and that is not nothing. Man, as indeed the whole creation, is slowly evolving with the goal still far off; and not he only, but the entire cosmogony along with him, for man after all is part of one great, supreme whole.

The average life-span of men is, and has long been, estimated to be "three score and ten" years. That, when considered in the light of evolutionary revelation, is hardly a beginning as far as the true aspirations of a physically and spiritually healthy man is concerned. The average person doesn't even realize that he is here for a definite purpose. Therefore he is like a ship minus its rudder. He doesn't understand why he is what he is; or, what he is destined to become, how and when and where; or why the absolute, the infinite, the divine reality should condescend to look upon man. Beseated by countless perplexities, man seems to grope like someone lost in a maze. Slowly, alas, altogether too slowly it seems, he is evolving: but that evolution is either beneficial

or disastrous, according as ethics enters or is brushed aside. In the latter case men are often transformed into monsters, meaning, of course, subnormalities, creatures that have degenerated through a catastrophic break in their connection with their true origin.

In our opinion, man's relationship with his true Origin is a subject of paramount importance, whether he realizes that fact or not. His whole future is bound up in his mental orientation; if this is neglected then there is little to hope for, in the way of spiritual advancement and the consequences become more apparent as each day passes.

That which is unique in man is his ability to become conscious of the fact that he is thinking. He knows this, but since there seems to be no immediate and strikingly conscious effort in the thinking process he pays little attention to this trait in his make-up. To the average man it is natural. That seems to answer all the difficulties. But does it?

Each individual is unique in himself. There is not, never was, another creature just like himself. He is a world in himself. His reactions will be different because he will pass through different experiences in life. But still he remains a member of the group with a destiny akin to that of the group.

The principle aspect in man is the fact that he is, not a material identity, but an aspiritual sentient being. There is, in man, a something that

sets him definitely and distinctly apart from all other creatures. Contrary to the generally accepted materialistic conception, man has a future destiny the full import of which often escapes his scrutiny. He is, despite all assertions to the contrary, a moral being which fact is demonstrated by the fact that he has a conscience. The object of that is to guide his conduct. He indeed can, and sadly to relate, frequently does, brush aside

the dictates of that conscience, but generally if not always, with consequences disastrous to himself.

The aspect in the man when once fully realized, induce him to take stock of himself, and reveals to him the solemn fact that he is a responsible creature. His conduct is always subject to the dictates of his conscience: and though he may over-ride it, he does it at his own peril.

LET'S BE SENSIBLE

A speaker, addressing an audience, asked those present to state what they thought were the great needs of the country.

A secretary recorded these answers: Surrender of private property, clean politics, help for the under-dog, guaranteed jobs for everybody, respect for law, less graft, better manners, less worry, freedom from responsibility, and so on.

If that group was a cross-section of the country's thinking, for what are we headed? Nobody said the great need of the country is common-sense, every-day religion, return, in some respects, to the days of our fathers, whose sweat was abundant and whose idol was not money, power, or play; who rolled up their sleeves and went to their tasks with sunny hearts, happy that they had tasks to do.

We would not go back. Progress we have made and shall make. These are good days, even if they might be better. But they will not be better until we know human values, until we know and practice the one thing that can save our world. It is obedience to the higher law. It is giving ourselves.

Let us realize that there is no blessing like hard work. Personal example of clean living will outlive all else. Self-control is more important than thinking of the party that will control congress. The next generation is more important than the next election.

WAYWARDNESS LINKED TO BROKEN HOMES

(By Stephen Trumbull, in *The Yellow Jacket*, Florida State Training School)

"Marianna — In tackling the problem of straightening out wayward youngsters here they've put a lot of study into the very rudimentary question of why they're wayward.

Lots of parents of boys who have been sent here need go no farther than their mirror to see the answer to that one. They've found that there are seldom less than 60 percent of the boys here who aren't from broken homes, sometimes homes broken by death but, far more often from homes broken by divorce.

Another high percentage—and this one can't be determined precisely because boys don't like to discuss such things—are from homes where parents are constantly wrangling. The boy from a normal happy home is a rarity here.

So the first problem is the restoration of a normal, cheerful boyhood. Then as many of these boys are from poor families, there's the matter of teaching a trade to step into when he leaves here so the haunt of financial insecurity will not push him right back into another and more grim institution.

As the initial lesson in responsibility they have a nice deal in the matter of clothing. There are no uniforms here, nor are clothes issued army style. The new boy has a theoretical \$50 clothing allowance. He goes to the school store and picks out his clothing, with some choice in colors and types. He signs his own receipt for them.

He learns he must take care of that

clothing. If it's carelessly lost or destroyed he must "work it out" when his time here has expired.

He learns that privileges here, as in outside life, are something that can be earned. As a newcomer he is in the "recruit" class. He isn't pushed around or hazed. He can join all of the games, but he knows there are other classes up the ladder which lead to such privileges as off-the-campus trips with the Boy Scouts, trips out with the football team and even—in the top grades—unescorted trips into town with visiting parents.

It's books one day and trade school the next. In promotions to the higher privilege levels not too much importance is attached to book classroom grades. They're pretty realistic in this matter here. It's a boy's attitude that counts. They know some youngsters just aren't cut out for students.

Superintendent Arthur G. Dozier is firmly convinced that a good carpenter is of more use to himself and community than a poor Latin student, and that's the way he plays it. Not that the youngster with an aptitude for "booklearning" can't get it but if simply can't take the stuff and dearly loves brick laying he becomes a brick layer.

Students here live in cottages which are a far cry from the usual institutional living facilities. The white boys cottages are named after presidents. The negro boys' cottages are named after famous negro leaders.

Their once-plain interiors now are being redecorated in bright and cheerful themes.

The cottage of the smaller boys, just as an example, is being done over in the circus motif, with clown-bedeked wall paper and tables built like big bass drums. It's all being done in the school shops and classes.

Each has a "house father." He sleeps in a separate room and the dormitory isn't even locked at night. Each cottage battles for the monthly honor flag with its attending extra privileges, so the youngster who starts talking about running out or staging a revolt is pretty apt to be dissuaded without faculty help.

In this the other youngsters aren't being stool pigeons. The vast majority here learned quickly that only a chump will buck this set-up. They are quick to convince the newcomer that being tough might have been smart in his neighborhood back home, but here it isn't.

In answers to letters of request, many famous athletes have sent the boys autographed pictures for their walls. The picture of Babe Ruth is the favorite one because the Babe was once an "institution boy" and he sent the kids a nice, hopeful message with the picture.

Aptitudes are studied in the training assignments. They also never attempt the making of a mediocre mechanic out of a boy who will be a good farmer. The school has its own dairy herd. It raises most of its eggs and enough chickens for a weekly chicken dinner. Virtually every article of furniture has been made on the place.

The school takes pride in its football team that equals that of Miami High. Its usually high in the section-

al championship fight up here, and it gets a good hand in all surrounding towns. As a further addition to normal school life, there's even a little soda shop here where the youngsters can gab a bit over their cokes. They have a school paper too.

There's still another touch that may seem insignificant to some but which Dozer is convinced is important. Each cottage is allowed one dog, and right pampered critters they are with all of those masters. A dog can bring out a lot in a youngster.

The boys are sent here on indefinite commitment. They may be released when the faculty decides they are convinced there's a better way of life than bucking the law. Some make it in eight months. Some take well over a year for the convincing.

So that's the way they do it up here, and what of the results. Is it paying off in future citizenship the \$1.85 per boy per day it costs to run this place, counting his food, clothing and housing?

Certainly this doesn't work with every boy. Bear in mind that most of these boys have been real problems in their home communities and were not sent here until after their third or fourth entanglement with the police. Some of the near 18-year-olds have been real potentially vicious criminals.

Statewide facilities for a follow-up on what happens when they leave here are non-existent. From such facilities as exist however, Dozier had figured that about 70 to 75 per cent of those leaving here actually were back on the right road.

Recently, however, he received a most heartening letter from E. C. Benedict of Jacksonville, head of the

Juvenile Home association there where they've been making a painstaking check on their Duval county boys after they leave here. He reported that of 69 boys on whom the check was completed, 64 had been making good over

a long period, which, in percentages figures to 92.6. And for the Florida taxpayers it looks like a pretty good deal, even discounting completely the humanitarian aspects of this picture.

GOLD IS WHERE THE HEART IS

(The Northlander)

High in the Great Smokies of Tennessee, in the very shadow of Old Cedar Mountain, once nestled a crude cabin in which a teen-aged boy lay awake night after night, dreaming incessantly of a haunting melody. Inspiration was everywhere in this simple environ of his birth; in the daisy-dappled hills over which he roamed through the day, in the mountain peaks themselves, and in the murky clouds which veiled the silent giants in mystery.

Suddenly, out of the West, came the cry, "Gold in California!" George Johnson accepted the challenge.

After days of drifting down the leisurely flowing Hiawassee River, he found himself in the valley. And it was springtime. Then, one afternoon as he paddled through the ever-changing scenery, the low, lazy creaking of a water wheel filled his ears. Just around a bend in the widening river was a picturesque old mill in whose doorway stood a figure—a girl, unmistakably.

That was as for West as George ever

got. There he found gold. Her name was Maggie Harris. George promptly changed her last name and, a few days later, loaded his bride into the small boat and took her up the Hiawassee. Back in the shadow of Old Cedar Mountain he built a home for Maggie, and there they lived and grew old and gray together.

In their latter years, George and Maggie yielded to their yearning to visit the old mill. Down the Hiawassee they drifted, in the same old boat, to the rustic site where both had found gold. The creaking was gone, stilled by the ebbing of time, but here the dream of George's teen-years came true. For, one fine evening by the old mill, he penned the lyric to a song Americans will always sing.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,

And the trials of our life nearly done;

Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,

When you and I were young.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.

DISCOURAGED PEOPLE

(By Dr. Roy E. Hoke, Ph. D., in Charlottee Observer)

Most of us have a desire to live as long as we can here upon earth. Our hospitals are crowded with people who are battling to overcome sickness and to recover. The fight that many of them wage is really heroic.

Walking upon our streets are found many thousands who are not well. They battle on with failing lungs. In spite of the weakness of flesh, their spirits display a great will to live.

Strange as it may seem, while many battle to live, others are ready to give up the battle and seek a way out. They have what we might call a will to die.

Every 25 minutes, someone in our country commits suicide. The total number is over 21,000 in a year. There are over 40,000 others who try to take their lives but fail.

Surprising as these figures are, they still do not tell the whole story. There are many more people who kill themselves "accidentally on purpose." Many fatal accidents are really suicides if the facts were known. Many hunting accidents are really intentional.

In times of real hardship and deprivation the suicide rate goes downward. When we all struggled to win the war, the rate was low. Now that the victory is won and we have been enjoying the triumph and peace, the rate begins to rise. It seems that as long

as people think about others and work for the common good, only find life worth living. As soon as the attention is turned upon self-gratification, life becomes empty.

People get into a depressed state of mind and are unable to throw it off. Many lose courage and have no will to go on with what appears to be a losing struggle. Others have lost their grip on life and hope is dead. There are many discouraged people.

There is much discouragement today. Many different factors enter into the picture. There is a breakdown in so many of the standards which men and women use for living.

A former officer in the Army was used to a much higher income than he has been able to secure since his discharge from the service. He is able to earn less than half what he formerly got while the war was in progress. Now he is having a hard time paying his bills. To make matters worse, he is having trouble with his wife. He feels that life is not worth living. Ideas of suicide keep coming into his mind at all hours of day or night. By proper advise, he can be restored to right thinking and he again find pleasure and thrill in life.

Frustration is common to all lives. We all have our ups and downs. The important thing is not the opposition we experience but how we meet it.

As a rule, women diet to retain their girlish figures or their boyish husbands.

THE HISTORY OF THAT OLD HYMN

(Selected)

Katherine Hankey, born in England in 1834, was the child of a prosperous banker. Her father was religious and encouraged his daughter in her efforts at teaching a large Bible class of girls before she was twenty. At the age of 32 Kathering was in ill health, and while she was recovering from a severe illness, she penned the lines:

“Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.”

These lines were laid aside, however, and it was not until several months later that the rest of the song was written. This touching composition of Kathering Hankey's has been translated into almost every language under the sun. Because of the thrilling melody to which the words of this song have been set it has won double popularity. But how the tune really came into existence is another story which goes: The talented Dr. Doane was once attending a Christian meeting when he heard an old Major of the English

forces during the Fenian excitement rise and read the beautiful words of the song which Kathering had written. Tears streamed from the Major's face as he read them; and Mr. Doane could forget neither the tears nor the words. One hot afternoon a little later while he was jolting along in a stagecoach he wrote the music which accompanies the words which are immortal:

(Chorus)

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The “early dew” of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
“Christ Jesus makes thee whole.”

I saw the surest sign of Spring. 'Twas not a robin I heard sing.
'Twas surer even yet than that, and surer than a new spring hat.
I saw nine boys the woods en route, each with his shirt-tail hanging
out!—Ruth Smeltzer.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

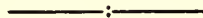
Rev. C. L. Grant, pastor of the Westford Methodist Church, brought a delightful message to the boys last Sunday afternoon. This was Mr. Grant's first visit to the school, and we were all delighted to have him.

Mr. Grant read a Scripture lesson from the sixth chapter of Matthew, including the verses of the Lord's Prayer. He used as a text another verse of the same chapter, which advises that we lay not up treasures for ourselves upon earth, "where moth and rust corrupt and where thieves break through and steal," but that we lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust do corrupt and where thieves do not break through or steal."

Mr. Grant explained that the Lord's Prayer represents one of the precious treasures which may be acquired by every young man. It was explained that all individuals go treasure hunting from time to time. The greatest treasure we have is represented in the verses of Scripture presented in the Lord's Prayer. This was described as the perfect prayer, uttered by Jesus, Himself. Jesus was described as being the Elder Brother. Jesus explained to the disciples that His kingdom is not of this world but is

something that is attainable at death.

Mr. Grant explained to the boys that God has a particular message for every boy. His message pertains to the coming of the kingdom, and it is true that the kingdom comes in the hearts of people and not as in intangible empire. The minister urged the boys to develop a spirit of forgiveness; that they learn to be kind to one another; that they learn to be obedient to the teachings of the Bible. One who has these attributes in life may sin and come short of his ideals, but it is always possible for him to strive for something better. Mr. Grant explained to the boys that any person might find hardships in life. It was explained that some of the greatest men the world has known have had great hardships. Even Jesus Himself had His bitter disappointments. It is Jesus who will not forsake a person, but will assist him to the highest attainments, with the assurance that right always wins out in the end. In our life our attainments are just about what we make of them, and not what others do. Jesus will always lead and inspire and help with the problems of life. After all, the greatest treasures are hid in Jesus.



Young people, accept responsibility; attach yourselves by pledge to every good institution—political, social, literary, and religious; be grateful to the Angel of Responsibility that urges you with swift steps along the highways that lead to happiness and usefulness and character.—N. D. Hillis.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.—Clarendon.

—:—

The balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another, to read his heart with.

—Johnson.

—:—

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends, the other descends.

—Hopkins.

—:—

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

—:—

"I think the Lord in His own good time and way will work this out alright. God knows what is best."

—Abraham Lincoln.

"Promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

—:—

Success in business is due to administration; and capacity in administration is due to that faculty, power, or quality called common sense.

—Pope.

—:—

"Die when we may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower would grow."

—Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble—a thing rare among politicians.

—John Hay.

—:—

"That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the peo-

ple and for the people shall not perish from the earth."—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.—Franklin.

—:—

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington and if our America institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

—:—

"As I would be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

—Abraham Lincoln.

To add brightness to the sun of glory and to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."

—George Washington.

—:—

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free enlightenment and at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

—George Washington.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

A Georgia judge recently ruled a mine little boy is "Lord and master" of his domain.—Associated Press.

—:—

Cohen: "Are you the boy who saved mine little boy from drowning?"

Lad (modestly): "yes sir."

Cohen: "Well, vares his cap?"

—:—

His thoughts were slow, his words were few and never formed to glisten, but he was joy to all his friends—you should have heard him listen.

—:—

"What dey do to dat Jones boy fo' selling dat booze, Aunt 'Lizy?"

"What dey do?" "Lawd, chile, dey done give him two yeahs in de house ob representatives!"

—:—

Tramp: "Has the doctor any old pants he could let me have?"

Lady: "No, they wouldn't fit you."

Tramp: "Are you sure?"

Lady: "Quite sure—I'm the doctor."

—:—

A sultan at odds with his harem, Thought of a way he could scarem. He caught him a mouse, Set it loose in the house; Thus starting the first harem—scarem.

—:—

A man dropped his wig in the street and a boy picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You're the first genuine hair restorer I've ever seen."

—:—

Rowboat Christians-have to be pushed wherever they go.

Sailboat Christians-always go with the wind.

Steamboat Christians-make up their minds where they ought to go, and go there regardless of wind or weather.

—:—

Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the

choir's singing. But they all shut up when little Billy chipped in with remark: "I think it was a darn good show for a nickel."

Well, what excuse have you got for coming home at this hour of the night?

"Well, my dear, I was playing golf with some friends and—

What? At 2 a. m.?

Sure. We were using the night clubs.

—:—

A Madison Avenue bus was unusually crowded one morning. A passenger setting next to the window suddenly buried his head in his arms. The man next to him asked, "Are you sick? Can I do anything for you?"

"It's nothing like that," the other man assured him. "I just hate to see old ladies standing."

—:—

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "I have told you the story of Jonah and the whale. Willie, you may tell me what this story teaches." "Yes'm," said Willie, the bright-eyed son of the pastor; "it teaches that you can't keep a good man down."

—:—

An Irishman who was sleeping all the night with a Negro had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in the mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they've wote the wrong man!"

—:—

A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. Me, the old man, kid, cow and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry and the cat's a Communist."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 7, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Eugene Everington
Billy Holdey
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Johnny Ollis
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Jack Jarvis
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton
James Sehen
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Odene Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Earl Gilmore
Bobby Hedrick
Leon Martin
James Myers
Russell Murphy

Jimmy McCollum
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Lewis Holt
Billy Hamilton
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Marvin Guyton
Jack Griffin
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Joe Hanna
Carl Jenkins
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean

Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
Talmadge Duncan
Gerald Johnson
George Marr
Jack Melvin
J. C. Mikeal
James Moore
Kenneth Staley
Robert Whitaker ,

COTTAGE No. 11

Willis Caddell
Jimmy Delvechio
Roy Eddings
Thomas Linville
Edward Morgan
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
J. C. Taylor

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Homer Fisher
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Harold Sellers
Joe Swink
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Treva Coleman
Frank Grady
Therman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Howard Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
Garland Leonard
Melvin Norman
Theibert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Thomas Scruggs
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams
Coy Wilcox
Troy Wall
Eugene Wombie

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Harvey Jacobs
Perry Lee Martin
Carroll Painter
Bobb Peavey
Sammy Lynn
Franklin Phillips
Walter Sampson
Harold Sloop
Francis Thomas
Bobby Woodruff
Harold Wilson

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

Clean reading, clean speech, better homes, higher ideals are this nation's needs. Let's be sensible.—Grit.



✓ 364
THE

UPI LET

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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 20, 1948

NO. 12

My Son; to me you are
A gift of Gods Great Love.
I pray him always, to
Watch o'er you from above.
With all I am, and have,
I love you next to none
But him on high, who made
You mine, dear son.

—Anne South.

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INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

IT WILL SHOW IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day;
You don't have to say if you work or play;
For a tried and true barometer, right in its place;
However you live, my friend, it will show in your face.
The false, the deceit, that you bear in your heart;
Won't stay down inside, where it first got its start;
For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace,
What you carry in your heart, will show in your face.
If you've gambled and won in the great game of life;
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife;
If you've played the game square, and you stand on first base,
You won't have to tell it, it will show in your face.
Then if you dissipate nights till the day is most nigh,
There's only one teller, and one that won't lie;
Since your facial barometer is right in its place,
However you live, my friend, it will show in your face.
Well, if your life is unselfish, and for others you live,
For not what you get, but for what you can give;
And if you live close to God, in His infinite grace,
You won't have to tell it, it will show in your face.

—Reprinted from Spokesman, in Our Paper.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF SPRING APPROACH

Once again in God's great outdoor world of nature there are universal manifestations of the approaching of the spring season. The symbols of spring are appearing on every hand, and they bespeak again God's message of the rebirth in nature, and they tell His message of hope and good cheer to mankind and to all the animal kingdom.

On the streams and the hillsides, in the forests and in the gardens, one hears the rustling sounds of the messengers of spring, and one sees in the beauty of the flowers the story of God's love and of His message of good cheer to mankind.

Down by the streams, there is the sound of the rippling brook or the rushing of streamlets toward their bigger brothers.

At this season of the year one hears the singing of the birds. Out of the depths of their hearts they peel out the notes of music which the spring season brings to the surface once again. In the early morning hours the various birds, such as the thrush, the sparrow, the oriole, the robin redbreast and the bluebird awaken the world with their songs. They proclaim that once again a new spring season is at hand and that the day of rejoicing has come back because the suffering and the bitterness of cold snows and wintry winds are passed for a season.

Out on the hillsides and on the lawns and in the gardens the spring flowers burst forth with all their gay colors, each one appearing to try to outdo the other in its beauty. There are now bursting forth the jonquils, the goldenbells, and other such blooming flowers and shrubs as characterize this season of the year.

Out in the forest there are the first signs of the swelling buds, and some buds have even burst forth almost prematurely, almost too soon for safety, but there is that moving and dynamic spirit of nature that stirs in the heart of a bud. It is an irresistible force. These movements, too, tell that spring is near at hand. They represent another sign of the awakening of nature.

Out on the fields the grain and the green grass take on a new richness of color. Almost perceptibly the grass turns from its dead color to a new freshness of green—a freshness that inspires the very soul of man.

Then, too, the cattle on a thousand hills rush out to feast upon the first green blades of grass, and they move and stir with a new step of joy, because they have green grass for their food, and they no longer suffer from the bitter winds of the winter.

All in all, spring represents the gayest and the happiest season of the year. It is that period of year when children play their outside games, and their spirits are refreshed in the sunlight. It is that time of the year when youth and childhood become carefree and light-hearted, and when they associate and commune with the flowers, the birds and all the other symbols of spring. Spring is God's jubilee, or festival, in the hearts of children as well as in all nature.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

School Basketball League

By Herman Hugh, 11th Grade

Saturday the schools basketball league went into the semi finals. The Cottages who won are, Cottage 2 and Cottage 10. They will play for the championship Tuesday night.

In the semi finals the Cottages are as follows:

Cottage 2 defeated Cottage 4 19-11

Cottage 7 defeated Cottage 5 24-23

Cottage 10 defeated Cottage 17 37-7

Our Biology Study

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Recently the ninth grade has been studying the growth of bacteria. Mr. Holbrooks, our new teacher, got the microscope out and we looked at some water that came out of the pond here at the school. We could see the bacteria running around in the water. We also looked at a hair that came out of a boys head. We could see the roots plainly. We like to study Biology, and look through the microscope.

Cottage 7 Defeats Cottage 5

By Fairley McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday, March 12, Cottage 7 and Cottage 5 played a good basketball game. All of the boys of Cottage 7 and Cottage 5 played a good game.

At the first half the score was 13 to 11 in favor of Cottage 7 and at the last of the game the score was 24 to 22 in favor of Cottage 7. The boys who made points were: W. L. Steele 8,

Jerry Peavy 7, Edd McCall 7, Earl Guinn 2. Mr. Phillips refereed the game. All of the boys enjoyed the basketball game very much.

Basketball

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

Some boys of the school went to town Saturday morning. We played two games and we won one by a forfeit and we won the other. However we lost the championship. The teams that we played are Harment, the Cubs and the Indians. The one that we played for the championship was the Cubs.

The boys that went were Bobby Duncan, Kenneth Holcomb, Talmadge Duncan, Leroy Shedd, Ed Guinn, Jerry Peavey and Johnny Robinson. We want to thank Mr. Walters for taking us to play. We hope to get to play next year.

New Boys at the School

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The school has enrolled a few more boys these two weeks than usual. The boys are as follows, Jack Burchell, Leaksville, 7th grade, Jadie Atkins, Fayetteville, 4th grade, Jimmy Peoples, Henderson, 3rd grade, Ray Bridgeman, Laruinburg, 7th grade, Harold Mitchell, Burlington, 4th grade, Jackie Hargitt, Charlotte, 7th grade, Grady Garren, Mt. Holly, 7th grade, King Watkins, Clinton, 8th grade, and Alvin Fox, Marion, 3rd grade.

All these boys will get adjusted in a few weeks and will like the school much better than they do now.

Championship Game

By Kenneth Staley, 11th Grade

The championship game was played last night when two undefeated teams met to play. The two teams (Cottages 2 and 10) fought hard all the way. The favored, Cottage 10 led the scoring at the half mark with 14 points while the underdogs had 8 points. Things got off pretty fast in the second half after Harvey Arnette and Melvin Radford fouled out and coach Braswell had to substitute some players that lacked experience. Staley and Johnson led the scoring for Cottage 10 champions while Mace and Stack led the way for the losers. The final score was 27 to 19 in Cottage 10's favor.

Our Visitor

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

Yesterday, March 15th, Mr. Patterson, one of the sponsors of the Boys Club in Concord, came over to the Training School and paid us a visit.

The boys got together in the auditorium and Mr. Braswell introduced him to us.

First he showed us a bat kite that he once made. It had a body with wings on both sides and a paper tail with sticks running across each bit of paper.

Then he showed us a little doll man that had paddles for arms. No matter which way the wind blew he always paddled.

Next he showed us some pictures. Among these was a great kite of about fifteen feet of height which he once brought out to the school and flew. A 175 pound man went up in the air

with it when the others turned loose.

He said to use your imagination and you can make all kinds of kites, such as birds, dragons, boys and girls kites.

After we were dismissed some boys stayed in there and got blueprints for kites that they are going to make.

I know that the boys appreciate him coming to see us.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Adams Leave

By Major Loftin

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Adams, the officer and matron of the Receiving Cottage, left the school Monday, March 15.

Mr. Adams stayed at the school about six years. He was in charge of the farm work and in charge of all new boys. He taught school as a new man at the school and had the dairy for a while. He was on the release board. He also constructed the work of the Wildwood Cottage.

He is going to work at the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville. We hope that he will like his job there.

We quote him, "I am very happy to go there."

Our new officer and matron are Mr. and Mrs. Troutman.

Receiving Cottage Went to Wildwood Cottage

By Major Loftin, 9th Grade

Saturday, March 13 the Receiving Cottage went to Wildwood Cottage on a camping trip, for the weekend.

When we got to the Cottage we cleaned it up good, then we played football. While the boys played ball Mr. and Mrs. Adams cooked supper for the house boys. For supper we

had oyster stew, fish, creamed potatoes, coffee, and jelly rolls.

All of the boys sat up late Saturday night until a few of them went to bed. There were five of us that sat up up until one o'clock.

Sunday we played ball, and went fishing, but had no luck at fishing.

We came back to the school about five o'clock Sunday afternoon.

A Resume of Basketball

By Herman Hughes, 11th Grade

Looking back at the Yellowjackets basketball schedule I find that they had a pretty fair team considering the conditions here, and also this was the first year the school has had a team.

The boys showed excellent sportsmanship throughout the entire season, and never was a boy taken out of a game because of poor conduct, or unsportsmanship.

The team placed two players on the county all-star team, and I think one other player deserves honorable mention. He is Kenneth Staley, a forward, a great help to the team. Coming out late, he finished third in the

individual scoring, and his defense record was fair.

But getting back to the team as a whole they should be commended for their fine sportsmanship and spirit.

Turning back the pages in the score book I found out the 1-2 punch was Earl Walters and Gerald Johnson. These two lads gave the Yellowjackets half of their 514 points for the season.

Another boy, who did not make but a single point all season, but was an excellent guard is James Moore. I think he is the best guard in the league.

Well this is all I have to say about the boys, but I hope them a very successful team next season.

Following is the individual scoring for the boys: Earl Walters, 176; Gerald Johnson, 115; Kenneth Staley, 99; Hughey Barnes, 48; Harvey Arnette, 24; Clyde Wright, 23; Bobby Billings, 14; Bill Ray, 12; James Scott, 6; Bill Thornton, 4; Carroll Painter, 4; Talmadge Duncan, 1; and James Moore, 1. Total points scored by the boys of the school: 527. Opponents score against the school: 565.

JUST GRIN

When you hear someone singing the blues,

Grumble and growling like sin,

It is a darn good plan

To be calm as you can,

Just sorta sit back and grin.

For when trouble comes up, big or small,

The proper and best way to win

Is stick out your chest

And trust God for the rest,

Just keep on wearing your grin.

—Fern E. Garwood.

LETTERS FROM FORMER STUDENTS

Mr. Hawfield received a nice letter from Billy Andrews, who has been away from the Jackson Training School since July, 1946. Billy is in the Navy, and wrote from Pearl Harbor:

March 6, 1948

Hello, Mr. Hawfield,

I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you hear from me. Hope this finds the whole school feeling well and happy. I am all right and in good health, weigh 142 lbs. now. I weighed 120 before I came in the Navy. Well, I hope to go up for S-1-Class before long.

Mr. Hawfield, tell all the boys I said hello and to be good, because they have got a good chance. Well, Mr. Hawfield, I received a lot of mail from my old station and among them was yours. Mr. Hawfield, I am glad you wrote to me, it sure was a nice letter. I sure do think a lot of you and that school. Yes, I remember when I was on the paper route. I enjoyed it too. I am glad you gave me the chance to have it. The letter that you wrote sure did make me feel good.

I am glad you sent me Mr. Morris' address. I will write him. I think a lot of Mr. and Mrs. Morris. I believe everything that Mr. and Mrs. Morris did for the boys in their cottage was good. I know you hated to see him, Mr. White and Mr. Godown leave. They did a lot for the school. I would like to see all the boys. I will come there when I get to come back to the states.

Well, it is about time for playing

baseball. Sure would like to see the school games this year. Mr. Hawfield, how is the scout troop? I sure did have a good time while I was at camp and all. Tell Mr. Corliss hello.

Well, I am in Pearl Harbor now. I like it, just fine. I am working in Commissary Store, striving for store-keeper.

It won't be long before they will start planting the crop there, will it?

Mr. Hawfield, I will send you some pictures of this island. My address is:

William Andrews S-2-Class 229-1246
Box 104
Navy Yard 128
Care of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Well, I will close for now, with lots of good luck to the school. Please answer soon.

Billy Andrews

Mr. Hawfield received the following letter from Billy Jenkins, who was released this month to live with his parents in Columbia, South Carolina:

Dear Mr. Hawfield,

How are you? Fine I hope. I am going to school every day and I am helping my mother every day after school. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and to Church on Sunday night. Mr. Hawfield, I appreciate everything you did for me while I was at the Training School, and maybe I can do something for you someday. Tell Mrs. Hawfield I said hello, and I would like to see her.

My father works in the mill, and he goes to work at 3 and comes home at 11 o'clock.

I will be up to see you and the boys in June, because I won't have time while I am in school. School lets out

in June.

I don't know much to write so I will close for now. Answer real soon.

Your friend,

Billy Jenkins

BOY WANTED

(By Frank Cranes, in Youth Progress)

A boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight.

A boy who listens when carefully spoken to who asks questions when he does not understand, and who does not ask questions about things that are none of his business.

A boy whose finger-nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean whose shoes are polished whose clothes are brushed whose hair is combed and whose teeth are well cared for.

A boy who moves quickly, and makes as little noise about it as possible.

A boy who whistles in the street but not where he ought to keep still.

A boy who looks cheerful, has a smile for everybody but never sulks.

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

A boy who never bullies other boys or allows other boys to bully him.

A boy who, when he does not know a thing says; "I do not know"; and when he has made a mistake says, "I'm sorry" and when requested to do a thing immediately says, "I'll try."

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth everytime.

A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than tell a lie or be a cad.

A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than talk slang.

A boy who does not want to be "smart" nor in anywise attract attention.

A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books.

A boy whom other boys like.

A boy who is perfectly at ease in the company of respectful girls.

A boy who is not sorry for himself and not forever thinking and talking about himself.

A boy who is friendly with his mother and more intimate with her than with any one else.

A boy who makes you feel good when he is around.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the school wants him, the office wants him, the boys and girls want him and all creation wants him.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.
—Daniel Webster.

STABILITY OF CHARACTER

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

Perhaps nothing so much enhances the prestige of a man as stability of character, meaning, by this term, a habitual well-ordered mode of normal conduct under varying circumstances. One does not need to look for irregularities in such an individual because there are none. He is governed by sound reason and is entirely logical in all his deductions and induction. He knows what the score is, to use a rather trite phrase worn almost threadbare within recent years.

Stability is that quality in a thing, more especially in man, that sets him definitely apart from ordinary creatures, and makes him outstanding for characteristics. One does not get into difficulties or foolish arguments with a rational stabilized entity. Even if we be at fault and don't reason things out properly, the rationalized man of character does it for us. He knows. He understands. He is reasonable enough to make allowances.

That stability of character is important can be gathered from what would be the situation if irrationality were to gain the ascendant in the affairs of men—as it sometimes does and has done in the past. Living in communal groups with such a condition prevailing would be like living in Hades. It would most certainly become one grand, colossal madhouse.

With the term, stability, we always associate strong characteristics so that we naturally expect one of a stable frame of mind to be well-balanced; look for rational action; feel disappointed when we discover that

we have expected too much, as sometimes may be the case. But that ought only to determine us all the more to be stable, to do the right thing (after having reasoned out the proper procedure) and to benefit by the mistakes other may, unfortunately, make.

For it is only the man of stability that is able to meet his problems squarely and solve them.

Since the most important factor about any man is always his character, it follows that stability is also an important ingredient in his mental make-up. For the wind shifts wherever it will, blowing in no one direction constantly but ever shifting like the sands of the desert. An unstable character is like that. Thoroughly, unreliably. Quite unpredictable. Like a flywheel minus its balance weight.

One striking feature about that inscrutable Sphinx standing watch along the banks of the Nile is its ruggedness, its immovability, its steady, penetrating gaze into the morning. One is reminded of a type of man that would exactly fit such a characteristic. One can understand, by closely observing that type, how he came to dominate his fellowmen: not by tyranny but by persuasion: and by the fact that he was seldom wrong and never unjust.

To discover how well a man can stand up under a storm of abuse, or under an avalanche of adversity, one needs only to observe, withholding all comment. If there be any quality

that can be identified with stability of character, it will come to the surface to be readily seen by all. For nothing so quickly reveals a man's true nature as misfortune. Nothing so readily brings out the unlovely traits of character; and, when it is all done, the man stands revealed as though by the spotlight of a keen analysis. Whatever is within will come

to the surface, given the proper time place and circumstances.

Perhaps, aside from the Sphinx there is no finer symbol of strength and stability of character than that which burst upon the traveler's view as he, standing alongside of the ship's rail, gazes shoreward in making the passage from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean.

STUDY THE RULES

Oh, whether it's business or whether it's sport, Study the rules.
 Know every one of them, long and the short. Study the rules.
 Know what you may do, and what you may not.
 Know what your rights are. 'Twill help you a lot.
 In the critical times when the battle is hot. Study the rules.
 Life's not a scramble, and sport's not a mess. Study the rules.
 Nothing is left to haphazard or guess. Study the rules.
 Know what's a foul blow, and what is a fair;
 Know all the penalties recognized there
 Know what to go for, and what to beware. Study the rules.
 Nature has fixed for us definite laws. Study the rules!
 Every effect is the child of a cause Study the rules.
 Nature has penalties she will inflict,
 When it comes to enforcing them nature is strict.
 Her eyes are wide open. She never is tricked. Study the rules.
 Play to your best in the game as it's played. Study the rules.
 Know how a fair reputation is made. Study the rules.
 Sport has a standard, and life has a plan—
 Don't go at them blindly; learn all that you can—
 Know all that is asked and required of a man. Study the rules.

—Edgar A. Guest.

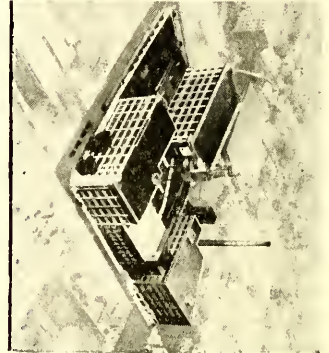
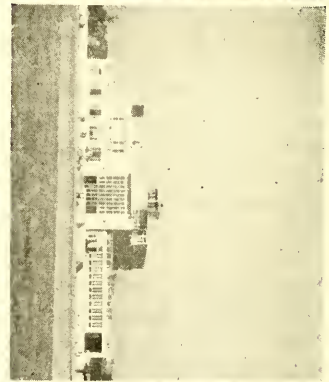
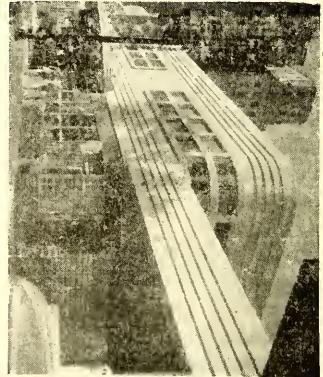
WINSTON-SALEM

This Easter about 50,000 visitors will be attracted to Winston-Salem for: the Moravian early Easter morning service, one of the most widely known religious services in America. The opening scene of the Sunrise service of the Moravians will be the Home Moravian Church, on South Church Street in Old Salem. Visitors will see the Moravian Graveyard, or "God's Acre" Cemetery, whose graves all have identical, flat, white-marble markers to symbolize the equality of the dead.

Old Salem, with its many points of interest—Salem College established in 1772 and never closed since that time, Wachovia Historical Museum, with the largest collection of local antiquities in the United States, the Belo House, a splendid anti-bellum mansion, and the Coffee Pot, an old landmark built in 1857 as a tinsmith's sign—now forms a part of North Carolina's leading industrial city, a progressive city still marked by a deep religious atmosphere, a love for music and arts, and a zeal for broad educational development.

Situated almost exactly midway between Washington and Atlanta, Winston-Salem is a city of fifteen square mile, in an outstanding agricultural section as well as one of America's leading tobacco and textile manufacturing areas. The July, 1946 estimate of her corporate limits population was 92,000, a population predominately of old American stock, 99.5 per cent American born.

Rich and varied is the history of Winston-Salem, for the city of today



Modern Buildings are Winston's Pride

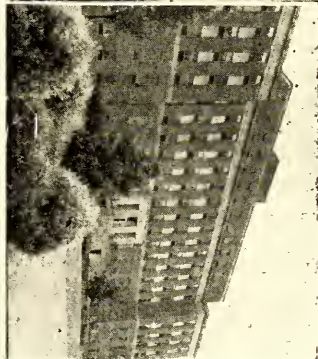
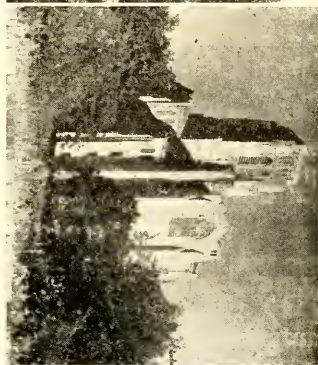
is the product of almost two centuries of constructive, planned growth.

In 1752-53 a small group of Pennsylvania Moravians, a Protestant denomination of Bohemian origin, carefully selected and bought a large tract of land in Piedmont Carolina at the three forks of the Yadkin River. They named the tract "Wachovia" after the Austrian estates of Count Nicholas Louis Von Zinzendorf, and early protector-patron of the sect. A settlement was carefully laid out in the center of the tract and built according to definite plans. The tranquillity-loving Moravians named their new town Salem, meaning "peace."

The small town grew rapidly under the care of the industrious fathers. A water-system was established and dwellings, stores, and shops built. Early industries included weaving, tanning, dyeing, baking, and the making of roofing tiles, ornamental tile stoves, clay smoking pipes, and candles. Tobacco was even then an important crop.

In 1849 Forsyth County was created from Stokes County. The county seat was established one mile north of Salem Square. It was named "Winston" in honor of Major Joseph Winston, Revolutionary war hero. Salem was incorporated in 1856; Winston in 1859.

As the two towns expanded, they grew together in common interests. In 1913, by vote of the citizens of both Winston and Salem, the two towns were consolidated as Winston-Salem, the "Twin City." The consolidated city took as its motto, "Urbs Condita Adiuuando," meaning "A City Founded Upon Co-operation."



Some of the City's Beautiful Buildings

The city of today is exceeded in the entire South only by Baltimore and Richmond in the value of manufactured products. The value of her manufactured products is over six times that of any other city in the two Carolinas.

Tobacco flows into Winston-Salem from the farms of the entire Piedmont area. Here the tobacco is manufactured into tobacco products which are distributed to every country in the world. The tobacco warehouses are open from late September through January, and provide one of America's most colorful marketing scenes.

Other great industries are the manufacturing of hosiery, knit underwear, furniture, and electric products.

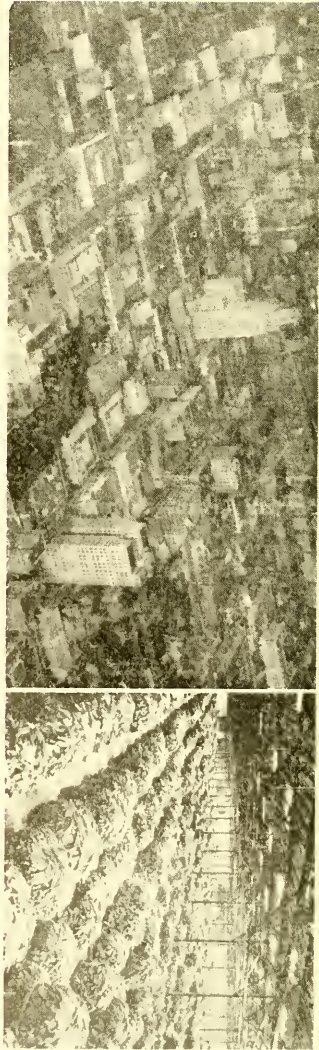
Winston-Salem has lovely church buildings in attractive grounds, ranging from the old Home Moravian Church to the large, modern Baptist and Methodist structures called the finest in the South.

The city is known for her good schools. Today sixteen public elementary and four public high schools serve the city. The buildings are attractive, well-equipped, and set in spacious grounds providing adequate facilities—an average of more than ten acres of playground for each public school.

Salem Academy is a day and boarding school for girls. There are four business colleges, a private elementary school, and kindergartens, music schools, and trade schools.

Three colleges located in the city are Salem College; Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, four-year medical school; and

View of the City from the Sky and Tobacco Warehouse



Winston-Salem Teachers College, co-educational Negro institution.

Wake Forest College, a 112-year-old, four year college for men and women, is being moved to Winston-Salem. It will be located in a new, modern plant housing 2,500 students, and will be on beautiful Reynolds Road.

An alderman mayor form of city government with officials elected for two-year terms gives progressive municipal leadership. The city has a nation-wide safety record.

Three first-class hospitals, City Memorial, Kate Bitting Reynolds Memorial, and North Carolina Baptist, have a total of 710 beds.

The city has twenty-six parks and

playgrounds. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. provide recreational programs, and the City Recreational Department conducts extensive supervised activities. A million-dollar Memorial Coliseum, soon to be erected, will seat 9,000 and will bring many unusual attractions to the city. It will be able to house ice sports, large agricultural shows, and great conventions.

Winston-Salem was built by a home-loving, civic-minded people. Thus, through the years, great institutions have steadily grown, adding their influence and stability to the making of a wholesome, well-rounded community life.

THE DISOBEDIENT BIRD

Toward the end of the Civil War, a Yankee detachment ran very low on provisions. After eating nothing but parched corn for two days the soldiers grumbled so much that their captain reluctantly sent out a foraging party. "But be very careful not to molest any domestic animals or fowl," he told the sergeant in charge of the party sternly. "You know my instructions—to avoid irritating the civilian residents at any cost."

The sergeant said "Yes sir," and departed with his men. Some hours later, returning to camp almost empty-handed, the foraging party spied a fat, tame turkey gobbler. The sergeant hesitated for only a second then gave chase. The bird ran straight into camp and past the startled captain, who shouted "Halt!"

When the sergeant kept running after the turkey, the captain again called "Halt!" By this time the sergeant had caught the bird and neatly detached its head with his saber.

"There," the sergeant said, looking indignantly down at the turkey. "That'll teach you to stop when the captain calls 'Halt!'"

THE HARD WAY TO THE STARS

(By Pete Simer, in The Journal of Living)

Upon leaving a great Midwestern hospital for wounded veterans, one is sure to see a neat little sign over the door. It is the Latin phrase, *Ad astra per aspera!* "To the stars by hard ways!"

"The stars," of course, represent different ambitions to each of us.

For tomorrow's lawyers, doctors and scientists, it will be no insurmountable handicap if one happens to be short an arm, a leg, or an eye. Physical handicaps are not too great in the co-called "mental" fields of endeavor. But what about the physical fields, like athletics, in which the perfect body is the great asset?

Here is truly "a hard way to the stars." Yet some of our top athletes have supplied convincing answers. If you think you can't make the grade—any grade—because of some handicap, take a look at the record.

Outstanding is the case of a young lady who is today a "princess of sport" in America. It is generally known that when only 7 years old, she was stricken with infantile paralysis. Three times she was given up for dead. Five months later, her physicians told her parents there was a chance that she would never walk again. She couldn't swim, but the medicos advised that she go to a swimming pool to exercise her wasted legs. The buoyance of water was necessary, even for that. So, day after day, her parents carried her to a near-by pool.

Three years later, the little princess won the 50-yard dash for juveniles. At 11, she took first place in a 3-mile

race against stiff competition. And, by the time she was 15, pretty Nancy Merki was the champion woman swimmer of the United States.

A Woodhaven, Long Island, girl, Jean White, was also stricken with polio and she went on to win the national roller figure-skating championship.

It happens all the time. Take Pete Gray. Former outfielder with the St. Louis Browns, he was voted the "most valuable player" award before he left the Memphis Chicks, of the Southern Association. Yet he has only one arm!

"I had to try harder than the average ball player, that's all," Pete once said.

The National League of the 1880's had a sensational one-armed pitcher named Hugh Dailey. While pitching for Chicago in the Union association, Dailey once struck out nineteen men in a nineteen inning game—a record which he still holds jointly with Charles Sweeney.

Hal Peck, of the Cleveland Indians, was making baseball scouts sit up and take notice of his sizzling fast ball. But when most of his right foot was shot off in a hunting accident, it appeared that his career was ended. First given a major league tryout by the Brooklyn Dodgers, he was sent back to the minors because this injury held him away from his true form. Angry but determined, Hal kept trying. A specially designed shoe wrought a near-miracle. And Connie Mack purchased Peck from Milwau-

kee—for a figure somewhere around \$50,000.

Tom Sunkel, who starred for the New York Giants and the St. Louis Cardinals, was blind in his left eye. He was a pitcher. And so was rookie Jack Franklin, whose right eye was useless.

One of the best pitchers in the history of baseball was Mordecai (Three-fingered) Brown. Charley (Red) Ruffing, brilliant pitching ace of the New York Yankees for many years, had only half a left foot. Whitey Kurowsky had so much the bone removed from his throwing arm that it was believed his baseball days were over. Yet he learned enough control to star at third for the Cardinals.

It was this same ragged arm that he belted a home run with — a championship-winning homer—against the Yankees in the final game of the 1942 World Series. And in the 1946 World Series he was one of the Cardinals "safe five" in the seven-game contest with the Boston Red Sox.

For many seasons a forward-passing star of Purdue and later with professional Green Bay Packers, Cecil Islell played with a chain fastened on his arm. The chain was there to keep a bone from falling out of its socket.

"To the stars by hard ways." Handicaps are tough—but is yours any worse than the loss of a leg to a skier? Yvon Gosselin of Lac Beauport, Quebec, is an expert skier. And so is Arthur Kidder, of Denver, who is sectional chief of the National Ski Patrol, with several units under his personal supervision. Gosselin does considerable jumping on skis, and he is almost unbeatable on a straightway flight.

Roger Techumi, famed mountain

climber of Switzerland, is also a real expert on skis. Yet believe it or not, each has but one leg.

Ever hear of track star Glenn Cunningham? His schoolhouse caught fire when he was 8 years old, and his legs were severely burned. The muscles and tissues were seared beyond repair, it seemed. It was even feared that the leg would have to be amputated, because his growing made the handicap more of a hopeless problem as the months passed. But he persevered—and from 1933 to 1939 won nine outdoor and indoor championships, running the metric mile.

Examples? They're endless.

Due to a serious ailment, **Craig Wood** was forced to play his game in a specially designed corset. Yet he beat golfers like Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret and Ben Hogan, and won the National Open Championship.

Harry Greb, former U. S. light-heavy weight boxing champion, and world middleweight champion, battled through the last five years of his career with one artificial eye. The "Pittsburgh Windmill" was so clever in concealing the defect that it was not discovered until after his death. Harry was the only boxer to hold a defeat over the retired heavyweight Gene Tunney.

Tami Mauriello has a handicap in the form of a crushed, almost worthless heel. He merely revamped his ring style. And the new style allowed no room for retreating, as Mauriello proved in a whirlwind first round with **Champion Joe Louis**.

Greg Rice, said to be the greatest two-mile runner ever developed, set his many records while afflicted with a double hernia.

Clarence M. Charest, three-time tennis champion, had no left arm.

Ernest Jones, one of golfdom's great instructors, lost a leg in World War 1.

Harold Lloyd, the great movie comedian, average a neat 190 at bowling. But the thumb and forefinger of his bowling hand are missing.

Charley Peterson became an outstanding tric-shot master at pool after an auto accident had crippled him.

Gonzalo Romero, one of the world's great soccer stars, has one arm.

Joe Anderson, Utah State's star football center, has made his way around on a wooden leg since he was 7 years old.

Is it sickness that blocks off your view of the stars? Here are three noted cases.

One of the country's foremost tennis stars, Alice Marble, was at first barred from competition by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association because she had a lung ailment which bordered on tuberculosis.

Al Surette the talented comedian of the "Ice Capades," beat down a bar-

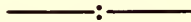
rier that life set up against him. When he was a youngster, his doctors predicted that he would never walk again because he was so crippled with arthritis.

Jimmy Foxx, rated by sports writers as one of the greatest all-around bases as one of the greatest all-around baseball players of all time played throughout his career with a sinus ailment so severe that he would "black-out" when bending over a little too far for a thrown or batted ball, and when his left foot came down hard while running bases.

You get the idea.

Maybe you're long past the age when becoming a sports star means anything to you. You might have utterly no interest in athletics anyway. But you have your own "star"—something you want to be, get or do. And that handicap, whatever it is, makes it all look pretty hopeless.

Hopeless? When you say that, smile and just forget it. For there's always a way to the stars. And how good it feels to get there the hard way.



BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 21, 1948

March 22—William Robert Hinson, Cottage 5, 14th birthday

March 23—Joseph Hannah, Jr., Cottage 9, 15th birthday

March 27—George Marr, Cottage 10, 14th birthday

BASIC ESSENTIALS IN MEETING THE TOTAL NEEDS OF CHILDREN

(By Dr. W. Carson Ryan, Professor of Education, University of N. C.)

I am assuming that when we talk about basic essentials in meeting the needs of children we talk about essentials that exist.

We will start with an illustration: A graduate student of ours last year worked out a study in a community where she was working as a welfare worker attached to a court. She had very interesting experiences. She found good things and bad things. In utilizing the resources of the community she found that frequently each agency knew nothing about the work of the other agency. We had a conference in Chapel Hill a year or two ago for health education and several did not know that each other existed. Here was the job of bringing together forces.

The first essential then is identifying and marshalling the agencies and the resources we have in behalf of children. In this part of the country it is very obvious that very little is heard of schools used as social agencies. In this State at the moment one of the most important resources is health education. So, one of the first or basic essentials is really identifying and marshalling these resources that we already have. This is particularly true at the present time because of our lack of sufficient resources.

People are getting less worried than they were as to who should run things. The second basic essential is to have a right philosophy toward children, toward living, and toward human be-

ings. It doesn't make any difference how many agencies you have—the underlying philosophy has to be right. Do we really believe in the possibilities of human beings? We have a tendency to reject certain people who do not meet certain standards. Do we believe that all children, whatever their color or creed, are really worthwhile?

As a fundamental approach it is necessary to understand the personalities of children. We must respect the personalities of children. We have abundant scientific evidence to justify us in having faith in possibilities: the way in which children have come through when given an opportunity.

Another essential is knowing what the needs of children are: 1. Being an accepted member of a good family. In 1940 somewhere between 25 and 40 percent of children investigated did not even have both parents. Certainly a real home is the first essential. 2. Add to that kind of physical and mental health that comes from good human relationships, plus all the modern child care and medical care services that we can supply. 3. A developmental program for every child that starts with the right kind of family life and then goes into the world. We must provide schooling for very young children. Absence of nursery schools and kindergartens is one of our most serious problems and drawbacks.

4. Adequate play and recreation.

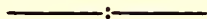
Those who play when they are young will play when they are old, someone once said about schools. 5. To learn to work together as well as to play together; to have music, dramatics, etc.—they are the fundamental things. They are essentials in education. 6. Add some provision to see that every boy and girl has the opportunity to utilize his talents for the rest of us in society. For the sake of society we have to see that we have full development for boys and girls.

At this point try to insist upon possibilities of the school as a social agency. I am not sure that people who work in welfare and social work know to what extent people in schools know about human needs. Teachers ought to have very much the same kind of training that the social case worker has. In other words, applying what we know about the development of hu-

man beings has become a part of the material every teacher nowadays is gradually getting. Social workers will have much better personnel in teaching staffs today than long ago. I wish that you would consider teachers as part of the social program.

In any case we have to do this job together. It is so obvious and yet it is not being done. In America each of these professions developed separately. In China child welfare is not made up of sections. School people, health people, and social workers are all equally parts of that same combination.

In any case we are all in a job that involves better human relations. We are running against time now in developing human resources. As Glenn Frank once wrote, "The fundamental needs of the child are in truth the fundamental needs of human society."



I bargained with Life for a penny,
 And Life would pay me no more,
 However, I begged at evening
 When I counted my scanty store.

For Life is a just employer,
 He gives you what you ask,
 But once you've set the wages,
 Why, you must bear the task.

I worked for a menial's hire,
 Only to learn, dismayed,
 That any wage I had asked of Life,
 Life would have willingly paid.

—From The New Era.

WE NEED OURSELVES

(By Nathan Howard Gist, in Grit)

The telephone of a town official rang 72 times one day. Some of the callers were in trouble, some believed they were some worried because they weren't. Many calls were wholly unnecessary and took the time of the official when the inquirer might have answered his own questions.

But the patient official did not complain. He said he only regretted that so many people were lacking in the ability to assume personal responsibility.

Too often we look outside ourselves for assistance. We seem to think that organized government has powers that we do not have, can work some charm that will cure or drive away our bugbears. That is a mistake.

Anything that makes us less determined, less independent, less self-

mastered is to be discouraged. We owe ourselves the right to be our own masters and servants. And we owe it to others. Human society is just many people instead of our individual selves.

When we ask priority for our interests we slow down public machinery that this or that pet interest of ours may have attention.

This costs money—which is not the whole cost. The most serious cost lies in loss of self-respect, efficiency, self-determination, and the satisfaction that we accepted a challenge and found our way to gratifying results.

To be pulled out of a mud-hole may be acceptable. But to know how to avoid the mire, and teach others by example how to avoid it, is a greater triumph. There is no service so fine as self-service.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

A man can lose everything—his fortune, his standing in the community, even his own self-respect and still win his way back to success, provided that only one single human being still has faith in him.

Faith in business, faith in the country, faith in one's self, faith in other people—this is the power that moves the world. So why is it unreasonable to believe that this power, which is so much stronger than any other, is merely a fragment of the Great Power which operates the universe?

THE SCRAP PILE

(Sunshine Magazine)

The marble block was cast away. It had been spoiled in the quarry. There was a tiny crack, so it was cast aside. That was, however, before Michelangelo came wandering along. His keen eye detected the beauty of the rejected stone. He began to chip it, a little off here, and some there, and more of its beauty was revealed. One day an heroic David emerged from the rejected stone, a figure to amaze the world. The scrap rejected of men had been glorified forever.

How oft the observing eye sees a thing of surprising beauty and usefulness made from the scraps another tossed aside. A picture framed in a square of shells and bits of glass artistically arranged in a putty background. A little home, cozy and attractive with love enthroned—nothing to suggest the used lumber that went into its walls, boards from the sides of condemned railway cars. Again, from the junk pile of the rejected, a thing of joy.

A young woman, crippled so that her few tottering steps are a burden to herself and pitiful to see, lifting up her voice in song of sweetest melody.

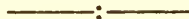
Deaf, blind, and dumb! Surely Helen Keller would be cast aside to a dull and dreary existence all her days. But with indomitable courage and pa-

tience, aided by the equally gallant Miss Sullivan, her instructor, she took life's rejected marble and cut from it an angle of beauty.

An awkward, unprepossessing lad, in a wilderness of poverty and privation! What chance for him? None—until he faced his tragic, hopeless lot and swore to acquire knowledge. Mostly alone at home until late in the night, solving his problems, not with paper and pencil, but with scraps of charcoal picked from the big fireplace and the back of a shovel for a slate. No wonder he went to the White House to share a place forever on a pedestal beside his nation's George Washington. Surely Abraham Lincoln took a rate that seemed all scraps and ruin to fashion a noble life of honor and service.

Out of a pile of scrap iron, one makes a useful household utensil. Out of a block of wood from a pile at the kitchen door, another makes a sweet-toned violin.

Out of the scrap pile! None can tell the surprises it hides. Many of the finest things in life are the work of the hands or the vision of the intellect of that multitude from whom nothing was expected; broken, like the marble block they tossed aside to litter the way of the hurrying thoughtless. There is glory in the scrap pile!



Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.—Selected.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(By J. Richardson, in Joliet-Stateville Time)

Juvenile delinquency is a cancer in every community of the nation today, and as such, should be approached scientifically. The root of juvenile delinquency is ignorance and before a "cure" can be effected that ignorance must be dispelled through education.

A few of the conditions that contribute to the spread of juvenile delinquency could be summarized as: low bracket wage earners—child frustration—ungentlemanly-like conduct of males on our cities' streets—and too frequent use of the phrase "children will be children."

Another contributing factor is the lack of self-discipline among parents and the practice of saying "they are not my brats" when certain objectionable behavior is encountered on the streets and parks by other than one's own children. Children are great imitators and the action of their parents make a deep and lasting impression on their minds.

A lot of money, time and effort has been expended by groups and sundry others, but to no avail. What really should be done is to take the solving of this problem to its source, the

Home! This may be called a foolish

step by some; nonetheless it is the correct one in the opinion of many civic leaders.

This fight should be carried on by a parents' group in neighborhoods free of political machinery, where there are public facilities that can promote the education of parents, set up training schools and establish centers to fight against the cause of juvenile delinquency.

One of the greatest assets for coping with juvenile delinquency is a vigorous health program, but such a program requires the backing of the individual parent. Only through the all-effort of the home will juvenile delinquency be defeated and a blight on the community erased.

Money has been raised by public subscription for Red Cross funds, infantile paralysis and any number of charitable institutions—why not in this same manner acquire money to fight this blight on a community? Management of the money thus collected should be placed under the control of the non-salaried parents.

For a cause so vital to the nation's youth of today, parents should give freely of their time.

"The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.
—George Bernard Shaw.

WHO ARE THE GREAT

(By Nathan Howard Gist, in Grit)

Who are the great people of this world? Are they the folk who live a long way off? Are they the ones who have lots of money, much education, or make the newspaper head-lines? Usually not at all.

Simplicity is greatness. The down-to-earth people who live on the level with their fellows, never lording it over the helpless or catering to higher ups—they are earth's best.

A few times I have stood in the presence of great people, of national and international fame. I was introduced to them, or approached them for an interview. I wonder how I would be received, what I had to offer, what I could say.

Each time I was happily disappointed. Those persons were common-

place in the way they received me. They did not brag. They talked my language. They did not parade their real or fanciful virtues. They did not talk about themselves.

They were clean of speech, did not sneer at the sacred, possessed a sense of values—all expressed in simple ways and manners. They made others feel they might be as much in need of counsel and sympathy and friendship as anybody.

We need such folks. We need simplicity. Complicated and cumbersome machinery impairs its usefulness. Long involved sentences make reading difficult. Human lives and behavior are the same.

Those who are great, never lose the common touch of simplicity.

SHOULD YOU GO FIRST

Should you go first and I remain,
 To walk the road alone,
 I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
 With happy days we've known;
 In spring I'll wait for roses red,
 When fades the lilacs blue;
 In early fall when brown leaves call,
 I'll catch a glimpse of you.
 Should you go first and I remain,
 One thing I'd have you do,
 Walk slowly down the path of death,
 For soon I'll follow you.
 I'll want to know each step you take,
 That I may walk the same;
 For someday down that lonely road,
 You'll hear me call your name.—Blair.

THE STORY OF BOXING

(Hilltop Hubbub)

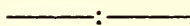
Boxing is called "the manly art of self-defense," the art of hitting an opponent without getting hit. In popular use, the term boxing is associated with friendly exhibitions of skill rather than with public prize-fights between professionals.

Boxing in ancient times was one of the most brutal of sports. Practically no rules existed, and wrestling was an important part in this conflict. The boxers either wore no gloves at all or a pair of bronze (brass) knuckles, and they fought until one was knocked insensible.

It was not until after 1795 that boxing gloves were introduced, and then only for sparring matches. All box-

ers now use padded leather gloves, usually weighing six to eight ounces, partly to protect their hands and partly to prevent serious injury to each other.

As a form of physical exercise boxing is of undeniable value. Not only are the muscles of the legs, arms, and back developed, but the various positions assumed in attack and defense bring into play those movements which serve to increase the agility of the boxer, make him light on his feet, and develop control of his body. Moreover he receives training in mental alertness as he practices the art of self-defense.



GRATITUDE

How intimately life has entwined others about our lives that we may be supported by their strength, and by ours! What if nobody cared, when we were helpless children, to shelter us from the raw edge of elemental forces! What if nobody cared to call us friends in those plastic years of youthfulness! What if nobody cared when we return at nightfall, worn and frayed by the cares of daily toil! What if nobody cared when thieving years rob us of youth, health, substance and security! What if nobody cared when we slip out into the Silence and to a nameless grave! What if nobody cared to enfold our dear ones in comforting arms when we've made that twilight voyage! Therefore, since we do care, let us "do unto other as we would that others do unto us." Thus shall our thanksgiving merge into thanksgiving, transforming the discharge of commonplace duties into a blessed sacrament, whereby we learn to read the august meaning of life by the light of high hours.

—W. Waldemar W. Argow, Th. D., Syracuse, N. Y.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the Training School March 14, 1948, was Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord.

For the Scripture lesson, he read Numbers 21: 4 to 9.

The speaker began by telling how discouraged and weary the Children of Israel had become and how anxious they were to blame their melancholy and disgust on someone else. He compared their discouragement to some of the trials a boy sometimes has in his school work, how dark and gloomy the future seems.

He warned "Discouragement is always from the devil." The Lord doesn't discourage people. Only evil and the devil offer discouragement. The path of murmuring is always full of stings. Some of those complaining might have had headaches, sore feet, too much rain to suit them, or too little rain, too much sunshine or too little sunshine. Boys sometimes make the same mistakes and complaints these children make in complaining about school or their cottage lines. The speaker warned that grumbling and complaining puts people in the hospital when really there's nothing wrong with them.

When we complain against our lot we complain against God. Sometimes we have made our own road rocky by our own evil acts. Stealing and talking about people were two of the great evils mentioned.

We are reminded that each new sin brings a penalty for that sin. We are reminded that our sins brings suffering. That the children of

Israel were reminded of their sins by the Lord by sending serpents among them to bite them and many of them died. Then it was they turned to Moses and said, "we have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpent from us." And Moses prayed for them after all the evil they had spoken of him. Boys and girls should recognize their sins while they are still young and healthy and pray to God for forgiveness rather than wait until they get old and full of suffering. Heartfelt confession of our sins to God will help all the boys and all the people. This is good evidence of wholesome recovery from evil. Another point emphasized by our speaker was "Look and Live" or "Refuse to look and die." God doesn't force us, we have our own free wills. Either look to Christ and live or don't look and die. We must not look upon our feelings. Not amount of faith but the kind of faith that we have in Jesus. The example of Simon Peter was given, one who had cursed and swore he knew not Jesus and when Peter looked into the eyes of the Master he saw forgiveness and love. So will the Master love and guide us if we only have the kind of faith we should have. Jesus knew Peter's heart and Peter's weaknesses. He knows ours. He sees the inner man. This was illustrated by the story of a beautiful young woman that went to an expert photographer and had some pictures taken. The negatives and pictures showed blurs and spots on her face. She refused to accept the pictures. A few days later she

was ill with small-pox. God's eye hidden from Him.

is similar to the picture that was developed. He sees the inner man. Our most secret thoughts are not

In conclusion the boys were urged to think seriously about the eternal truth found in God's word.

An old superannuated minister had unwittingly told of his wealth and fortune, and the fame of his possessions got to the ears of a tax assessor. One day the government's representative came to the door to press him for a statement of his wealth.

"It is so," began the assessor, "that you have capital?"

"Yes," said the preacher, "I am a rich man."

"In that case," said the visitor interestedly, pulling out his book, "I shall have to assess you. What are your possessions?"

"I am enjoying good health," said the man, "and health is worth very much."

"Well," said the caller, "what more have you?"

"I have a good wife—worth more than diamonds."

"Congratulations," exclaimed the tax man, "but don't you own more?"

"Yes, I have healthy, intelligent, upright sons and daughters, and that is a possession of which any man can feel rich."

"Do you own anything else?" asked the inquirer.

"Yes, I own a citizenship in the United States, and an assured inheritance in heaven. What more could a man own?"

"But don't you own any money or real estate?"

"No, otherwise I own nothing," said the man happily.

"My friend," said the assessor, as he closed his book, "You are indeed a rich man and your riches no man can take away—not even the government."—Selected. The Yellow Jacket.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Do as you would be done by.
—Persian.

—:—

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.

—:—

Where the going gets tough, the tough keep going.

—:—

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.

—:—

He who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.

—:—

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Grecian.

—:—

The boy who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

—:—

The sweetest pleasures are those which do not exhaust hope.—DeLevis.

—:—

He who would climb a tree must grasp its branches—not the blossoms.

—:—

What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others.

—Chinese.

One should seek for others the happiness desires for one's self.

—Buddist.

—:—

The hypocrite pays tribute to God that he may impose upon the man.

—Swift.

—:—

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

—:—

Let more of you treat his brother in a way he himself would not dislike to be treated.—Mohammendan.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.—NTA Reporter.

—:—

Life is a continuous struggle; the moment you rest upon your past laurels, you discover they are poison ivy.

—:—

The world is God's epistle to mankind—this thoughts are flashing upon us from every direction.—Plato.

—:—

When tempted to lose patience with the other fellow, just pause and think how patient God has been with you.

—:—

"When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve it and quarter it and say nothing about the rest."

—Spurgeon.

—:—

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

—:—

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish.

—:—

What we do, we had better do right away. The clock ticks now and we hear it. After a while the clock will tick and we will not hear it.—Ex.

—:—

When the object is to raise the permanent conditions of a people, small means do not merely produce small effects; they produce no effects at all.

—Mills.

"You must kneel to God only, and think him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle to your limbs, and you shall have all the rights which God has given to every other free citizens of this Republic.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

"All we see of the peace dove is the bill."

—:—

Bill: "Did you hear about the fight on the street last night?"

Bud: "Fight? No!"

Bill: "A man choked his car."

—:—

"That's a queer pair of stockings you have on Pat—one green and the other red."

"Yis; an' oi've got another pair like 'em at home."

—:—

Myron: "There must be something in my childhood background that makes me prefer blondes."

Byron: "Yeah, probably as a baby you were afraid of the dark."

—:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" murmured the sentimental youth.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"

—:—

"Rheumatism," said the doctor, "causes a man to imagine that his joints are much larger than they actually are."

"I know," explained Mrs. Smith, "our butcher has it."

—:—

Taylor: "And how would you like the pockets, sir?"

Scotsman: "Well—just a wee bit deeficult to get at."

—:—

One may smile and smile and be a villian still.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Husband: "Why under the sun does a woman say she's been shopping when she hasn't bought a thing?"

Wife: "For the same reason that a man says he's been fishing when he hasn't caught anything."

—:—

It is so important for one to use the right word. "Don't you know you

can't turn around in the middle of the block?" said the officer.

Mrs. Ormsbee: "Oh, I think I can make it. Thank you so much."

—:—

Milly: "Men age so much more rapidly than women."

Billy: "I suppose that accounts for the fact that by the time a man is rich enough to be a girl's husband he is old enough to be her father."

—:—

"This is the fifth time you have been brought up before me," said the judge, severely.

"Yes, your honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I generally give him all my business."

—:—

A little girl was explaining to her younger brother that it was wrong to work on Sunday.

"Well, policemen work on Sunday's," said the boy. "Don't they go to heaven?"

"No," she replied, "they don't need policemen up there."

—:—

A customer in a Boston animal store was contemplating the purchase of a parrot which so far had evinced no sign of life other than to cock a malevolent eye at her. Finally, she asked, "Does he talk?"

The salesman looked embarrassed. "Yes, ma'am," he talks, "but he doesn't wish to be quoted."

—:—

After receiving several rejections, a would-be budding writer wrote this inquiry: "I can't see why none of my stories is accepted. I'm postive I write as well as—, and you accepted one of his last year."

To which the editor replied: "Dear Budding Writer: You have no doubt heard the old saying, 'The doctor buries his mistakes, and the plumber sends you a bill for him.' Well, we print ours!"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 14, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

Johnny Ollis
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy
Glenn Evans
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
Wayne Millsaps
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fulbright
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Leon Martin
James Myers
Robert Melton
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Elmore Dowless
Carl Howell

William Hinson
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Ray Swink
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Jerry Odum
Tommy Pressley
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Lewis Holt
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Gary Dudley
Marvin Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Joe Hannah
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Eugene Newton

Marion Ross
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
Talmadge Duncan
Gerald Johnson
Kenneth King
James Moore
Jerry Peek
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Carl Gilliam
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Jadie Atkins
Joseph Blackburn
Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
Homer Fisher
Grady Garren
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter

Edwin Parker
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Carlyle Brown
Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Therman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Edens Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Harvey Jacobs
Leon Martin
Charles McDaniels
Carroll Painter
Franklin Phillips
Walter Sampson
Francis Thomas
Bobby Woodruff
Howard Wilson

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
Harvey Honeycutt

AN A A'S GOLDEN RULE

I will Think of you as I wish you to think of me.
I will speak of you as I wish you to speak of me.
I will do for you as I wish you to do for me.
And before telling a tale about anyone
I will ask myself these questions:
Is it kind?
Is it true?
Is it necessary?

—The Eye Opener.

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THE UPLIFT

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NO. 13

MAR 29 1948

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much what you will do tomorrow,
 How well you'll work perhaps another year;
 Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow—
 Today is here.

Boast not too much of mountains you will master,
 The while you linger in the vale below;
 To dream is well, but plodding brings us faster
 To where we go.

Talk not too much about some new endeavor
 You mean to make a little later on;
 Who idles now will idle on forever
 Till life is done.

Swear not some day to break some habit's fetter,
 When this old year is dead and passed away;
 If you have need of living wiser, better,
 Begin today!

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

MORAL COURAGE

There's courage that is greater than the test of fire and sword,
There's greater proof of mettle than the battlefields afford,
And I would that I might teach it to that boy of mine today
So that he may never weaken as he goes along his way.
It's the courage of conviction that can stand the cruel gaff
And dare to do the right thing when his thoughtless playmates laugh.
I want to have him sturdy, and I hope he'll never show;
The pale cheek of a coward when he has to take a blow,
I hope he will not wimper and too bitterly complain
When his wish is disappointed and a dream he fails to gain.
But above this outward courage and beyond this sign of fear,
I hope he'll stand undaunted when his thoughtless fellows sneer.
When his gang is all against him—that's the time I want him true
When his playmates urge upon him what he knows is wrong to do,
When he's taunted with derision, then I want him at his best,
For, spite all that he must cope with, this is boyhood's hardest test,
And the greatest proof of courage is to stand and take the gaff
And dare to do the right thing when his thoughtless playmates laugh.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE LORD IS RISEN

The name Easter comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word, Eostre, or Ostara, the goddess of spring. This word is only used by Anglo-Saxons. The name for Easter, in French, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, comes from the Hebrew word, "pasha," or the Passover. It was at the feast of the Passover that Christ, the Paschal Lamb, without spot or blemish, was offered on the Cross

in atonement for the sins of humanity. His victory over death was the reward of his obedience to God's plan for man's redemption. In the words of St. Paul, (Romans 6:9-11):

“Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more domination over him.

“For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.

“Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

We are told that a most impressive ceremony occurs annually at the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. The time is Easter morning, just before dawn. The church has been dark since Friday, to remind one of the death of Christ, and of His stay in the tomb. We see the darkened church filled with silent worshippers, each one carrying an unlighted torch. A great throng has gathered in the street nearby. These people are also carrying unlighted torches. Not a sound breaks the stillness; there is not a light to be seen. One feels he is standing in the darkness of a lost world—a world without Christ.

The death-like stillness is suddenly broken. Out of the sepulchre comes the archbishop, carrying a lighted torch, and saying, “Christ is risen.” Torch after torch is lighted from the one he is holding, and then each torch-bearer kindles the light of others, repeating, “Christ is risen.” The people then stream out into the street, bearing their lighted torches and lighting others until throughout every street of the dark city people are moving and countless voices are repeating the glad words, “He is risen.”

As we read this impressive story, there comes the realization of an important duty to perform. To every one of us whose torch has been lighted at the sacred altar of Christianity lies the duty to light the torch of some one else, teaching that Christ is risen, and that He lives today. There are countless thousands of people whose torches are unlighted, walking the streets today in darkness. Remember, if we light just one torch, the world will be made stronger for Christ. That is our privilege, because we are intended to be as a guide for the blind, and a light to those in darkness. Living on this side of Calvary, we see how wisely God has planned for us.

“And if Christ be not risen, then is your preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain.”

If there was ever a fact assured to the entire world, it is the glorious fact of Easter. The angels of Christmas gave to the world the announcement of the Savior's birth; again the angels announced to Christ's followers: “He is not here, but is risen.” The joy that rose in the hearts of the sorrowful and stricken disciples was immeasurable. There was no way of telling the depth of the sorrow of those followers of the Christ as He gave that expiring groan on the cross; neither can we measure the joy that welled up in their hearts when the good news came to them that the tomb that once held the body of their Lord was empty, not because of a fake disappearing act, but empty because of a great and glorious reality—the resurrection of the Christ from the dead. It was a fact that manifested itself before the day was out by several appearances; it was a fact that was proved many, many times in the next forty days.

Yes, the glorious Easter fact was not the product of the imagination of some fertile brain, but was the revealed act of a loving Heavenly Father, and a part of His great plan in the redemption of a world lost in sin and without hope of salvation. But now that His only Son had made the supreme sacrifice upon the Cross, emphasis, complete emphasis was laid on this by the Resurrection of His Son from death, and complete victory over sin and death. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift; thanks be to God for the assurance that comes to all His followers when they celebrate the Resurrection, for it brings to mind the fact, the glorious fact, that for all His people, too, some day there will be a resurrection of all, and all of His loved ones will partake of that resurrection with far greater joy than any we now or ever shall experience on this earth.

As we approach the Easter season, we should be deeply conscious of the fact that Christ, the only begotten Son of God, came into the world and gave us the perfect example of Christian living. He ministered to the sufferings of humanity and He shared mankind's deepest sorrows. His pathway in life among men was marked by unselfish sacrifices until His life was crowned in triumph even in the hour of crucifixion. As He trod the weary road up to Gol-

gatha's hill, bearing His own cross which He planted there, He demonstrated that, after all, one's cross may represent his ladder from earth to heaven. No objective in life could be greater or more inspiring. Christ had been sent into the world to become its Redeemer. In one sense of the word it might have been possible for him to have averted the cross of Calvary, but in another sense of the word He could never have done it and still claimed to be the world's Savior.

After all, Easter is the time when we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, when we realize once again that the doors of faith and hope are forever open to all. It is not a time of tragedy or hopeless sorrow, but rather a time for singing songs of praise. Then, too, it is a time when we should re-dedicate our lives to the highest ideals of Christian living as manifested in the Man of Galilee.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of March 28, 1948

- March 29—Bobby Joe Galyan, Cottage 6, 12th birthday
- March 30—Lloyd Alley, Cottage 1, 15th birthday
- March 31—Howard Riley, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- March 31—Leroy Shedd, Cottage 3, 13th birthday
- April 2—Dorman Porter, Cottage 6, 13th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Second Grade News

By Claude Crump, 2nd Grade

We are having a kite flying contest Saturday. Most every boy in the second grade have kites. We hope we will have a crowd here Saturday.

Second Grade News

By David Hill, 2nd Grade

We like to go to the Wildwood Cottage. Mr. Corliss and Mr. Rouse took us. We had good eats and a nice time. We hope we can go again soon.

Second Grade News

By Carroll Teer, 2nd Grade

We had a good time Saturday flying kites. Our officer took us over in a big field and let us stay a long time. We had a good time we will have a better time next Saturday, we hope.

Our New Boys

By Dickie Leonard, 3rd Grade

In the third grade we have two new boys. The new boys' names are: Jimmy Peoples and Alvin Fox. They like the third grade boys very much. We like them too. They like our teacher too.

A Good Time

By J. D. Ashley, 3rd Grade

Sunday No. 7 boys had their kites over the cottage. Some of the boys tied their kites to the tree and went

up to swings and played basket ball. We all had a good time. Some of the boys played soft ball. We enjoyed all the afternoon.

Second Grade News

By Bobby Kennady, 2nd Grade

The fifth grade came to the second grade room Monday morning and we had a good time. Saturday at 10 o'clock we are going to have a contest. Next Saturday we are going to the cabin and come back Sunday morning and go to church.

Mr. Hahn is Well Again

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Last week Mr. Hahn, Cottage No. 3's officer was sick in bed with the Mumps. But he is well now and is working again. While he was sick Mr. Holbrook, the 9th grade teacher had our Cottage. We are glad that we had someone to take his place. We are glad that Mr. Hahn is well again.

Electric Stoves

By James Martin, 3rd Grade

The men are putting up the line for our electric stoves. The matrons and house boys are excited because they will soon have the new stoves to cook on. Then we hope to have faster and better cooking for the boys. The coal stoves smokes some times and we could not keep our kitchen walls and floors clean. We hope to have a clean kitchen when we get our stoves.

The house boys hope we will get linoleum for our floor and new tables too. The boys and matrons will enjoy their stoves very much.

What We Did on the Weekend

By Fairley McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday and Sunday we had a good time. Saturday afternoon we flew our kites and all of Cottage No. 7 boys enjoyed flying our kites. Then on Sunday afternoon when we came back from the church, we flew our kites again and had another good time.

Our Visitors

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Sunday, March 21, Cottage 10 enjoyed the visit of Mr. Liske's brother, his wife and their children. These people came from Rockingham and Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and all the boys were very glad to have them come to visit with us. We hope they enjoyed their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Liske, and will come again soon.

Baseball Game

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Sunday, March 21, Cottage No 14 played the Receiving Cottage a game of baseball, although neither Cottage won. It was a very good game. The score was 10 to 10 during the first 2 innings. The Receiving Cottage was in the lead by 3 runs, but at the last of the game No. 14 came up to tie the score. Major Loftin and Ray Brigman were the pitchers for the Receiving Cottage and Jerry Rippy was the

pitcher for No. 14. I am sure all the boys enjoyed the game very much.

The Show

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Tuesday morning, the morning school section saw a movie, entitled "Music in the Sky." The purpose of the movie was to show us how a radio program was given in Radio City, New York, on the NBC broadcasting system.

Music was by an orchestra, and they played "Home on the Range" and "Come Thou Almighty King." John Charles Thomas gave the vocal for the songs with an all man choir. We appreciate these shows very much.

The Dairy

By Cecil Butcher, 7th Grade

What we do in the dairy.

When we go to the barn to milk. We put down food. Then two or three boys go get the cows up.

When Mr. Peck goes to get up bottles we let the cows in. Then we have some boys to shut them up.

The boy that runs the milkers is Frank Sargent. And the hand milkers are: Cecil Butcher, Donald Bass, Harry Hill, and Roy Wilcox. The food boys are Carroll Teer and Melvin Norman. All of these boys are glad that Mr. Peck operates the dairy.

Our Kites

By William Hanson, 3rd Grade

Sunday afternoon Cottage No. 5 went to the gym. We had a good time flying kites. Mr. Walter's kite went

the highest of all. After he let out of his cord, his kite broke, but he made another kite and soon it tore up. When we got ready to come to the cottage, he had lost his car keys and we had to look for them. He found them behind the door.

We all had a good time after supper, a friend of Mr. Walters came and did tricks for us. He had a pretty Collie dog, whose name is Spot. We hope he comes back again.

Our Trip To The Wildwood Cottage

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Rouse and Mr. Corliss took Cottage 13 and Cottage 11 to the Wildwood cabin.

Some of the boys fished while others were telling stories and walking around.

There were a good many fish caught although, they were too little to eat. Mrs. Rouse carried her little radio for us to listen to. The house boys fixed our supper while we kept on playing. After we ate our supper we went over in the field and played football. No. 13 played No. 11. We played about 45 minutes. When we stopped playing the score was nothing to nothing. We had a good time all of the evening.

We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Rouse and Mr. Corliss for taking us over there. Some of Mr. and Mrs. Rouse's relatives spent the evening with us.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a pure life;
For doing your level best;
For being kind to the poor;
For looking before leaping;
For hearing before judging;
For thinking before speaking;
For harboring clean thoughts;
For being generous to an enemy;
For stopping your ears to gossip;
For standing by right principles;
For asking pardon when in error;
For being square in business dealings;
For giving an unfortunate person a lift;
For promptness in keeping your promises.

EDUCATION FOR A NEW ERA

(By Dr. J. D. Messick, President, East Carolina Teachers College)

Many inventions have revolutionized the industrial world, but no invention has been effected which approaches the prophetic changes predicted for the future with the development and utilization of atomic power. During the recent war the schools had to gear their curriculums overnight to the scientific and social aspects of mechanized warfare. We don't want to be forced into another cataclysm therefore, education must take on the aspects of a world order. Its concepts have no undergo rigorous transformation.

We are much closer to solving the miracles of the universe than we are to solving the interrelationships of mankind. Crass ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry are being eliminated from the laboratory, but little progress has been made on the extermination of our social evils.

It is important that we conquer greed, selfishness, ignorance, and bigotry, and learn to live happily; and that we put first things first in reorganizing the world of politics, economics, religion, and social relations on a democratic basis.

What's the trouble with us who determine the limits of educational facilities and conditions for our boys and girls? There are several causes, some of which are these:

Little relationship between the type of **training** given in the school and the **work** one will do; traditionalism from which we are afraid to deviate; college preparatory centered curriculums,

the easiest to formulate and to follow administratively; a capitalistic system but little concerned with the total education of the individual, and primarily interested in acquiring and hoarding dollars; political leadership satisfied with bare literacy for the lower economic groups; people without vision to see beyond the end of each day's setting sun; and teachers and administrators too often contented to follow the inherited pattern, not having sufficient vision and fortitude to survey existing needs, recommend necessary changes, and work deligently to sell the program to the community.

May I submit a few convictions which influence my philosophy as an administrator of an institution whose duty it is to train teachers for a new era in education.

1. We must provide nursery and kindergarten facilities, recognizing that it is almost as important to have a program of education for the parent as for the child.

2. We must use a combination of formalized education and activity work in the elementary school so that the child may know how to use both the tools of learning and thinking. Pupils need to acquire facts, relationships, right attitudes, and values which give a sense of perspective so essential to a balanced life in a functional society.

3. We should teach science with emphasis on its appreciative and functional application, beginning in the

nursery school and running throughout the grades and junior high school; a new emphasis on the theoretical and experimental sciences should begin in the senior high school and continue on into college and the university.

4. Social studies, including geography, history, sociology, civics, and economics, should be correlated and taught in their associational aspects instead of in individual areas. Our scientific world has so far outstripped our world that humanity is about to be devoured by the child of its creation. We have hitched our wagon to a star but anchored its tongue in the slough of despond. Moral progress just has not kept pace with material advance. Boys and girls need to know how to make satisfying social and moral decisions.

5. Public educators must realize that it is just as essential that students think morally straight as it is that they think intellectually straight. The religious concepts of our own country have been dissipated so greatly that we are no longer a Christian nation, although still probably the most nearly Christian nation in the world today. Only 50 per cent of the people even pretend to be nominal church members, and only a fractional part of these assumes an approach to devoutness.

6. A well-appointed social room should be provided in every school, and students should be provided with experience necessary to equip them with mental poise so that they are at ease in any cultural environment.

7. Vocational education, practical and meaningful, is a must for every child who is in need of terminal work. In pursuing vocational education, how-

ever, the program should be so arranged that the fundamentals of education and sufficient general knowledge are included.

8. Specific training and practice should be provided in the conservation and preservation of all that is worth while; thus consumer education should be both broad and intensive in its information and direction.

9. Art, music, and architecture should be included in any functional, educational program. Too many public school people are unaware of the enriched possibilities offered by the aesthetic arts.

10. The field of guidance has hardly been scratched. Personnel is badly needed for counseling and other special services in order to detect and prevent maladjustment and to assist our boys and girls to locate their aptitudes for choosing subjects in preparation for their life's work. This service should also include placement and follow-up work. According to the Reader's Digest, "research has found that only 10 per cent of people who lose their jobs do so because of the lack of skill, but 90 per cent of them lose their jobs because of personality difficulties." Intelligent counseling is as basic to the goals of sound education as are the fundamentals of reading.

11. Recognition of the wide differential in learning of children of the same age and provision within the classroom program for the different levels must be made or we shall continue to have unhappy children and illiterate citizens. Remedial laboratories should be available to all children who have need of any possible correction of physical or mental dis-

orders. Until educators recognize this fact and seek to adjust their program accordingly, we shall continue to send children to mental and penal institutions. Adjustments are necessary in every classroom.

No child should be embarrassed because of the lack of intelligence or maturity. He should be educated on his own level and through his own interests so that he may develop into a personality who is a happy, upright citizen in his own sphere of activity. Too many of us are bigots. Our classroom environment is too frequently one which the child quits as soon as possible. There is blame somewhere. The teacher is often the cause, but not always.

If he recognizes the individual worth of each child and attempts to guide his program accordingly, he cannot have an overcrowded room; and he must have facilities with which to work. He must have in fact, a spacious room, visual and auditory tools for learning, materials for art and music instruction and appreciation, health and physical education, and other necessary equipment and supplies.

12. Our institutions need to be reorganized and integrated. There is little sense in having departments of health, public welfare, recreation, social medicine, and education with apparently no integrating philosophy or agency to take into consideration the well being of the total individual.

13. Our school buildings and playgrounds need to be open all day and evening throughout the year to take care of the recreational as well as educational needs of all the people.

14. What is more important, our school buildings should be recondition-

ed to take care of the expanding needs of the child. It is past time for teachers to be consulted as to what is necessary. The teacher and the child are those who have to work in a room, and the teacher should certainly be consulted about the needs and should have a voice in making the plans to fit those needs.

15. Teachers' salaries must be made sufficiently adequate to guarantee them a living commensurate with their professions. No person can think clearly and give his undivided attention to a classroom situation when his mind is torn with doubt as to how he is going to earn a living and provide for his family.

16. Teachers should be employed throughout the year. All of them should be on duty as teachers for ten months. For six weeks, one-third of them could supervise playgrounds and libraries and hold pre-school and post-school clinics; one-third could do research work and revise curriculums; and one-third could study or travel, improving themselves professionally. In this way every teacher would change his work every summer and repeat it only every fourth year.

If you doubt our ability to take this possible step, read these figures: The New York Herald-Tribune on April 26, 1947, stated, "In 1945 the American people spent more than three times as much for drink as they did for their elementary and secondary schools. They spent \$7,700,000,000, or about \$55 per capita, on drink and \$2,500,000,000, or about \$17 per capita, on schools." Yes, we are able, but not aware that our selfish interests in life are dwarfing tremendous possibilities for our children. Salaries of

teachers have been raised but only to take care of the inflationary prices. Teachers are still inadequately paid. We realize that if a semblance of a depression should appear, our scalps will be the first again to find the tomahawk. Politicians and taxpayers just don't seem to realize that for their children to have the best possible teacher it is necessary for sufficient salaries to be paid so that those most capable will be induced to go into the profession and remain in it. Inferior teachers guarantee inferior products.

17. Many of us are afraid to support federal aid for education, yet without federal aid the South can never provide educational advantages for its children comparable to those in four-fifths of the remainder of the country. The South is poor in wealth but rich in children. In 1944 Mississippi spent 1.6 per cent of its income for education but provided only \$44 for each of its children. New Jersey spent 1.74 per cent of its income but provided \$198 for each of its children. So long as this differential is practiced, we shall continue to have three million adults with no schooling and ten million others who cannot read and write on the fourth-grade level. "Among the young men who registered for the draft there were 350,000 who could not sign their names," so the New York Herald-Tribune on April 2, 1947, stated:

To G. I. Bill of Rights has made it possible for those with intellectual ability to go to college. For those who have not been in the armed forces, however, no financial provision is made. The state and federal governments should make it possible

for every person who is unable to defray his own expenses to be educated according to his capacity and aptitudes, whether it be for a vocation or profession. This statement, of course, is subject to many modifications. The chief one is that most of this work should be carried on in schools provided at public expense and strategically located and organized as elementary schools, high schools, vocational schools, and junior colleges. Through these schools should come the basic training for citizenship, including a broad general and cultural background to assure a functional literacy in democratic living, and accompanied by vocational training for those who need terminal education. Scholarship should be possible through rigid competitive examinations for those who need money to defray their expenses for advanced study in colleges and universities.

19. We too must see to it that our men and women have access to a greatly differentiated curriculum. Adult education is not only for the illiterate but for the highly literate. Government, international problems, dramatics, music, homemaking, creative writing, group music, and many other fields of study are just as essential for the highly literate person as reading, writing, and arithmetic are for the illiterate.

20. Provision for safety education is of increasing importance. The high death rate in the home, in industry, on the highway, and on playgrounds is appalling and of sufficient magnitude to demand rigid standards for equipment and machinery, and for driver education and auto condition-

ing.

In conclusion I wish to state unequivocally that much education does not necessarily guarantee the product we should have. The German nation was one of the most eruditional in all history, but its emphasis was wrong. We want universal education with a soul. We must have a sound body with impeccable character in a trained mind, which is saturated

with the essence of the Golden Rule. I believe with Daniel Webster that "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work on immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellowman, we engrave on those tables something that will brighten through all eternity."



BE COURTEOUS

Courtesy is politeness combined with kindness. It is an attitude of mind and an expression of judgment. It is a trait which anyone may acquire through will and effort. It is available to the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor. Common courtesy pays big dividends in personal satisfaction, and brings other rewards.

Courtesy is expressed in words, attitudes, conduct and good deeds. It may be in the tone of voice, a greeting, a thank you, or the placing of a chair. It is made of many little every-day kindnesses, rather than in some big display.

Courtesy pays in many ways. It pays in business. The genuinely courteous salesman brings trade. The courteous agent sells tickets. The writer goes invariably to a certain ticket agent when contemplating a trip because he is the essence of courtesy. The courteous person makes friends, one of the greatest assets in life. He commands respect and invites courtesy in return. To him who is courteous, courtesy will be shown. One of the greatest recommendations one may write of one is "a very courteous person."

—Selected.

A SOLUTION TO THE DELINQUENT BOY PROBLEM

(Baptist Courier)

In the city of Fort Worth, Texas, with about 200,000 inhabitants, at one point for a distance of about five blocks, there is only one unpaved street and an alley between them. Here nestling like squatters between and behind the factories and warehouses that line both highway and railroad, are the shacks of about fifty Mexican families that make up the Presidio neighborhood, deriving the name from the fact that its single-east-west streets is East Presidio. "Presidio" is a Spanish word meaning prison; how the street got that name is anybody's guess, since there is now no prison on or near it.

A few of the fifty families live in fairly decent houses, but the majority have to be content with a shack—too small and too old, with sagging windows and doors, leaky roofs, and porches trying to fall in. The men of the neighbor work on the railroad, in garages, and at other comparable jobs; much of what they earn goes for beer and dice rather than food and clothing needed for their families. Meanwhile, the mothers do the best they can with numerous children, insufficient rooms, uninspiring surroundings, and undependable husbands. They are more than glad for the older children to get out into the street and play, as a general rule.

Some students from Southwestern Seminary, together with interested members of the College Avenue Baptist Church, established a mission in

the Presidio section, and began to have Sunday School—first in one home, later in another, and finally in a semi-permanent property which the church rented. It was a two-story residence, once pretty elegant, but now slightly delapidated, converted into a mission building with auditorium and classrooms downstairs and living quarters for the missionary couple upstairs. The boys of the community really enjoyed that mission! They broke windows, let air out of automobile tires, threw firecrackers into the mailbox or even into the auditorium during services, and in general saw to it that the preacher had something to worry about besides his seminary assignments and the rising cost of living.

The war came on, and the boys who had been most active in "keeping things alive" in the community were either drafted or volunteered for service. Things might have been quited down a bit, but no; the junior boys had not been idly standing by while their older brothers had all the fun—they knew how to do things too!

There were ten of these boys who came to the Mission—not that they cared much for the Sunday School class or the sermon, but they liked occasional trips to the park, the picnics on special occasions, and gifts at Christmas time. Besides, they could have lots of fun in the services, disturbing the preacher, throwing spitballs at the worshippers, and sneer-

ingly criticizing everything that happened. Oh, yes, they came to services.

About 1942, Rev. and Mrs. I. B. Williams became the missionaries at the Presidio Mission, supported first by the Tarrant County Association and later by the Home Mission Board. They did a lot of wonderful things in their own quiet way, but probably the most far-reaching and important was the organization of a Royal Ambassador chapter by Mr. Williams.

Did those guys care to be Royal Ambassadors? No, definitely not, but Mr. Williams took them for rides in his car, gave them pointers on football, had weiner roasts in the backyard, and sat up a game and reading room inside the Mission; who couldn't stand an hour's Royal Ambassador program a week when getting all that in return? Sometimes discipline was quite a problem—but at other times they actually became interested in the life of some mission hero, and they began to work on the Ranking System to see who could get the Page's insignia before anyone else.

Ah, that miracle-working Ranking System! They learned the Bible verses and studied the lives of missionaries; they paid more and more attention to Mr. Williams' sermons; and several of them accepted Christ as their Savior. The others still roamed the streets at night, cursed and gambled, and only God knows what but they were being permeated with a knowledge of God and his ambassadors ancient and modern.

I met four of these Royal Ambassadors in June of 1944, when they and

two girls from the Mission accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Williams to the first state-wide Mexican Baptist encampment at Alto Frio. One was from a nominal Methodist home and had just decided for himself that he believed the Baptist way; one had been a christian for a while and another for just three months; the fourth, from a Catholic home, was not a Christian. A moment that will live forever in my memory was when the three-month-old Christian matched steps with me in going from one building to another on the camp grounds and said, "I want you to help me pray for—; he's my best buddy, and he's not a Christian."

Well, that encampment made glorious history; on a memorable night under the tabernacle, there were 18 conversions and 41 young lives surrendered to special service. The Methodist boy surrendered to preach and the Catholic boy accepted Christ as his Saviour.

Time went on. To date, four of those 10 Royal Ambassadors have surrendered to preach, and only two of them are still unsaved. Of the four preacher boys, one is a junior in Howard Payne College; one is in the Valley Baptist Academy; one is in high school at Fort Worth; all three are active in mission work. The fourth is in the Navy and will continue his preparation after he is discharged.

The Presidio Mission is now the Goodwill Church, worshipping in a property bought for it by the Tarrant County Association.

MAN'S GREATEST FOE

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer)

Friends and enemies—we all have our share. But, it seems that man's greatest foes, aside from his own self, are Fear and Ignorance. Most of our troubles originate in our subjection to these two impostors.

We are induced to ill-judged action through fear—fear of the other fellow, of his re-action and his attitude, of his possible moves to defeat us, of his general intentions as far as our interests are concerned. But what lies behind all this fear? Ignorance. Our lack of knowledge of what's in the other fellows mind. And we are afraid because we do not know how to combat what we fear, or are unable to prevent the calamity! These two are tremendous factors in the lives of nations and of individuals all down through the ages.

However, both fear and ignorance can only have power over us as long as we permit, only as we do nothing to eliminate them by a comprehensive as well as intensive course of education. When we understand all about something that we have long feared; When we know how to nullify the effects brought about by fear and ignorance, then we are on the high road to achievement and to victory.

Most of the envy, malice, hatred are caused by fear or ignorance. It is because we are afraid that we are hamstrung and uncertain in our meeting situations which baffle us. It is because we are ignorant of, or lack knowledge of the fundamental factors which enter into the making of any

troublesome situation anytime, anywhere, anyhow.

Thus fear and ignorance are two monsters that rob us of our capacity for achievement.

It is through fear fostered by ignorance that we stumble and fall and make shipwrecks of our lives. It is through ignorance that we continue in the same rut until all is lost. That which we do not understand we misinterpret, and this leads us further off the right track.

Why do men hate? Because they distrust and fear the object of their displeasure. But isn't this the procedure induced by ignorance? Isn't ignorance, after all behind all injustices, behind all wrong thinking, behind all tragedy? And doesn't the avalanche of misfortune, piling up and growing into the proportion of a mountain, tend to increase our fear consequently warp our better judgment?

Fear and ignorance in our time, have brought about a holocaust, and have thrown the world into chaos. It will continue to be chaotic if these two factors are not eliminated, or at least minimized in the affairs of men and nations.

The businessman fears strong competition. It brings to mind the spectre of bankruptcy and ruin; but if he is alert he will take steps to meet that competition by bettering his service and improving the quality of his merchandise. The mechanic fears—a lay off—because that will affect his fin-

ancial standing on which his security depends and that of his family. He knows that if a better mechanic comes along he will have to stir himself, learn more about his profession and make a general improvement in his daily work. If he doesn't, it will be through ignorance of up-to-date meth-

ods in craftsmanship that he fails to hold his job.

Eliminate fear and ignorance from the affairs of men and you usher in the heralds of the Golden Age. For fear and ignorance are the foes that mankind will have to overcome in order to survive.



AN EASTER LILY

An Easter lily with white petals so fair
 Was given by our Savior with a message to bear,
 And its symbol of purity with a love so grand
 Was sent as a token from a heavenly Land.
 Each lily that grows seems pleased to display
 A Christ's sacred blessing on an Easter day,
 As it lifts its proud head towards an azure sky
 In respect to a Lord who is dwelling on high.

An Easter lily bears a message that is fond,
 Sent by our Savior from that Great Beyond,
 And its beauty so rare is but a blessing of love—
 A gift to all mortals from a kingdom above.
 Those petals so white with a background of green
 Tells of Chris's love, so pure and clean,
 For the lily of Easter was sent here to grow
 That we of His love might forever know.

—P. F. Freeman.

THE DEVICES OF COMMUNISTS

(By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper)

"Things are so different today from what they were yesterday. When our forefathers came to America the great Atlantic Ocean seemed to them to be a safeguard from any future trouble on the other side of the water. They trusted in the safety of distance.

"But all that has now gone by. At 11:30 today Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill of the Episcopal church will talk over the radio to the whole world, to get help to the people across the sea who are in sore need. The world can hear this man pleading with those who have, to give to those who have not. Radio has made the farthest, most distant land a backyard. The safety of distance is no longer true.

"Little by little Communism has been penetrating our American way of life. As a people we are inclined to shrug our shoulders and say, "It can't happen here, it is too far away to bother us." Silently the first communist worms its way into unsuspecting, freedom-loving people, keeps boring from within till the time is ripe to come out openly and strike with fear and terror.

"We have seen nations sucked in by communistic power. Last week Czechoslovakia was the latest victim of this communistic stranglehold; force and violence ran roughshod over the country. So fierce was this attack that the complete job was done in the twinkling of an eye, and there was alternative than to yield to the demands, whereby every semblance of national liberty was wiped out and

communism came in to destroy the most cherished and beloved ideals.

"Flushed with victory in Czechoslovakia, Stalin has now turned the spotlight on Finland, demanding that that State come into the communistic system and sign a pact which eventually means the disappearance of Finland as a strong liberty-loving folk. She is to build ships for Russia, and is to organize her army and equip it with Russian-model arms. Russia knew in advance that Finland would not have the equipment in arms or manpower to resist these demands, she had to give in or else. By resistance there would be a bloody purge of free people. All she held sacred had to be surrendered to the invader.

"The whole world is wondering what country is next to be attacked with an undeclared war contrary to the principles of the democratic way of life. No country anywhere can trust in the safety of distance. Speculation is, "Will Russia grab the power in Italy, Greece and Turkey and swallow them one by one?" It is not a shooting war, but it is a war, nevertheless. The Nazis tried a shooting war and failed. The communists realize a shooting war is costly and would end in failure, so they use a new technique against the way of life not in line with their way of thinking.

"Outwardly, communism always makes a pretense of loyalty to the land she would destroy. She has invented names of seemingly good American societies and clubs, but everyone of

them is loaded with doubletalk and deception that in reality plugs for communism silently. So subtly and deceptive are these works of the communists in this country that they have beguiled many Americans into believing that communism is the finest and best democracy. There is no basis for this belief, save what a fellow traveler has said. They will fail to realize that this system would wipe out all that is dear and sacred to us.

"We were informed by a noted news commentator the other night that there

is to be an expose that will show communists holding high positions in our government; their names will be given, records read and proof sustained that while working for the American government they are really planning for its overthrow. The time is long overdue for this awakening of the American people to this planned damage. Communism is on the march; it must be stopped. It is high time for the American people to awaken from their dream that safety of distance is a guarantee of freedom and liberty."

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

All honor to him who shall win the prize,
 The world has cried for a thousand years;
 But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,
 I give great honor and glory and tears,
 Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
 To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
 Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
 They were born with Time, in advance of their Time.
 Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
 But greater many and many a time
 Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
 And lets God finish the thought sublime.
 And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
 And good is the man who refrains from wine;
 But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
 Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.—Joaquin Miller.

GOING TO THE DOGS

(Reprint from Raiford Record, in Our Paper)

It is surprising to what extent the noun "dog," not only as applied to the animal but to many phases of life, is in our daily language.

There is the lap dog, the watch dog, the carriage dog, whose day has passed along with the fire dog's. Twenty-odd years ago it was customary to see the Dalmatian, a large white dog with black spots, trotting sedately under a horse-drawn conveyance. In the hunter's vocabulary there are several species of dogs of distinctive appearance and working methods: the bird dogs (setters, retrievers, water spaniels,) rabbit dogs, and the sundry kinds of hounds: wolf, fox, deer, stag, bear and gazelle.

Fire dogs are andirons. Dogwood is a flower admired for home decoration. Pup tents are the very small tents used by campers on overnight hikes.

Sly dog, gay dog, and old dog—just why these terms are used to describe dandies and boulevardiers is not clear to one that knows canine nature. If you live or dress beyond your income in order to impress onlookers, you may be accused of putting on the dog. Dogging the footsteps brings to the mind

the faithful hound following his master. Runners use the expression dog trot to indicate a slow even jog. The signs of fatigue in a dog are especially pronounced and from this we have the expression dog tired. When a person looks guilty or ashamed, and actually or figuratively hangs his head, he is said to have a hang dog expression, because that is the way a dog looks when he is remorseful.

The sea dog brings to mind a grizzled sea captain. The dog watch on ship-board comes early in the morning, when the officer perforce must get up and go on duty. The name of this watch can be defined in two ways, either as a reference to the dog's traditional faithfulness, or to illustrate the term a dog's life.

In Egypt the yearly overflowing of the Nile was forewarned by the appearance in the skies of Sirius. The shepherds used to regard the star as a good messenger, warning them to drive their flocks to high regions of the land and to leave the lowlands to the rising stream. Because of un-failing reliability they called it the "dog star," and by this name it is still known.

Kindness is a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—C. N. Bovee.

FORSAKEN CHILDREN

(By T. M. Johns, Superintendent, Fla. Baptist Children's Home)

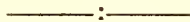
Victor Hugo said, "Social suffering knows no age." The truth of this statement was brought forcibly to us three weeks ago when we went to investigate the application of a family of five children whose mother had written and asked that we admit them to the Children's Home. The family had been deserted almost two years by the father who had taken up a roving residence in one of the northwestern states. He would not write to his wife and refused, through his family, to give any assistance for the care of his children. The mother had provided for the children as best she could but was unable to carry on and turned to us for help.

The bright spot in the investigation was a baby boy under two years of age. When we walked into the room where the mother had gathered her children around her, he began smiling and trying to talk.

All through the conversation in which the facts leading up to desertion, sorrows, and heartaches in the family, the baby continued to smile and attempted to say something, too. There was never a look of anger or unsaid charges on his face. The little wry smile remained through it all.

Even when he was placed on his pallet with a bottle of highly diluted milk, there was no complaint. He took it, lay on his pallet and with the cooing sound babies often make when they are pleased soon emptied his bottle and was fast asleep. As we looked at him, clutching the empty bottle in his little hands, he looked more like a ghost child than a real baby boy. His color, his tiny arms and legs, all looked unreal, and had we not seen many like him in the years since we have worked with children, we could scarcely have believed what we saw.

As we listened and discussed and planned with the mother what was best to do with her children, we could not help but be grateful that the happy little boy did not know what we were talking about, and knew nothing of the sorrows of the family. We knew that immediate help was going to be given the children and sooner or later the little boy would have a home in which he could grow up, go to college, and that he was going to have an opportunity to become a Christian man. Probably his condition now will not make much difference to him then. We hope not.



The Maya Indians of Mexico often bet their lands, clothing, and even their personal liberty on the outcome of ball games.

—Our Paper.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

(Reprint from Raiford Record, in Our Paper)

Money isn't everything, and few people even know much about it. Here are a few facts that may give you a new slant on those dollars you so casually throw on the counter. Our bills come from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, our coins from the mints in Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco. A five pointed star preceding the serial number on a bill means the bill is a replacement for one damaged in production, or it marks the 100,000,000th bill in a series, because the numbering machines can't print "100,000,000." They have only eight digits, so 99.999,999 is tops.

Those \$1, \$5 and \$10 bills with yellow seals were made for Yank military operations in North Africa and Sicily. Now they're good anywhere. The gold seal was used so the money could be isolated if the Nazis grabbed it. The ones, fives, tens and twenties with the word "Hawaii" printed on face and back have brown seals and were used exclusively in the Hawaiian Islands throughout the war.

The sawtooth Treasury seal on the face of every bill is older than our Constitution. It was used on docu-

ments in 1782, perhaps earlier. The design includes a shield on which appears the scales of justice, a key, emblem of official authority, and 13 stars representing the original States. The word around the border, "The-saur Amer. Septent. Sigil," are abbreviations of the Latin for "The seal of the Treasury of North America."

Your dollar bill is about 6.14 inches long, 2.61 inches wide, and .0043 of an inch thick, which means you'd need 233 bills to make a stack one inch high. The paper is impregnated with inky red blue threads which strengthen it. The life of an average single is nine months. Our silver coins are not all silver, some of our nickels contain no nickel and our war-time "coppers" were made of steel. The motto "In God We Trust" first appeared on a two cent piece in 1864, after several pious folks appealed to secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase to have the Diety recognized on our coins. The motto appeared on the nickel from 1866 to 1883 and was then dropped until the Jefferson nickel was introduced in 1938. It appeared on the penny in 1909 and on the dime in 1916.

Although he knew it was to be named after him Washington always referred modestly to the national capital as the "Federal City."

—Our Paper.

A TASK FOR EDUCATION

(We The People)

One of the vitally weak spots in American government is the ignorance of the average citizen about government. This ignorance results in a lack of interest, for most people cannot interest themselves in something about which they lack knowledge. One can have an idle curiosity about things of which he knows nothing, but he can take no real interest in the subject. Knowledge begets interest, and informed, intelligent interest is vital in any democratic government.

It is neither important nor necessary for the average citizen of Russia to know about his government. Decisions are made at the top, and the citizen accepts the dictation of those who have assumed authority. In a representative democracy such as we have in America decisions are supposed to come from the people.

An ignorant voter cannot make an intelligent decision on public questions.

But, are Americans uneducated? Are they ignorant?

Do we not spend several billions of dollars each year on public education, to say nothing of other huge sums spent by privately endowed schools and colleges? Isn't America the only major nation in the world that has attempted to make the dream of universal education come true? Are we not spending more on schools than any other country in the world? Don't we have more high school graduates, and more college graduates as compared to our population than any other nation?

Perhaps, we do. The people of the United States have spent more on education since the nation was formed than any other nation has spent in a similar length of time. And, education has paid off in material prosperity, in industrial skill, in scientific knowledge of natural forces. What America has spent on schools has been a good investment. But, our outlay for schools on all levels has not produced a citizenship that is alert to civic and governmental problems. Some of our best educated people—those with the greatest amount of formal education, are most responsive to demagogic leadership. They are civic illiterates. They vote for costly projects and then blame the politician if taxes increase. They stray off after every false god that labels itself liberalism.

The remedy for this is not less education, fewer college and high school degrees, but more education about the practical aspects of government on all levels. The schools need courses in practical government, not the theoretic bunk found in the average civics textbook. The Federal Government has become the sprawling, overlapping mess of bureaucratic red tape it now is, because the people, in their ignorance, took too little interest in government on the national level.

Let's get down to brass tacks and teach the next generation about government; teach them that the government is their servant, not their master; that they support the government, not the government can or should.

support the people. Let's somehow beat into American's heads that there can be no government By The People

unless the voter knows enough about the practical operation of his government to vote intelligently.

THE HISTORY OF THAT OLD HYMN

(Selected)

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

Charles Wesley writer of this wonderful old hymn, was inspired to write it when he was brought face to face with death as a mighty storm swept the waters of the Atlantic and the boat in which he was riding was tossed to and fro. The boat would plunge with terrific force down the side of some great wave and then would rise to plunge forward on the moving crest of another. But the eye of God never left the vessel, and when the passengers were safely landed Wesley sat down to reflect on the experience and the mercy of God. From his pen came the stirring song that has traveled the world over. Numbers of remarkable experiences have been attributed to that wonderful old hymn and its power.

After the Civil War, and excursion steamer was passing down the Potomac River, and a singer on board was rendering a program of songs. As his last song he sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." When he had finished, a gentleman stepped up to him and asked.

"Beg pardon, stranger, were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "I fought

under General Grant."

The questioner then told him that he, himself, had been a Confederate soldier. He related that eighteen years before, while the terrible conflict was being waged, he was ordered one night by his commanding officer, because of the accuracy of his aim, to approach the Federal lines and shoot the sentinel on duty. He crawled stealthily toward the sentry and reached the proper point of vantage. He raised the gun and took aim in the bright moonlight at his victim's heart, and was about to pull the trigger when he heard the soldier singing, and the words,

Cover my defenseless head,

With the shadow of Thy wing.

came to him. When he heard these words, he was greatly moved by them, and could not fire; and, although he disobeyed orders, he returned to the Confederate lines, as quietly as he had left them.

The singer, grasping the former Confederate's hand, said that he well remembered that fearful night, and that God inspired him to sing. He said, "A great peace filled my soul but until tonight I did not know how God had answered my prayer."

COUNTY CHURCHES CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(Baptist and Reflector)

There is nothing more inspiring than a beautiful country church building properly located in cultivated, well-kept surroundings. All of our country churches could have such a building and grounds. It is not a matter of expense, but a matter of planning and the proper care by those who love the church.

Far too many of our country churches have poor buildings and undesirable surroundings. Many of the buildings consist of only one room. They are unpainted and unnamed. The grounds are not well kept and the soil is badly eroded. Many of the buildings are too near the highway with no provision for parking.

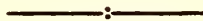
On the other hand, the country church can present another picture. The grounds could be properly planned. Grass, shrubs, and trees could be planted and arranged attractively. The beautification of the country church demands time and planning. The building could be moved back from the highway and rooms added to the back or to the side. It could be painted white and have beautiful windows. It could have a steeple

that points toward the sky with a bell that sounds a clear call for worship on Sunday and during the week. The name of the church should be properly placed on the building or on the grounds.

The grounds should be fenced in and planned to offer parking space and an area for visiting or fellowship. Why not plan some benches under the trees and walkways lined with shrubs and flowers. There could be a recreational area with an outdoor fire-place for picnics. The cemetery could be well kept and beautiful.

A pastor's home could be provided nearby with space for a garden, chickens, and a barn for the livestock. It could be the same type of building as the church house. The pastor could live with his people and become a part of their lives. The church should become the center of the community and exert influence for good and for God.

Can you think of a more beautiful and inspiring sight than hundreds of such churches throughout our country? We can all do our part in making it come true.



Troubles are big or small, depending on whether they are coming or going.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On last Sunday Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr St. Methodist Church, delivered the sermon to the boys here at the school. As usual, the boys and officers at the school were delighted to have Mr. Carper.

For Scripture lesson, the first eleven verses of the 21st chapter of St. Matthew were read. This selection is an account of the triumphal entry of Jesus into the city of Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, just a few days before He was crucified.

Mr. Carper explained to the boys that although the people on the roadsides were jubilant, and they were willing to acclaim Jesus as a King, Jesus Himself was really not filled with joy, because in His divine wisdom he foresaw the tragedy that was ahead in his own life. The people cried, "Hosanna in the highest!" and they placed their clothes in the road and cut down branches to express their esteem for Jesus as the King. It was all beautiful and a touching sight. However, Jesus understood the fickleness of the great masses of people.

The thing that grieved Jesus most was the fact that so many of the people of that day had not sincerely given their hearts to His kingdom, that so many were not willing to have a loving and sacrificial spirit in their hearts. He already knew that within less than a week the same crowds would condemn Him and call for His crucifixion.

All of these things made Jesus sad in His heart, and He wept. It was explained to the boys that even today, when people are attending church

services they have the impulse to join the church; some have great enthusiasm for righteousness, but soon these sentiments vanish away. Mr. Carper explained that Christ is always triumphant, even though not always in the judgment of mankind. He was triumphant in the garden of Gethsemane when He chose to do the Father's will. He was always triumphant when temptations came to Him, because from the Scriptures He knew how to meet the temptations. He was triumphant because He came into the world to reveal the true God. He showed that God is in every living experience and that He is ever concerned about all that people do and think.

It was explained to the boys that, first of all, Jesus was the Son of God and that He was perfected in life through His suffering. Always to be something a person must suffer and endure hardships. Christ taught that He could come into and rule the hearts of men and women if they would only accept Him. In all the universe, human beings only have the power to defy the will of God, and just as Christ made His choice in the garden of Gethsemane so must people today decide whether they want to accept the Master or not.

Finally, it was explained that Christ can and wants to be the Master in the hearts of people today, regardless of the past. It depends, however, on the willingness of each to accept Jesus as his Savior. **Each one** can if he will hear the Master as He calls for followers. Some willingly follow and others refuse.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.—Hazlitt.

—:—

Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair.—Burke.

—:—

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.—Shakespeare.

—:—

Envy has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.

—:—

“The doors of wisdom are never shut.”—Benjamin Franklin.

—:—

The useful and the beautiful are never separated.—Periander.

—:—

Progress comes from the intelligent use of experience.—Hubbard.

—:—

Some people drink to drown their troubles, but they forget that troubles can swim.

—:—

There is no use going back looking for lost opportunity. Someone else has found it.

—:—

The tones of human voices are mightier than strings or brass to move the soul.—Klopstock.

—:—

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a widow.—John Neal.

—:—

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.—Zimmermann.

—:—

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

—:—

The understanding is more relieved by change of study than by total inactivity.—W. B. Clulow.

To realize God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation.

—Fenelon.

—:—

Thought and learning are of small value unless translated into action.

—Wang Ming.

—:—

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

—Emerson.

—:—

Doing the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.

—G. Macdonald.

—:—

Frugality is a fair fortune; and habits of industry a good estate.

—Franklin.

—:—

God gives every bird its food, but he does not throw it into the next.

—J. G. Holland.

—:—

“I have always had more of an ambition to do things than merely talk about them.”—Booker T. Washington.

—:—

Those that give not till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.—Bp. Hall.

—:—

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

—:—

I have ever held it a maxim, never to do through another what it was possible for me to do myself.

—:—

The writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

—Sydney Smith.

—:—

A kind word is never lost. It keeps going on and on, from one person to another, until at last it comes back to you again.—Our Paper.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Mr.: "Now, let's think."

Mrs.: "No, let's do something you can do too."

—:—

"What did you do last summer?"

"I worked in Des Moines."

"Coal or iron?"

—:—

A big man, says a practical observer, is usually an ordinary man who has made use of an opportunity.

—:—

The fellow who is always telling us about his troubles is of some use after all—he keeps us from thinking of our own.

—:—

A small boy was told to give the definition of steam. His answer was, "Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

—:—

A vacation is a short duration of recreation, preceded by a period of anticipation and followed by a period of recuperation.

—:—

Frosh: "Transfer, please."

Conductor: "Where to?"

Frosh: "Can't tell you. It's surprise party."

—:—

Old Dobbin may have had his faults but he never scattered you all over the road just because he met a one-eyed horse at night.

—:—

Salesman: "Wouldn't you like some Tuberculosis Seals for Christmas?"

Betty: "No, thank you. I wouldn't know what to feed them."

—:—

It has been wisely pointed out that a man's age can be measured by the degree of pain he feels as he comes in contact with a new idea.

—:—

If having a good time is all there is to life, a monkey has a man out-

distanced completely, both in amusing others and being amused.

—:—

Doctors can cut out most anything that is the matter with you now-a-days except your own foolishness. You have to cut that out yourself.

—:—

African hunter: "While I was wandering around the village, I spotted a leopard."

Girl: "Don't be silly. They grow that way."

—:—

"That new maid of mine worries me so I have already lost five pounds."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I'm waiting till she worries me down to 140!"

—:—

Teacher: "John, suppose you had ten apples and ten oranges and gave nine-tenths of them to some other little boys, what would you have?"

John: "I'd have my head examined!"

—:—

British Guide (showing places of interest): "It was in this room that Lord Wellington received his first commission."

American Tourist (suddenly interested): "How much was it?"

—:—

Applying for his citizenship papers, Gino was doing all right until he came to the questions about the American flag. "What is it," asked the Judge, "that you always see flying over the Courthouse?"

"Peejins! Confidently replied Gino."

—:—

"Where do you live?" the judge asked the first tramp.

"No fixed abode," was the reply.

The judge then turned to tramp number two, who was slightly deaf.

"And you—where do you live?"

"On the floor right above the other fellow."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 21, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
Bobby Long
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Bill Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Eugene Everington
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Billy McVicker
Johnny Ollis
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Herbert Griffin
Jack Jarvis
James Martin
Harold Mitchell
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd

Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Oden Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Thomas Dickson
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Herman Hughes
Leon Martin
James Myers
Robert Melton
Johnny Robinson
Bill Thornton
Robert Thompson
Richard Whitaker
King Watkins

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jack Hargett
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
Evan Myers
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Ollie Daw
Robert Driggers
Bobby Galyan
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Lewis Holt

Billy Hamilton
 Horace Jordan
 Thomas McGee
 Jerry Peavey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
 Marion Guyton
 Jack Griffin
 Raymond Harding
 Joe Hannah
 Thomas Miller
 Eugene McLean
 Eugene Newton
 Charles Stanley
 James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
 Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

James Cartrette
 Willis Caddell
 Roy Eddings
 Carl Gilliam
 Conley Hanney
 Thomas Linville
 Benny Riggins
 Jimmy Rogers
 Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12
 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
 Bill Carswell
 David Hill
 Chester Lee
 Nathan McC Carson
 Edwin Parker
 Jimmy Rhodes

Joe Swink

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Carlyle Brown
 Trefa Coleman
 Sam Finney
 Frank Grady
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Jerry Rippy
 Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Varnon Allen
 Cecil Butcher
 Donald Bass
 Willard Brown
 Jack Burchell
 Howard Bass
 Charles Farmer
 Alvin Fox
 J. T. Gage
 Harry Hill
 Garland Leonard
 Carl Propst
 Donald Ross
 Kenneth Rogers
 Frank Sargent
 Thomas Scruggs
 Carroll Teer
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Carl Davis
 Harvey Jacobs
 Sammy Lynn
 Leon Martin
 Carroll Painter
 Franklin Phillips
 Walter Sampson
 Francis Thomas
 Howard Wilson

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
 Charles Smith

“They that know no evil will suspect none.—Ben Johnson.



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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 3, 1948

NO. 14

PRAYER

O love that passeth knowledge, come into my heart with all Thy fulness, that my heart may be made gentle with Thy gentleness. Grant me to bear another's burdens that I may cease to live for myself. Come thou in, that I may live for others. Let me share with Thee in the bearing of the sin and sorrow of the vast world; let me take up the cross of the laboring and the heavy-laden. Fill me with Thyself that I may become the brother of humanity. Amen.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

DON'T QUIT

The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and we do not know it.

How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success!

As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in.

In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed a hopeless failure may turn to glorious success.

There is no defeat except in no longer trying. There is no defeat save from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

—Elbert Hubbard.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS GAVE EXCELLENT EASTER PROGRAM

At the regular Sunday School hour last Sunday the entire period was taken up by a very excellent Easter program presented by the boys of the school. The various numbers on the program, consisting of songs and readings, centered around the **Easter season**. The boys had been trained under the direction of Mrs. Rachel Liske, Miss Sarah Oehler, and other teachers in the school.

The stage was beautifully decorated with colorful spring flowers. At the center of the stage was a white cross.

All the boys in the program seemed to try to do their very best, and the program made a profound impression upon all the others who were present.

The various parts of the program were as follows:

Song: "The Old Rugged Cross"—by entire school.

Responsive Reading: "Easter, the Risen Lord."

Prayer: By S. G. Hawfield.

Song by Choir: "There Is a Green Hill Far Away."

Picture Scenes given by

Donald Branch: "The Denial by Peter"

Dickey Leonard: "The Crucifixion"

Kenneth Holcomb: "The Empty Tomb"

Songs, by a group of third grade boys:

"Comes the Wondrous Hour"

"Christ the Lord Is Risen Today"

Readings: "Building of the Nest"—Donald Branch

"All Things Bright and Beautiful"—William Hinson

"What Robin Told Me"—Jerry Odom

"Lo! He Comes"—By Choir

Songs, by third grade boys:

"Blossom Time"

"Laughing Spring"

"Spring Time"

Readings:

"They Watched Him While Sitting There"—Glenn Davis

"Lord, Is It I?"—Kenneth Staley

"Easter"—Gerald Johnson

"Christ Arose"—Sung by school.

Benediction.

* * * * *

COMPLIMENTING PINE BURR

We have received the Easter copy of the Pine Burr, published at Samarcand Manor by the girls and their instructors. We wish to compliment those who had charge of the preparation of this nice publication. It is a fine piece of work and will be read with interest throughout the state. The name, within itself, Pine Burr, is most appropriate, because the setting of Samarcand Manor is in a vast forest of long-leaf pine, and, consequently, all of the outside environment of this fine institution is filled with the scenes of pine trees.

The magazine is well arranged, and the articles are well done. We offer our congratulations and compliments.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Winning My Prize

By Charles Hudson, 1st Grade

I entered the kite contest and I won the medium sized and highest flying contest. I won a box of candy and a flashlight. I like them very much.

Easter

By Billy Teer, 1st Grade

We had a good time Easter. We had lots of colored eggs. We hid them and then we hunted them. When all the eggs were found we ate them.

Second Grade News

By Evan Myers, 2nd Grade

The second grade will give a program on April 9. We are learning our poems. We hope every one will enjoy it.

Our Trip

By George Brincefield, 1st Grade

We went to the Wildwood Cottage Sunday. We had a good time. We hid Easter eggs. It was fun to hide them. Mrs. Hooker made some nice sandwiches for us.

Kite Flying at the School

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

March has come and gone. And kite flying is over. We have flown big kites and little ones. We have made kites all through March.

We had a kite contest Monday

and had lots of fun. Some kites won, some lost. The prizes were airplanes, baseballs, bats and racers.

We had lots of fun and want to thank Mr. Walters for having the contest for the boys.

Second Grade News

By David Hill, 2nd Grade

The third and fourth grades gave an Easter program in the auditorium Friday, March 26. This was a nice program and was enjoyed by all. The stage was pretty with Easter bunnies and birds.

Winning My Camera

By James Wilson, 1st Grade

We had a kite flying contest Monday and I entered into it. I was the only one who had a straw kite. I won the crazy kite and smallest kite contests. I won a camera and some films. I like them very much.

Second Grade News

By Jimmy Bonds, 2nd Grade

We are happy this morning for we are going to have a kite flying contest. Every boy in the second grade has a kite. We hope we win a prize. We thank Mrs. Morrison for helping us.

Wildwood Cottage

By Sam Finney, 1st Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker took Cottage

14 over to the cabin Easter Sunday. We were glad to go to the cabin.

Hugh Ball found 3 flying squirrels. We were glad to go to the cabin and we hope we can go again.

Our Egg Hunt

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Mr. Russell and the boys of Cottage 6 went on an egg hunt Sunday. All the boys had a good time. Tommy Collins could not find an egg. Mr. Russell helped him to find an egg. All the boys had a good time hunting the eggs.

Second Grade News

By Claude Crump, 2nd Grade

The boys in no. 14 Cottage went to the Wildwood Cottage Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker took us. We had a good time. We had sandwiches, cookies, and milk. We had an egg hunt. We hope they will take us again soon. We had a good time.

Our Easter Egg Hunt

By J. D. Ashley, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, we had a Easter egg hunt. We were playing around the back of the Cottage. While we were playing, Buddy Horne hid the eggs and told us that they were from the light post to the hedge. We all had a good time finding them.

My Kite

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

I have a big white kite. I am going to enter it in the contest. Although I don't think it will win anything. I am going to try. The contest will be

held here at the school on Monday, March 29. Many of the the boys will enter the contest.

Number Three Goes on a Walk

By Waylon Gardner, 9th Grade

Mr. Hahn took the boys of Cottage three on a walk last Wednesday. We went to the gravel pit and played over there. We jumped off the top of the pit and in the gravel. Then we went down to the Creek and picked some flowers. Then we went up the Creek and played in the field. It was dark when we came back to the cottage. We all enjoyed this walk very much and are looking forward to going again.

Baseball

By Cecil Butcher, 7th Grade

The boys that like to play baseball will be glad when it starts, and we hope that it is not long off. The boys of Cottage 15 are anxious to get started. This is the no. 15 team: Alvin Fox, pitcher; Cecil Butcher, catcher; Garland Leonard, 1st base; Donald Baker, 2nd base; J. D. Gupton, 3rd base; Donald Ross, short stop; Frank Sargent, left field; Troy Lee Wall, center field; and Donald Bass, right field.

Science Study in 9th Grade

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

The 9th grade boys have been studying some of the "Nature Forces of the Earth." In the study we have learned what solids, liquids, and gases are. We also learned a little on gravitation. We have studied seven units in Science

and have learned many things of the earth, and bodies. We learned that the earth was 7,900 miles though the equator and that it is 24,902 miles around.

In our next unit we are going to study the "Simple Machines Used to Control Natural Forces." We hope that we can learn as much in this unit as we have in the others.

Our New Officer and Matron

By Major Loftin, 9th Grade

The Receiving Cottage has a new officer and matron. They are Mr. and Mrs. Troutman.

Mr. and Mrs. Troutman came to work the day that Mr. and Mrs. Adams left the school. The work is new for them and all the boys are trying hard to do their best for them. All of the boys think Mr. Troutman is a very good officer and all of the boys, especially the house boys, think Mrs. Troutman is a good matron.

All of the boys hope they like their stay at the Receiving Cottage as well as we do having them.

Our Easter Egg Hunt

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

On Easter Sunday Cottage two went on an Easter egg hunt.

Harvy Arnett, James Scott, Donald Stack, and Mrs. Braswell went over behind the plant beds and hid the eggs which the others stayed around the cottage.

Mr. Braswell gave every boy three eggs apiece and let them fight each other.

Among the big winners were Melvin Radford and Thomas Martin.

Later the boys lined up and went over to the hunting grounds. After instructions were given, we started hunting. The boys hunted for about 30 minutes then the boys that hid them started hunting them.

Billy McVicker caught a snake and after playing with him threw him away.

Our Trip To Wildwood Cottage

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Sunday, all the boys of no. 14 went to the Wildwood Cottage. While we were there some of the boys went fishing and Harvey Ennis found three baby squirrels. They also tried catching the mother squirrel but they could not catch her. Then we had an egg hunt. We had three prize eggs. Earl Bowden found the first prize egg and he got a bag of candy. Jack Wood found the second prize egg and he got a bag of marbles. Willie Newcomb found the third prize egg and he also got a bag of marbles. After the egg hunt we ate supper and came back to the school. All the boys thank Mr. and Mrs. Hooker for taking us to the cabin. All of us had a good time.

Baseball Is Coming

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Baseball practice is getting underway now with the boys of every Cottage getting "warmed up." Since basketball season is over the boys set their minds on a different subject, which is baseball. They are anxious to get on the field and complete with the other Cottages. Each Cottage hopes to finish the regular season with the championship trophy on their mantle. Cot-

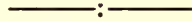
tage 2 now holds the trophy which they won by defeating Cottage 4 last year.

Although the smaller boys can't play baseball they, too, are waiting anxiously to play softball. Cottage 7 won the softball trophy by defeating Cottage 10

in the championship game last year.

All of the boys have an opportunity to play and all will have a good time.

I can't forecast any special Cottage to watch because it seems as though all the Cottages seem to have pretty good teams.



Out in the Laboratory of Mt. Holyoke College is a fossil footprint of some pre-historic dinosaur that roamed around western Massachusetts. By the size of the footprint it must have been a huge creature, but size apparently didn't mean too much, for no such creature is around today—at least in Massachusetts.

And so it is in our human life, mere size, or strength, or position in society does not mean that we make any lasting impression on the development of our world—there has to be something else beside a clever way to meet and grow along with our changing world. For there is nothing more certain than the fact that we do not live in a static world but one that is constantly changing, and that behind it and in it and through it there is an intelligent Mind. "The history of civilization is the history of great men and the history of all great men is the history of their ideal hours, realized in conduct and character."

And where does this leave us today? In the first place it means that if we would get something worthwhile and lasting out of life, there can be no truce with our ideals, that we must live up to the best of which we are capable, here in the Camp as well as on the outside. We have to be a scientist of life, and remain committed to the best we find, as the scientist remains true to the facts he finds in his experiments. America has reached the place it holds now in the world picture, because its people have remained true to their ideals, and they have been successful against all odds, the conflicts, the struggles that have come their way, and we shall win the present crisis for the same reason. There can be no truce with ideals.

The second thing is that we must keep constantly in repair our relationship and dependence on God. He has framed the world for the good things of life to be developed; He has endowed us with freedom to achieve them; He has placed in our keeping adequate resources to realize our ideals—but they have to be mined and refined as iron is mined and refined before we build an engine to draw freight or passengers across country. "Guard what has been entrusted to you—so as to grasp the life that is life indeed."

HOW GOOD IS MAN'S LIFE

(By J. M. Culbreth, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

The dynamic factor in life is the will to live. The maxim, "Self preservation is the first law of life," accounts for the resistance that is offered to the forces that destroy life. It also points to the necessity of co-operation with the forces that help life. It demands farms and industries, houses and markets, schools and churches, as well as weapons of defense.

By these tokens the "will to live" is a most sacred thing in the mystery of life. It led Albert Schweitzer to discover the foundation of morality in the principle of "reverence for life." Reverence for life in toad or insect, in viper and tiger, in elephant and man. Life in any form must not be carelessly or ruthlessly destroyed, or even injured. The taking of life in mere sport or in hate is never justified. Only in order to sustain higher forms of life may lower forms be sacrificed.

Acceptance of this view leads to the conclusion that to diminish life carelessly, to destroy life wantonly, to reject life stubbornly, constitutes sin against God. Hence, the solemn warning in Jesus' words, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.

Now there are enemies that prey upon life against our will, and which we more and more oppose with all our might. Some examples are famine, drought, pestilence, torture, imprisonment, slavery. Against these we oppose the science of agriculture, of sanitation, of penology, of sociology. A good citizen is one who supports these

remedial and preventive agencies. A bad citizen is one who fights against them, or ignores them.

Also, there are forces that strangle life, diminish it, and destroy it, against which we often fail to offer resistance. On the contrary, we sometimes encourage and support them voluntarily. They may indeed, be deliberately chosen, cherished, defended, and strengthened by conscious effort. Some of these evils are ignorance, obscurantism (striving to hinder or defeat the progress or spread of knowledge), prejudice, envy, covetousness, immorality. Against these life-diminishing, life-destroying forces society arranges the school, the press, the church, the government. And, while these are imperfect and inadequate, they are, nevertheless, far in advance of personal commitments and personal behavior on the part of most of us. In aim and in plan they challenge our reluctant loyalty.

It should sober us to reflect that the strangulation, the bruising, the infection of life, the diminishing of life, by choice or consent, for any, anywhere, anytime, is against the will of God, and must be seen as sin against God. On the other hand, the nourishment, the development, the emancipation and integration of life for everyone, everywhere, all the time, is according to the will of God, and must be seen as the fundamental principle of his coming kingdom. To choose evils for others, while seeking

to escape them ourselves, debases the spirit, and makes the soul "Of all men's clotted clay the dingiest clot." It should be remembered that when we choose ill for others, or consent to them, we suffer from them ourselves in ways which are all the more destructive because they work subtly and indirectly. Instances in which this may happen are many. Some of them are the denial to any of equal economic opportunity; the denial to any of equal advantages in the pursuit of knowledge; the denial to any of equal facilities in the quest for health; the denial to any of the basic rights of citizenship. At present it is in the areas of education and health that conventional culture is feeling the strain of increasing tension.

Can anyone look steadily at Jesus and think he would withhold from any the gift of life which he offers? With outstretched arms and bleeding hands, he says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the door. By me, if any man enter in he shall be saved."

Would he deny to any the rewards of honest labor? Would he deny to anyone the knowledge which he has the capacity to gain? Would he deny to any the health for which he is intended? Would he deny to anyone the citizenship to which he worthily aspires?

This very strange thing happens. Although no one questions his sincerity and his generosity in offering life

to all, to any whomsoever, many will not take the gift. What wonder and pathos are in his words, "Ye will not come unto me."

Is it just possible that some reject the life that Christ offers because they are not willing that certain people shall have it on the same terms with themselves? To all such he said, "Woe unto you, for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are trying to go in."

It becomes clear to anyone who stands face to face with Jesus that the choice he is required to make is not between certain proposals of the liberal social sciences on the one hand and certain traditions and fixed customs of the social order on the other. It is a much simpler choice than that. It is a choice between Christ and Barabbas.

Barabbas was a robber. "The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy." To destroy not all, but some in the interest of others. He takes away from some in order that certain others may have. He holds on to what he has lest some others succeed in getting a fair share of the gains of life. Because for him life is not abundant, but scarce. And he is afraid. He is afraid that life bestowed upon certain others will mean less of life for him. And he is not willing to be deprived. He is dead wrong, of course. But life for him is so little and so poor a thing that he feels justified in keeping it from others lest he himself suffer loss.

KITE FLYING CONTEST AT THE SCHOOL

The kite-flying contest, sponsored by the Concord Rotary Club for Concord and Cabarrus County, was held on the grounds of the Jackson Training School on March 29. Rotarian Jerry Ashwill was in charge of the contest and was general field manager for the various events.

Mr. Joe Holding, a member of the Concord Rotary Club, was present for the contests and gave valuable assistance as a judge. Dr. Charles H. Wadsworth also assisted in judging different contests. We appreciate their assistance.

Practically all the contestants in the events were boys from the Jackson Training School. This, in large part, was due to the fact that the contest, which had been set for last Saturday morning, was postponed on account of rain.

Under the sponsorship of the Rotary Club, numerous prizes had been made available for the winners in the various contests. Some of the Rotarians donated prizes, and others donated cash for the purchase of prizes. Under Mr. Ashwill's supervision, the various prizes consisted of baseball bats, baseball gloves, flashlights, candy, neckties, a ticket for an airplane ride, and various model airplanes.

The contests began at ten o'clock and extended for more than two hours. There was much interest and keen competition, especially among the boys of the Training School. Almost one hundred boys had made kites of one type or another, including small, medium sizes, and large kites, various odd-shaped kites, and kites of various tints and colors.

The winners of the contests were as follows:

8-12 Age Group

Medium Size Kite—Edward Ingold, First Place; Wayne Whittington, Second Place.

Large Kite (Over thirty-six inches)—Charles Hudson, First Place; Jimmy Bonds, Second Place.

Altitude Flight (Any Kite)—Charles Hudson, First Place; Elijah Spivey, Second Place; Edward Ingold, Third Place.

12-16 Age Group

Small Kite (9" or under)—James Wilson, First Place.

Medium Kites up to 36"-Altitude—

Jerry Peavey, First Place; Dorman Porter, Second Place; John Russell, Jr., Third Place.

Kites over 36"-Altitude—Ollie Daw, First Place; Franklin Robinson, Second Place.

Jumbo Kite—J. C. Woodell, First Place.

Craziest Kite—James Wilson, First Place; Willis Caddell, Second Place.

Altitude Flight, Any Kite—Bobby Joe Duncan, First Place; John Russell Jr., Second Place.

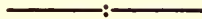
Distance Flight, Any Kite—Ollie Daw, First Place; Tommy Martin,

Second Place.

Miscellaneous Prizes:

Most Original Kite, Paul Church,
 Oddest Kite, Eugene Williams,
 Second oddest, Max Ray Herring,
 Third oddest, Duwayne Ingle,
 Largest Kite, J. C. Woodell,
 Quaintest Handpainted, Harvey Ja-
 cobs,
 Second Quaintest Handpainted, Billy
 Keene,
 Third Quaintest Handpainted, James
 Swinson,

Split Tail Kite, Jerry Peavey,
 Most Colorful (Red), Carl Goard,
 Odd Small Kite, Leon Perry Martin,
 Large Hand Made Kite, James Ar-
 rowood,
 Medium Hand Made Kite, Lester
 Ingle,
 Medium Hand Made Kite, Kenneth
 Holcomb,
 Well Balanced Hand Made Kite,
 Hiram Caton, III,
 No contestants in the group 16
 years of age or older.



BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 4, 1948

April 4—Edward Ingold, Cottage 6, 12th birthday
 April 5—Claude Crump, Cottage 14, 14th birthday
 April 5—Tommy Joe Pressley, Cottage 6, 11th birthday
 April 8—Bobby Woodruff, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
 April 9—Francis Thomas, Cottage 17, 13th birthday
 April 9—Billy Holder, Cottage 2, 14th birthday
 April 10—Thomas Reed Miller, Cottage 9, 15th birthday

EDUCATION

(Reprint from *The Keystone*, in *The Summary*)

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us, to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God, who made us, has endowed us.

Education alone, is not the complete, unmitigated procedure the world is ever endeavoring so unfruitfully to establish as a crime deterrent. But, it is an excellent and essential asset toward the elimination of the so called social vice.

Education begins in the cradle, on the mother's knee. It is the cultural and moral teachings at home that form the basis of character. The strength and moral standards of every state and country lies in the infinite teaching and education of its youth and adults alike.

How great the effect education has on character is evident by the fact that prison bodies as a whole, constitute an overwhelming majority of academic and vocational incompetence. Approximately seventy percent or more of those confined behind "gray walls," show an alarming discrepancy between "book education" and intellectual ability. This is an immediate threat to the man about to be released on parole.

Invariably the inability to adjust oneself and to secure work to maintain a livelihood in the world of today can be attributed to lack of education. Also, these are the paramount causes of crime. And, constitute a hazard for the prospective parolee. Failure of the man on parole to satisfactorily

fulfill his obligations can, without an iota of doubt be laid at the door of his own stupidity. Beyond all reasonable doubt, education offers a high hope for rehabilitation. It prepares the parolee for complete living. Aids him in his understanding of the social scheme of which he is now a part. It assists him to function more understandingly, more willingly, and more effectively as a good citizen. The range of observation that education offers is unlimited. And, the pleasures derived from a desire to learn are many. At the present time about one-quarter of our prison population is taking advantage of the educational opportunities of this institution for self improvement. Either by attending regular classes or by correspondence. This should be much greater.

The uneducated parolee has little, if any, regard for society. He feels that society having done its worst to him, now owes him a debt. He is out "to get even." And wants to get back a "bit" of his own.

With this in mind he proceeds to gain by "hook or crook" anything that is not nailed down. He seeks and finds only companions like himself, uneducated, unemployed, a nuisance to themselves and everybody else, they are without a place in the economic regime of a law abiding community. And, sooner or later, depending upon his luck, he finds himself back again, behind the gray walls, telling all and sundry who will listen to him of the "raw deal" the parole officer, the

judge, and the police gave him. Never thinking for a moment that his incredible stupidity was one of the main factors in his return to prison.

Reform is an individual matter. If we are sincere in our efforts to rehabilitate ourselves. If we truly desire to become a law abiding citizen of our country, we then, should by all means, take into account our failure and endeavor to the best of our ability to correct them and to partake of any worthwhile program that would materially aid us. Bearing in mind that prison atrophies the power of "finding ourselves" in the world of today, each and everyone of us should acquaint ourselves with the educational opportunities afforded us through the medium of "our school." I say our school—because it definitely is our school.

We should and must admit that the lack of perception regarding crimes definitely show that had we been properly trained, properly educated, given adequate schooling and necessary vo-

educational guidance, then perhaps our chances of entering a penal institution would have been practically nil.

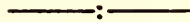
Education is the root of rehabilitation. It is the immediate solution to our problem.

In the industrial world of today, there is an ever increasing demand for skilled workmen, executives, and specialists, which is dependent upon the general education of the individual.

Speaking in rough trends, we can hardly expect the employer to employ, or society to accept the uneducated.

Jesus was the Life Giver! The more he gave, the more he had. The more people he shared with, the more life was multiplied, the more there was for all, for any whomsoever!

We are asked to take this yoke upon us and learn of him. If we will, he will so abundantly increase life in us that we shall become eager to help put the abundant life within the reach of all, within the reach of any who will enter in.



A surgeon, an architect and a politician: disputed which belonged to the oldest profession.

The surgeon claimed the distinction because Eve was made from Adam's rib. That, he said, was surgery.

"But," said the architect, "before the advent of Adam order was made out of chaos and that was architecture."

"Admitted," said the politician, "but who created the chaos?"

—Exchange.

HOW CAN WE GUIDE THE WORLD INTO PEACE AND FREEDOM

(By Clarence Poe, in *The Progressive Farmer*)

When I was a boy there were in some old hymn, as I recall it, these unforgettable lines-

There is a time we know not when,
A place we know not where,
That shapes the destinies of men
For glory or despair.

1948, it seems to me, may well prove to be such a year. The peoples of America and other countries may either turn the world downward into the storms and darkness of World War and Chaos or turn it upward to the sunlight of World Peace and Reconstruction.

I am not among those who see only the black side of things. Only a day or so ago I heard someone say something like this, "The men of our generation, this generation, 1) have killed more of their fellow human beings than any other generation since Adam . . . 2) have mutilated, wounded, blinded, crippled, and starved more men, women, and children than any other generation since Time began . . . 3) have destroyed more of the world's wealth than any other generation." And a complete pessimist might add, "Our scientists are busy on atomic bombs and germ warfare . . . in India and Palestine, Greece and China, armed men by millions are destroying life and property . . . and all too many of our leaders in America and abroad seem to offer nothing but more war (or threats of it) as a way out of the

world's troubles.

One must admit the truthfulness of most of this indictment. Yet I should like for my part to emphasize the brighter side of the world picture. Against the picture of atom bombs for war, I would say that our foremost scientists are warning against the military use of atomic energy. They would concentrate instead on gigantic plans for using it to give the world a new era of power, production, and prosperity. We do not shut our eyes to bloody strife in India, Palestine, and China. Yet it is infinitely more important that in Asia in the last few months more people have been given their independence and released from bondage to foreign countries than in all preceding centuries combined. Heretofore, England's wish to keep these peoples in subjection has been the chief reason for its failure to cooperate in world disarmament and world peace.

But most important of all is a fact that stands out like a star of hope against all our dark background of war talk. This fact is that now for the first time in human history we do have an official federation of all nations, our United Nations organization, where differences between nations may be debated and ways of maintaining peace proposed and developed.

In all times heretofore a strong nation might make war against a weaker nation with no world organization to call it to account—or take

steps to prevent the war from beginning at all. (Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations might have done all this if the United States had joined it' but without America it gradually weakened into impotence.) Now for the first time mighty America and all other nations are enrolled in an organization which at least makes possible the fulfillment of Tennyson's dream—

Till the war drums throbbed
no longer and the battle
Flags were furled in the
Parliament of Man, the
Federation of the World.

At last and at least we have the machinery for making this vision a reality. Now all the people of America should demand that this machinery be used. As Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of America's foremost representatives in United Nations, says of Russia and us: "What we need on both sides is a little confidence and good will. We know that both sides are strong and will remain so until we come to an agreement on collective strength, and have an opportunity to see a United Nations force organized and trained so that it can take care of aggressors." And to be still more specific she suggests that we should insist on these three assurances by the United States and Russia:

- 1) That each of us is satisfied with our present possessions;
- 2) That we will use the UN to guarantee the liberty of small nations, and
- 3) That we would resort not to war but to UN and international arbitration to settle whatever difficulties might arise between us.

I cannot help but feel that if Franklin Roosevelt had lived he with other American leaders would have long ago met Russian leaders face to face to give them such assurances and require theirs. Such a program now might be utterly fruitless—but it could be one of the greatest triumphs in good will in human history. We might gain much by it. We could lose nothing. The peace-loving people of America would at least like to see it tried—and quickly.

As a result now of observing men and events over a fairly long life, I have evolved one bit of philosophy which does fit most of them, namely, "Always thank God when a bad situation gets worse, for then something will be done about it." The very badness of our present world situation, the terrifying realization of what war with or without atom bombs might do to America and Russia, the world-chaos and starvation that might result—all these may yet convince both America and Russia that we must stop mutual threats and fist-shaking and instead serve the peace-loving peoples of both countries by making UN powerful enough to keep world peace—even though this means we must modify the veto power in matters that threaten world peace. Russia is not prepared to fight outside its own borders—nor is America. Ex-President Hoover has warned that if we should risk a war with Russia neither Britain, France, nor any other European country might join us.

Concerning the practicable ways of turning humanity from War and Destruction to Peace and Reconstruction in 1948 these policies—with UN as our great hope—seem to us imperative:

1. We should strengthen the United Nations as the supreme agency for world peace—and through it require both Russia and America to observe “the principle of noninterference by all countries with the freedom, the sovereignty, and the internal affairs of others.”

2. To save Europe 1) the Marshall Plan should be utilized as a means both of relieving starvation and of bringing its countries back to sound self-help, production and prosperity . . . 2) a “United States of Europe” should be set up to stimulate international co-operation, trade, and prosperity there . . . 3) reciprocal trade agreements should be made with the United States that would stimulate trade between our country and theirs.

3. The question of Universal Military Training should be decided by asking, “Will it 1) really promote world peace—or will it 2) merely alarm and excite Russia and its satellites and make them go to more desperate lengths to meet what they may interpret as a new challenge to war?” As we recently quoted Pearl Buck as saying: “Every time an American talks of fighting Russia he hands a gun to the Communists. They run, shouting, with it to their people, “See, I told you the Americans want to fight

us!”

4. Patience and a study of history may save us from an unnecessary war. Compare, for example, the French Revolution of 1789 with the Russian Revolution of 1917. The French Revolution for years had its bloody purges, its repudiation of religion and morals, its fanatical propaganda, its seeming threat to the security of other nations. Both England and America grew almost hysterical with fear. Yet peace, order, and tolerance gradually developed in France. They may yet do so in Russia and its satellites. Democracy will conquer Communism not with guns but by giving people greater freedom, dignity, peace and security than any totalitarian tyranny can ever give.

Once again here in 1948 Humanity has a choice to make. Perhaps all our present tribulations may prove to be not just the death pangs of a world order that was cursed by War, Imperialism, and Want. Perhaps they may yet be recognized as the birth pangs of a new and nobler order that will give to all mankind under UN a security and happiness never known before and a realization of “The Four Freedoms” for which so many suffered and died—“Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear.”

The History of the United States and the destiny of George Washington were both changed by a mere pocket knife. His mother gave him the knif to persuade him not to join the British Navy.
—Our Paper.

SPECIAL TRAINING REQUIRED

(By Mrs. Dell B. Wilson, in *We The People*)

The guidance counselor's heart sank as she read the phrase in the morning mail: "Special training required." Slowly she folded the letter and stuffed it back in its envelope, pondering pensively over the significance of the phrase. It meant that Arthur couldn't get the summer work he loved even though he was a capable and deserving student. It might even mean a frustrating wave of discouragement for an ambitious lad. Well, she would try somewhere else, and maybe pave the way by visiting two places herself first—a two-day business. If only there were more hours in a working day! In front of her lay the 70 unscored Bell Adjustment Inventories taken by the eleventh grade yesterday, and behind them her memorandum for the day: "Pamphlet on occupational therapy to Betty"; "Diesel Engines for Dick"; "Check Bob's correspondence school for validity"; "Write for music scholarship requirements"; "Repeat conferences, Seniors"; "Otis tests, both new students"; "Eleventh grade conferences with Arthur, Francis, Polly." Other needs of the day had come to her last night as she sought sleep, but this morning these additional could not receive priority.

There was a knock at her door and her principal bulked large in the doorway a big man swollen at the moment, she recognized, with one of those school man's problems which while it lasts is like a sort of mild male pregnancy. He shut the door behind

him and swept his arm down from the shoulder in a gesture of extremity.

"Have you ever talked to Bennie Riggs?"

"Why no-oo, I haven't seen many tenth graders yet. I still have several eleventh grade conferences to hold. I do recall, however, that Bennie asked me about the army once."

The principal swept his arm down again. "Well, he's going to join. Now! This minute! Father and mother both working in mills and can't be reached. I've said all I can. He wants to start now—doesn't even know if there's an officer in Stanford but determined to go that hundred miles. Walk, I guess, or thumb. Can't you do something?"

"How old is he?"

"Seventeen and a half—old enough, all right—but he has no money. Anyway, he can't go. We can't let him go, I tell you."

Little by little the story came out: a case of unfortunate companionship, recent implication in a petty group larceny, a court guardianship, a running from and not to.

"I thought maybe if you'd see him. He likes you."

"We-ell," dubiously, "I'll try."

Out went the principal, his pregnancy somewhat less noticeable now that his problem was shared.

Appointments were shelved as the counselor fought through the next two hours for a child in need, a child frightened, a child seeking escape from a bugaboo bearing down on him.

Pages from textbooks of her training came to light in the focus of this small, sharp, haunted face: conflicts, guilt, fear, and malnutrition—a body to slight for the use of any recruiting office, a boy facing a crisis.

“Let me do this anyway, Bennie,” she begged. “Let me call Stanford and make sure there is an officer there and save you that long trip. Don’t misunderstand; we don’t want to keep you; maybe the army is just what you need. Only just let me call first, will you? It can hurt anything, can it?”

The bright, shifty eyes rested on her for a moment speculatively and apprehensively, then grew calmer. “All right. Only I ain’t a-goin’ to wait here at school. I’ll go up town and call you back. Yes’m, I’ll call you back, all right.”

“You won’t leave?”

“No. I won’t leave.” Their gazes met, and in his eyes fairplay for a moment overshadowed rebellion. Confidence replaced confusion.

“And he won’t leave; I’m sure he won’t,” she told the principal later in his office. “There’s good in that boy! There’s good in every boy! The trouble is, he’s afraid, more afraid than he’s ever been before. He’s running away from something—guilt—fear—he can’t even tell me, but I think all pressure must be removed from him for a little while. He must feel for once that his universe is friendly. He must be made to feel that he does not stand alone. Can we see his father? He might help, you know.”

“We’ll try.”

The rest of her day was mostly spent hanging on the telephone, her

memorandum pages glaring at her by the hour. Sometimes it was Bennie, querulous but insistent; then it was central patiently trying for a trunk line only to report that her circuits were busy. Finally she had a connection with the recruiting station, and she proceeded to give all the facts, fairly, fully, and without bias, to the officer in charge. His voice, rough but cooperative, came back over the wire: “From what you say, ma’am, the kid wouldn’t be a prospect for us now. Tell him to stay on the job there for the present. That’d be my advice to him, ma’am.” Well, that was that.

Toward the close of the day Bennie’s father arrived. It wasn’t hard to see why Bennie was like he was. His daddy had never quite grown up himself, but they had an hour’s talk and worked out a plan together. Bennie’s answer to her final report was “Well—,” a long pause, then ‘Maybe I’ll see you tomorrow.’

As she stacked the Bell Inventories to take home and glared back at her memo pad, her eye fell on the morning mail, on the letter she had stuffed back in its envelope. “Special training required.” Maybe she could get off a while tomorrow, and see about those other prospects for Arthur. She would stop by the principal’s office and ask. But when she got there, she found him all swollen up again with a new problem.

“No physics teacher tomorrow!” he exploded, sweeping his arm down in customary gesture. “Called home by sickness, and not a substitute nearer than Texas, I bet. Lord, Lord! Sa-a-ay—you couldn’t.”

She smiled. “I’m afraid I couldn’t. Not that.”

He shook his head ruefully. "Sure I know. That requires special training."

"Not my kind alone. It takes both

kinds, physics and guidance. Anyway, Bennie'll be back in the morning."

GOD THE PERFECT FATHER

(By Major C. A. Puck, in Paahao Press)

When we think of the word father we think of a man and a family. We think of him as the head of a family one who is strong, loving strength, one who provides, one who cares and is responsible to and for his children.

Some of our so called earthly fathers have been very poor material. Now let us think of the very best father we ever knew, one who was a model in every way, someone who measured up in as far as we are able to see almost perfection, we will still find his wanting.

Then we find God is a father who when we do his will becomes so much better and greater, more loving than any human father could be.

When we think of a good woman we think of someone even better, somewhat of higher build in the finer things of life. That is your mother, or some other, even the best mother you ever knew. God in his love is also a mother, and while scripture does not name Him so, yet alludes to Him as the hen gathering Her chicks, and

under His wings.

With God it is loving strength of the father and the best love of the mother, in fact it combines the love of your best friend who in imperfection loved you. God is even better than the best.

He is better than a husband can be or better than a wife no matter how high of character and ability, God is greater than our highest conception of all the kind of loves we can bring together in one.

We consider that every one of us has access to his father and indeed if He is our father, why then have we forsaken such a father or why don't we come back to such a father?

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made possible that return. What God could not do He sent His Son to do. Jesus coming as man could help man. God Himself could not. Jesus gave to us the legacy to give, the Gospel to man. Our business is to tell men to return to God through Jesus Christ. Man helping man.

He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—Lavater.

THE TEST OF A MAN'S GREATNESS

(By Eugene Bertram Willard, in Our Paper)

Chaplain Robert Walker, in a recent address to the Reformatory's General Service Congregation reported by Harris P. Blanchard for OUR PAPER, pointed out that it is one's own self who needs watching. "It is just when we are not watching ourselves," said Chaplain, "that troubles of many types creep into our minds, bodies and souls. We let them in. Other people may also need watching, but that is their business. Your job and mine is to watch ourselves to see that only the worth-while things of life get established in our mental, moral and physical makeups."

Yes, the greatest and most important duty of you and me is to see that only the worth-while things enter our lives. Human life is a gift and as man considers the object of it in mature years, he comes to realize that the fulfillment of his duties is a necessity. As Chaplain so truly emphasized, his obligation rests in the performance of his work to the best of his ability.

When we look upon life philosophically, many of its problems and troubles disappear. Our work is easier and pleasant. We can smile through life while working hard to master it. No matter how we view this business of living, life is a trying and proving time, a period of probation. The gift of life is also a call to trial and service, to discipline and sacrifice, and there are things in it that appeal to every part of a man's nature, the highest as well as the lowest. Some can take it, others can't. Our character is evolved out of the relation

between the individual and the general life. Those of us who make the most of life, and the noblest use of it, will understand and sympathize with the feeling of the poet:

And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare, happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock, as her prize,
Thank God, she still each method tries
Upon me, who may yet escape.

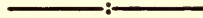
Weak human nature can not perhaps be expected to welcome each rebuff, and each sting, but we can triumph over rebuffs and stings when they do come. Very unsafe guides are those who teach men that life is always pleasant and easy, the world a comfortable place, and that troubles are not realities.

As Chaplain Walker pointed out in his General Service Congregation address, "High ideals dictate to us our characters and deportment, and we must see that our faculties are dedicated to the things that have God behind them." The fact that men rebel against life's better things, or ignore them, or seek to substitute something else for them, is the best possible proof that we need to watch ourselves. The cure for our present ills must be looked for very largely in individuals

able and willing to resist temptation, instead of weakly yielding to it.

With his magic pen Zane Gray made the Old West live again for us. Famous as a hunter and fisherman, Grey lived as a man among men and observed their reactions under the most trying circumstances. He was a keen judge of the qualities that make for manhood. On one occasion he turned philosopher and from his rich experience gave us a list of the qualities

that make a man great. Zane Grey gave as his test of greatness in a man: To bear up under loss; to fight the bitterness of defeat and the weakness of grief; to be a victor over anger; to smile when tears are close; to hate and to love; to go on when it would seem good to die; to seek over the glory and the dream; to look up with unquenchable faith to something ever more about to be—these things any man can do, and so be great.



DO YOUR PART

You may not move the throttle valve when long trains swiftly start,
 You may not more than turn the brakes, but boldly do your part.
 You may not be the captain or helmsman on the sea.
 Such places fall to very few, but this you'll ever be:
 A captain of some little home; a helmsman of some heart;
 Then guide aright the craft you own, and bravely do your part.
 You may be builder of a block, or tradesman in the mart,
 Where honest work and kindly words will each secure a start.
 You may be tiller of the soil or toiler by the day;
 Remember, then, he does the best, the best in every way,
 Who has a single aim in view, determined from the start
 In everything he may pursue to truly do his part.
 Though doctor, lawyer, teacher, priest, learn this command by
 heart,
 They never fail, but all succeed, who simply do their part.

—J. W. Donovan.

THE GREAT CAUSE

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

Throughout recorded history men have been led by what they termed—The Cause. This was whatever they imagined right and to their own specific interest; and, as a consequence, it seldom was based on absolute truth or tinged with ethics. Men felt that “might was right” and acted in accordance with that verdict. This led, naturally, to numerous instances of glaring injustice, for men easily lost sight of the fact that true prosperity rested on observance of the moral code. However, in ancient times, the code was rendered ineffective by the fact that men were inclined to pursue the supposed lesser of two alternatives so that truth and justice suffered.

Why? Because men had lost in great part, recollection of the fact of the existence of the Primal Cause of things. They saw tangible evidence of the visible universe and called it—Nature. And that, for them, was all there was to it. “It just happened.”

Some remarked that they saw no evidence of a Supreme Directive behind the visible evidence of what we call the world. “Oh, it’s natural! It’s natural for a tree to be a tree; an orange to be an orange; a horse to be a horse; or, a man be a man. That’s the way it’s always been as far as I can remember.” There is not in that a trace of real depth of thought. Indeed, the fellow who thinks in such terms is no thinker at all but merely so much animated vegetation. He just doesn’t really know what it’s all

about, and doesn’t want to exert himself mentally to find out the truth.

Ask him to explain the existence of a bird, or a tiger, or a fish and he shrugs his shoulder. A bird is a bird. A tiger is an animal; and a fish always was a fish. That’s his line of reasoning. He made no mention of the origin of a fool, or what caused the development of a philosopher. It all just happened that way.

There is an air of superficiality in the average person’s mind as to what constitutes logical thinking. The cause of this is plainly materialistic—the accepting of the evidence of the senses. Yet, nothing is more certain than the fact that the senses, as such, are decidedly deceptive. One has to delve behind the curtain of materialism to discover the real essence of things, and this is patently not just so much material. The spiritual essence is the vital Force behind all that is. It is the prime moving factor.

In the *Reader’s Digest*, recently, the writer read a condensed article dealing with the wonders of astronomy and the stupendous vastness of the universe. One of the points brought forward was the “seeming fact” that the universe was not made for human beings. In other words, the Supreme Architect had no objective, no aim in view in creating the universe.

But I’m getting ahead in my thoughts. What I want to bring out is the fact of “The Great Cause” which is behind the vast panorama of created things. That there is such

a Cause ought to be self-evident, even if we take into consideration the tangible evidence before our eyes, namely, the visible creation, remembering that it is but the shadow of a greater Reality.

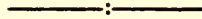
Some one has remarked:

“Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill,
And back of the mill is the wheat—

and the showers.

And the sun and The Father's Will.”

Isn't that logical? Mustn't there always be a cause for everything that is? Nothing ever just happens of its own accord; there is a motive force behind the action. When we are once ready to accept this fact and govern our lives in accordance, then we are making progress.



PROVERBS AND MAXIMS

None are so deaf as those who will not hear.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

It is only the ignorant who despise education.
If there were no clouds we should not enjoy the sun.

Nothing ventured, nothnig gained.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

The very best medicine that a family can keep in the house is cheerfulness.

Never spend your money until you have earned it.

He gives doubly who gives quickly.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.

A CREED WE CAN LIVE BY

(By Rev. John W. Holland, D. D., in *The Progressive Farmer*)

1. I believe there is one God back of all things, including my small self. For some reason that my reason can't figure out, God has given to each of us freedom more or less to do as we please.

2. I believe that God allowed His nature to be born in a human being, Jesus Christ, in order to show us the spiritual power by which we may defeat evil and enthrone good in our hearts.

3. I believe in the moral conversion of every son and daughter of Adam, to set us on the right track in building Christian character.

4. I believe in the gradual awakening of all branches of the human family, through the revelation of perfect goodness in Jesus Christ, and that the human race plus the spirit of Christ, can live together at last in a spirit of justice, fair dealing, and moral brotherhood.

5. I believe there is some good in the hearts even of people sunk in ignorance, animalism, and sin. And I believe that every normal-minded person, in his better moments, hates himself for his sins and tries to escape from it.

6. I believe in hard work, not only because it makes me healthy, but because it helps to sanitize and purify my mind. I do not know of any way to express the vital forces within me, or be helpful to my own loved ones, and my neighbors, except through some kind of decent, creative work.

7. I believe in neighborliness that does not ask return payment for acts of kindness, and I believe that we are never so far away from the spirit of evil as when we forget ourselves in helping one another. The older artists pictured angels as doing helpful human service. I believe in the angelhood of the children of God on earth who make love for others their dominant aim.

8. I believe in laughter—innocent clean laughter—as life's best medicine. I believe in laughter just as I believe in the wholesome winds that blow clean and free behind the rains.

9. I believe education should be based on the faith that God calls everyone to do some special task, and that his education should fit him to make both a life and a living. Moral character is the goal toward which the processes of education must move. Gathering facts alone may be as dangerous as gathering mushrooms that grow among toadstools. Education should train us to know our mushrooms, and avoid the poison toadstools.

10. I believe that God who brought me here, and who cares for me while here, will never desert me in the bodiless existence I shall spend in His Presence. I believe I shall know more about the future when God reveals it to me, and until that time, I shall walk and work on unafraid, believing that "the last turn of life's road will be the best."

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

For the preaching service at the Training School last Sunday Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church in Concord, was the guest minister. We were delighted to have Mr. Moore visit the school again.

For a Scripture selection the entire fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians was read. This is Paul's account of Christ's resurrection and what it meant to the disciples and even to Paul and other followers of the Master.

For his message to the boys Mr. Moore told the story of how a tiny, brown, fuzzy caterpillar, through the processes of Nature, becomes, in the course of time, a beautiful butterfly. His story ran about as follows:

Once upon a time a small, brown, fuzzy caterpillar in his travels came to a tree. He decided that he would climb up the tree and find a resting place on one of the leaves. Although the tree had a large trunk, and the upward climb was hard and long, the caterpillar climbed upward until he came to a big, strong leaf.

Once he came to this big leaf he was very tired and wanted to rest. After he found a place on the leaf, the wind began to blow until he became afraid that he might fall asleep and drop to the ground. Therefore, he spun a web around the leaf, and, of course, this made the leaf fold up at the edges. Somehow, God had given the caterpillar the power to do this, and he did it voluntarily.

Once the caterpillar had located

himself comfortably within the folds of the leaf, he began to grow into a cocoon. Day after day the wind blew and rocked him back and forth on the leaf, as in a cradle, but he was securely fastened in.

In the course of time, the seasons changed, and there was frost and snow. Then Thanksgiving came, and the Christmas season passed. Still the cocoon, protected from the winter cold, slept—day in, day out—through the months and into the warm spring season.

Eventually there was a knocking sound which came from inside the cocoon. It was a rather faint noise, but it was a continuous rapping against the sides of the covering. This was no longer a caterpillar.

One beautiful spring day, when the sun was beaming down, a beautiful butterfly burst forth out of the cocoon and took its flight across the fields.

In Nature's way, the brown-colored caterpillar had been transformed into a beautifully-colored butterfly, with many different colors.

Mr. Moore explained to the boys that after Christ came into the world and was crucified and rose from the dead. He showed that for mankind the experience of death is like that of the caterpillar being transformed into a butterfly. For mankind, that which was once of the earth becomes heavenly. In the spiritual world, a person is transformed into the likeness of God. The lives of men are transformed so that they become spiritually fit for dwelling in God's heaven.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.—Plato.

—:—

Quotation is the highest compliment you can pay to an author.—Johnson.

—:—

Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.—Sir P. Sidney.

—:—

The world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page.—Augustine.

—:—

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

—Cecil.

—:—

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.—Shelley.

—:—

Joy, temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—Longfellow.

—:—

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

—:—

Inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence.

—O. Henry.

—:—

A great deal of talent is lost in this world for the want of a little courage.

—Sydney Smith.

—:—

No one is likely to remember what is entirely uninteresting to him.

—G. MacDonald.

—:—

Contemplation is to knowledge, what digestion is to food—the way to get life out of it.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clean hands, despatch, patience, and impartiality.

—Penn.

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—Burton.

—:—

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlitt.

—:—

My mind to me a kingdom is; such present joys therein I find that it excels all other bliss that earth affords.

—Chaucer.

—:—

Good talk is like good scenery—continuous, yet constantly varying, and full of the charm of novelty and surprise.—Randolph S. Bourne.

—:—

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—Horace Greeley.

—:—

The books we read should be chosen with great care, that they may be, as an Egyptian king wrote over his library, "The medicines of the soul."

—:—

Justice is the great and simple principle which is the secret of success in all government, as essential to the training of an infant, as to the control of a mighty nation.—Simms.

—:—

Music is the only one of the fine arts in which not only man, but all other animals, have a common property—mice and elephants, spiders and birds.

—Richter.

—:—

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—Fitzosborne.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Williams: Yes, I'm a traveling man.
She: Good, let's see how you can do it.

—:—

"Why did they hang that picture?"
"Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."

—:—

"You gave me the wrong steer," said Vallee, as he left the bull pen with an empty milk pail.

—:—

Visitor: So you got that rug for only \$50. Can you beat it.

Coach: My wife sees that I do.

—:—

Advice to new citizens—send your clothes to the laundry and learn the names of all the other citizens.

Henry: Hey Earl, your mouth is open.

Elliott: I know that. I opened it.

—:—

Nurse: Sit down Robert, you have shown good manners, long enough.

Arseneault: It ain't good manners, it's a boil.

—:—

"What you need, madame, is a little sun and air."

"But surely, doctor I'd need a husband first?"

—:—

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?

Servant: Yes, Ma'am. You can come in now.

—:—

Judge: But you didn't feel the thief's hand going into your pocket?

Absent-Minded-Professor: Yes, but I thought it was my own.

—:—

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses, yet look at the way she placed our ears!

—:—

Lives of Editors remind us

That our lives are not sublime
And we have to work like blazes
Getting the paper out on time.

—:—

Friend: From what I hear, your wife is a bit of an angel.

He: Yeah, she's always going up in the air and harping on something or other.

—:—

She: Are you on the football team?

Hicks: Sure. I do the air work.

She: Oh! You're the forward passer.

Hicks: Well, no. I blow up the footballs.

—:—

Teacher: Can you quote something from the Bible to show that a man should not have two wives.

Ballaro: Yes—No man shall serve two masters.

—:—

Campbell: I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamed I was dead and what do you suppose woke me up?

Lyman: The heat, no doubt.

—:—

"Sorry to hear your engagement is broken off old man."

"I'll get over it. But the worst blow was when she returned my ring marked "Glass—Handle With Care."

—:—

"Daughter," said the father, "is that young man serious in his intention?"

"Guess he must be, dad," she replied. "He's asked how much I make, what kind of meals we have, and how you and mother are to live with."

—:—

Mrs. Finch: Oh, come now, you shouldn't say birds are a nuisance.

Most of their diet is worms and insects.

Mr. Gardener: I am glad you told me that. It is some consolation to know they eat my berries and fruit merely for dessert.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 28, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Briggman
John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. LittleJohn
Bobby Long
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Rice
Bobby Porter
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Ransom Edwards
Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Thomas Martin
Billy McVicker
Johnny Ollis
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith

Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Kenneth Holcomb
Otis Maness
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
Francis Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Leon Martin
Robert Melton
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Robert Thompson

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Herman Fore
Jack Hargett
Danny Mack Hayes
William Hinson
Billy Ray King
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Jimmy Bonds
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 John Garry
 Edward Ingold
 Melvin Ledford
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Jerry Odom
 Tommy Pressley
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swink

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Allen
 Billy Brown
 Tommy Edwards
 Lewis Holt
 Thomas McGee
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
 Judson Finch
 Marvin Guyton
 Herman Hutchins
 Joe Hannah
 Eugene McLean
 Eugene Newton
 Charles Stanley
 James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
 Kenneth King
 Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Jimmy Delvechio
 Roy Eddings
 Barney Hopkins
 Thomas Linville
 Edwin Morgan
 Benny Riggins
 Jimmy Rogers
 Richard Sandlin
 Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
 Jadie Atkins
 Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Zane Brisson
 Bill Carswell
 Homer Fisher
 Grady Garren
 Carl Goard
 John Gregory
 David Hill
 Chester Lee
 Fred Painter
 Edwin Parker
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Joe Swink
 Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
 Carlyle Brown
 Claude Crump
 Sam Finney
 Elbert Gentry
 Richard Harper
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Boyd Morris
 Willie Newcomb
 Leon Poston
 Jerry Rippy
 Billy Teer
 Earl Woods
 Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 Cecil Butcher
 Donald Bass
 Howard Bass
 J. K. Blackburn
 Willard Brown
 Charles Farmer
 Alvin Fox
 J. D. Gupton
 Harry Hill
 Garland Leonard
 Melvin Norman
 Carl Propst
 Donald Ross
 Thelbert Suggs
 Thomas Scroggs

Frank Sargent
 Carroll Teer
 Eugene Williams
 Troy Lee Wall

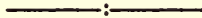
INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Edens Chavis
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Bernie Houser
 Harvey Jacobs

Charles McDaniel
 Carroll Painter
 Franklin Phillips
 Walter Sampson
 Francis Thomas
 Howard Wilson
 Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
 Harvey Honeycutt



A CHILD'S MIND NEVER WAITS

Our American schools are now well into a new school year. It should be a good year. The teacher shortage crisis of the past two years is somewhat abated but not over.

The great need now is to encourage some of our ablest young people to enter the teaching profession. For if education is a vital concern of a free nation, it must be in the minds of able, well-prepared, well-paid, emotionally balanced teachers.

Probably six million additional children over and above pre-war enrollments will be entering elementary schools in the next decade. There may be as many as a million more secondary-school students. This will mean an additional outlay.

Expensive, too, will be the cost of plant replacement and repair long neglected during the war years. Six to eight billion dollars is needed for this purpose in the next decade.

People will have to decide in many cases whether to build roads, for example, or schools. Roads can wait. Children's minds never wait.

Yes, good schools cost money. But the load is not too heavy for a nation where 60 million are employed at a high level of income. Ignorance is far more costly.—“The Public and Education.”

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THE UPLIFT

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It MATTERS

“What I say, what I do, does not matter. My influence is not even a little drop in the bucket.”

Do not be too sure about that. It all depends on what the drop is and what is already in the bucket. One little drop of water falling into a bucket of acid may cause an explosion. One drop of germ culture may change the contents of the bucket in a few hours. A speck of yeast introduced into the dough will leaven the entire mix. One drop of cleansing disinfectant may neutralize a whole bucket of poisonous material. A “drop in the bucket” is not at all unimportant. It may be of very great importance in the results it achieves.

—Trained Men.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

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MIRACLES

What is a miracle?

Each spring is a miracle—a “wonder” or “wonderful thing,” as the dictionary defines it. For in spring is a sudden glimpse of the unconquerable force of life, the perpetual resurrection of good.

Unselfish love is a miracle—not a violation of universal laws of nature but a revelation of the universal law of God.

Young Elliot Sprechman of New York won an essay contest the other day on “The Modern Miracle I Would Like To See.” Elliot has not been able to walk since infancy. He was tempted, he wrote, to choose as his miracle the return of health. But after reading each morning's newspaper, he was ready to choose instead a miracle that would fulfill the aims “of a 1,900-year-old miracle-maker named Jesus of Nazareth.” And he added:

The modern miracle I would most like to see is the union of people everywhere in the world in a true brotherhood that will bring light and peace into the lives of all men everywhere and for all time.

Can a tired world recognize in one boy's wish the miracle-working spirit of love which alone can resurrect man's highest hopes?

We are reminded not merely of the wisdom of youthful Solomon, who could choose a wise and understanding heart as a greater gift than riches and long life. We are reminded also of that divine command—and promise—which says: “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

For a greater than Solomon gave proof of the “wonderful things” that are added to man by the compassionate authority of divine law, when he said to the cripple—and to maimed and suffering humanity everywhere—“Rise up and walk.”

—Christian Science Monitor.

— — — : — — —

THE CORRECTIONAL SCHOOL—AN AGENCY FOR MEETING THE NEEDS OF THE DELINQUENT BOY

The correctional school, if it has an effective program of treatment has very much to offer to the boy who happens to grow up in

an underprivileged, substandard home where there are many disturbing influences. The boy who is unfortunate enough to be a family member in a substandard home, sad to say, has there many needs that go unmet from day to day. Some of these homes are broken homes, some are homes of drunkenness and immorality, and some are harbingers of criminals varying all the way from the minor criminal to those who commit some of the more violent crimes.

In spite of all that a boy himself may do, if he grows up in an environment of this sort he faces great obstacles; he has great social difficulties which he encounters from day to day. He lives in this frustrating environment that continuously tends to spawn juvenile delinquency.

In some homes there are boys who grow up without adequate food, and day after day suffer from the devastating effects of hunger and undernourishment. There are some who, because they are reared in an atmosphere of friction and quarreling, tend to become nervous and emotionally upset. There are few moments in their lives when such boys have relaxation and peace of mind. Day after day they are on the go, and they are restless and disturbed. Under such circumstances, their spirits cry out for a refuge.

When a boy is a member of an unhappy home circle there is little to stimulate and encourage him towards high ideals of living. There is little to uplift his spirit, there is little or even nothing to undergird his sagging morale from day to day, and these things happen to the boy in a critical period of life when he most needs effective encouragement and stimulation and spiritual help. In his spirit he cries out for someone who is sincerely and earnestly interested in him and whose relationship to such a boy invites trust and confidence. He yearns for the touch of a warm heart by an older person who would guide and steer him in his bewilderment.

The boy in the underprivileged home where spiritual values are of low concern generally gets little or no help in his educational program. There is no one to stand by his side and tell him that someday, because he is an important person, he will amount to something and that he will become a great man. The boy who has no encouragement from his parents most often fails to take advantage of the school opportunities at the critical period in his life when he should. Consequently, in school he becomes unhappy and maladjusted. He is the victim of circumstances which he does not un-

derstand. These influences in time tend to break down the noble impulses of even the best boy.

Then, too, a boy, if he is a member of the right sort of home, has food to eat, a nice clean bed in which to sleep, and he enjoys the reasonable comforts of a decent home. These tend to develop in a boy a feeling that he has a place of refuge to which he may go at any time in the day, that he has a fortress of security.

On the other hand, if it turns out that if he does not have these things in the home, society is obligated to provide these necessities in a correctional institution or elsewhere.

Furthermore, there are a good many homes in which children are the victims of overindulgent, misguided parents or guardians. They are the victims of those who through cheap bribery and artificial affection cause a boy to not have the proper guidance and direction. In such circumstances the boy too often learns the art of getting his own way. He plays one evil influence against another in the home and soon becomes skillful in exploiting the frustrations and family feuds in which he lives continuously.

It is the substandard homes that the parents or the guardians fail to meet their obligations. They fail to offer that wholesome leadership and guidance to which a boy is entitled.

A recent editorial, appearing in a daily newspaper reads, in part, as follows:

MIDNIGHT MISCHIEF

Last week,———(city) police picked up two youngsters, one of them 10 years old and the other 11 years old, at midnight on the streets of———,and charged them with larceny of fruit from a curb market. The children were turned over to juvenile authorities for disposition of their case.

The question first raised in connection with such an incident concerns why children of such tender years would be permitted to be alone away from their homes at midnight.

———(city) has no curfew law, and there is considerable question as to the advisability of such restriction. But, lacking such a law, the fact remains that very many children who should be at home after dark are roaming the streets, downtown and in residential areas, at late hours and for no reason excepting that they are "just out." And there should be no surprise that at least some of them become involved in misdeeds.

—————(city) faces the problem of industrial workers on varied shifts, and authorities find in some cases that both parents of small children are working on the second shift, leaving the children without their attention during the afternoon and until the shift changes. The responsibility of caring for children, however, remains that of the parents regardless of circumstances which may make such care difficult.

The correctional institution seeks to offer to a boy the things which he has failed to get in the home; it offers to such a boy a place where he may have those things which are so indispensable in the life of every boy—the security of a home, adequate recreational opportunities, adequate educational advantages, religious and spiritual training, and an opportunity for learning useful work skills. These things the training school, properly planned and directed, seeks to offer to the boy who has missed them in his own home.

* * * * *

THE CREED OF THE BOYS CLUBS OF AMERICA

Every boy in any community should have opportunity for free time activity, and the companionship of boys in a good environment under good leadership, in any of his free time.

Every boy needs guidance in the choice of his free time activities, in behavior, and in his attitudes toward others, family and church relationships, girls, education, employment and government.

Every boy should have a medical examination at least once a year, and remediable defects should be corrected.

Every boy should have opportunity for physical training, athletics and the development of physical fitness.

Every boy should have opportunity to learn and practice wholesome health habits.

Every boy should have opportunity for education on a personal interest basis, to develop vocational skills and to discover vocational aptitudes.

Every boy should have opportunity to develop interest and skills in hobbies and cultural activities which enrich life.

Every boy should have opportunity to experience outdoor life away from cities.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Walk

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Sunday afternoon, Mr. Russell took Cottage 6 on a walk. Most of the boys played softball. All of the boys had a good time.

Our Walk

By Eden Chavis, 1st Grade

Mr. Query took us for a walk Saturday afternoon after we had fed the chickens. We saw the onions and cabbages. They are growing fast. We hope they will soon be ready to eat. We had a good time.

Second Grade News

By David Hill, 2th Grade

Cottages No. 3 and 13 went to the cabin Saturday afternoon. We fished, played softball, and had a good time. Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield came over and ate supper with us. We had all kind of good food and hope we can go back soon.

A Study

By Carlyle Brown, 5th Grade

One unit of study of the fifth grade will be the making of a large bird house, which will be put up in the back of our school room. We are making Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast of cardboard. They will be dressed in spring clothes of bright colors.

Around the bird house will be placed trees and flowers. We think when

we have finished it that it will add a lot to our school room.

Our Party

By Richard Cook, 3th Grade

Cottage 7 had a party Saturday afternoon. We had fish, peas, potatoes, with lettuce, cake and peaches. We had tea to drink. After dinner we went out to play softball. All the boys had a good time. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Horne for the nice party.

Our Ball Game

By Herman Fore, 3rd Grade

The softball game between No. 10 and No. 5 was a good game. The score was 20 to 19 in favor of No. 5. Our catcher was Danny Mack Hayes and Carl Howell was our pitcher. Our umpire was Mr. Walters, and we like him very much.

Our Ball Game

By William Hinson, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 5 played No. 9. No. 9 got off to a good start and soon they had us 6 to 5 but when the game ended the score was 32 to 7 in favor of No. 5. We were glad we won. After we played No. 9, we played No. 10 and beat them too.

Our New Boys

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Wednesday morning, the third grade

got four new boys. Their names are Eugene Peeler, Cecil Kallam, Horace Moses, and Alfred Johnson. We like them and hope they like us. I hope they will like our teacher, and do their work well. We will have a good time together.

Spring Is Here

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Spring is here. The birds are coming back and the flowers are blooming. The birds are up singing before daylight. The boys are playing baseball and football and the little boys are playing marbles as well as the big ones. Spring is a wonderful time for one to enjoy himself.

Second Grade News

By The Group

We had a good time this week end. We played softball. We are changing pictures in our room and are drawing birds and flowers. We have a pretty room. Our walls are painted a peach color and our woodwork is white. Our curtains are white. We like our room.

Cottage 14 Defeats Cottage 11

By Treva Coleman, 11th Grade

Monday evening, Cottage 14 played Cottage 11 in a game of baseball. No. 14 scored 12 runs in the first inning. Conley Haney and James Cartrette scored the only two runs for the losers. Jerry Rippy pitched for Cottage 14 and James Cartrette and Mr. Walters pitched for No. 11. The final score was 19 to 2 in No. 14's favor.

Softball Game

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Cottage 13 played Cottage 3 in a softball game Saturday afternoon. At the end of the game the score was 39 to 19 in favor of Cottage 13. All of the boys enjoyed the game, although it was a little one-sided. We hope to play them again.

Mr. Tomkinson was our umpire and Mr. Hahn was our score keeper.

Our Ball Game

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, No. 2 and No. 1 played a game of softball and baseball and No. 2 was ahead in the softball game with a score of 14 to 11. Then No. 1 made 4 runs which won the softball game for them. No. 2 won the baseball game. Harvey Arnette pitched a good game. Mr. Walters and Mr. Hinson were the umpires. We all had a good time.

We Went For A Walk

By Donald Stack,

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Caldwell took the boys of No. 2 on a walk. We went down by the branch and played in the woods and the water.

We stayed there a long time, and then we went over by the Peach Orchard and tried to figure out if the frost had killed the trees or not. We never did decide, but we don't think it did. Then we came on over by the Apple Orchard and did not have much trouble deciding that the frost did not get them. Then we came on in to the cottage and every body was

ready for rest, including Mr. Caldwell. We had a very good time and sure do think Mr. Caldwell for taking us, and hope to go again soon.

Baseball

By Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

Baseball season is starting today. All of the boys are looking forward to playing. If it is not to cold. Cottage No. 10 is looking forward to win the baseball championship as they did in football and basketball.

Mr. Liske is going to work hard with us and we are going to co-operate together and win it for him.

Soft Ball Games

By Paul Tunner, 3th Grade

On Saturday afternoon Cottage 7 played Cottage 6 in soft ball. No. 7 won. Mr. Hawfield was the Umpire. The boys on our team were as follows, Richard Cook, Billy Brown, Charles Walker, Tommy Edwards, Howard Jardon, Billy Hamilton, Lewis Holt, Paul Allen, J. D. Ashley, Paul Turner. Jack Paschal was hurt in the first ining. He went out of the game.

Baseball Game

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Sunday, the boys of Cottage No. 14 and the boys of No. 15 played a game of baseball with No. 14 coming out in the lead by one run. The boys of No. 15 were in the lead by 3 or 4 runs all through the game except the last ining. It looked like No. 15's game during the first part of the game but No. 14 took them by surprise at the last of it and the final score was 11 to 10.

All the boys enjoy playing baseball and will be glad when the regular season begins.

Baseball Team

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Cottage No. 14 seems to have a good baseball team. So far we have played 5 practice games and won all of them. If we continue winning like this I am sure we will win the championship this year. Our line-up is as follows:

Leon Poston, catcher; Treva Coleman, 1st base; Frank Grady, 2nd base; Earl Bowden, 3rd base; Hugh Ball, short stop; Elbert Gentry, left field; Sam Finney, center field; Thurman Hornaday, right field; and Jerry Rippy, pitcher.

Rec. Cottage Practice Games

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

With baseball practice starting and since we didn't have a team last season, we are trying to get our players warmed up.

During the past week we have played six practice games.

I can't make any predictions who will have the best team this year, they all have started strong. The Receiving Cottage line up is as follows.

C., Bridgeman; LF., Kilpatrick; P., Loftin; CF., Cox; FB., Petty; RF., Fields; 2B., Tuggle; SS., Sorrell; 3B., Kassell.

Our Trip To The Wildwood Cottage

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Thompkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Hahn took Cottage 3 and

13 to the Wildwood Cottage Saturday.

We fished a little while but caught nothing.

We had a weiner roast about supper time and had a good time. We had drinks, tomato juice, cookies, and sandwiches of different kinds.

Mr. Hahn let us listen to the radio on his car for a while.

We were glad to have with us, Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield. All of the boys had a good time.

We want to thank our officers for taking us to the Wildwood Cottage.

We hope Mr. and Mrs. Hawfield enjoyed the weiner roast.

New Boys

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The boys that came these two weeks certainly had a break, with our new officer, Mr. Troutman.

The boys are as follows, Ray Minish, 2nd Grade, Marion ; Billy Bostic, 2nd Grade, Concord; Jimmy Mobley, 4th Grade, Wallace; James Howell, 7th Grade; Edward Mc Innis, 4th Grade, Jackson Springs; Cecil Kellan, 3rd Grade, Leaksville; Eugene Peeler, 3rd Grade, Greensboro; Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade, Burlington; Horace Moses, 3rd Grade, Hickory; Jimmy Volrath, 4th Grade, Pisgah Forest; Lemmie Whittington, 4th Grade, Conover; Donald Alberty, 5th Grade, Greensboro.

All these boys had a nice Easter, plenty to eat, and lots of time to play.

English Test

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

For the past two weeks the boys of the 11th Grade have been down to work

in a series of English tests which consists mostly of the correct usage of words, phrases, clauses, and especially verbs. We have also had tests defining words. Another thing we have been doing a great deal of is diagramming of sentences. Most of the boys seem to enjoy this type of work. We find that by diagramming a sentence we find out how every word in the sentence is used. The boys biggest problem is that they don't concentrate on their problems enough. They are in too much of a hurry and therefore they miss some of the important questions. But we are working hard on these faults and are trying to make better grades in our English.

B. Y. P. U.

By Charles Franklin, 7th Grade

Sunday afternoon when Mr. Puckett came out to the school, we had a song. The name of the song was "Somebody You." Then after that we went to our class and Mr. Puckett talked about our lesson, and gave us a meaning of what the lesson was about. After that the president of our class took charge. Then we had our program and it was about Daniel while he was away from home and it told about when he was put in the lion's den. But this did not stop Daniel from praying. He keep on and soon he was out of the place and he still served God. Then a little farther on in our lesson it told when a boy was out on a camping trip and that night he knelt down to pray beside his cot. But the other boys laughed at him, but this did not stop him and that showed he was trying to serve God in spite of what others say or do.

Our Trip

Easter Sunday we went to Mr. Hinson Brother-In-Law's cabin near Concord.

Some of the boys were at B. T. U. so we had to wait for them. When they came in we packed our supper. Then we went soon on our way. As soon as we reached the cabin we went to see his Long-Horn Fish which he used for fish bait. Then Mr. Hinson said that we could go and play any games we wanted to. Some of the boys went to the swings and played until supper. For supper we had sandwiches and milk. Then we went for an Easter-egg hunt. The house boys hid the eggs. Mr. Hinson found the most eggs. After that we got on the truck for it was about five o'clock. We went by Mrs. Hinson father's and mother's home. Her father came out and invited us in, we went in and sat down. He gave us some ice cream. Then we came back to the Tr. School. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Hinson for taking us on such a nice trip. We hope that he will take us again sometimes.

History Study

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

The boys in the 11th Grade have their heads deep down in an American History book, studying the Administration of President Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The boys have just finished a unit on the growth of the political parties, the Federalist and the Republican. We enjoyed studying these two parties down to our present day parties, the Democratic and Republican. The odd thing about it is that the first Republican Party is now the Dem-

ocratic party and the Federalist Party is the Republican Party. It seems a little complicated at first but we enjoyed finding out about the parties.

Getting back to our present unit, we find that these three men came along during the early struggles of a democratic America. We believe the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was the biggest thing that happened during Jefferson's administration. The War of 1812 was the biggest event during Madison's reign and at the time Monroe became President it was a time of internal improvement. Florida was also purchased during Monroe's administration. We enjoy studying about these great men and the events that happened during their terms.

Letter From One of Our Boys

Hello Mr. Hawfield:

Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still thinking about all of you. Sure hope this finds you all well and happy. For myself I am feeling all right. I am in Guam now, waiting to go to Japan or stay here one. Hope I stay here. The weather here is beautiful today.

Mr. Hawfield, I received the discharge. I want to thank you for sending it to me. How are all the boys? I hope they are having a good time in all of their sports. I would like to see the boys in their games, but I am overseas right now. Tell all the boys that I said hello and be good.

Mr. Hawfield, I like the Air Force all right. It is a good place for a boy my age. Please send me **Mr. Hobby's** address so that I can write

to him. Mr. Hawfield, I wish that I could explain how much you all did for me. How is Mrs. Hawfield? Tell her hello for me.

I hope you all get along in the dairy "OK."

I hope you have good luck with the cows. I went over the Golden Gate Bridge while I was in Frisco. Sure did enjoy myself. There are plenty of graves of American soldiers over here,

and Jap graves also. Mr. Hawfield I will drop you all a few lines every once in a while to let you know how I am getting along. Give my regards to all the boys. I will close for now, with good luck to everybody.

Ralph Stewart 14272795
Provisional Sqd. 264
APO 339, c;o Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.



TOMORROW

He was going to be all that he wanted to be—tomorrow.

None would be kinder or braver than he—tomorrow.

A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,

On him he would call and see what he could do—tomorrow.

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write—tomorrow;

And hadn't one minute to stop on his way—

"More time I will have to give others," he'd say, "tomorrow."

And thought of the folks he'd fill with delight—tomorrow;

The greatest of workers this man would have been—tomorrow.

The world would have hailed him had he ever seen—tomorrow.

But, in fact, he passed on, and he faded from view,

And all that he left here when living was through

Was a mountain of things he intended to do—tomorrow!

—Author Unknown.

PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS ILLITERACY

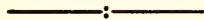
(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

The ban on sectarian teaching in the public schools, which has been established by the Supreme Court decision in the McCollum-Champaign case, raises difficulties for groups seeking to solve the problem of religious illiteracy in America. They cannot make use of public school facilities for instruction by church-supported teachers.

The preservation of the principle of separation of church and state, however, is essential in a free and democratic republic; and so far as the Supreme Court's decision sustains the freedom of religion, it will have the warm approval of most citizens. What is needed is not the teaching of sectarianism, anyhow. One may still believe that the inculcation of moral principles and the recognition of spiritual values have a lawful place in public school education. The Supreme Court decision, moreover, does not make it necessary to abandon the idea of weekday religious education. There is no reason why pupils attending the public schools may not also be taught in church schools on "released time"

wherever interdenominational cooperation and agreement can provide a satisfactory plan. The vacation church school affords a great opportunity for religious teaching which is just beginning to be used effectively. Perhaps the most promising field for religious training, generally wide open to church or interdenominational groups, is the church sponsored weekday school for pre-school age children. Disappointing as the decision may be to those who have worked so diligently to provide for the condemned plan of religious teaching in the schools, there are other and undoubtedly more effective means of accomplishing the desired ends.

The conclusion is inescapable, that larger emphasis must be given to the work of church-related colleges than ever before. These institutions of higher learning must provide the leadership for an effective attack on religious illiteracy. From them must come the teachers and preachers and lay workers who can make use of the means available for meeting the challenging need.



Be small enough to walk with the lowly and not feel superior. Many will agree with this but few will follow it. Those few will carry the light of ever-lasting sunshine on their countenance, and man and God will walk with them.—Masonic Pocket Magazine.

WORTH-WHILE READING

(The Connie Maxwell)

Most of us will agree that a child gets his sense of values in life from the people with whom he grows up. In fact, although we seldom think, of it, there is no other way for him to obtain a sense of values.

Spend an hour with Gloomy Gus and how do you feel? Gloomy! Spend an hour with the happiest person you know and how do you feel? Hardly gloomy. Associations have a great deal to do with how we feel and act.

We no longer say a child inherits his behavior from his parents. He acquires it by association with people, and develops it as he learns to deal with people in one way or another—acceptably or otherwise.

As a matter of fact, the cards are stacked against the child from the start. He will have little choice in what he becomes. He wants to do as he pleases, but these horrible adults are continuously interfering in their efforts to make him conform. How ever you take it, growing up is a fight for the child and many harmful things can happen to him if he is misunderstood.

After all, each of us who deals with a child has a deep-seated need of our own to see him grow up in our own image. Too often we forget the needs of the child and the fact that he is an individual with an inalienable right to be so. We also forget that our image may not be the only valid one in the universe.

If the people with whom the child grows up determine his development,

are some more important than others? Of course. The parents are the key persons. The child's experiences with his parents will determine more than anything else his adjustments to other people. If he has been happy with his parents, he will exhibit few problems. On the contrary, if he has had to fight his parents to get a decent break, his feelings toward other adults will be colored by his experience. He will feel that he has to fight to get his due where-ever adults are concerned. A child who has had unhappy experience with his parents—

- 1—may fight everybody.
- 2—may fight people who seem like his parents.
- 3—may steal.
- 4—may play the big-shot.
- 5—may become outright delinquent.
- 6—may wet the bed.
- 7—may be sullen.
- 8—may withdraw and live within himself because trying to live like a human has hurt him at every turn.
- 9—may have nightmares.
- 10—may fail in school.
- 11—may run away.

There are many other ways in which he may express his unhappiness.

To grow up normally, a child must have two parents who love him, understand him an encourage him in his efforts to conform to life's demands, or he must have the best possible substitutes. This seems to be an innate need. The child must belong and must know that he belongs to some-

one who loves him for what he is and regardless of what he is.

Consequently, good—bad—indifferent—moral—immoral—dead—or alive, the most important people to any child are his parents; and next his relatives. And the most important decision any person takes upon himself is that of cutting the ties between a child and his parents. This can be done psychologically just as effectively and just as completely as it can be done physically and with much more serious implications for the child.

We are again talking about human relations. But what do these things imply for us—the people who try to substitute for the home and parents. There are many implications. The child comes to us with his behavior pattern well-developed. He has already learned a great deal about people. But so many of our children have difficulty with one or both parents and often with other people. They may have found that they could not trust the adults in their world. After all, few adults are consistent and children just will look for consistence. If they burn their hands on a stove, they will expect to be burned if they touch it again. But if they are “burned” by an adult, they may be “loved to death” by the same person the next minute. It is all rather confusing. Why should they trust us? As a matter of fact, they won't until we prove we are different.

We are not talking about punishment. But suppose the child has been hurt by adults. What if we hurt him also.

There is no reflection upon any one of us that a child exhibits any or all

the problems mentioned when he comes to Connie Maxwell—we cannot control the past. There is no reflection when one of us fails. The important thing is that one of us succeed. The child first must respond to a person. This is why it is so important that the janitor and the plow-hand be the kind of people who understand and love children, because the child's need may be met by the janitor as often as by the social worker. There is a reflection upon each of us by when a child leaves with the same problems he brought.

We can be very sure the child's problems are related to his feelings about his own people. Patience, and understanding will be required to restore his confidence in people. Some one must break the chain of events. These problems persist from generation to generation as all of us are so often reminded.

Whether we want the responsibility or whether we are capable of accepting it, when a child comes to us it is up to each of us acting as individuals, and all of us acting collectively, to break the chain and send the child away at peace with himself, capable of living with people and confident that he carry on. These traits can come only through a conviction on his part that he is loved for in spite of what he is.

There is no greater challenge. There is no greater responsibility. There is no task in which failure can work such unlimited havoc.

To sum up the child has an inborn need for his parents, or substitutes, which must be met if he is to be normal and happy. His behavior is deter-

mined largely by his associations with these parents. When he comes to us, many behavior patterns have already developed. If he is to be helped to overcome his problems, it is we who must break the chain of events, else

the problems may pass on to future generations. There is no greater responsibility. There is sufficient knowledge to equip us to deal with these problems, but we must work on our feelings about this knowledge.

YOUR FUTURE IN THE ATOMIC AGE

(From a recent radio address, by Dr. David Lilienthal, in *Charity and Children*)

I should like to warn the American people of the myth of the atomic bomb.

That myth is this. That atomic energy is useful only in a bomb, a weapon—and nothing else, that talk about peaceful uses is nonsense and hopeless.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Atomic energy is not confined to bombs. It opens a new world of knowledge, knowledge that deals with forces deep within every particle on the earth and in the sea, forces in the very air we breathe, in every cell of our bodies. Atomic forces are at the foundation of all things, as are the forces of gravity and magnetism. We are not dealing here merely with a new explosive, "just another bomb" however powerful.

These forces within the atom should be understood—in their essentials—by all of us. For if the people of this country make plain their determination that we press forward vigorously in atomic research and development we may with confidence expect at least three majestic benefits to flow from our new-found knowledge.

We may confidently expect great progress in understanding the causes of many diseases that now cause great suffering, and thereby aid in their con-

trol and treatment. We may confidently expect new knowledge of just how plants and animals grow, and open the way to more food production and better human nutrition. We may expect that in time enormous energies within the atom can be utilized to relieve man of much drudgery, and free him to develop the things of the mind and the spirit.

This is what atomic energy promises. But if this myth that atomic energy is simply a military weapon becomes a fixed thing in people's minds, if we accept the error that it can never be anything else, then certain unhappy consequences will follow. For we will become preoccupied with its destructive uses only. And we will therefore never make it anything but a weapon.

We will drift into the mistaken belief that Americans are safe in the world, simply because we have this devastating weapon. We will grow forgetful of the true sources of America's strength.

We will be misled into believing that America is strong because of military force alone, when in truth the foundation of our strength and amazing vitality is not in material things at all, but rather in the spirit of this nation, in the faiths we cherish.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY-ARIZONA

(The Summary)

Arizona is situated in Southwestern United States. It is bounded on the North by Utah, on the east by New Mexico, on the west by Nevada and California, and on the south by Mexico.

Vast reaches of arid and semiarid lands, useless before irrigating water was turned on, have been made highly productive. Agriculture has greatly increased, and new irrigation project promise further enrichment. The topography is broken, being mountainous in portions of every section; the northern plateau is 4,000 to 7,000 feet in altitude, and the southern from 500 to 2,500. On the broad plains and mountain sides, livestock graze, and through the valleys the irrigating waters are led. Long staple cotton has been developed as a principal crop, other products being wheat, corn, barley, oats, hay, potatoes, and immense quantities of sub-tropical fruits. Dates thrive. The citrus industry is growing.

Mining is extremely important. Copper mines are among the greatest in the world. Gold, silver, lead, asbestos and zink are mined in quantity.

Boulder Dam in the Black Canyon, harnesses the Colorado River. Roosevelt Dam supplies irrigating waters for the Salt River Valley.

Tucson is the seat of the University of Arizona, and Flagstaff has the Lowell Observatory. There are two State Colleges. Phoenix, the richest agricultural district, the Salt River Valley.

The State has a large population

of Indians.

The first white man known to have entered Arizona was Fra. Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan kain, remnants of a second series priest (1539), although Vasconcellos is believed to have explored the Grand Canyon some years before Arizona, originally a part of Mexico, was ceded to the United States with New Mexico (Feb. 2, 1848). The area south of the Gila River was not acquired until the Gadsden Purchase of 1853. Arizona and New Mexico were separated (Feb. 24, 1863).

The petrified forests, covering many thousands of acres, are an attraction to scores of tourists annually. These forests consist of pine and cedar trees that in past ages were turned to solid stone by the action of mineral-laden water. Montezuma Castle, the best example of a cliff dwelling in the face of a cliff itself, and not at the top of the talus, is another point of interest.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is one of the scenic wonders of the world. It is 217 miles in some places of 4,000 to 5,000 ft. below the surrounding plateau.

A large part of geologic history is revealed clearly in the Grand Canyon. Forming the walls of a narrow inner gorge in the lower part of this canyon are some of the oldest rocks (Archean) known to geologists. These were largely sediments (limestones, shales, and sandstones) originally, but have been so altered by the great heat and pressure of mountain-making movements that their original character is entirely lost. No traces of life have

survived the great metamorphism of the rocks of the first era. Here and there in the lower parts of the Grand Canyon long, mostly in northern Arizona, with a width at the top of from four to 18 miles, and descends in a series of graduations to a depth may be seen groups of titled rock layers of the second era (Algonf mountains that existed in this region. These rocks are the oldest to retain their original character, for in them may be recognized—pebbles, sand grains, mud, and lime and in these rocks are found the oldest definite traces of life. The horizontal strata (Paleozoic) which form the upper canyon walls and which lie on the erosion-truncated edges of the older rocks in the canyon bottom, were partly formed as deposits of sand, mud, and limy ooze in the waters of ancient seas as shown by the presence of entombed shells and other remains of marine organisms.

The Grand Canyon has been formed by the work of running water as the region has been slowly elevated. As the formation in the upper canyon walls lie in orderly horizontal layers,

like beds of masonry, they have been carved into definite architectural forms which are everywhere comparable in profile through varied and irregular in plan. As they vary in their resistance to erosion, some being hard and some soft, every part of the canyon walls, every pinnacle and butte, is characterized by its own step-like alternation of cliff, slope, and shelf. Each resistant bed stands forth as a cliff, and each weak bed is marked by a slope. Each shelf or platform is made by the wasting back of a weak stratum, and the greater the thickness of the weak stratum, the broader the shelf. The plateaus that border the canyons are themselves simply great terraces developed on a resistant formation, a thick limestone, from which overlying softer beds have been eroded away.

As erosion goes on, parts of the canyon wall or plateau become separated by the cutting of branch canyons and stand as solitary pinnacles capped by remnants of a hard bed of rock. These remnants are the buttes temples.

THE COMING OF SPRING

The birds are coming home soon;
 I look for them every day;
 I listen to catch the first, you know,
 For they must be singing by May.

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
 Like a violet that has taken wings;
 And the red-breast trills while his nest he builds.
 I can hum the song that he sings.

And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too;
 They're already upon the way;

IS LIFE WORTH THE TROUBLE

(By William F. McDermott, in *The Rotarian*)

Life always worth living? Unqualified, yes. Struggle may be involved. That's the price of progress. Suffering may come. It disciplines. Defeat is experienced. It's the prologue to victory. All are wrapped up together in the package existence.

A famous physician tells of a baby girl born crippled. He was tempted to let her die at birth. She grew up to be a great musician.

Among my acquaintances is a white-haired old man of 77, a minister and social worker in the slums of Chicago, who was critically injured and whose wife was killed in a terrible auto accident. Friends thought it would be a mercy if he might pass away. He lay in agony on a hospital bed for seven months. Yet he returned to his work to do more good than ever.

It is no idle saying that it's darkest just before the dawn. In a study of typical cases among the quarter million brooding individuals contemplating suicide who have sought its aid, the Salvation Army discovered 80 per cent had later adjusted and were happy. Only one of the 25,000 who have consulted the Save-A-Life League is known to have taken "the one way out."

I know an individual, worth millions today, who one dark night in 1932 stood on the George Washington Bridge, ready to throw himself into the Hudson River. Only the haunting memory of the pleading of his wife as he left her in their apartment, "Don't kill yourself. Life is worth living. Make just one more try!"

kept him from destroying himself. He lived to find out that she was right.

Immortal gifts have come to man as the result of persistent faith in the worth of life even in the face of adversity. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., suffered intensely from a physical ailment in his 60's. Yet after that he created the greatest philanthropic foundation in the history of the world and lived to be 97.

The story of Paderewski, for nearly a half century the most famous pianist in the world, is almost incredible. "You have no future with the piano. It is useless for you to try," he was told at the Warsaw conservatory where he he went as a youth to study. Several professors discouraged him from a career as a virtuoso, urging him to try composition. They said his hands were not formed right!

Undaunted, he struggled on. He went to the great Leschetizky, who informed him, "You might have been a great pianist if you had started early enough. It is too late now!"

In his thousands of concerts, Paderewski played at times when pain tortured him. He saw the keyboard red with blood from his injured hand. He endured hostile, hissing audiences. His fight to gain skill and to win recognition is an epic in itself. Eventually the world came to sit at his feet, in appreciation of a man who found and could show other men that life is everlasting worth while.

More than the middle-aged and the old-aged, youth needs most, I think, the conviction that the game is worth

the candle, that life under every circumstance is worth the effort. Maturing at a time when terrible dreads and frustrations confront us all, they face a more troubled and a more difficult future than we of more settled periods ever did. Every generation has lived under the threat of war, but this one we are rising is the first to live under the threat of a war that could turn civilized man into a mole over-night—if not vaporize him out of existence.

As the father of youngsters employed, in college, in high school, I figure it is a part of my job to help them acquire an undistorted perspective. I try to get over to them that:

There is order in the universe and a design for being. That makes life everlastingly worth every effort, because each one is part and parcel of that order and design. One sees a purpose in all and knows there is a destiny for himself.

The hardships people endure to advance are not merely the product of

the blind physical instinct of self-preservation. There is a spiritual quality to their struggle, the faith that life is an unfolding, enriching experience, with a final culmination that is eternal.

Therefore have faith. Work hard. Be patient. Seek the truth at all hazards, and do not be afraid of it. Be objective, not selfish in living. Remember the Golden Rule is the only rule of real success. Seek nobility of mind and soul. Love beauty. Believe in the essential goodness of humanity and work to improve it. As you grow older in body, grow younger in mind.

That was the secret of such men as Victor Hugo, who in his 80th year wrote the fresh and lovely verses of the *Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*. Acclaimed by 600,000 of his fellow citizens on his 30th birthday, he exultantly, "I have only begun to live!"

Life is always worth the living—even in an age of atom bombs—if we seek to understand and to serve.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 11, 1948

- April 11—Melvin Radford, Cottage 2, 16th birthday
- April 12—James Ted Clonch, Cottage 10, 17th birthday
- April 13—Cecil Butcher, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- April 17—Waylon Gardner, Cottage 3, 15th birthday
- April 17—Avery Brown, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- April 17—Carl Lee Davis, Cottage 1, 15th birthday

THE PARABLE OF A PENCIL

(The Baptist Messenger)

Consider an ordinary nickel yellow pencil.

When you take it away from the store the writing end is blunt. It might smudge but it certainly could not be made to write.

So the first step toward making it an effective tool is to cut away the soft cedar to expose the lead, an operation that describes what God does for us when we come wholly unto Him, when we consecrate ourselves completely to his purpose.

Too many of us are still smudgy blunt, useless tools just as we were two minutes after our conversation. We have been made anew but we have not allowed God to cut away the excesses to expose our hearts to a needy world.

Imagine Abraham Lincoln trying to write his Gettysburg Address with a pencil that had never been sharpened, and you have a picture of the desperation in the heart of God as he tries to use some of us to write his message beautiful on the hearts of others.

For most of us life is too full of clutter. We make a show of doing things, but we are not effective because our lives are not simple. We may have hearts of gold, but if they are covered with the trash of ordinary unsundered living, who can see their beauty and be lifted up?

Yes, bring your whole existence to God as a pencil. Let him whittle away the dead wood of worldliness that binds up the usefulness of your heart.

But even after the lead of the ordinary nickel yellow pencil is exposed,

there is something else that has to happen—the lead itself has to be sharpened.

Our hearts have to be made keen to the needs of the world. An artist about to sketch a beautiful building will take infinite pains with his pencils, sharpening them for his exact purposes. On one he will put a broad point, on another still a narrow point, and so on, shaving and cutting according to his will.

This cutting does not hurt the lifeless pencil, but the cutting God sometimes does to sharpen us to the demands of life and love hurts very deeply. But such is our experience when we become partners with God in responsibility.

Joseph was hurt many times in his youth, but every hurt was the sharpening of his usefulness as a deliverer of his brethren. Moses knew deep cutting pain during his 40 years loneliness in the long exile, but every day of it counted the next 40 years as he led his countrymen through their suffering.

If we are genuine, God will sharpen us many times. In fact he will keep us sharpened as long as life lasts and as long as we yield ourselves into his hands.

And in this yielding is another similarity of the Christian life with the ordinary nickel yellow pencil. A pencil to be of any account must be pushed from without by a greater power than itself.

So be it with us. We may not be used to write dollar marks. We may

not be used to write fancy names in social registers. But one thing is certain, if we yield ourselves to God he will write with us living letters; our lives will be used to write his glory

large on the souls of others.

"If a man therefore purge himself . . . he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the master's use . . ." 2 Tim. 2:21.

HOW WE LIVE

(The Christian Index)

"It matters not how long we live, but how." —Philip James Bailey.

The doctor who promised to prolong human life to 150 years is dead. He lived about the normal life span. The secret of eternal youth is still undiscovered. Medical science has made progress in lengthening the average life. The greatest gain has been in reducing the number of babies who died in infancy. Malaria, yellow fever, small pox, and some other scourges of other years are not less dangerous. The new drugs accomplish wonders with some diseases. Research encourages us to hope for relief from other ills.

All of us are intensely interested in the crusade for health and against disease, the effort to delay death. We want to live a long time, and we wish the doctors success in curing our ailments.

Yet the length of our stay on earth is not the most important thing about us. The man who lived longest had one of the shortest biographies: "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he

died." That about summed it up. And the greatest life this world has ever seen was brief, lasting only 33 years. Jesus seems to have been relatively uninterested in the length of his life. He lived in disregard of danger, expended his energies mercilessly, and rather than flee from the dread figure of the scythe, he went out to meet death. However brief his stay on earth might be, he was sure it would be long enough for him to do his work. To him death was only another victory to be won, and the grave but an incident in the onward sweep of life. In compassion, he did cure the sick and restore life to the dead, but his great concern was for the quality of life, not its length. And all our years are dated from his birth.

Though without fear of death, Jesus was concerned with the use of life. "We must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Our goal is not, like Methuselah, to stay on earth a little longer, but rather like Jesus, to do the will of the Father a little more perfectly.

It is on the sound education of the people that the security and destiny of every nation chiefly rest.—Kossuth.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

(Selected)

John Wesley arose at four o'clock in the morning and preached twice each day for fifty years. During his lifetime he wrote over two hundred books, some of which were prepared while riding horseback from one appointment to another.

Bunyan wrote the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" while serving a sentence in Bedford jail.

Daniel Webster worked twelve hours daily for fifty years. For twenty years he daily made an intense study of the dictionary. His fame will outlive the American nation.

Lincoln walked sixteen miles to borrow a book. With a wooden shovel and a piece of charcoal, before an open fireplace, he learned his mathematics. While splitting rails or plowing corn he always had an open book before him. But the reward was the President's chair and the freedom of an enslaved race.

Adam Clarke spent forty years writing his "Commentary on the Scriptures."

Rufus Choate practiced daily for forty years to perfect his public address.

Noah Webster labored thirty-six years writing his "dictionary." Twice he crossed the ocean to gather needed material.

Charles V gave an edict against Luther which read thus: "No one shall print, write, copy, keep, conceal, buy or give away any book written by Mr. Luther." This was the price Luther paid for freedom of belief in "salvation by faith" and for the founding of

the Protestant movement.

Cicero, the great Roman orator, practiced speaking daily before a friend or a critic for thirty years.

Bryant rewrote "Thanatopsis" one hundred times. But its beauty and perfection will be unsurpassed so long as the English language continues.

Columbus encountered ridicule and opposition. He was declared insane and his friends opposed him. On his memorable voyage his men assailed him and chained him on board his own ship. He was imprisoned by his countrymen, and he died neglected, deserted and heartbroken.

Bancroft spent twenty-six years writing his "History of the United States."

Michaelangelo while making the great statue of David slept in his clothes and kept food continually at his side, eating it a bite at a time.

Churches were closed against Wesley. On one occasion he preached from the tombstone of his father's grave.

Copernicus, who first discovered that the earth revolved around the sun, worked constantly for twenty-two years gathering material for and writing "The Revolution of the Celestial Orbs." He was afraid to put this into print for fear of being thrown into prison or being burned at the stake for advancing such a theory contrary to the accepted beliefs of his age.

Milton arose at four in the morning during the winter and at five during the summer, in order to spend

these early hours in writing that poetry which is still the wonder of the world.

Gibbon spent twenty-six years writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It stands as a monument of perservance.

Goodyear spent ten years in toil, poverty and ridicule while inventing and perfecting modern rubber.

Newton, the discoverer of the laws of gravitation, said, "Whatever I have done was not owing to any extraordinary sagacity, but solely to industry

and patient thought."

Watt spent thirty years on the condensing engine.

Stephenson labored for fifteen years in perfecting the locomotive.

Lord Bacon, who first used the inductive scientific method, the author of numerous books, was persecuted for his wisdom; he was accused of magic and his books were burned.

Virgil wrote for eleven years on the "Aeneid" then he still thought it imperfect.

THE RECOMPENSE OF THE REWARD

(By J. P. Conaway, in Wesleyan Youth)

One hot summer day in the early 'eighties," a young medical student was going from house to house in a farming district in Maryland selling books for the purpose of earning money to pay his college expenses. Near the end of the day, overheated and thirsty, he called at a farmhouse where no one was home except a bright happy girl in her 'teens. The visitor enquired of the young lady if she would care to purchase some books, to which she answered, "My mother is a widow, and we have no money to buy books." Whereupon the student asked her if she could give him a glass of cold water. She said: "We have plenty of milk in the springhouse. Would you care for a glass of cold milk instead?"

"Yes, I would," he replied, "if it is not too much trouble," added the stranger.

"No trouble at all," said the girl, running to the springhouse.

The thirsty student drank the cold milk very thankfully.

"How about another glass, mister?" said the girl.

"I would enjoy another glass very much," he answered.

The girl at once complied with his desire upon which he sought to pay her.

"No, no," said the girl.

"Why not?" he enquired.

"Well, my mother always told me to be kind to strangers, and that's what I am doing."

The student thanked her and plodded on his way.

Several years elapsed, and one day, as the head of a hospital in which he performed brilliant operations, the one-time medical student, now a widely known surgeon, was visiting the wards.

of the hospital when his eyes fell upon a face which he well remembered, for he recognized in a moment his former benefactor, the one who had given him a drink of cold milk on the hot summer day long before. The patient herself was too sick to recognize anyone, but he knew her.

Things began to happen. Activity seemed to focus around the woman from the farm. She was moved into a private room, with nurses to wait upon her, and everything known to medical science was brought to bear upon her condition, and the chief surgeon himself took particular interest in her case.

After weeks of medical surgical attention the patient recovered and was able to sit up in her room, and nurse said to her, "You are going home to-morrow."

"Oh, I am so glad," she responded; "but the cost of all this worries me—the bill must be very great."

"I'll get it," said the nurse, and she soon placed it in the patient's hand.

As the woman looked over the items in the bill, and dread the staggering cost of her operation and hospital care, it made her weep. "When will I ever get it paid!" she exclaimed, but when she read a little further down, her eyes caught sight of eight words which dried her tears.

The words were: "Paid in full by a glass of milk.—Howard A. Kelly, M. D."

Yes, the former young book-agent and the great Dr. Kelly, already a surgeon of repute, were one and the same.

Young believer, nothing that you do for the Lord Jesus will be overlooked in that day. Here are the simple conditions for his approval:

"Not with eyeservice as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good things any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."



SIMPLICITY

Genuine simplicity of life does not mean lack of aim, ambition, effort, and enthusiasm. It means foregoing of certain elaborate comforts, luxuries, and useless things which many shortsighted persons think are essential to happiness. It learns to do the right and desirable thing spontaneously.

True simplicity contents itself with the fine, beautiful, substantial things of life. It prefers to work quietly and unostentatiously with no desire for inordinate riches, social prominence, or the applause of the multitude.

Simplicity squanders no time over trifles, baubles and follies. Simplicity concerns itself particularly with plain living, high thinking, and useful service.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Roy Whisenhunt, pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church in Concord, preached to the boys at the afternoon service last Sunday. For his Scripture lesson, Mr. Whisenhunt read the first six verses of the sixth chapter of Mark. He used as a text parts of the fifth and sixth verses, reading as follows:

"And He (Jesus) could do no mighty works, and He marveled because of their unbelief."

In his discussion of this event in the life of Jesus, when He returned to His homeplace at Nazareth, Mr. Whisenhunt pointed out that, though it seemed strange to say, there were really some things that Jesus, with His divine power, could not do. This was true no matter how much He wished to help His fellowmen, and the reason that He could not help those about Him was not because of His lack of willingness or power but because of their own failures.

In the first place, it was pointed out by the minister that Jesus, in His home town of Nazareth, had a deep yearning to help mankind. He longed to do among them mighty deeds of healing and other services. However, the big obstacle in His way was that those who knew Him and among whom He had grown up as a child, would not take Him seriously. It seemed that they thought they already knew too much about Him, even to the extent that there were those among Him who looked with disdain upon His efforts.

Mr. Whisenhunt pointed out that oftentimes people, because of their in-

differences and their complacency, fail to respond to the work of ministers and other Christian leaders who desire to help them. In this connection, it was pointed out that only about one-half the church members in this present time ever attend church services.

In the second place, it was pointed out that Jesus could not help those about Him, even the disciples themselves, because they were so busy with other things. Their minds were preoccupied with the entertainment and the work of the world. Too often it happens that when people do associate themselves with the church, they are willing to give them only a very little dark corner of their lives to the Master. Too often it happens that those who are church members are inclined to excuse themselves from church attendance and other church obligations, claiming they work too hard during the day, and that they are too tired. In this way they allow other things to crowd out their interest in the church.

In the last place, Mr. Whisenhunt pointed out that during the ministry of Jesus in the world, He encountered many who were disinterested and unwilling to listen to His teachings. This was especially true in and about Jerusalem. At one time Jesus explained how He would gladly have gathered the Christian people in and about Jerusalem even as a hen gathers her brood, but that they could not, because they had set their wills against Him.

In this connection it was pointed out

that the human family in the plan of creation is different from every other form of creation. Men have the chance to choose between right and wrong. God in this way respects the individuality of every person, and at no time does He attempt to force a person against his will to be obedient to God's will. Man has the power either to accept or to reject Jesus. He has the choice of gaining eternal life or of being lost in perdition. If a man is stubborn and fails to respond to the

voice of God, no doubt this fact grieves God greatly, but still He permits man to have this freedom of choice.

Mr. Whisenhunt, in conclusion, urged the boys to believe in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ. He urged that they accept Jesus as their personal Savior, and assured them that if they would, it is always possible that Jesus can do many mighty works in their lives.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
 I want to be fit for myself to know,
 I want to be able, as days go by;
 Always to look myself straight in the eye;
 I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
 And hate myself for the things I have done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
 A lot of secrets about myself,
 And fool myself, as I come and go,
 Into thinking that nobody else will know,
 The kind of man I really am;
 I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
 I want to deserve all men's respect;
 But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
 I want to be able to like myself,
 I don't want to look at myself and know
 That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me;
 I see what others may never see;
 I know what others may never know,
 I never can fool myself, and so,
 Whatever happens, I want to be
 Self-respecting and conscience free.

—Edgar A. Guest.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Nature is commanded by obeying her.—Bacon.

—:—

Genius is only a superior power of seeing.—Ruskin.

—:—

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

—:—

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.

—Ben Johnson.

—:—

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

—Coleridge.

—:—

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.—Hamerton.

—:—

The difference between failure and success is doing a thing nearly right and doing it exactly right.

—Edward C. Simmons.

—:—

True happiness renders men kind and sensible; and that happiness is always shared with others.

—Montesquieu.

—:—

Steadfastness is a noble quality, but, unguided by knowledge or humility, it becomes rashness, or obstinacy.

This is the true joy of life—the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one, the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown to the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish clod of ailments and grievances.—G. Bernard Shaw.

—:—

Six things are required to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrious day by day; while

over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.—Hamilton.

—:—

Facts are God's arguments; we should be careful never to misunderstand or pervert them.

—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

It is more from carelessness about the truth, than from intention of lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

—:—

A statesman should follow public opinion as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.—J. C. Hare.

—:—

He cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and tutored in the world. Experience is by industry achieved, and perfected by the swift course of time.

—Shakespeare.

—:—

Who shoots at the midday sun, though sure he shall never hit the mark, yet sure he is that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.—Sir P. Sidney.

—:—

Look in the face of the person to who you are speaking if you wish to know his real sentiments, for he can command his words more easily than his countenance.—Chesterfield.

—:—

There is the same difference between the tongues of some, as between the hour and the minute hand; one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much.

—Sydney Smith.

—:—

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature, as his companions are by rank.—Colton.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

'Tis hard (but glorious) to be poor and honest; an empty sack can hardly stand upright; but if it does, it is a stout one.

—:—

The lone chick, taking a look around an incubator full of unhatched eggs: "Looks like I'll be an only child; mother's blown a fuse."

—:—

Barber: "Were you wearing a red tie when you came in?"

Customer: "No I wasn't."

Barber: "Hm-mm."

—:—

Helpful: "How did you like that blind date I dug up for you?"

Ingrate: "Did you have to go all the way to Egypt to dig her up?"

—:—

There was once a Nazi named Stein, busily working at laying a mine; The fuse wouldn't work, So he gave it a jerk— They found his watch on the Rhine.

—:—

Andy: "But why won't you give me your old toys, Uncle Sandy? You're too old for them now, aren't you?"

Sandy: "Aye, laddie, that I am, but I'm saving them for my second childhood."

—:—

Kim: "Well, all right then, since you won't lend me the money, I'll haunt you when I die."

Tim: "You can't."

Kim: "Why not?"

Tim: "You haven't got a haunting license."

—:—

A famous conversation between a flirtatious boy and a lovesick girl at a Brooklyn dance.

"Are you dancing?" says he.

"Are you asking?" says she.

"I'm asking," says he.

"I'm dancing," says she.

—:—

The cold had been intense. The wind whipped and roared through the trees as the farmer almost rolled into

the house.

"My feet are so cold," the farmer told his wife, "That all my walking has been done from memory."

—:—

Two soldiers were indulging in one of their favorite pastimes, raking their sorgoants over the coals.

"Did you know that my sergeant talks to himself?" asked one.

"Yeah? so does mine, but he does not know it. He thinks we're listening."

—:—

A boy said to his mother, "Mom, you know that vase in the living room that's been handed down from generation to generation?"

"Yes," replied his mother. "What about it?"

"This generation dropped it!" he explained.

—:—

The dinner had not satisfied the guest's lusty appetite. It had been just a dib of this and a dab of that. At the end of the meal the host politely asked the guest to do him the honor of dining with him again soon.

"I'll be glad to," the guest said.

"Let's start now."

—:—

"I've put a fortune into that girl's face," said Papa Toomer, referring to his daughter.

"Well," said his neighbor, "You shouldn't allow her to go to beauty parlors so much."

"I wasn't thinking of that," replied Mr. Toomer. "It's that appetitt of hers that keeps me broke."

—:—

"I can't understand you," said the spinster's nephew. "You seem so happy and contented and yet I've been under the impression that unmarried ladies usually are grouchy and irritable."

"Well," she explained, smiling, "I've got a fireplace that smokes, a parrot that swears, a cat that stays out half the night, and a dog that barks. What more do I want?"

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 3, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Lester Ingle
James Jones
J. C. Littlejohn
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Hubert Brooks
Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Woodrow Mace
Johnny Ollis
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
James Christy
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner

David Gibson
Herbert Griffin
Earl Hensley
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
James Martin
Otis Maness
Wayne Milsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
E. J. Prim
Francis Dean Ray
Jimmy Sehen
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brane
Avery Brown
Robert Covington
Billy Ray Daye
Thomas Dixon
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Leon Martin
Robert Melton
Jimmy McCollum
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
Jimmy Volrath
Linnie Whittington

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Jack Hargette
Carl Howell
Lewis Parris
Charles Pinkston
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Jimmy Bonds
Tommy Collins
Robert Driggers

Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 Edward Engold
 Melvin Radford
 Richard Messick
 Glenn Matheson
 Jerry Odom
 Tommy Pressley
 Donald Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
 Lewis Holt
 Edward McCall
 Jerry Peavey
 Jack Paschall
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
 Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
 James Cartrette
 Edward Morgan
 Benny Riggins
 Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jadie Atkins
 Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Zane Brisson
 Homer Fisher
 John Gregory
 David Hill
 Chester Lee
 Horace Moses

Fred Painter
 Edwin Parker
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Russell Seagle
 Joe Swink
 Grady Garren

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Carlyle Brown
 Treva Coleman
 Sam Finny
 Frank Grady
 Jerry Rippy
 Billy Teer
 Earl Woods
 Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 Donald Baker
 Cecil Butcher
 Donald Bass
 Howard Bass
 J. K. Blackburn
 Charles Farmer
 Alvin Fox
 J. D. Gupton
 Harry Hill
 Garland Leonard
 Carl Propst
 Thelbert Suggs
 Frank Sargent
 Carroll Teer
 Eugene Williams
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Eden Chavis
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Harvey Jacobs
 Carroll Painter
 Franklin Phillips
 Howard Wilson
 Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
 Harvey Honeycutt



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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 17, 1948

NO. 15

MAKING A GARDEN

Man plows and plants and digs and weeds—
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a Garden's made.

He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod;
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God.

—The Four Mile Sign Post.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

No greater fallacy ever deceived the mind of man and brought him to disaster dire than the delusion born of envy and greed that easy living can be obtained without work.

As time has trotted along at a fast pace during the past decade, multitudes of unthinking people have tasted of exceptionally high and expensive standards of living, and thought they could afford it as a steady diet.

Many who never seemed to realize that those who could afford high standards of living had for the most part earned them by long hours of work each day, by budgeting their income, by saving carefully for many years.

And so they seemed to think they could guarantee themselves a lot of luxury unearned by toil, by the simple method of going in debt. Others less well intentioned, have taken short cuts, but anyhow they lived high and grew soft which made their ultimate fall all the harder.

We have often heard people lambasting the "idle rich" who are living on the heritage of ancestors who worked. But there are many more of the idle poor who won't work at all, and who must be fed by the toil of others. The number of the latter is so great they don't get censured so bitterly, as there are more of them to vote.

But on the whole, the idle rich remain the lesser problem. They soon die out, they have little influence, and their substance fritters away to the wind. They seldom increase but the idle poor often multiply rapidly.

As soon as we can get it in the heads of the people that no man who is really poor is willing to work; who takes pride in earning what he gets to eat and wears; whose conscience is salved in the knowledge that he has done his best to feed his family, and start them on the road to self-sufficiency, then we will have a better world.

—The Coastland Times.

EVERY BOY—A PRECIOUS GEM

Edgar A. Guest has for a number of years blessed the world with his unique poetry, portraying in words some of the best philosophy of all ages. Apparently Mr. Guest has lived close enough to human-

ity that he has felt the heart beats of the young and the old, the lowliest and highest, and he has cast into poetic form the sentiments of a realistic world as only a few have ever done.

One of Mr. Guest's recent poems, "The Worth of a Man," reads as follows:

My Father often used to say:
 "My boy don't throw a thing away;
 You'll find a use for it some day."

So in a box he stored up things,
 Bent nails, old washers, pipes and rings,
 And bolts and nuts and rusty springs.

Despite each blemish and each flaw,
 Some use for everything he saw;
 With things material, this was law.

And often when he'd work to do,
 He searched the junk box through and through
 And found old stuff as good as new.

And I have often thought since then,
 That father did the same with men;
 He knew he'd need their help again.

It seems to me he understood,
 That men as well as iron and wood,
 May broken be and still be good.

Despite the vices he'd display
 He'd never throw a man away,
 But kept him for another day.

A human junk box is this earth
 And into it we're tossed at birth,
 To wait the day we'll be of worth.

Though bent and twisted, weak of will,
 And full of flaws and lacking skill,
 Some service each can render still.

Just so it is—the Training School may in a sense be somewhat regarded as a "human junk box;" but if it is, there should be at all times a deep conviction that each and every boy, who crosses the threshold, regardless of his past failures, has in his soul a spark of divinity; he has potentialities for becoming one of society's finest spirits. To the neighbors and the people of his home community, he may have become a wayward child to the other members of his own family, he may have become to be regarded as the "black sheep" of the fold.

However, at the correctional institution, where every boy is to be a person of importance, one to be helped towards the better things in life, there is no place for a wayward boy or black sheep. Each boy regardless of how wrong he has been or how unattractive his appearance represents a wholesome personality, to be refreshioned and remolded, to be refined and polished anew.

The process is often slow and full of disappointments. There are those bad moments when such a boy slips, when he back-slides, when he gets back on the rocks and in the mire and the filth of wrong-doing. This is to be expected, but it should never cause the boy's counselors to lose faith, or to cast the boy away.

The real joy and happiness of working for and with boys who need special help, comes when those boys seem to emerge into happy, well-adjusted personalities, proud of themselves and possessing the power of self-direction in life. When this occurs for a once wayward boy, a miracle has been wrought, and a life has been transformed.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 18, 1948

No birthdays this week.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our New Chicks

By Bernard Webster, 4th Grade

Mr. White and some boys went over town last week and got six hundred new chicks. He went the week before and got six hundred. They are pretty chicks and the boys have fun with them.

Our New Boys

By Eugene McLean, 4th Grade

We have four new boys in our grade. Their names are Jimmy Volrath, Edward McInnis, Jimmy Mobley, and Lennie Whittington.

We are glad to have them in our grade. We hope they will like us and enjoy their work while they are here.

Baseball Game

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 10 defeated No. 2 by a score of 9 to 2. This was just a practice game, but we hope that we can beat other cottages as well as we did Saturday, and I am sure we can if we work hard and listen to Mr. Liske, who has worked hard to help us win our games.

Softball Game

By Jr. Blackburn 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon, the boys of No. 9 played a game of softball with the boys of No. 13. The score at the end of the game was 29 to 19 in 13's favor.

This was a good game and if we play next Saturday, we hope our luck will still be with us. Our umpire was Carl Howell. All the boys enjoyed the game very much.

A Former Boy Comes Back to the School

By Waylon Gardner, 9th Grade

Sunday afternoon, one of the former boys who used to be in Cottage 3 visited the school. His name is Olin Sealey. We had a good time playing ball and horse shoes. He stayed and ate supper with us and then went back to his home in Charlotte. We were glad to see him and we hope he will come again.

Ball Game

By Lester Ingle, 4th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 1 played Cottage 11 a game of softball. It was a good game. The boys of Cottage 1 won the game. The score was 14 to 11. The boys who played for No. 1 were J. C. Littlejohn, Paul Church, Nathan Ashwell, Lester Ingle, Charles Franklin, Bobby Pope, Bobby Long, Dickey Leonard, and Franklin Robinson. We hope we can win every game.

Springtime

By Paul Church, 4th Grade

Spring is here again and we are all happy. The flowers are blooming and the birds are singing.

We are having a good time playing baseball and softball. It will not be long before we can go swimming.

Most of all, we will be glad when Mr. Hawfield tells us we can take off our shoes, then we can really have a good time running and playing.

Second Grade News

Claude Crump, 2nd Grade

The Second Grade gave the following program last Friday:

Bible Story—Claude Crump.

Prayer—By the Group.

Song—"April"—By the Group.

Welcome—by Jimmy Bonds.

Song—"The Robin Song"—By the Group.

Poems—"Signs of Spring"—By Claude Crump and "April"—Duyane Ingle.

"Spring"—Jerry Minter.

Duet—Billy Hamilton and Claude Crump.

Song—"Joy to My Heart"—by The Group.

Coral Reading—Spring Bruyer.

Solo—"Birds High up in a Tree"—Billy Hamilton.

Song—"I'd Like to be a Flower Child"—By the Group.

The boys enjoyed this program very much.

Baseball Practice at the School

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

The boys of the school are now two weeks full of baseball and are now getting ready for the big season ahead. For the past two weeks and more they have been practicing hard and trying to get their teams organized and get their regular line-ups for the season.

The teams that played Saturday are 14 over 16; 1 over 11; 9 over 13; 17 over 4; 17 over 16 and 10 over 2.

Although losing two games Saturday, I think the boys of Cottage 16 are doing pretty well for themselves since this is the first year they have entered a team against the other cottages. The other cottages too, are doing alright for themselves. It seems that there is going to be a lot of good and very close games.

There is also a little individual practice going on around the school. The boys are wanting to be on the school team if there is one. They are wanting this honor, and I know someone is going to be pretty happy at the end of the season. The boys are also going to fight for the trophy too. Good luck to them all!

Daily Routine of Dairy Boys

By J. D. Gupton, 9th Grade

The dairy boys are called at 5:40 in the morning. After their beds are made up they go down stairs and get ready for breakfast. Then, after they have had breakfast, they go down and clean the basement before they go to the barn to milk.

About 6:15 A. M. Mr. Peck, who is our cottage officer and dairyman, comes downstairs and they go to the barn.

First they line up and go to their job. Then they wash the cows very clean. While they are washing the cows about four or five boys are putting the five electric milkers together.

While some boys are milking about eight or more boys are out in the big barn bedding and feeding hay. After they have finished milking they wash and clean up the barn very clean.

Two boys take the cows to graze until about 10:30 or 11:00 o'clock. The milk is carried up to the milkhouse which for the second time is strained into a vat. After that it is run through a pipe which strains it again on the way to the cooler. When the milk has been through the cooler it is feady for pasteurization. The milk is cooked for thirty five or forty minutes at 143 degrees. When it is cooked it is run over the cooler again and then bottled.

About 11:00 o'clock it is time to deliver the milk to the cottages. After they have delivered the milk they come up to the cottage and clean up for dinner and then wait for the school boys to come in. Then dinner is served.

After dinner is finished they go back down to the basement and clean it up again, and then they go out until about 12:45. At 12:45 the afternoon work boys go up to line. After the lines have broken Mr. Peck and the boys take up all the dirty milk bottles and take them to the milkhouse and wash hem. Then they put down silage for the nights milking. After that they feed down at the calf barn. After they have finished milking they clean up the barn and put silage for the next morning. This completes the work of the Dairy boys.

Letters From Former Training School Boys

Dear Mr. Hawfield,

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am fine and hope you are the same.

I sure miss you and all the boys. We have a lot of boys here too, but I would like to see the boys that were

there when I was. Terry Hardin is here in the Navy with me and Billy Andrews was here but he was shipped out about two or three months ago.

I went to Hollywood last week and saw Burt Lancaster and Red Skelton.

Here in the Navy, I pull 4 hours watch. I walk up and down the barracks, and for the 4 hours I have to do that, I have to do 4 hours at night too. If any of the boys think the training school is strict, tell them to join the Navy and they will really have somebody who is strict. Well, sir, I don't know much to say so I will close for now.

Yours truly,
Donald Hendricks

Dear Mr. Hawfield,

Just a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgotten you. I sure hope this letter finds you and Mrs. Hawfield in the best of health.

How is everything there at the school? Just fine I hope. As for myself, I am well and in the best of health.

Mr. Hawfield, I have written you several times since I have been over here in Japan but I haven't told you anything about the town or city where I am stationed, so here is a short story of Kobe, Japan.

Kobe, with its deep water harbors, is the great seaport of Central Japan, and one of the principal trade ports of the country. It is a travel center, railway and steamer service radiating from it. The city proper, about eight miles long with an average width of about two miles, is packed in between the waterfront and the hills back of it, known as Mt. Rokko range. There are five principal rail-

way stations in the city. Foreign visitors should purchase tickets to the former Foreign Settlement, in which are the European hotels, banks, steamship and tourist agency offices, and the principal foreign and Japanese business houses.

Kobe is noted for its comparatively dry climate and the purity of its air, and also for its beef, which comes from nearby provinces. At Nada, near Kobe, is produced the highest quality of steak in Japan. An extensive view over the city and harbor, of the Inland Sea, Awaji Islands, and distant mountains may be seen from Suwayama Park, a popular park on the hillside. On Mayasan,

one of Kobe's highest hills, is a very ancient temple dedicated to Maya Fujin, the mother of Buddha. It is easily reached by cable car.

Many Kobe folk reside in these sea-side resorts, mainly in Shioya, where there is a country club. A golf club is maintained at Maiko. Opposite these towns, across a narrow strait is Awaji Island, associated with the mythological age of Japan.

There isn't much news, except that tomorrow is my birthday, so I will close for this time with best regards always. I sure hope you like the short story. Answer soon and often.

Your devoted friend

Homer L. Bass

A BOY AND HIS DOG

A boy and his dog make a glorious pair:
 No better friendship is found anywhere,
 For they talk and they walk and they run and they play,
 And they have their deep secrets for many a day;
 And that boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels
 Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

He may go where he will and his dog will be there,
 May revel in mud and his dog will not care;
 Faithful he'll stay for the slightest command
 And bark with delight at the touch of his hand;
 Oh, he owns a treasure which nobody steals,
 Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

No other can lure him away from his side;
 He's proof against riches and station and pride;
 Fine dress does not charm him, and flattery's breath
 Is lost on the dog, for he's faithful to death;
 He sees the great soul which the body conceals
 Oh, it's great to be young with a dog at your heels!

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE LAYMAN'S JOB

(By R. B. House, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

I am a reasonably happy layman in the Methodist Church because I am busy with my job in the Church ministrant, in the Church militant, and in the Church triumphant. There is a well known biological law that function makes structure. There is, I believe, a spiritual law that function makes faith. The form of American life is undoubtedly Christian. Fifty million Americans are in the church. They would never have gotten there except by some commitment to the Christian faith. I firmly believe, and I am talking about myself as much as I am about any other layman, that improvement in their faith waits eagerly on improvement in their practice as laymen. Some ninety million Americans are not committed to the church, but they know about the church. The prevailing form of their faith, for all men have a faith, is Christian. But they hang back, shrewdly watching the church folks in their practice and not finding their practice inviting.

These ninety millions are the first missionary concern of the church. Its work at home and abroad waits on what happens to them. They are the layman's responsibilities.

The layman knows that the main work of the church is not done by any people at all. It is done by Jesus Christ through the operation of the Holy Spirit on human hearts. This is what makes the church a wonder and a joy, the church member is always getting more than he is giving and watching more than he is doing.

The layman knows that another great part, the directing, continuous

part of the church's work, is done by professionals: the minister, the missionary, the teacher, the minister of music, the secretary, the central control, the branching subsidiary organizations. This is what gives the layman confidence that his small part-time job is not wasted but is joined in a great enterprise.

But the layman knows that the practical spiritual glory of the Church is what it does in the ordinary life of the layman and what the layman does in the extraordinary life of the church. For education, government, business are not spiritual as the church is spiritual. The layman has to do his work in these under the tension of spiritual standards fostered by the church. They are his main concern and his full-time job. Let him do all he can in the church, that remains a part-time job. It takes the companionship of the Holy Spirit and the professional guidance of the church to keep him steady and to lift his practical life to the plane of the spiritual.

The layman's first job is, therefore, to be a good receiver of the offices of the church ministrant. He is a spiritual child, no matter what his stature in his business, and needs to go to the spiritual school, which is his church, to be reminded, exercised, and renewed. The church is social; it is impossible for it to operate in solitude. But Jesus, the founder of the church, knew the uses of occasional solitude, and the layman should prepare for the benefits of the church by setting aside a portion of each day for Bible study, prayer, and meditation. The Sunday school

lesson is a good guide in this; I speak from 25 years of experience in following it. The sermon is a great stimulus. But the layman will never get the Bible from lesson bits and sermon texts alone. He needs to read the whole Bible over and over by books. This is not only essential to his comprehending what the church is about, it is his greatest source of inspiration to good and his greatest protection against the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the Devil on his spirit. I quote the following from a poor Methodist woman as cited in Daily Strength for Daily Needs:

I do not know when I have had happier times in my soul than when I have been sitting at work, with nothing before me but a candle and a white cloth, and hearing no sound but that of my own breathing, with God in my soul and heaven in my eye. I rejoice in being exactly what I am—a creature capable of loving God, and who, so long as God lives, must be happy. I get up and look for a while out of the window and gaze at the moon and the stars, the work of an Almighty hand. I think of the grandeur of the universe, and then sit down and think myself one of the happiest beings in it.

And as to the preacher, the most idle questions the layman can ask are, "Is he entertaining?" "Do you enjoy him?" The essential question is, "Do you exercise spiritual imagination enough to listen for the voice of God in what he is saying, no matter how mixed it is with other stuff of a more earthly cast.

I don't know whether a sermon is meant to be enjoyed or not. I never got a great deal of enjoyment out of the Sermon on the Mount, for instance; it searches me too deeply and pulls at my conscience, which, I think, is ex-

actly what it is meant to do. It seems always to set me on some spiritual work which I must get cleared away before I can enjoy myself. When I was younger and more headstrong I used to measure the success of the sermon according to how much I enjoyed and agreed with it. Now that I am older and desire more thoroughly to grow in grace, I pay more attention to the parts of the sermon I don't agree with. The thought strikes me that it is pulling at my conscience where it has grown lazy and complacent, shining a light in my brain where I have been keeping the shades down, and in general, troubling me where I ought to be troubled. Hence, I regard it as one of my school boy jobs inside the church to listen to the preacher, and to obey him if I possibly can.

I do not think there is any substitute for this localized, personalized, neighborhoodized searching of conscience by the layman's own pastor. It is grueling work for both preacher and hearer, but it is a controlled experiment and results can be checked on. And I think we need this especially when we are tempted to stay at home and turn on the radio and enjoy the luxury of great religious orators who are always at a comfortable distance. They can inspire us, but they cannot pull at us.

I am all for the radio, the movie, the book, the magazine, the newspaper. And I rejoice in many hours spent with them in private. I get up early to read the Bible, to read religious authors, to study, to meditate and to pray. But I notice that all of this gains richness and point when I take it to the church.

I love to read the Bible silently and alone. But when I hear the preacher read, and read responsively with him

and the congregation, I get into newer and deeper areas of the spirit.

It is the same way in prayer. No matter how purely and religiously I pray in private, I seem to get into a rut. At church, the invocation, the pastoral prayer, the responses, and the benediction, all seem to me to open new areas of spiritual praying.

And, as for singing, while I conduct some noble experiments, which the public ought to thank me for keeping to myself, I have never yet enjoyed song or felt its power more than when I could lean up against the full volume of a truly singing congregation.

The secret of all this togetherness is fellowship. It brings people out and together in a consciousness of community. And it was the special promise of Jesus that he will be where two or three are gathered together in his name.

I suppose the officials of a church could do something with money sent to it by absentee members. But such a church could hardly be a spiritual body of fellowship. "Behold, how these Christians love one another" was the great and wonderful drawing power of the early church. I think that is the secret of extending the power of the church today. We have got to learn all over again how to love one another, and that takes time for meeting and learning one another. Our customs are changing. Nobody seems to have time any more to visit, to sit together in the living room in the winter, on the porch in the summer. One of the greatest and most Christian things the church can do, it seems to me, is to illustrate and keep alive the sense of neighborhood. In fact, I don't see how we can better unify than by building up our church congregations in genuine

fellowship and then continuously extending the congregations.

I think, therefore, it is essential for the layman to turn out on Sunday morning for the eleven o'clock service. He should do this to support the preacher, to join his neighbor, and to persuade the unchurched by his example. It is not a matter of enjoyment; it is a matter of doing his duty. If he goes in the right spirit he will enjoy it. I don't want to ride too high a horse. There are often many reasons why a person can't go to church, but most of these are no credit to the church member. They usually denote that he is being overcome by the world, a poor showing for a soldier under a leader who overcomes the world.

If laymen brought themselves to church they would certainly bring their money. But their presence, their worship, their concentration on spiritual standards would do more to advance the Kingdom of God than all their money. And the majority of the ninety million unchurched. I believe, would follow them. I think this is one respect in which the Catholics have it all over the Protestants; they really go to church.

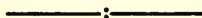
The Sunday school, the fellowship supper, the forum, the various church clubs in which the church is getting more and more resourceful, are adjuncts to the main service. All of these together provide jobs for each member. They ought to be shared. Nobody ought to try to do too many church jobs. The essential of church organization is to give every member a job and to hold him responsible for it. The second great task of good laymanship is that each layman do his job. This sort of functioning makes

spiritual structure. I happen right now to be teaching a Bible class. But at times I have cut weeds in the yard, swept the basement, washed dishes, ushered, taken up the collection, sung in the choir, and pumped the organ. I have found one job about as spiritual as the other. I try to do each one well. But I will take on but one job at a time. The work should be divided so as to give every member a job. The only times I have felt least vital in my relation to the church were when I merely sat in the pew wondering if I were going to be entertained.

The third great task of laymanship is systematic giving. I do not know a better rule than John Wesley's: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." I have never saw a live church that did not need more

than it could get, not just to spend on itself, but to invest in its missions at home and abroad. The extension of the work of the church is very largely a professional matter. The layman can do very little except give his money. I think intelligent study of the church's missions will convince any layman that every cent he can give to them is a productive investment.

By these three tasks the layman becomes a receiver, a witness, and a worker in the Church ministrant and the Church militant. By them, and only by them he becomes a participant in the Church triumphant. For the church does not have to be totalitarian to be triumphant. Two or three together in the name of Christ are just as much a Church triumphant as all the billions.



An old story tells of two men who were walking along the streets of London, when the music of some wonderful chimes in a near-by cathedral floated through the air. One of the men remarked to the other, "Isn't that wonderful music?"

"I didn't hear what you said," replied the other.

"Aren't those chimes beautiful?" repeated the first speaker. But again the other man failed to catch the words, and the first speaker said for the third time, "Isn't that lovely music?"

"It's no use," came the answer; "those pesky bells are mankig so much noise I can't hear what you say."

We hear that to which we attune ourselves, suggests Francis J. Gable, editor of *Good Business*, and consciously or not, we attune ourselves to that which we wish to hear. The world of sound contains discordant notes; it also contains sweet harmony. Each person must choose for himself what he desires to hear and set his ears to catch that, and that alone.

THE MINISTRY OF BROKEN THINGS

(By Mrs. Francis Allred, in Wesleyan Youth)

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

"If my spirit is ever broken, I'll never amount to a row of pins," said a young man on the threshold of a promising career. He was a fine young man, zealous and enthusiastic in church endeavor, an ardent supporter of the church youth program; in fact, he was a fellow of whom any group might be well proud.

We could not, of course, divine his full feelings when he said, "If my spirit is ever broken," but he seemed to mean that if his ambition to make good and to succeed in his chosen endeavor were not realized, he would be, within himself, a failure.

Whether one feels he has been hampered in some ambition or whether one has felt the full measure of success in any field, the Psalmist still sounds the challenge across the years to those who seek: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

God has always used broken things to shew forth His glory! What a blessed thought! One has not to look far to find examples of the "broken" through whom the Master has shown Himself strong. There was Fanny Crosby who, though blinded at the age of six weeks, wrote hundreds of beautiful hymns loved by all, one of which has especially endeared itself to thousands, "Some day the silver cord will break, and I no more as now shall sing."

There was John Bunyan who wrote

"Pilgrim's Progress," a book which has been read and reread by men in all walks of life to their profit. This mighty literary masterpiece had its birth behind the bars of Bedford Jail. C. T. Studd, when the missionary board refused to finance his passage to Africa because of his health, went nevertheless, and served God for many years on that field. William Carey, David Livingston, Dwight L. Moody, Jerry MacCauley, George Meuler,—the list goes on and on—men and women who have submitted themselves to the "breaking process" and have, in being "broken," glorified their God.

Things that are broken often lose their identity. A broken glass could have been a pitcher, a vase, a bottle, a lamp. A soul broken by God may have been a king or an urchin, but as He breaks, He makes a life divinely beautiful and while 'old things are past away,' the "broken heart" is fed upon the graces of faith, hope, love, meekness, gentleness, longsuffering, and kindness. These broken lives are designed by God Himself, and He spends much time with those whom He expects to greatly use. The test comes in submitting to be broken; yet, those who truly seek Him will find that during the "breaking" His grace abundantly abounds so that even the bitter breaking becomes sweet!

To lose one's identity! It is at once a sobering thought. To some this may mean the "dropping out" of some perfectly harmless pastime in order to be more "alone with God." Yet, this sacrifice will not be despised by God! He

will rain a cloudburst of blessing upon everyone turning away unto Himself! The hours apart with Him will fit one to bless and minister to the needs of other hearts!

In being broken and losing one's identity with former things. "Old things are past away," and one takes on the color of his surroundings. Souls being "broken" by God of self will, carnal ambition, pride, selfishness, jealousy and envy radiate a healthy glow that lightens the path of those about them! After all, that is the purpose of the breaking—to spread the fragrance of a Spirit-filled life along the ways of others.

The "broken heart" serves not the former purpose. Where once it lived unto self, it now lives unto God; where once it preyed critically upon others, it now prays for them; where once it was proud, it now is meek; where once it was carnally ambitious, now it sings "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go." While the tinsel toys with which it played at living have been broken, this soul has a heart subjected to the will of God. It has cast aside selfish ambition and has taken up the cross of Christ. It has swapped poverty for wisdom, sickness for health, sadness for joy. It is good to be broken by Christ.

Would you be a sacrifice worthy of acceptance and pleasing to God? Would you let Him so break you that your influence might be poured into the thirsty, tired discouraged souls about you? Would you let Him so empty your soul of "things" that He might fill it with intercessory passion? What an opportunity for service—to

render the ministry of the "broken," and in the breaking process made sweetly sympathetic, helpfully understanding—not weakened but made infinitely strong in Him!

God is seeking young souls who are willing to be sacrifices. Will you, by His grace, submit yourself to Him to be broken as He sees best? Would you be willing to be nothing that Christ may be all? In giving all to Him, you will gain both now and in a world to come. Some of the "broken" who never received recognition here, though their hearts bled in intercession before God, will be richly remembered in glory; those who served faithfully at what their hands found to do, be it small or great, will share in the glories of the world to come. The all-important thing is to be "broken," for "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

They tell me I must bruise
The rose's leaf,
Ere I can keep and use
Its fragrance brief.

They tell me I must break
The skylark's heart,
Ere her cage song will make
The silent start.

They tell me love must bleed,
And friendship weep,
Ere in my deepest need
I touch that deep.

Must it be always so
With precious things?
Must they be bruised and go
With beaten wings?

Ah, yes! by crushing days,
By caging nights, by scar
Of thorn and stony ways,
These blessings are!

ALABAMA

(The Summary)

Alabama, one of the States of the Old South is in the heart of the cotton belt, in the East South Central group, on the Gulf of Mexico, bounded on the north by Tennessee, on the east by Georgia, on the south by Florida and the Gulf, and on the west by Mississippi.

The northern part, the Cumberland plateau, through which runs the Tennessee River, is diversified and picturesque. The Coosa Valley lies to the south, hemmed in by the Piedmont plateau. The remainder of the State is occupied by the alluvial coastal plain with broad valleys. The Alabama River, formed by the junction of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa above Montgomery, and the Tombigbee unit about 35 mi. above Mobile, forming the Mobile River. Five miles above, the Tensas branches off the Alabama to the east. Both rivers discharge into Mobile Bay and are important carriers.

Muscle Shoals is a stretch of the Tennessee River in Northern Alabama, about 37 miles long, with a total vertical fall of 134 feet, creating a rapid current. It is here that the nitrate fixation plants were built by the Federal Government during the first World War.

Plans to improve the Tennessee at Muscle Shoals first were recommended by the Secretary of War (1824), the improvement to be wholly to facilitate navigation, and work was started (1831). The result was a canal with several locks. Further im-

provements for navigation were made periodically up to the first World War when it was decided to harness the power of the river for the production of nitrates.

Agriculture is the chief interest, although in the last thirty years the mineral industries have been developed. Birmingham is known as "the Pittsburgh of the South." Alabama, one of the 16 cotton states, raises normally about one-fifteenth of the country's cotton. The peanut crop, corn, white and sweet potatoes, oats, tobacco, sugar, hay and fruits are important crops.

Coal underlies about 8,000 sq. miles and the iron ore deposits are sufficient to supply the blast furnaces for 160 years.

Much of the State's foreign commerce passes through Mobile. The channel from the docks to the Gulf is 30 miles long and 30 feet deep. The state owns the port terminal railway connecting all the railway lines entering Mobile with the modern state-owned docks, costing \$10,000,000 which are supplemented by privately owned terminals and docks.

Mobile (founded in 1711 by the French, maintains its old charm; claims to Mother of Carnivals, which have spread to the Southern cities; is proud of its tarpon fishing and its 1 mile "azalea trail."

Cheaha mountain, a State Park, five miles north of Oxford, is the highest point in Alabama (2,407 feet). Gulf State Park, embracing three fresh-

water lakes and multi-colored semi-tropical vegetation, is in Baldwin County, on the Gulf of Mexico. Among other points of tourist interest are the Clear Creek falls near Falls City, Winston County.

Alabama has a high population of Negroes.

One of the largest collections of Confederate documents, letters and relics is preserved in the Alabama Memorial Building.

Among the institutions for higher learning are the University of Alabama in University and the Alabama Polytechnic Institute in Auburn.

A noted agency for Negro educational upbringing is the Tuskegee Institute (founded 1880) by the late Dr. Booker T. Washington. There are also four State Teachers Colleges.

Visited by DeSoto (1540) Alabama

was settled by the French (1699) and ceded to the British (1763); acquired by the Spanish as part of West Florida (1779-80) and became a part of the U. S. in successive years (1783-1813). It was in Alabama at Talladega and Horseshoe Bend (on the Tallapoosa River) that Andrew Jackson decisively defeated the Creek Indians. At Montgomery (Feb. 4, 1861) the Confederate States of America were voted into existence by the provisional congress; Jefferson Davis took his oath of office here (Feb. 18) and for a few months Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy. On the walls of the old Montgomery Theater, Daniel Emmett, composer of "Dixie," the battle hymn of the Confederate Armies, copied the score for Herman Arnold, who turned it into a band piece.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a mighty ship
 That weathers many gales,
 And leaves a blessing to the world
 In ev'ry place it sails.
 It helps the dreary, cheers the sad,
 And drives dark clouds away;
 It gives a helping hand to those
 Who've fallen by the way.

Friendship is a blessed ship
 That's full of peace and love,
 And carries sunshine ev'rywhere,
 From God's own bless'd above,
 And makes the world a better place—
 E'en more like heaven sweet—
 And helps to smooth the pathway out
 For weary pilgrims' feet.

—Walter E. Isenhour.

A SURE CURE FOR PESSIMISM

(By S. Kendrick Guernsey, in *The Rotarian*)

Grandpa Grumps is having his day. You may have seen his New Year's Eve, shaking his head ominously and saying: "Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. Children no longer obey their parents. The end of the world is near."

Only, it so happens, it wasn't Grandpa Grumps at all who first said that. It was an Egyptian priest and he lived about 4000 B. C., according to *Rotarian* W. K. Streit, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Still it has a 1948-like sound.

Wherever we turn in these early days of the Atomic Age, dire prophecy greets our ears. We hear of the failures of our statesmen to bring about accord among the nations. But the theme song of the lugubrious chorus is degeneracy of our times and the delinquency of our youth.

Well, let us face the facts. Juvenile delinquency is a problem. In my own country, youths between 12 and 21 represent 15 percent of the population, and in 1946, according to J. Edgar Hoover, of FBI fame, they accounted for 51 per cent of all car thefts, 41 per cent of all burglaries, 28 per cent of all robberies, and 13 per cent of all murders. These figures do not sketch a pretty picture.

Yet it is an understandable picture. After World War I, there was a wave of delinquency that shocked our elders. We heard much of the "forgotten generation." Yet that war's disruption of home and school and church was but a fractional part of the damage done to that trio from

1939 to 1945.

We have war. We must pay. The price is not alone in blood, sweat, and tears, nor even money. The true price is the damage to civilized society wrought upon its growing edge, youth. "Racial progress marches upon the feet of healthy and instructed children," says Herbert Hoover, the United States' only living ex-President, and no truth is more significant.

But having said that, let us not pull a long face as, I am sure, did that ancient Egyptian priest when he dipped his stylus in bile and set down his words on papyrus, along the banks of the River Nile. If we are to help solve the problems of youth, we must learn how to project our minds into the attitudes and ideas of youth.

Often, a man will suddenly resolve, after hearing a moving speech, that he will pitch in and do something "to help boys." But many make a mistake. Forgetting that youngsters are not grown men, they carry their stern office manner onto the playground—and are hurt and baffled when suddenly the hilarity and clamor end in awkward silence.

Such failures are sad and disillusioning. If they do not utterly stifle good intentions, they tend to lead the adult back into a protective shell of mere talk about the "youth problem" and occasional pocketbook service to "a project."

Surely contributions in coin of the realm are needed, but I would voice a strong appeal for something more.

It is nothing less than the humble attitude of a searcher for truth, of a man who will let the child lead him into an understanding of the world of youth.

What a world it is! Big and open and new and exhilarating. But it's also a complex world and I do not find it surprising that often youth is bewildered. Blessed—which is to say, happy—is the man who has won the confidence of a boy or girl, and, with the wisdom of maturity, has helped the youngster feel his or her way along.

Every Rotary Club has its Youth Committee. Through it opportunities open up like castle gates each week of the year. But let us take a lesson from the surging enthusiasm and love of dramatics of youngsters themselves. I speak of and for the annual Boys and Girls Week, April 24. May 1. For the alert Club or individual, it spells out special opportunity.

Boys and Girls Week started in the New York Rotary Club in 1920, as inauspiciously as did Rotary itself in Chicago just 15 years before. Since then it has been enriched in concept,

expanded in organization, and glorified in execution.

It now calls for seven "days" emphasizing citizenship, churches, schools, family, United Nations, recognition, and health and recreation. Youngsters themselves take over—even sit in the seat of the mayor and run the city!

More than 2,500 communities around the world celebrate Boys and Girls Week—or *Semana del Nino*, as they call it in Latin America, where it has caught on tremendously.

Si Tanhauser says:

We've Mother's Days and Father's Days,

And days for this and that,
With days to burn the rubbish up.

And feed the homeless cat;
Whole weeks to save, and weeks to bathe,

And weeks to stifle noise,
Now, let us have a single week
To think about the boys.

And girls! I'll promise you, the hours you spend with youngsters to make it a success in your community will be the surest cure for pessimism on this old earth!



I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.

CAN A MAN BE TOO GOOD

(Baptist Courier)

"I do like the man who squanders life
for fame;
Give me the man who living makes a
name."—Martial.

On the death of Gandhi, George Bernard Shaw is reported to have said, "The assassination of Gandhi shows how dangerous it is to be too good." That comment raises the pertinent question, "Is it possible for one to be too good? "Certainly one can not be too good in the sight of God. But men have often been too good in the sight of some people in the world.

The roll of men whom it was dangerous to be too good is a long one. Galileo was too good a truth-finder for his day. He discovered the movement of the earth and the other heavenly bodies. This scientific truth was at variance with the teachings of the Catholic Church; hence, it was heresy. Galileo was tried by an ecclesiastical court; and, if he had not publicly recanted his findings of truth, he would have been burned at the stake. Moving away from the hearing, he was heard to mutter, that his discovery was true just the same. If it can be done easily, it is so much easier to kill a man than to refute the arguments, or be cut to the quick by the flax-hackles, of his unwelcome truth.

Robert G. Ingersol certainly spoke the truth about Socrates when he said, "He thrust the lance of question through the shield and heart of falsehood." That kind of thing is always

dangerous. Intrenched privilege and profitable wrong will always fight back with lies and appeals to selfish passion. Lycon, Meletus, and Anytus, the last a man of high rank and reputation in the state, common politicians all of them, saw the threat of the teaching of Socrates to their personal and political interests. Socrates' influence with his pupils, most of them sons of the wealthiest citizens, was dreaded by those in office, and engaged in the conduct of public business. He was charged with having taught the young men of Athens to despise the government, when in fact he was pointing out its corruption, and to foster lawlessness, because two of his pupils, Alcibiades and Critias, who listen to his teachings and followed none of them, were notorious for lawlessness. Therefore, they said, he was a corruptor of youth.

There was no law at Athens by which Socrates could be put to death for his words and action; but the vague charge was a party movement headed by men in political power, and his death was a foregone conclusion.

This is ancient history. But the facts run current with human nature today. Let men "thrust the lance of question through the shield and heart of falsehood," political, social, or otherwise, and murderous daggers will be drawn. Yes, men can still be too good—for some people.

"Nothing in his life

Become him like his leaving it."

—Shakespeare.

PREVAILING PRAYER

(By J. H. Shumaker)

My Dear Friends is it midnight in your life too? Are you shackled by fears and worries? Does sorrow, darkness and night of heavy adversity enshroud you? If you are cut off from your family and friends by means of imprisonment or by cruel separations; if you have resigned your self to the thought that there is no chance for you to find freedom; remember the Lord says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" Matt. 11:23.

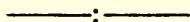
We find in the Scriptures where Paul and Silas were in Prison in Philippi. When human help collapsed, God sent a mighty earth quake that rocked the jail. The Divine power which broke the prison broke the hand cuffs and released fettered feet, still works under the same Almighty God. Remember "The Lord is the same yesterday, today and forever." Has he not promised "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee?" Has not Jesus pleaded, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be open unto you?"

My dearly beloved, I'm not saying if you pray God will deliver you im-

mediately from prison, but God can deliver you from the awful sins which burdens your heart and give you peace and joy within your troubled soul and mind. You might say, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible says "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and through him be saved, and thy house." Jesus says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

No matter what your trouble is God will deliver thee, put your trust in him and remember, "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus just to take him at his word." Perhaps God may not answer our prayers at once but put your trust in the Scriptures promises, "Through it tarry; wait for it because it will surely come," remember friends prayer can free you from the burdens of afflictions, it can break the bonds of misunderstandings and loneliness, it can liberate you even from the terror of death and let you breathe your last with the released smile of joy.

My prayers are may the Holy Spirit grant these words power to show every one of you with deep personal conviction—The Key To The Kingdom—so that you may—Trust Christ In Every Trial. May God Bless You All.



He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue and time are three things that never stand still.—Colton.

PREVENTION AND CONTROL OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(By the President of the United States—A Proclamation)

WHEREAS the youth of this Nation is its most precious asset and best hope for the future; and

WHEREAS the incidence of juvenile delinquency is a reflection of the failure of our society to afford to all of its young people a full measure of protection and opportunity for health and happiness, and to inculcate in them a sense of the true values of life and citizenship; and

WHEREAS in November, 1946, many important agencies, governmental and private, national and local, and individuals the country over, banded together at the call of the Attorney General of the United States, in a National Conference on Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency, to study and make recommendations for immediate action in every State and community for the solution of juvenile delinquency problems; and

WHEREAS this National Conference has now made available for use by individuals and organizations throughout the Nation, certain Action Reports, which are the best available tools for the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency, and has urged upon the States and communities immediate action with respect to the recommendations in those Reports, and, in particular, the holding of State and Community conferences, developed on the general pattern of the National Conference on Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency; and

WHEREAS the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency, to be ef-

fective, must be pursued primarily in the States and communities where daily contacts are maintained with the children themselves;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, HARRY S. TRUMAN, President of the United States of America; do hereby call upon the people of the United States in their homes and their churches, in the schools and hospitals, in social welfare and health agencies, in enforcement agencies and courts, in institutions for the care of delinquent juveniles, and in their minds and hearts, to act, individually and together, for the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency, so that our children and youth may fulfill their promise and become effective citizens in our Nation. I further urge them, as the most direct means to this end, to respond promptly to the call of the National Conference on Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency by carefully preparing for, and holding, wherever possible during the month of April, 1948, State and community conferences, developed on the general pattern of the National Conference, and at these conferences, or otherwise, to study State and local conditions in the light of the recommendations of the National Conference; to put into immediate effect such of the recommendations as are pertinent to State and local conditions; to develop firm foundations for continuing community action; and to take such other action as may be useful in solving this vital youth problem and developing the genuine opportunities for

useful living to which our young people are entitled.

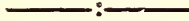
I urge this to the end that in no part of the Nation shall action be omitted which is practical and useful in reaching the objectives of the National Conference in the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency in this Nation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the

seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

DONE at the City of Washington this twenty-seventh day of January in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fortyeight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and seventy-second.

Harry S. Truman



I AM THE PRINTING PRESS

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of to-day, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of hope eternal. When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour,

WHY DO MEN GO WRONG

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

One of the chief mysteries confronting mankind is the crime problem, and the secret behind unethical activities of men. It is not an easy matter capable of being solved like a simple problem in addition; it is, indeed, a baffling situation.

Why Do Men Go Wrong? One might just as well ask: Why are there contraries such as Good and Evil? These factors have been with us for ages and, from surface appearances, seem today just as far from a proper solution as ever.

Why do men tell lies? Well, generally it is to cover up, to bolster a weak cause, or to gain temporary advantage to which they were or are not entitled. It seems that more men than we realize are afraid of the Truth. Truth is a mighty opponent to error, or a lie. Too many of us just cannot face the truth about ourselves—and some of us have not the courage to face reality. So we try to hide from the truth by covering ourselves with a smoke screen of falsehoods. Is anything gained? Have we done away with the truth? Can we hope to fortify ourselves by lying? Not likely. All injustices are based primarily on a sandy foundation of lies. Every barbarity committed by men against other men—or, against the brute creation is evidence of a serious ethical instability, a glaring weakness in the spiritual makeup of men. Until that is recognized and cleared up, little can be accomplished in the way of fashioning a better

world in which to live. Until men learn to be honest with themselves and with their fellowmen, little will be achieved in establishing a just and lasting peace on this planet. That ought to be sufficiently clear.

Why do men steal? Well, they want something belonging to some one else although they are not legally entitled to it. They want something for nothing. They don't generally care how they get it, as long as they get it. Violating the other man's right of passion doesn't deter them in the least. Most men steal because they are too lazy to earn honestly what they want. Again, here, ethics enter prominently into the picture; ethics, or as commonly expressed, plain morals. That implies a break-down in a man's sense of justice; because **no** man, believing in respecting the rights of his fellow man's will violate those rights for purely personal gain. The gain here in mind is merely a temporary advantage of possession which cannot be permanent and which furthermore, does not really mean a real gain to the individual who violates the ethical code.

Why do men kill? Passion. Lust. Greed. These play a large part in the continual warfare of man against man. Ever since Cain slew Abel this conflict has gone on. It has increased in violence. It has brought misery and stark tragedy into countless lives and does not seem, at the moment, to have reached its climax.

The life that is in other creatures is something divine. If the individual desires to live, he ought also to recognize the right of other creatures to live because life, for them, is just as sweet as it is for us. Passion, which blinds a man in his better judgment, is one of the most frequent factors in the homicide business. Men just will not stop to think—soundly and logically. They leap before they look—down into the yawning chasm—and then it is too late. Too late for regret after the injustice is done. Too

late for annulling what has been done. The tragedy is that men refuse to think ethically. For, rest assured, it is this factor, basically, which makes for crime. Moral corruption brings about spiritual decay, and spiritual decay means death to the better nature of man.

Men go wrong because they think wrongly, because they are not concerned about the interest of the other fellow. Men go wrong because they are selfish—and godless. But this can be changed—whenever men will it.



KEEPING THE TONGUE

A certain king in Egypt it is said, sent a sacrifice to a sage, asking him to return the best part and the worst. The sage sent back the tongue.

For good or evil, there is no mightier instrument on earth than human speech.

The tongue sends forth words winged with kindness or curses. It spreads blessing or blight.

“Keep the door of my lips,” prayed the Psalmist.

And Jesus warned His hearers against the sins of the tongue. Now the Keeper of the lips must be within, not without. For after all, the tongue is only an instrument.

It moves at the bidding of the heart. He who is to guard our speech must be enthroned in our breast. In his hands must be the scepter that rules our living and our willing.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Paul Wheeler, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Columbus, S. C. was the guest minister for the preaching service. He was accompanied to the school by Rev. Erbert S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord, where Mr. Wheeler is holding a revival meeting.

For a scripture lesson, a selection was read from the 37th chapter of Genesis including verses five through eight. This is the Bible story of one of Joseph's dreams.

Rev. Mr. Wheeler introduced his message to the boys by explaining to them how that as a boy, living on the red clay hills of southern Georgia, he read a book in which it was declared that no truly great life was ever lived out until it has first been dreamed out. It was explained to the boys that it always pays to dream, but also that we must put God into our dreams as did Joseph.

Joseph was a dreamer-boy and he was loved much by his father. When Joseph dreamed of his brothers' sheaves bowing before his sheaf, he told it to his brothers and they hated him. Joseph was sold into Egypt to serve as a slave. There he so lived and so improved himself even against great difficulties that he became "Prime Minister" of the country, a position next to the king.

Throughout the course of history there have been many famous men who dreamed dreams and later lived to accomplish their dreams.

Columbus dreamed and discovered a new continent; Thomas Edison dreamed of a better life for mankind

and invented the incandescent light; Henry Ford dreamed of a low-priced automobile made in mass production for the common folks; Abraham Lincoln dreamed of a free nation and emancipated the negro race; and William Carey dreamed of the needs of the people of India for the gospel of Jesus and through him it was carried to hundreds in India.

Thus it is and has always been that dreams are the forerunners of great things in the world.

Mr. Wheeler warned the boys against the dangers of dreaming and leaving God out. Hitler and Mussolini, it was declared had their selfish dreams when they failed to place God at the center of their dreaming. As a result there followed great slaughter, great sorrow, great suffering, and heartaches.

Mr. Wheeler asserted that Joseph because of his dreams became one of the greatest men of the Old Testament. This became true because of three things, as follows:

1. Joseph kept his dream ever before him. He believed in what he dreamed and he held on to it.

2. Joseph worked hard to bring to pass the visions he dreamed. It was explained to the boys that it is never possible for any one to sit around in idleness in an "easy chair, and still do big things.

3. Joseph resisted temptation to sin and do evil; he labored to keep himself pure and clean.

4. Joseph always obeyed God's will, he kept close to God.

Because Joseph did all of these and helped others who were in need.
 things he became the person that In his prayers he sought God's help.
 God wanted him to be. He was kind help.

IS IT YOU?

Someone's selfish, someone's lazy;

Is it you?

Someone's sense of right is hazy;

Is it you?

Some folks live a life of ease

Doing largely what they please,

Drifting idly with the breeze;

Is it you?

Someone hopes success will find him;

Is it you?

Someone looks with pride behind him;

Is it you?

Someone's full good advice,

Seems to think it rather nice,

In a has-been's paradise;

Is it you?

Someone trusts to luck for winning;

Is it you?

Someone craves a new beginning;

Is it you?

Someone says; "I never had

Such a chance as Jones' lad"

Someone else is quite a cad;

Is it you?

Someone yet may make a killing;

And it's you.

Someone need but to be willing,

And it's you.

Someone'd better set his jaw,

Cease to be a man of straw,

Get some into his craw;

And it's you.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Grow angry slowly—there's plenty of time.

—:—

It's easier to do a job right than to explain why you didn't.

—:—

Some people we know remind us of a book—easily read but hard to shut up.

—:—

Fear follows crime, and is its punishment.—Voltaire.

—:—

No one should be judge in his own cause because in any man dwells a certain amount of conceit.

—:—

Anyone can hold the helm when the sea is calm, but it takes a good skipper to weather a great storm.

—:—

False friends are like a shadow. They keep close to us while we walk in the sun, but leave us when we cross into the shade.

—:—

We may not be responsible for all the things that happen to us, but we are responsible for the way we behave when they do happen.

—:—

A wisely chosen illustration is almost essential to fasten the truth upon the ordinary mind, and no teacher can afford to neglect this part of his preparation.—Howard Crosby.

—:—

There never has been, and cannot be a good life without self-control; apart from self-control, no good life is imaginal. The attainment of goodness must begin with that.

—The Keystone.

—:—

Try to make at least one person happy every day, and then in ten years you may have made three thousand, six hundred and fifty person happy, or brightened a small town by

your contribution to the fund of general enjoyment.—Sydney Smith.

—:—

He that never changes his opinions, never corrects his mistakes, and will never be wiser on the morrow than he is today.

—:—

There is no defeat except from within. There is no really insurmountable barrier save your own weakness of purpose.—Emerson.

—:—

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power. But really great men have a curious feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them. And they see something divine in every other man and are endlessly, foolishly incredibly merciful.

—John Ruskin.

—:—

With the gain of knowledge, connect the habit of imparting it. This increases mental wealth by putting it in circulation; and it enhances the value of our knowledge to ourselves, not only in its depth, confirmation, and readiness for use, but in that acquaintance with human nature, that self-command, and that reaction of moral training upon ourselves, which are above all price.—Mrs. Sigourney.

—:—

The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. Mercy is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice. Consider this,—that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

—Shakespeare.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Sign on a road very much in need of repair: "Men Should Be Working."

—:—

A Scotch proprietor posted his sign over the clock in the lobby of his hotel: "For the use of guests only."

—:—

A sultan at odds with his harem, Thought of a way he could scarem. He caught him a mouse. Set it loose in the house; Thus starting the first harem—scarem.

—:—

A man dropped his wig in the street and a boy picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You're the first genuine hair restorer I've ever seen."

—:—

After a young lawyer had talked for three and one half hours to the jury, which felt like convicting him instead of the defendant, the opposing lawyer arose, said only: "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."

—:—

A very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school and announced that he was never going back.

"And why not," asked his mother.

"Well, I can't read and I can't write—and they won't let me talk—so what's the use."

—:—

A country youth was driving to the county fair with his sweetheart when they passed a booth where fresh popcorn was for sale.

"My! Abner, ain't that nice?" said the girl.

"Ain't that nice?" asked Abner.

"Why, the popcorn—it smells so awfully good," replied the girl.

"It does smell kind o'fine" drawled the youth, "I'll jest drive a little closer so you can get a better smell."

The widow of a farmer was being consoled by a neighboring farmer who happened to be a widower.

"Cheer up, woman," he said. "John has been gone a year. You're too young yet and good looking. You'll likely take another husband."

"No," she sighed. "No, I'll spend the rest of my days alone."

"Nonsense," persisted her caller. "Why, if I'd a lot better pair of boots on—I'd run away with ye myself."

The widow lifted her head and wiped her eyes, "I wonder, 'would John's fit you."

—:—

Mark Twain, in his reporting days, was instructed by an editor never to state anything as a fact that he could not verify from personal knowledge. Sent out to cover an important social event soon afterward, he turned in the following story: "A woman giving the name of Mrs. James Jones, who is reported to be one of the society leaders of the city, is said to have given what purported to be a party yesterday to a number of alleged ladies. The hostess claims to be the wife of a reputed attorney."

—:—

It was the Hollywood premiere of The Broadway Melody at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Thousands were straining against police lines to watch the celebrities when the fabulous Wilson Mizner, accompanied by a beautiful damsel, pulled into the curb in a woe-begone, dilapidated jalopy. He alighted casually, assisted the lady to the sidewalk, and proceeded toward the lobby with a shocked usher at his heels.

"Do you," asked the usher, "want your—er, car—parked, sir?"

"Don't bother," Mizner replied haughtily. "Keep it."

The broken down contraption stalled traffic and made a shambles out of the opening, until the furious Grauman finally located Mizner inside the theatre and had him arrested for disorderly conduct.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 11, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Billy Holder
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd
Donald Stack
Wayne Whittington
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Herbert Griffin
Earl Hensley
Kenneth Holcomb

Jack Jarvis
Otis Maness
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
E. J. Prim
Francis Dean Ray
Jimmy Sehen
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Herman Fore
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Billy Ray King
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Howard Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwin
Lewis Holt

Horace Jordan
Edward McCall
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Colinger
Marion Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Carl Jenkins
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Ray Minish
Edward McInnis
Marion Ross
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Gerald Johnson
Kenneth King
Robert Whitaker
Eugene Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 11

James Cartrette
Conley Hanney
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Jadie Atkins
Garland Brinn
Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Carl Goard
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee

Nathan McCarson
Horace Moses
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Carlyle Brown
Trevva Coleman
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Elbert Gentry
Thurman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Willie Newcomb
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Earl Woods
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Donald Bass
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Pernell Deese
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Bernie Houser
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Franklin Phillips
Francis Thomas
Howard Wilson
Bobby Woodruff
Walter Hammond

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
Harvey Honeycutt

THE UPLIFT

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CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 24, 1948

NO. 17

A PATCH OF BLUE

Sometimes when the rain keeps fallin'
And the road seems mighty rough,
And you just can't help a-thinkin'
That this life is mighty tough;
Just you smile and keep a-lookin'—
(And what I'm tellin' you is true)—
Somewhere peepin' through the rain clouds
There's a little patch of blue.
Sure, you've had a heap of trouble,
And, I've had some trouble too;
But we'll find, if we keep smilin',
That little patch of blue.

—Mrs. Hendricks, in Grit.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

CONTROLS

You can't control the length of your life, but you can control its width and depth.

You can't control the contour of your countenance, but you can control its expression.

You can't control the other fellow's opportunities, but you can grasp your own.

You can't control the weather, but you can control the moral atmosphere which surrounds you.

You can't control the bigger incomes of your friends, but you can manage wisely your own modest earnings.

You can't control the distance that your head shall be above the ground, but you can control the height of the contents of your head.

You can't control the other fellow's annoying faults, but you can see to it that you yourself do not develop or harbor provoking propensities.

You can't control hard times or rainy days, but you can bank money now to boost you through both.

Why worry about things you can't control? Get busy controlling the things that depend on you.

—Contemporary, in Sunshine Magazine.

:—

LIFE'S BEST INVESTMENTS

It has been said that there are always two different and distinct calls to the spirit of every person as to how he will invest his own talents. If one follows the course of history, it will be observed that this has been and always is true. If one studies the lives of the individuals who have attained fame, or if he searches through the pages of history that record the achievements of heroes, he will inevitably find that there were calls to their inner spirits, and these calls represented to them the supreme question as to what they

would do for the world. Sometimes their achievements became heroic in a moment, and at other times the achievements were spread out over a period of months and years.

One of the calls that comes to everyone is a pagan call, and it asks this question: "What's in it for me?" and the other call is motivated by a spirit of altruism, and this question is: "What's in me for it?"

Everyone, of course, hears these calls, and through the things he does later on he shows how he intends to answer these questions.

The great educator, Horace Mann, once made this declaration: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." Thus it was that in these words he expressed the dynamic motivation of his own life as well as the impulses of the others who have given first consideration for the general welfare and improvement of humanity in general.

Obviously, when one asks in the first place always, "What's in it for me?" there is every evidence that his life is dominated by greed and selfishness, and, in general, it is blinded to the needs of others. It means, of course, that such a person generally will be unwilling to work in any project without the promise or assurance of gain, that there will be no effort until he has a feeling that his motive of profit will be satisfied. The person who has this philosophy of life has within him the strong urges of self-advancement and self-preservation. He thinks very little, if any, of the welfare and the happiness of others. His life is self-centered and his greatest happiness comes when he acquires additional personal wealth and fame.

This does not mean, of course, that a person should not aspire to accumulate some of the world's wealth, but it does mean, of course, that the dominant aspirations should not always be to get personal gain, but rather to give of the talents of one's life to the welfare of humanity.

On the other hand, there is that finer and more Christ-like spirit which always asks first, "What's in me for it?" This is the question of a person who is unselfish, who is generous, and who is magnanimous towards others at all times. This is the question of the person who has an honest desire to see the lot of his fellowman improved; to see those about him progress and become happier and more secure. After all, the person who has this viewpoint of life

has greater chances for enjoying greater personal happiness, because, after all, real happiness comes when we succeed in helping others. Once the Master declared: I am come that ye might have life, and that ye may use it more abundantly.

Thus it is that there are these two ways to approach this business of living our lives; there are these two ways to analyze every opportunity arising day by day; there are these two ways to guide our participation in the affairs of mankind. Each one must make his own choice and determine whether he will be, first of all, helpful towards others, even as Jesus of Nazareth in His day ministered to those about Him, or whether he will be blinded by an unholy spirit of selfishness and greed.

Edgar Guest, in his poem, "The Rounded Life," expresses these related thoughts:

"You were born to be strong, to be happy,
 To laugh and to sing through the years;
 You were born to know life in its fullness,
 With all its heartaches and tears;
 You were born to know roses and blossoms
 And the numberless pleasures of earth;
 So stunt not your life as a miser,
 Who reckons in money his worth.

"Take time for pleasures of living,
 Take time to be friendly and kind;
 Be more than a maker of money,
 Grow richer in heart and in mind.
 Be a glorious comrade and neighbor,
 Know the meaning of laughter and tears;
 Live bravely and gladly and fully,
 And you will not have wasted the years."

* * * * *

SCHOOL NEEDS IN N. C.

Many Tar Heels have pretty definite ideas on the subject of improving public schools, in the state education commission is learning.

Preliminary returns to a questionnaire being conducted through newspapers by the commission included these answers:

A salesman wrote that "in traveling through the northwest section of our state, I pass school buildings that are appalling. I am sure you will agree with me that only a miracle has prevented a disaster."

THE UPLIFT

A farmer wrote: "I would propose that the state lower the number of pupils required per teacher, or for some type of regional consolidation of the present inefficient plants. This would enable more students in our state to take advanced courses."

From a housewife came a demand for "more fundamentals and less frills." She added "It is appalling to me when I listen to our young people read aloud. Even our high school graduates fail to pronounce simple words correctly."

Lack of vocational training in some rural schools was pointed out by many of those replying to the questionnaire, and a housewife wrote:

"There is the lack of an agriculture teacher in some rural communities where agriculture is the chief source of income. This discrimination as regards schooling has been a constant drain on better rural life, because better thinking and more progressive parents have been forced to move to town in order to provide an education for their children."

Good features of the schools were pointed out by some of the writers: "Consolidated schools that make for better schools with more teachers, better equipment and a wider range of subject matter;" fine teachers who are doing a "splendid job despite the handicaps;" and "healthy discontent with things as they are."—Charlotte Observer.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of April 25, 1948

- April 26—James Russell Murphy, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- April 28—Glenn Cunningham, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- April 28—Onie Kilpatrick, Cottage 16, 16th birthday
- April 28—Alfred Davis, Cottage 1, 17th birthday
- April 29—Chester Lee, Cottage 13, 16th birthday
- April 29—James Swinson, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- April 30—Jimmy McCollum, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- May 1—James Wilson, Jr., Cottage 2, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Cottage 3 Plays Cottage 7

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Saturday Cottage 3's softball team played Cottagfie 7's team a game of softball. The final score was 37 to 13 in favor of Cottage 3. Each team played a very good game and were good sports.

Miss Oehler's Trip

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Our teacher, Miss Oehler, went to a teacher's meeting in Asheville. She had a good time. We went to the workline Saturday morning. We are glad she is back.

A Softball Game

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Last Saturday, Cottage 7 played Cottage No. 2. All of the boys played a good game. The score was 20 to 20. We all enjoyed the game very much. We like to play softball.

Second Grade News

By Wayne Millsaps, 2nd Grade

We played softball last night. Cottages No. 1 and 3 played softball. We had a good time— Mr. Query played with No. 3 boys and Mr. Hinson played with No. 1 boys. We hope to play again soon.

Our Honor Roll

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Last week, the third grade had 27

boys on the Honor Roll. Most of the boys are in the afternoon section. The third grade is proud of their honor roll list. We are trying to get more on next week. To get on the honor roll you have to be good for a week.

Another Practice Game

By Lester Ingle, 4th Grade

Cottage numbers 1 and 13 played a softball game and the score ended 31 to 27 in favor of No. 1.

A No. 5 boy refered the game. We hope we can win every game. We will be glad when we start the regular season.

Baseball Game

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Saturday, April 17th, Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 15 by the score of 11-3. We were certainly hoping to win both baseball and softball games but number 15 got the softball score. We hope next time we can win both games. Mr. Liske was the umpire for the baseball game.

Visitors At the School

By James Swinson, 5th Grade

Last Sunday, some university students from Greenville, S. C. came to the school and gave us a real nice program. It was a long program and took up our Sunday school hour. They sang some songs and talked to us. Two of them had instruments which they played. They told us their names and where they were from.A-

bout 8 different states were represented. We enjoyed having them and hope they will come again.

Second Grade News

By Charles Johnson, 2th Grade

We have some new boys in our morning group. Their names are Jerry Odom, Horrace Moses, Fred Panter, and Ray Minnish. We are glad to have them. We hope they will like the second grade. We are learning Bible verses and new songs.

Baseball Game

By Marshall Beaver, 9th Grade

Saturday evening, No. 10 and No. 15 had a ball game. It was a very good game. Fox pitched for No. 15 and Johnson pitched for No. 10. The final score was 11 to 3 in favor of No. 10. Mr. Liske refereed the game.

All the boys hope to win again next Saturday.

The Shows

By Woodrow Norton, 5th Grade

The other night, Cottage No. 3 saw four shows given by **Donald Auston** and J. C. Woodell. They were: "Tom Mix and the Rough Riders," "Scrappy," "Charlie Chat," and the "Three Stooges." We want to thank these two we hope they will bring more shows to our cottage.

Softball Game

By J. D. Gupton, 9th Grade

Last Saturday, Cottage No. 10 and 15 played softball. In the beginning of the game No. 10 had 11 runs to No. 15's 1. But the final score was 19 to

13. Cottage 10 has got a good team but we believe that we are better.

We want to win all our games this year. The referee was Mr. Holbrook.

Baseball Game

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Tuesday afternoon cottage 11 lost a game of baseball to cottage 13. At the end of the game the score was 18 to 3 in 13's favor.

Mr. Tomkinson was the umpire.

We hope to play them again soon. If we play them again we hope to win.

We do not have a baseball line-up because a few of Cottage 13's boys are going home soon.

My Post Card Hobby

By James Arrowood, 5th Grade

I have a collection of post cards. I have cards from all over the United States. Some of the cards are from Boston, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and many other places. One of my post cards was mailed in 1916. That is the oldest post card I have. I hope to have many post cards in my collection.

No. 10 and 15 Softball Game

By Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

Saturday No. 10 played No. 15 in softball. We had a very good time. About the first 5 innings No. 10 was ahead 11 to 1 but at the last something got wrong and they started coming up on us. It was a tight game and at the end of the game No. 15 had 19 and No. 10 had 14 runs. We all had a nice time and co-operated together. We

will work harder and do better the next game.

Baseball Game

By Jerry Rippy, 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon the boys of Cottage 14 defeated the boys of Cottage 17 in a game of baseball. The final score was 11 to 3 in 14's favor.

No. 17's three runs came during the second inning. Four of No. 14's 11 runs came in the first inning. Three in the second inning. The last 4 runs came in the last inning when the bases were loaded and No. 14's shortstop, Hugh Ball hit a home run.

Receiving Cottage vs. No. 5 and No. 3

By Major Loftin, 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon, the Receiving Cottage boys played No. 5. Howell pitched for No. 5 and Loftin for the Receiving Cottage. No. 5 won the game 9 to 5.

Sunday, we played No. 3 and won 15 to 12. No. 3 does not play baseball but they do play softball.

The Receiving Cottage got off to a good start at the first, but are dropping now. We hope to get started going good soon.

Our Trip to Wildwood Cottage

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

On Saturday April 17, 1948, Cottage No. 11 went to the Wildwood Cottage. We fished a while, then we went to hunt for sticks to roast our weiners. Mrs. Rouse and Mrs. Peck fixed the things for the hot dogs.

After a while we came up to eat supper. All the boy's had hot dogs and drinks. Everyone enjoyed it very

much. We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Rouse for such a good time and hope we can go again soon.

Baseball

By Kenneth Staley, 11th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 10 defeated Cottage 15 in a one-sided victory by 11 to 3. Johnson, the pitcher for No. 10, was credited for a no-hitter. Other game scores were: Cottage 4 over Cottage 9, 12 to 6. The game was tied until the last inning, when Russell Murphy hit a long drive to bring in a run, which started the No. 4 boys off. Cottage 5 defeated No. 16, 9 to 5; Cottage 14 defeated No. 17, 8 to 4.

Cottage No. 16 Defeats Cottage No. 3

By Charles Fields, 9th Grade

Cottage 16 played Cottage 3 and won 12 to 15. There was one home run, Major Lofton made it. Our line up is as follows: Ray Bridgeman catcher, Major Lofton, Billy Troutman, and baseman was Gerald Petty, second baseman was Bobby Troutman and J. W. Sorrell, first baseman was Onie Kilpatrick and Major Loftin, left field was Rufus Tuggle, center field was Charles Fields and right fielder was Albert Cox, and the umpire was Bobby and Billy Troutman and Billy Kassell.

Our Trip to the Cabin

By Floyd Bruce, 5th Grade

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Rouse took No. 11 to the Wildwood Cabin. When we got there, Mr. Rouse told us not to climb trees and fall in the creek.

We got the fishing poles and bait

and went fishing. Edward Morgan fell into the creek and this caused a lot of excitement. Mr. Rouse took us on a long walk down the creek.

When we came back to eat supper, each boy got five hot dogs and two pepsi-colas.

We enjoyed the trip very much and we thanked Mr. and Mrs. Rouse for taking us.

Cottage No. 5 Went Fishing

By Billy Keene, 4th Grade

Sunday evening, Cottage 5 went seining. We went over by the gravel pit. When we left we went over to the highway and started seining up the ditch back to the school. On the way back, we found a cow in the ditch. We fed her grass for about an hour and then we pulled her out of the ditch and began seining again. Once we caught a catfish and a school of minnows. We caught some crawfish and other fish, too. Then we came back to the school and went down to the pond. We put the fish and crawfish in it. We carried the minnows back to the cottage and put them in a fish pond.

Our Scout Meeting

By Tommy Edwards, 5th Grade

Friday, April 16, the Boy Scouts had a Scout meeting. Our scout master is Mr. Earl Walters.

We started the meeting by repeating the Scout Oath. After that we studied for about a half hour and then we played a game for about an hour.

The boys in our scout troop are Kenneth Holcomb, William Hinson, Donald Branch, Lewis Sutherland, Edd Gwinn, Thomas McGee, Jerry Peavey, Paul Turner, Eugene McLean, Conley

Haney, Benny Riggins, J. D. Gupton, and Tommy Edwards. We had a good meeting and we hope to have a scout meeting next week.

Baseball Practice

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

All of the Cottages have been practicing baseball. They all hope to win the baseball championship but we know they all can't win it.

Some Cottages have played 6 or 8 practice games.

Next Saturday the 24 we will start playing the real games, not practice games.

I think Cottages No. 5, 10, or 14 will get the trophy this year.

We have a good many boys going home in May and that is a lot of our good baseball players.

We have no idea who will win the trophy in softball this year.

No. 14 Defeated by No. 2

By By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Sunday afternoon, Cottage 14 broke a winning streak by losing to No. 2, with a very one-sided score of 18 to 4. The boys of Cottage 14 finally found the taste of defeat. They were undefeated in 8 previous games but could not stop the No. 2 boys who hit about everything and everywhere Jerry Rip-py, pitcher for No. 14, had to throw. He was a little wild at first, but he finally settled down. The game was highlighted by two or three triples by the No. 2 boys. However, there were errors by each team and most of the runs were scored by these errors. All the cottage practice games are now over and we will get off to a good start next Saturday.

THAT MESSAGE TO GARCIA

(By Kenneth Dirlam, in *The Rotarian*)

One night 50 years ago this month an American soldier named Andrew S. Rowan stole into Cuba. His country had that day gone to war with Spain—over Cuban independence. Lieutenant Rowan was to find, somewhere in the interior, a certain Cuban Patriot leader whom the U. S. War Department was anxious to contact.

For six days Rowan fought heat, jungle, and insects—and almost lost his life to a Spaniard with a dagger who, in turn, lost his head to a Cuban with a machete. At length he found his man—Insurrectionist-General Calixto Garcia y Iniguez. Saying what he had been sent to say and learning what he had been sent to learn, the lieutenant then escaped from Cuba in a leaky fishing boat with gunny-sack sails and beelined for home. He had delivered the message to Garcia. The original one!

Few people remember that episode of the Spanish-American War. Yet it gave us a phrase that is almost as much a part of modern speech as “met his Waterloo” or “crossed the Rubicon.”

The balding buisnessman of 1948 who, 40 years ago, played at carrying the message to “Garsha” across the school yard has largely forgotten who Rowan and Garcia were. Still, he and even his children know that “carrying the message to Garcia” means doing the job you are assigned to do. Doing it with dispatch! Doing it completely! Following through! In Russia, in Japan, and in a dozen countries be-

sides the United States and Cuba there are men who will say: “The message to Garcia? “Yes, I read the story once. The details escape me. The meaning I remember well.”

To Elbert Hubbard goes the credit for immortalizing this true tale. It was he—this colorful pamphleteer of East Aurora, New York—who plucked the story from its descent to obscurity and started it on its way around the world. It happened this way:

Hubbard and his young son, Bert were at supper one night in February, 1899. The Spanish-American War, the fighting part of it anyway, had ended some months before and they were discussing some of its battles, personalities, and consequences.

“The real hero of the Cuban War,” said young Bert, piping up, “was that fellow Rowan. He’d gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.”

What you need to know at this point is that Elbert Hubbard was the editor of a little magazine called *The Philistine*, “a Periodical of Protest” aimed at the “chosen people” in the field of literature—writers, critics, editors. His March issue was to go to press the next day—but one hole in its pages stood open.

Hubbard knew the Rowan-Garcia story. He had read it in the papers, in McClure’s Magazine, in Leslie’s Weekly—but when son Bert brought it up afresh.

“It came to me lick a flash!” wrote Hubbard in later years. “Yes the

boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia." He'd fill that yawning hole in the March Philistine with a little sermon to that point. Getting up from the table and going to his desk, he dashed off some 1,500 words on the subject in one hour. "The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some delinquent villagers to adjure the comatose state and get radioactive."

Even so Editor Hubbard looked upon the effort as filler stuff. He did not even dignify it with a heading. Well. The Philistine "went to bed," as the printers say, and thence into the mails.

In a day or two orders began to come in for extra copies—a dozen, 50, 100. When a news company ordered 1,000, Hubbard asked one of his helpers what had stirred up the cosmic dust. "It's that stuff about Garcia," he replied.

Across the Empire State in New York City a regular reader sat cutting the leaves of that March, 1899, Philistine. This man was George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central lines, and coming upon the Rowan story he read it aloud to his secretary. "That's the finest thing of its kind I have ever read," he exclaimed.

Wanting copies for NYC personnel and friends, he wired Hubbard for 1,000, then for second, third, and fourth thousands. At length, with people in every State begging him for copies, he telegraphed: "Give price on 100,000 Rowan article in Pamphlet Form Empire State Express Advertisement

on back—also how soon can ship." Hubbard answered that with present equipment (three small foot-power presses) it would take him two years to fill the order. However, he gave Daniels permission to reprint in his own way.

To make a long story short, Daniels put the Message up in pamphlet form and promised on title page "to print it in editions of 100,000 until the demand is satisfied, if it takes the entire 20th Century to accomplish it."

In a matter of months he distributed 2 million copies. A Russian prince who was director of Russia's railways was visiting the United States. Reading the Message, he ordered it translated into Russian and distributed to all Russian employees.

Six years later Japanese soldiers found copies on the person of so many Russian prisoners that they concluded it must be good. By order of the Mikado, a Japanese translation was handed every employee of the Empire, soldier or civilian. Before the blizzard of reprints had ceased—actually it never ceased, but only abated—the Message to Garcia had been printed more times than any other piece of literature save two: In His Steps and the Bible.

"Who is this man Elbert Hubbard?" people began asking. "What's he like?" To find out, they began arriving in East Aurora—and not just singly, but in dozens—in trainloads. In this, George Daniels helped again, running one excursion train after another. Arriving at the station, visitors were met by a reception committee and escorted to Hubbard's shop several blocks distant.

Long before this I should have explained that Hubbard called his printing establishment the Roycroft Shop and his associates Roycrofters—a name meaning “King’s Craftsmen,” which he had borrowed from England. He and two friends had set up the shop in 1895 to publish fine handmade books and the Philistine. Two years later Hubbard bought out his friends and, making headway with his little enterprise, moved into new quarters—a building 26 by 60 “built solidly and well, like a Roycroft book” and looking for all the world like a small-town frame church. That, then, was what the pilgrims would see as they rounded the corner of Grove Street.

As they came closer, the author of the Message might be inside at his desk or, more likely, at the back of the shop chopping wood, his favorite exercise. There was no mistaking him, with his dark blue soft-collar shirt, black Windsor tie, corduroy trousers, and long flowing hair. To round out this costume he wore a large, broad-brimmed cowboy hat and stout brown shoes.

After a tour of the shop, where the girls illuminating books by hand attracted the most attention, the visitors registered, then left for home with an armful of Roycroft literature and at least one copy of *A Message to Garcia*. Many of them also carried off a chip from Elbert Hubbard’s wood-pile—as a souvenir.”

One addition to the little shop was soon necessary, then another, and still another. Deciding to put up an entire building of field stones, Hubbard advertised in the village paper, offering a dollar a load for boulders. Next

morning the stones began to arrive. The second morning wagons could be seen coming from every direction. By the time the farmers stopped hauling, there were boulders enough for three buildings. They were soon to be needed.

For Fra Elbertus, as Hubbard dubbed himself, went on inviting his readers to visit. “All good Philistines journeying thitherward,” he wrote, will kindly be greeted, and are welcome to seats at the table and a place to sleep—of course without charge.”

So many visitors took up the invitation that Hubbard was in danger of being eaten out of house and home. Accordingly he set up a “Phalanstry” or “house of friends.” It had a dining room seating 100 people and 38 sleeping rooms each named after a great personage—Herbert Spencer, for instance. “The prices: meals, such as they are, say 25c; lodging, 50.”

Such a tariff was hardly calculated to keep visitors away. More than 28,000 visited the Roycroft “campus” in 1903, and a little business worth \$3,500 in 1897 had become a famous institution with assets of more than \$300,000.

What made it famous? What was its pull? It was this, I think: Here in an ordinary small American town a man had taught some 300 ordinary Americans, his Roycrofters, that out of ordinary materials they could create things of extraordinary beauty, that, truly, “Blessed is the man who loves his work.” You saw the result in all the Roycroft Shops—in the print shop and bindery, in the copper shop and carpentry shop, in the candy shop

and farm school. Everyone doing the job for the love of doing it—and so doing it well. If Hubbard had a model, it was England's famed William Morris whom he had met on a youthful tramp through England.

Elbert Hubbard held fourth almost every Sunday night in the Roycroft chapel—brought the greatest speakers and musicians to his guests—and presided over an annual Roycroft convention.

But he was a writer, first and last, and in a quarter century turned out hundreds of thousands of inspiring little messages which, done up in book form, run to 28 volumes of 500 pages each. Remember his Little Journeys to the Great? He turned out one a month every year for 14 years. Remember his essay The American Business Philosophy?

The Sage of East Aurora was on his way to see and write some more when he died in 1915. With his wife, Alice, he was en route to Europe to report on World War I. They were aboard the Lusitania when it was torpedoed and sunk off Ireland.

Elbert Hubbard and early Rotary were contemporaries. Both were born in Illinois. Both were working toward a similar goal. And their paths crossed often. Some of my fellow Rotarians will recall how this latter-day Benjamin Franklin spoke at their Clubs. Others will remember visits their Clubs made to his Roycrofterie. Here and there a veteran reader of this magazine will recall stories by and about him in these pages. Fra Elbertus understood well what the founders of Rotary were trying to do.

Meanwhile the Message to Garcia

which had whisked him to fame goes on and on. And the man who today answers the many requests for pamphlets and reprint rights is Elbert Hubbard II. He's the boy Bert of 1899 and for many years was a member of the Rotary Club of Buffalo. Today he presides over the House of Hubbard, in East Aurora, the residuary of the old Roycroft Corporation and wonderful are the stories he can tell of the Message.

How many times it has actually been reprinted, no one knows, but Bert Hubbard guesses 100 million. He goes on to tell you how it is standard shorthand instruction in business colleges, how both the U. S. Army and Navy have used it widely, and how a San Francisco judge once fined a man \$25, but suspended sentence on condition that he read A Message to Garcia.

And what of Lieutenant Rowan?

"There is a man whose form should be a cast in deathless bronze," said Elbert Hubbard in the Message. Rowan's own country never took the hint, but Cuba in 1943 unveiled a bronze bust of him in one of Havana's beautiful parks. The year before, the Cuban Society for the Commemoration of Historic Deeds was instrumental in placing a handsome bronze commemorative plaque on the wall of the house at Bayamo which served as General Garcia's headquarters. The United States had, however, awarded Rowan the Distinguished service Cross in 1922. When he died at 85 five year ago in a San Francisco Army hospital, he knew that millions felt in debt to the brave man who had carried the Message to Garcia.

THAT HE SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN

(C. D. G., in Our Paper)

The suicide of Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia and son of that Republic's founder is one of the personal tragedies which sometimes provide events with exclamation points.

The curtain has now fallen. The coup which has established a communist regime at Prague, under the threat of violence, retained the Foreign Minister in office. He belonged to no political party and was considered above all, for he was the son of the republic's founder. Recently he must have been undergoing ghastly mental torture. Finally he decided on a course, which, he must have felt, would provide the maximum protest possible in the Masaryk name.

But Masaryk was not a coward! He was a man pilloried on the horns of an insoluble dilemma. Dr. Eduard Benes and he stood between the Czech Republic and what has now happened. During the last week the men who fought for Czechoslovakia, companions of Masaryk since childhood—teachers, judges, journalists and old confidants, have been thrown into jail or ticketed for slave labor. Everything he cher-

ished as the necessary foundation for a civilized state—law, justice, and above all, the free and unintimidated mind—were crushed.

Masaryk was well known in the United States, especially here in New England. His wife, from whom he separated in 1931, was the former Francis Crane, of Woods Hole, Mass. At 18 Jan ran away from a Prague school and went to work at Bridgeport in a valve manufacturing plant. He also appeared frequently at the United Nations as a Czech delegate.

Jan Masaryk's death like that of Czech freedom, leaves Americans with a feeling of personal loss and tragedy. The suicide at Prague seems to tell us that the struggle between east and west is coming close to the final phase, though the world still suffers from the wounds, destruction and weariness of the last war, we cannot feel the peace secure, even for the immediate future. The clash is spraying too many sparks, the kind that may catch when men's thoughts turn to violence which often brings folly.



Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.—Lavater.

DIRTY MONEY

(Springfield Daily News)

Talk about your filthy lucre! It is so filthy Secretary of Treasury John Synder is ashamed of it. Particularly dollar bills.

If you have any of those unclean crumples of paper when the tax collector finishes with you, maybe you better send 'em to me. I'll burn 'em—or something.

Snyder didn't say anything about money being the root of all evil; nor did he suggest that it was a source of disease. He told the House Appropriations Committee simply (with a wrinkling of his secretarial nose) that this nation has got to clean up its money. This is going to take money.

So he sent E. L. Kirby, his commissioner of the public debt, up to Congress with a typical sheet of 100 one dollar bills. So dirty you almost could see the germs. "Stocks of new dollars are at an alarmingly low level," Kirby said. If Congress would appropriate the proper sum he'd lay in a good supply of special paper with silk threads in it to let it age.

"Age?" Demanded Rep. Gordon Canfield of N. J.

Oh, yes, replied Kirby. It turned out that money is something like whiskey. The longer it ages the better it gets. Or at least tougher.

The Congressmen called in A. W. Field, the director of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. He said he was in good shape to print the stuff, if he got the paper. His machinery is in excellent shape, his 6057 employees are in fine fettle, and condi-

tions have been such that he's been doing a little custom money printing for such folks as the Filipinos, Siamese and Cubans. Been turning a nice little profit (in dirty dollars) too.

While the lawmakers were about it, they asked Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, the director of the Bureau of the mint, to tell 'em how she was getting along with nickel and dime manufacture. Mrs. Ross has a problem.

For reasons unknown to her, the people aren't using as many coins as they used to. They're wearing out the folding money, but they're sneering at her new dimes. So she has 800,000,000 coins in stock now, she only intends to make 800,000,000 more next year, and maybe this is a good thing.

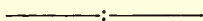
All during the war and for a year after she said she kept the machinery in her mints stamping out coins 24 hours a day seven days a week.

"You can imagine what that has done to the machinery," said Mrs. Ross, who used to be Governor of Wyoming and since has become widely known as one of the best housekeepers in the government." A good deal of it has been all but wrecked, by never being allowed to cool."

She'd like a little of that folding money to buy some new presses, but she told the congressmen she had an excellent stock of raw material: About \$2,700,000,000 worth of gold (for which she hasn't much use) and 2,000,000,000 ounces of silver, for which she has.

In addition she has an adequate stock of copper and nickel. Most of the copper, she said, goes into quarters and half-dollars to make 'em hard. She doesn't need much at the moment for pennies.

The trouble seems to be that a penny isn't much good for anything but short-circuiting a fuse; I suppose the safety boys will spend three more pennies writing me a letter saying I shouldn't have mentioned it.



THE TEST OF A MAN

The test of a man is the fight that he makes
The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows
A Coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,
But the fight that a Pal makes;
The man who's driven against the wall,
Still stands erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high.
Is the man who'll win in the bye and bye.

It's the bumps that jar and the jolts you get,
And the shocks your courage stands;
The hours of sorrow and vain regret
For the prize that escaped your hands,
That tests your metal and proves your worth;
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on this good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real.

—Duane Ward, Golden, Colo.

THE AMAZING VALUE OF AMERICAN INITIATIVE AND DARING

(Selected)

The following is quoted from "The Clarkson Letter, Clarkson College of Technology, March, 1948." The title of the article is "Preserve The Main-spring" and is written by William E. Robinson, a business man of large experience.

We reprint it because it is a very powerful statement of the situation which all businesses face today with very high taxes, imposed by the Federal government, in addition to many local and state taxes.

This is of particular interest because it deals with an actual problem. If we do not allow enough profits to keep up the initiative and daring of American business men from farmers to steel magnates, America will drift to a sad end, as have so many nations in the past.

"A man of my acquaintance happens to be a capitalist. This man is now 64 years old. He has accumulated a very large fortune, and has retired from active business operations. A poor boy from a poor family, he was well equipped with initiative, imagination, ambition, an appetite for responsibility, and an enormous capacity for work. He started with a meager education, but he repaired that as he went along. He built a big business from nothing and out of profits, he helped build other big businesses.

"He recently asked me what I knew about the newsprint industry. He referred to the recent reports of govern-

ment surveys made of the timber in Alaska in an effort to determine the possibilities of building newsprint mills in the new and undeveloped land. I told him that, for an investment of around \$30,000,000, he and his associates could build a newsprint mill that would produce around 100,000 tons a year. At current prices, that would give him gross sales of roughly \$9,000,000.

"Some of my newsprint friends may deny the next figure, but it's close enough to serve for purposes of our example. On the \$9,000,000 worth of sales, there would be a gross profit, before taxes, of around \$2,500,000. After taxes, he would have available for dividends \$1,500,000 net profit.

"Out of his \$1,500,000 in dividends, the government gets another \$1,270,000 in income taxes—since my friend and his prospective partners would be in the 85 per cent tax bracket. So, in that first year of operation, they have \$230,000 net after taxes; and the government has, in taxes, \$2,270,000—a million from corporate taxes, and \$1,270,000 from income taxes.

"Now, assuming there is no recession in business, and the market for newsprint stays up, the owners will take out in the first ten years, net after taxes, \$2,300,000 net profit. The government, in corporate taxes and from personal income taxes, will have taken \$22,700,000 in those ten years.

"The owners have taken all the responsibility and all the risks. The

government has taken ten times the profit of the owners, with no risk, no responsibility.

"But the government is not through yet. If, in ten years, one of several of the partners died, it may be necessary (since they are in the 70 per cent inheritance tax bracket) to sell the mill to pay such taxes.

"Here is how the tax legislation now on our books has been calculated to destroy all incentive for future investment in expanding American production. Here is a method of nationalizing future industrial developments by a system of confiscation. With this, out goes incentive—one of the main elements in the American character which produced the American system.

"Now I don't ask you to shed any tears over my rich friend or his colleagues. He needs no sympathy from you or me. But we need him and his capital. He's still got his money, and we are out a new industry. What he represents is absolutely necessary to a continued growth and evolution of the American production system.

"This discouragement of capitalistic enterprise began in the 30's with the result that, from 1929 to 1938, less

than 14 per cent of the value of the production of all goods and services was reinvested in capital goods. This compares with 20 per cent plow back in the annual average from 1869 to 1928.

"I know that we must carry a heavy tax burden to pay for the war. We must even add to that to help Europe and the cause of peace, or pay a larger price for another war. But the dilemma is that there is no hope of paying such a tax burden without full production. These taxes cannot be collected if anything interferes with the constant progress of the American industrial machine.

"And I know something else;—from 1913 to 1941 (before the war) the per capita cost of Government, Federal, State and Local, increased over 650 per cent. The total cost increased 900 per cent. In the four years from June 1943 to June 1947 the Bureau of Internal Revenue collected more taxes from the American public than were collected since the beginning of national taxation in the United States up to that time. There is no reasonable justification for such tremendous acceleration in the cost of government."

—————:—————

If you would stand well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of yourself; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable impression of himself.

NIGHT CALLS

(Southern Baptist Brotherhood Journal)

In his "Secretary's Letter" for February 16, Dr. George Lull, secretary of the American Medical Association, tells an unpleasant truth when he says that

"Patients all over the country are voicing bitter criticism of the medical profession because of their inability to obtain the services of a physician at night. Scores of letters are being received at A. M. A. headquarters each week from patients who complain that doctors decline to make night calls. . .

"At the National Conference on Medical Service, held in Chicago, February 8, someone told the audience that a state legislator whose child was seriously ill called five doctors and got five turn downs.

"These complaints, piling up at an alarming rate, present a grave problem. Every doctor knows that a hasty turn down of a phone call at night creates ill feeling toward the medical profession as a whole."

Every physician who has been in practice for any length of time knows the nightmarish sensation of being jerked from a sound sleep in the wee small hours by the ringing of the telephone bell. He knows the immediate impulse to refuse to leave his good warm bed. He should learn, however, not to obey this impulse without inquiring about the symptoms of the patient. If he is convinced that the call is necessary, he must force his tired muscles into activity.

The time has been when it was tak-

en for granted that any doctor would answer every call he received, unless he was sure that it was unnecessary. Apparently this situation no longer prevails, if we may judge not only from Dr. Lull's letters but from other sources nearer home. Not long ago a young doctor just out of the service came to a North Carolina city to do general practice. A number of older doctors were glad to refer to him calls that they could not make themselves, and his practice grew apace. Within six weeks after he had opened his offices, a medical veteran who had been giving him one to three referrals a day received a call about 2 A. M. from one of his old patients. After promising to send someone or to go himself, he called the young man, who came to the telephone, yawning audibly, and said, "O Doctor, I was out last night and am so tired that I wish you would get somebody else." The older doctor got up and made the call himself. Early next morning he phoned his secretary not to give the young man another call.

This doctor did not know that the family whose acquaintance he might have made was one of a closely-knit community of relatives, all most desirable patients. They would have been the nucleus of a good practice—but the young man was so exhausted by his first six weeks as a civilian doctor that he exchanged this golden opportunity for an hour's sleep.

Many doctors have added good families to their lists by making night calls; and, by the same token, many

doctors have lost desirable families by refusing to make calls at inconvenient hours.

The artificial shortage of doctors brought about by the war will not last forever; and as competition becomes keener, patients will again be free to choose their doctors.

The medical profession still has a great reservoir of good will; but it is possible to lose much of the public's approval through real or apparent in-

difference to human suffering. The real doctor in the words of the late J. C. de Costa, "must learn thorough self-surrender and all his life must wear the iron yoke of duty." Consideration of the patient as shown by willingness to make night calls when necessary, not only helps to build up the individual doctor's reputation, but is the best sort of public relations for the whole medical profession.

FIXING UP MISTAKES

Clifford forgot all about the neighbors new driveway, and raced right into the fresh cement. He was frightened, and very sorry, when he saw that he had made footprints in the cement. But no one had seen him run up there, so if he didn't tell anyone about it, no one would know who did it.

Clifford sat down on the curb to think. After several minutes he got up. Mr. Barnes, the neighbor, was in his garage. Clifford walked up bravely, and said, Mr. Barnes, I'm sorry, but I stepped in the new cement."

Mr. Barnes walked out with Clifford, looked at the prints, and replied, "I'm so glad you told me right away, for now I can fix it. The men left some cement here for me to spread on the driveway while it is fresh. If you had waited, the cement would have hardened, and then it would always have been a bad spot."

Clifford smiled happily. "I'll help you carry the pail of cement out there," he volunteered. And as they worked, touching up the bad spots, Clifford said, "I think that's the way with all mistakes, isn't it, Mr. Barnes? It's easier to fix them up at first than to leave them until they get hard."

That is a good, true thought to remember. Don't let mistakes get old and hardened. Fix them up at once.

—Adapted from Dew Drops, in Sunshine Magazine.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

(The Summary)

Arkansas is of the Old South, situated inland, in the West South Central group, Missouri bounding it on the north, Tennessee and Mississippi on the east; Louisiana on the south, and Texas and Oklahoma on the west. The Mississippi River, down which much of its traffic flows, forms the entire eastern boundary. Its topography is mostly level but in the west rise the mountains elevations of the Ozarks. The pronunciation as fixed by the legislature is "Arkansaw" although many use "Arkansah" accenting the first syllable.

Agriculture is the chief source of wealth, cotton, wheat, corn, hay, oats, white and sweet potatoes, and fruit are produced. The State ranks high in production of cotton.

The State is richly endowed with forest wealth, every sort of tree which grows in the temperate zone abounding.

Arkansas produces most of the bauxite in the country. Other minerals are coal, manganese, lead, whetstones and petroleum.

The Hot Springs of Arkansas 47 in number, and the only Government-owned and operated hot springs in the United States, are included in the Hot Springs National Park, situated in a wooded portion of the Ouachita (pronounced Wash-i-taw) Mountains. Adjoining the park area on all sides is the city of Hot Springs. The park and city are near the center of the State, about 50 miles southwest of Little Rock. In addition to many hot springs furnishing palatable waters

which are extensively used as table waters. All cold springs are outside of the national park area and are privately owned.

The hot springs were probably visited (1541) by DeSoto, who traveled this region extensively in that year. According to tradition, the spring waters were used by the Indians long before the advent of the Spaniards. There is a tale that the various tribes battled from time to time for control of the hot waters, in which they believed the "Great Spirit to be ever present, but that finally a truce was declared under which their benefits were extended to the sick of all tribes. It is believed that the earliest white settlement was made about 1800. Dunbar and Hunter, who visited the place (Dec. 1804) found an open log cabin and a few huts built of split boards which had been erected by persons resorting to the springs in hope of regaining their health. Manuel Prudhomme built a cabin (1807) and was joined the same year by John Perciful and Issac Cates.

The hot springs and the four sections of land surrounding them, by act of congress (1832) were set aside for the future disposal of the United States, not to be entered, located, or appropriated for any other purpose whatever, thus preserving the waters of the springs in perpetuity, free from monopoly and commercial exploitation.

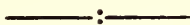
Evidence as to the source of the heat of the spring water, which ranges from 95 to 147 degrees fahrenheit, is not conclusive. One explanation is

that these springs begin as meteoric water or rainfall which seeps into the Bigfork chert, a sandy formation near the top of a fold in the rocks just northeast of the West Mountain. According to this explanation, the water passes downward through the porous sandy layers, where it is heated by a buried mass of cooling rock. After this water crosses the lower bend of the rock, called a syncline, it then rises to the surface through the upward dipping layers of rocks on the southwest side of Hot Springs Mountain. Lack of evidence of recent volcanic activity in the area to provide heated rocks at reasonably shallow depths, with the fact that part of the intake area is 200 feet lower than the springs, would indicate that this theory requires revision, at least

in part. A second explanation states that the waters are of juvenile origin, i. e., water which has never been at the surface before, but is discharged by buried, cooling rocks.

Silver Falls in the Ozarks is one of the beauty spots of the State.

Among the institutions of higher learning are the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville; Agriculture and Mechanical College, Monticello; Arkansas College, Batesville; Arkansas State College, State College, of the Ozarks, Clarksville; Harding College, Searcy; Hendrix College, Conway, John Brown University, Silom Springs and Ouachita College, Arkadelphia. In addition there are State Teachers Colleges in Conway and Arkadelphia, six junior colleges and five colleges for negroes.



RECONCILIATION

It is not because God is great and I am small, it is not because He lives forever, and my life is but a hand-breadth, it is not because of the difference between His omniscience and my ignorance, His strength and my weakness, that I am parted from Him: "Your sins have separated between you and your God." And no man, build he Babels ever so high, can reach thither. There is one means by which the separation is at an end, and by which all objective hindrances to union, and all subjective hindrances are alike swept away. Christ has come, and in Him the heavens have bended down to touch, and touching to bless, this low earth, and man and God are at one once more.—Alexander McClaren.

THE CROSSROAD

(The Orphan's Friend and Masonic Journal)

A wave of uncertainty seems to have the world in its grip. It is generally realized that we are infinitely far away from the world of just two or three years ago. The pros and cons as to the possibility of another war are being discussed the world over. The old yardstick for measuring the implications of war is admittedly totally inadequate to serve the purpose longer. The matter of winning battles and tactical maneuvers is giving way to quiet, sobering nescience. It is clear that the great majority of the people of the world definitely do not want to fight, but the uneasy feeling that some untoward event might precipitate conflict in any part of the globe and lead to almost instantaneous spread of hostilities is in the air.

What about an atom bomb a thousand times more potent than the one of Hiroshima? What about this and that new engine of destruction? What about widespread destruction of life and property? What about—?

No one can answer any of these questions. The man in the street has laid aside his role as prophet and at the same time realize that his smarter brother knows little or nothing more than he does. But every man, be his intellect gigantic or pint-size, knows full well in his heart that if the most diabolical engine of destruction are not already perfected, the time is close by when they will be. He knows that the battlefield will be anywhere and everywhere and enormously expanded.

The time is here—right now—when the spectre of war must be laid. There

is not a gambler's chance that one nation by a stealthy attack can hope to escape bitter and annihilating reprisal. Our Country is taking the only sane course and we believe that its sanity will prevail. America is preparing in a big way to exert the utmost of defence against hostile attack, at the same time the nation stands staunchly for world peace. America has never had the yen for land-grabbing or longing for tribute. It stands for the principle of self-determination, permitting the peoples of other lands and races to conduct their own lives and affairs.

Of all the great nations that have risen to the top of human height, America is the one that has not gone power and glory mad. In this crisis in human affairs that attitude is a salutary one and a potent factor in the preservation of peace.

There is an old saying to the effect that, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The science of destruction has grown so great and fearsome that mad men are not going to have the followings they have had in the past.

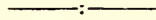
Mankind must recognize the ties of kinship. Stern necessity has taken away the option of accepting or rejecting the relation.

The safety and the happiness and the prosperity of every man is becoming more and more dependent upon the safety, the happiness and the prosperity of all man. The Great Architect has put every human on earth for a specific purpose and no human can

with impunity try to defeat the purpose for which any other exists.

The material urge has gone its limit. It must be superceded by a spiritual urge. The spiritual is the real, the true. The gift of the material world are all right, else they would not exist, but they must be amenable to the spiritual.

It is a great time in the annals of mankind. The greatest in all history. We are going to come safely through the transition period if we do not mistake it for either a hopeless chaos or, on the other extreme, a fool's paradise. good, hearty, substantial faith is indicated for everybody.



THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That flots on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out did the sparkling waves in glee,
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when in my childhood life
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

On Sunday, April 11, the Sunday message was brought to the boys by their friend and neighbor, Rev. Harbinson, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. The inspiring and interesting message was about the Book of Books. In his talk he took the letters that spell Bible and told what each letter could mean to us.

B means Book, and truly the Bible is the Book of Books. Inspired by God and written by inspired men it has endured through the ages. No individual or group of individuals, however powerful, have ever been able to destroy this great Book. Men through the centuries have found within its pages consolation, guidance, encouragement in the face of disaster, and inspiration to face the problems and complexities of life. Our forefathers used and studied this Book to find the great principles upon which this great country's laws have been founded. They brought it with them and carried it across the continent.

I, the second letter in the word Bible, could mean to us, Interesting. The great love stories of Ruth and Naomi, and David and Jonathan were mentioned as interesting reading. We find poetry, romance, adventure, history in the Blessed Book, all true, all inspiring. A person doesn't have to buy a great variety of books to find the most interesting of stories, since all he needs to do is turn to the pages of the Bible and there find the great literature of the ages. Yes, the Bible is truly Interesting.

The third letter B means Beautiful Book. As an illustration of the Bible being a Beautiful Book the speaker told of a little girl that had received a clean white Bible for a present and eagerly told him about the Beautiful Book she had received for a present and how it meant so much to her. Sometimes people take such good care of their Bible that they don't use it. The Bible that is thumb worn with use is even more Beautiful because the inspiring and great lessons found therein have become the usable property in the soul of a great person and the Bible will help make our lives more beautiful and will enrich our souls if we will only use it in the proper way.

The fourth letter L means Life Giving Book. The Bible gives to those that search and pray, energy and movement to peoples lives. It has been the source of activity that leads to the betterment of humanity. Many of the great leaders in the many reforms that have been brought about have received their encouragement from this great book. We become more interesting as individuals the more we learn about the scriptures. It makes more alive, and we in turn make those around us more alive if we have the spirit that is to be found within the covers of the Bible.

The fifth, and last letter of the word, Bible is E. This letter stands for Encouragement and Eternal. It is an Eternal Book. There are men living now that have memorized the entire New Testament, and even if all

copies were lost it would be possible to reproduce the Book as now written exactly as it is.

The Book is Eternal because God is eternal, and God is the author. The speaker told how God left the Book in our hands and in the hands of other inspired men and how it was written in the Hebrew and translated into many various languages. God takes care of his Book and takes care of those who would preserve it and pass it on to other generations. Yes, God's

Bible is Eternal because God is Eternal.

In closing the speaker reviewed the letters that make up the word Bible and encouraged each boy to think about what was said and to review in their mind sometime during the week what each letter in the word Bible stands for. If only one boy in ten would remember that much the speaker thought the afternoon time spent would be well worth while.

BLESSED ARE YE POOR

This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles. (Ps. 34:6.)

Bow down thine ear, oh Lord, hear me; for I am poor and needy. (Ps. 81:1.) For I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me. (Ps. 40:17.)

He preserveth not the life of the wicked but giveth right to the poor. (Job 36:6.)

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his maker. Ps. 17:5.)

The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all. (Ps. 22:2.)

When the poor and needy seek water and there is none and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. (Isaiah 41:17.)

Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven. (Luke 6:20.)

(We are) as poor yet making many rich; as having nothing yet possessing all things. (2 Cor. 6:10.)

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? (Jas. 2:5.)

—Ellen M. Smith, in *The Wesleyan Youth*.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

In life, as in chess, forethought wins.
—Buxton.

The fear of ill exceeds the ill we
fear.

Geology gives us a key to the pa-
tience of God—J. G. Holland.

Style may be defined, "proper words
in proper places."—Swift.

Learning without is labor lost,
thought learning is perilous.

Take care of the pence, and the
pounds will take care of themselves.

Never contract friendship with a
man that is not better than thyself.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your
mind, for pleasant thoughts make
pleasant lives.—Wilkins.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no
doubt; and every grin, so merry,
draws one out.—Wolcott.

Every man who observes vigilantly,
and resolves steadfastly, grows un-
consciously into genius.—Bulwer.

Think of the ills from which you
are exempt, and it will aid you to bear
patiently those which now you may
suffer.—Cecil.

The bad fortune of the good turns
their faces up to heaven; the good
fortune of the bad bows their heads
down to the earth—Saadi.

The more ideas a man has the few-
er words he takes to express them.
Wise men never talk to make time,
they talk to save it.—Uncle Esek.

To select well among old things
is almost equal to inventing new ones.
—Trublet.

A wise man will make haste to for-
give, because he knows the full value
of time and will not suffer it to pass
away in unnecessary pain.—Rambler.

All work and no rest takes the
spring out of the most vigorous life.
Time spent in judicious resting is not
time wasted, but time gained.
—M. B. Grier.

As the soil, however rich it may
be, cannot be productive without cul-
ture, so the mind without cultivation
can never produce good fruit.
—Seneca.

There are two things needed in
these days; first, for rich men to
find out how poor men live; and sec-
ond, for poor men to know how rich
men work.—E. Atkinson.

May not taste be compared to that
exquisite sense of the bee, which in-
stantly discovers and extracts the
quintessence of every flower, and dis-
regards all the rest of it?—Greville.

Man must work. That is certain as
the sun. But he may work grudging-
ly or he may work gratefully; he may
work as a man, or he may work as a
machine. There is no work so rude,
that he may not exalt it, no work so
impassive, that he may not breathe a
soul into it; no work so dull that he
may not enliven it.—Henry Giles.

Among well-bred people, a mutual
deference is affected; contempt of
others disguised; authority concealed;
attention given to each in his turn;
and an easy stream of conversation
maintained, without vehemence, with-
out interruption, without eagerness
for victory, and without any airs of
superiority.—Hume.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

"How long was your last cook with you?"

"She was never with us. She was against us from the start."

—:—

His thoughts were slow, his words were few and never formed to glisten, but he was joy to all his friends—you should have heard him listen.

—:—

You've already had leave, Ferguson, to see your wife off on a journey—for your mother-in-law's funeral—for your little girl's measles—your boy's christening—what is it now?

"I'm goin' to get married, sir."

—:—

Lady: "Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

Clerk: "Yes, madam, what can we do for you?"

Lady: "I want my husband's fidelity insured."

—:—

Personal manager: "Why did you leave your last job?"

Applicant: "Illness."

Personnel manager: "What was the trouble?"

Applicant: "The boss was sick of me."

—:—

A lad, watching a house painter at work, said, "How many coats do you give it?" "Two," said the painter. "Then," said the lad, "if you would give it three coats, would the third one be an overcoat?" "No, sonny," said the painter, "that would be a waste coat."

—:—

Mrs. Peeble: How did you happen to make the acquaintance of your husband?

Mrs. Getsum: Oh, it was very romantic. I met him for the first time when he ran over my first husband with his auto as we were crossing the street.

—:—

An Irishman who was sleeping all the night with a Negro had his face

blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in the mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Eggorra, they've woke the wrong man?"

—:—

Tallulah Bankhead tells about a pet monkey her uncle, Colonel Henry M. Bankhead, tried to housebreak when he was in the Philippines. Whenever the monkey misbehaved, Colonel Bankhead slapped its seat and immediately tossed it out the ground-floor window to the yard outside. The monkey finally got the idea. Thereafter, it would misbehave, slap its own seat and leap through the window.

—:—

One over enthusiastic fisherman was haled into court, charged with catching 18 more black bass than the law allows. "Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"Guilty," the young man admitted.

"Ten dollars and costs," announced the judge.

The defendant paid the fine, then asked cheerfully, "And now, Your Honor, may I have several typewritten copies of the court record made to take back and show my friends?"

A party motoring through Idaho came upon a lonely sheepherder high up in the mountains. "What do you do to amuse yourself all day long," asked the motorist.

"Oh," replied the sheepherder, "I hold up motorists, and rob them."

"Well!" exclaimed the motorist, "aren't you afraid you will get arrested and sent to jail?"

"Nope," was the confident reply. "You see, I do it this way. See that hairpin turn in the road? Well, I hold 'em up right here, and when they go on, I duck over the hill, take off my mask, put on my badge, and meet 'em over the bend. I sez to 'em, 'I jist caught that feller that robbed ye, an' here's yer valuables.' There's no danger in it, and' it's kinda excitin'."

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 18, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Billy Smith
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Jackie Basinger
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Cecil Fallam
Billy Holder
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
James Scott
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy
Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylan Gardner
David Gibson
Darrell Jones
James Martin
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
France Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd

COTTAGE No. 4

Odene Chapman
Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Bobby Hedrick
Leon Martin
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
William Thornton
Jimmy Volrath
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Herman Fore
Jack Hargett
Carl Howell
James Howell
William Hinson
Billy Ray King
Evan Myers
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Harold Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Bobby Galyan
 Earl Holloman
 Melvin Ledford
 Jerry Minter
 Glenn Matheson
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
 Edd Gwinn
 Lewis Holt
 Horace Jordan
 Edward McCall
 Thomas McGee
 Jerry Peavey
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gary Dudley
 Marvin Guyton
 Herman Hutchins
 Raymond Harding
 Paul Hendren
 Eugene McLean
 Edward McInnis
 Thomas Miller
 Marion Ross
 James Toggel
 Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
 Albert Cavin
 Talmadge Duncan
 Wayne Eldridge
 Gerald Johnson
 Robert Whitaker
 Eugene Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
 Jadie Atkins
 Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Zane Brisson
 Jack Coleman
 Grady Garren
 Carl Goard
 Chester Lee
 Nathan McCarson
 Edwin Parker
 Russell Seagle
 Harold Sellers
 Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Earl Bowden
 Carlyle Brown
 Treva Coleman
 Claude Crump
 Sam Finney
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Jerry Rippey
 Billy Teer
 Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Cecil Butcher
 Howard Bass
 J. K. Blackburn
 Willard Brown
 Garland Leonard
 Frank Sargent
 Carroll Teer
 Eugene Williams
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Carl Davis
 Walter Hammond
 Harvey Jacobs
 Charles McDaniels
 Franklin Phillips
 Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Charles Smith
 Harvey Honeycutt

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CAROLINA

MAY 3 1948

HOPE ON

There never was a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountaintop ever so bleak
That some little flower does not love it.
There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining.
There is never a waiting-time weary and long
That will not sometime have an ending;
The most beautiful part of a landscape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blending.
Into every life some shadows will fall
But Heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will
See the beautiful blue up above.
Let us hope on, though the way may be long,
And the darkness be gathering fast:
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the homelights will greet us at last.

—Author Unkown

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

MEMORIES

I wonder if the little path still winds across the sod—

The little, narrow, beaten path where friendly feet have trod,

I wonder if the trumpet vine and flowering almond tree

Are blossoming along the way just where they used to be.

I wonder if small children's feet are eager still to climb

The old board fence and "cut across," as long ago did mine,

And if the same old kitchen door is standing open wide,

Where eager eyes may catch a glimpse of mother's face inside.

Oh, little memories like these come creeping in betimes

And sing themselves to little tunes and set themselves to rhymes.

Just haunting little memories that seem to cling and guide

The thoughts along to open doors and mother's face aside.

Someday I'll find another path where friendly feet have trod,

That's leading down the valley road and o'er the hills to God.

When on those strange eternal shores the heavenly gates swing wide,

'Twill just be "Home Sweet Home" once more

With mother's face inside.

—Author Unknown n.

KEEPING AMERICA STRONG

Today the United States of America finds itself in one of its most critical periods in history. Since this is a national election year and since world conditions are full of chaos, the strength of the American nation is being challenged as it has never been before. It is true that during World War II the resources of America in me

and materials were taxed to the very limit. It is nevertheless true that our nation faced visible and tangible opposition, which made it obvious that all true Americans could give only their best.

Today our nation is in the midst of a time when the minds of men are being fashioned and molded in terms of ideals and trends as they pervade the minds of men. There are political leaders who are recognized as national figures of American life, seeking to corral the votes of the American people in the forthcoming election; they are endeavoring to discover and interpret the mental processes of the American public. It is the purpose of one of the leading candidates for the presidency to go out and meet the American people where they are and find out from them, if possible what is the dominant thinking of the general public. This is not something to be criticized particularly, but it merely means that, after all, the course of events in American history is determined by the thoughts of the great masses of people.

Today we find that our nation has launched upon a new era in foreign affairs. When the American government initiated the European Recovery Program this was a new venture into world affairs, one that would have been impossible only a few years ago. Through the processes of the ERP, which the American people have apparently accepted willingly, the American government is seeking to strengthen its position abroad and to lessen the dangers of another period of warfare.

Fortunately for this nation, we live in a democracy in which the majority of the people with a free ballot may and do determine the policies of the government through the regularly constituted authorities. Fortunately, we live in a country that is free from domination by secret police forces, and in which there is no intimidation by the military department of the government. This is a country in which there is individual freedom to the highest degree; this is a country in which every individual should gain as much knowledge and information for himself as is possible, because of the great importance of his own personal, political decisions. It is to the great credit of our nation that it is free from the spirit of mob rule, and that it is a country in which a wild minority that is highly vocalized finds it impossible to start a revolution or stir up destructive mob activities. We must be sure,

however, that we keep America strong in this respect, and the greatest source of our strength lies in the general processes of education, and the free use of communications through the press, the radio, and other such agencies.

After all, America is strong and will continue to be strong only in terms of the character and the personal worth of its individual citizens. The American government is the composite strength of all its millions of individuals. Armies and navies and munitions of warfare have for centuries been the outward symbols of a nation's greatness, but today it is being recognized that these are, after all, not the true measure of a nation's real greatness. America can hope to fulfill the expectations of the other nations of the world only if there is prevalent in the American people a true sense of patriotism, a willingness to work at honest labor, and a determination to present a united front to the world.

In a recent editorial appearing in the Charlotte Observer there are these timely comments:

* * * * *

STAYING POWER

History has proved time after time that great standing armies do not necessarily mark a nation as an invincible military power. On the contrary, those nations that have put their faith in great armies, like the Germany and Japan of this century and France under Napoleon, have invariably gone to defeat at the hands of nations that did not put their trust in mere armies and navies.

The reason is not hard to find, because a vast army without a dependable source of supply becomes nothing but a helpless and disorganized mob. The nations that defeated Napoleon, Japan, and Germany had not wasted their substance in maintaining great standing armies; hence, when the time came for a supreme national effort, their productive reserves gave them the staying power to outlast their militaristic foes.

An army can be organized in a year or two. The industrial production to supply it is the growth of decades. Consequently, it has been the nations with productive power, not those with vast standing armies, that have won the great wars of history.

Russia apparently is realizing this. She has found out that

her successive five-year plans, none of which has reached its goal, are not giving her the productive reserves that win wars. At the rate she is going, she will never catch up with the United States and will never have the staying power to win a war with us.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 2, 1948

- May 2—Robert Whitaker, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- May 2—Ollie Andrews Daw, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- May 3—Jimmy Rogers, Cottage 11, 14th birthday
- May 4—Robert Lee Long, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
- May 5—Russell Beaver, Cottage 17, 15th birthday
- May 5—Billy Brown, Cottage 7, 11th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Baseball Game

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Saturday, April 24, Cottage No. 10 defeated No. 11 with the score of 15 to 2. We enjoyed playing both games Saturday. We also won the softball game, with the score of 35-5. We hope we do as well as we did Saturday.

Second Grade News

By Dorman Porter, 2nd Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Russell and the boys of Cottage 6, went over to the cabin Saturday afternoon, and had a weiner roast. We pitched horse shoes and fished. We had lots of good food to eat, and lots of fun.

Second Grade News

By Carroll Teer, 2nd Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Peck took us over to the cabin Saturday afternoon for a picnic supper. We had sandwiches, milk, cookies, and apples. We fished and played games. We like to go over there. We always have a good time, and we want to go again soon.

Baseball Game

By Jerry Rippey, 9th Grade

Sunday afternoon Cottage 14 defeated Cottage 2 in a very one-sided game of 18-2. Hugh Ball, alone held the mound for No. 14 while Harvey Arnette, Melvin Radford, Donald Stack and Thomas Martin tried pitching for No. 2.

Only one of the No. 2 boys obtained a hit during the game while the boys of No. 14 recieved about 21 hits and 14 walks. Hugh Ball, of No. 14, struck out 13 of the No. 2 boys while the 4 pitchers for No. 2 only struck out 5 of the No. 14 players.

Baseball Game

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 13 defeated No. 9. We had a good time playing this game.

Paul Hendron, pitcher for No. 9, put some good balls over for the batters to hit. Chester Lee pitched for No. 13. We play No. 9 one more time and we hope we can beat them again.

We also had a good softball game with No. 9. The final score was 31 to 3 in 13's favor. The baseball score was 16 to 9 in favor of No. 13. All of the boys enjoyed the game very much.

B. Y. P. U.

By Charles Franklin, 7th Grade

When Mr. Puckett came out to the school, we had a prayer, and went to our class. Then we had our program. It was about South America the most southern part. It was about Argentina. It was about missionaries and it told how the Romans started Christianity in South America. It told how the people dressed and how they went courting. It said the young girls would walk down one street with her mother and the young man would walk

down and they would make signs to each other. The program ended and we had a closing prayer by James Arrowood.

World Traveler Visits J. T. S.

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

Mr. Murray, World traveler and celebrated lecturer visited our school Friday night and gave the boys and officers an interesting lecture on "Life with the Head Hunters of the Phillipine Islands."

In his talk he made the statement that, "Any football player would indeed like to have muscles like the natives, they are much healthier than the boys of the states." The food he ate was mostly boiled rice, fried fish and a green salad from under the water.

All the boys enjoyed his talk very much and we thank Miss Niblock's father for inviting Mr. Murray over.

No. 16's Game

By Billy Kassell, 9th Grade

Saturday, April 24 No. 16 played a hard and interesting game of baseball with No. 1.

No. 1 was a little late getting there so Mr. Walters gave us the game by forfeit. But we went ahead and played it out.

We had a very good umpire, Mr. Hawfield.

About the first half No. 1 took the lead. But in the last No. 16 came out on top the final score was 7 to 3 in favor of No. 16.

The positions are as follows, Pitcher; Major, Catcher; Ray, Shortstop; Sorrel, First Base; Fields, Right Field; Carter, Left Field; Tuggle, and Center

Field; Kassell.

We had a good game and hope to play them again.

Cottage 17 Bows to Cottage 2

By Donald Stack, 6th Grade

Last Saturday evening, Cottage 2, won over 17. In the first inning No. 2 gave them a score scoring 6 runs. In the next inning No. 17 scored 2 runs. Then Cottage 2 got up to bat and there was another run which was made by Arnette.

The pitcher for No. 2 was Harvey Arnette and he pitched a good game. The pitcher for No. 17 was Carl Davis, who was a little wild in the first inning, but surely caught on fast.

In the last inning No. 17 scored 4 runs which made the score 6 to 7, and everybody was upset thinking No. 17 was going to win. But at that time they called Arnette to the bat and he scored the last run by hitting a good one over shortstop, and then the game was over and No. 17 was defeated by the score of 8-6.

Scores and Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Scores for the first games of the year at the school were a little surprising. Some of the teams merely walked off with the initial game. Most everybody got off to a good start, but some of the teams went back in the defeated column. Scores for the baseball games were: Cottage 2 defeated No. 17, 8 to 6; No. 16 won a forfeit from Cottage 1; Cottage 15 defeated No. 4, 13 to 3; No. 14 beat No. 5, 4 to 3; Cottage 10 defeated No. 11, 15 to

2; and Cottage 13 defeated Cottage 9, 16 to 9.

In the softball league, the little boys also were ready to go. All of the softball games went up into the high scoring brackets. The smaller boys are really having a time. Scores for the softball games were as follows:

Cottage 4 defeated No. 15, 18 to 15; Cottage 2 received a forfeit from No. 17; 7A defeated 6A, 35 to 0; 7B defeated 6B, 27 to 7; No. 5 defeated No. 14, 27 to 7; 3A defeated Cottage 1, 19 to 3; Cottage 10 over No. 11, 30 to 5; and Cottage 13 over No. 9, 27 to 3.

—————:—————

SERVICE SUPREME

A careful man I ought to be
 A little fellow follows me
 I do not dare to go astray
 For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I cannot once escape his eyes,
 What'er he sees me do he tries
 Like me he says he is going to be
 The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine,
 Believes in every word of mine
 The base in me he must not see,
 That little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go
 Thru Summer's sun and Winter's snow
 I am building for the years to be
 That little chap who follows me.

—Author Unknown.

ON FINAL GROUND

(By Harold A. Bosley, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Forty years ago Thomas Edison made this glowing prophecy, "What man's mind can create, man's character can control." We shall soon know whether the great inventor was right. It is only fair to note that much has happened since then to dim such radiant faith in human destiny!

We have had two major depressions—which indicate quite clearly that something is sadly out of joint in our social and economic order. We have had two world wars—which demonstrate our mental ability to create marvels and our spiritual inability to use them for other than fiendish purposes. Knowing as we do that another war will be the ruination of us all, we, nonetheless, continue to grope our way toward it with something of fatalistic determination of a sleep-walker.

In fact, the outlook is so ominous that sober men are now asking, "What are the odds on civilization?" Raymond Fosdick, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, writes, "At long last we have come to the end of the road, face to face with our final choice. This time we cannot postpone the issue—this time the stakes are life or death on a terrestrial scale. This time we roll the dice with destiny." And the editors of *Time* magazine expressed a similar feeling about the meaning of our times, "Man's fate has forever been shaped between the hands of reason and spirit, now in collaboration, again in conflict. Now reason and spirit meet on final ground. If either or anything is to survive, they must

find a way to create an indissoluble partnership." You will recall the famous warning issued by general MacArthur during the surrender ceremonies in Tokyo Bay, "We have had our last chance. If we do not devise some greater and more equitable system, Armageddon will be at our door. The problem basically is theological and involves the spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character—It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh."

It is no new experience for religion to be called upon to minister to men in our situation: men who know that they are face to face with "their final choice;" that they are "on final ground;" that "Armageddon is at their door." In fact, the Bible from Genesis to the visions of Revelation is filled with men facing that sort of experience. That is why religion is not terrified by the gravity of these times; that is why it is willing to give odds on civilization. It knows that we can win through because it has seen others do it—but it cannot guarantee that we will win through because it does not know how much we are prepared to sacrifice for that kind of victory. It knows that under certain conditions man's character can control the creations of his mind—but only under certain conditions; and it is not sure we are willing to meet these conditions. Religion comes to this crisis in our life and history enriched by the experience or persons and peoples, some of whom won and some of whom lost their engagement on final ground.

What it has to say to us grows out of that experience.

What a surprise we are in for if we think religion is going to ladle out copious draughts of easy and cheap sympathy just because we are in a jam! It does no such thing! It confronts us with an analysis of our situation that will dismay a generation that has literally treated the idea of God like a toy, an intellectual plaything, instead of the moral structure of life and the universe. Here, in two simple and searching propositions, is what it says to our way-lost generation:

We have forgotten God, but He has not forgotten us.

We have adopted a cavalier "I can take it or leave it alone" pose toward belief in God—as though belief in God were an optional matter! It is of utmost importance for us to get straight what is optional and what is obligatory about our relationship with God. Whether we shall live with him is not optional; it is obligatory. We have no more option on that than on whether we shall continue to breathe if we desire to live. Simply to live is to live with him, in his world, surrounded by his will and answering to his judgments. But how we live with him is quite another matter. How we shall live with Him is optional, and the direction of our entire life hinges upon the choice we make. For, as a result of our conscious choice, we move either in the direction of a creative and intimate relationship with him, or away from Him, more and more upon our own.

Well! We've made our choice, most of us. We've taken the second alternative; we've chosen to move away

from him; we've chosen to try to go it alone, as though we were responsible to no one other than ourselves. Which leads to the second proposition in religion's analysis of our situation.

Our sins have found us out.

As individuals, we thought we could get along without God. We said to ourselves and to others, "My life is my own affair; I can do with it as I please!" This, at best, is a half-truth, and an utterly dangerous one at that. The whole truth about life reads quite differently: "Our life is a gift of God; it is ours in the real yet narrow sense that we must choose what we shall try to make of it. But the alternatives among which we must choose are set by God, and we can neither add to nor take away from their number or meaning. We either bring to fulfillment the abilities he implanted within us, or we distort them, or we deny them. So far from being an abstraction, the difference between the half truth and the whole truth about the meaning of personal life was vividly illustrated in the reactions of two young men to the challenge of dangerous responsibility.

One of them was applying for the job as usher in a movie theater. The manager put this question to him: "What would you do in case of fire?" The man replied, "Don't worry about me. I'd get out all right." That is the half-truth about life, and it is the conception upon which we have been proceeding for several hundred years. Another young man thought differently about it and said so. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his friends." This is the whole truth about life—and between the two every man must choose.

Our trouble socially and internationally is not different in principle. As selfwilled, proud, and powerful races and nations we have said. "History is what we make it!" This, two, is a half-truth, and as miserable a half-truth as has ever been told about human destiny. The whole truth is this: "History is what God permits us to make it." Living in any other world than this one in which moral law is written into the very constitution of the universe, we might get away with the half-truth, but living in this world it is a one-way passage to disaster. The whole truth is an affirmation of the fact that all life is a dealing with God, that we move either away from or toward him in our dealing with each other. Choosing to ignore him, we are now the victims of our own folly; our sins have found us out; we have fallen into the hands of the living God.

We are not simply at loggerheads with ourselves and with other people these days—that, of course, is true and bad enough! But what is even more serious, we are at loggerheads with God—and that is the end of the road for us unless we can change directions—and fast! We are a most inventive people, but we show no ability to invent a way out of the impasse in which we now find ourselves.

Religious faith counsels us that there are two things to be done if we are in dead earnest about saving ourselves and our civilization. First, we must recognize the reality of God. Then, we must take him seriously throughout the whole range of our personal and social living.

These judgments and recommendations of religion are, in principle, the

ones that prophetic spirits have made not alone in ancient Israel, but in our own day as well.

Most sociologists get uneasy when placed among the prophets, but that is where a man like Professor Pitirim Sorokin of Harvard belongs on a matter like this. He says that the crisis of our age is due primarily to the fact we have tried to define life in terms of material things and the kind of power we can make out of them. We have built a "sensate culture" which, at first glance, is an imposing achievement, but like a suit of armor, it is hollow. There is no life, no purpose in it except as we ourselves invest it with our own undisciplined passions and uncriticized desires. We have not made material things serve the great and good ends of life; we have treated them as private possessions rather than public trusts, we have thus ignored or perverted their true meaning; in short, we have forgotten God! But God has not forgotten us! And the farther we have moved away from him the more terrible our life has become, until today we find ourselves "on final ground." Professor Sorokin recommends a change in directions! "There must be a change in the whole mentality and attitudes of our day in the direction of the norms prescribed in the Sermon on the Mount," he concludes. This is our only hope of survival; our one chance for ultimate victory over the chaos which is now enveloping our civilization.

You do wonder how much more we must suffer before we take seriously this prophetic recommendation that we turn to God and seek his way. That it means a fundamental revolution in human affairs goes without

saying. Life, goods, possessions, power—all these become a kind of spiritual trust fund of which we are temporary custodians, and which we must administer, under God, in behalf of the welfare of all men. We become our brothers keeper; we become an integral member of God's whole family of mankind. Yes, this is a radical change in direction, the most radical imaginable, but it is our only hope for survival. If we can find courage and faith enough to take it, the sacrifices made in the last two wars will lie less heavily upon our conscience, and the agony of uncertainty with which we view the future of our children will be tempered with new peace and hope.

The French have a tale of the return of Jesus to heaven, which cuts to the heart of our situation. He was accosted by an angel who had not seen what happened to him on earth. The angel asked what happened, and Jesus replied, "I was known as the child of respectable working folk; I lived unnoticed for some thirty years. Then I came forward for a few months and talked with men and women of all

sorts, and I think some of those who listened will be influenced all their lives. Some were fishermen, some petty tradesmen, some women—some were good and some bad. In the end enemies had me executed."

"My Lord, my Lord," exclaimed the angel, "was there no other way?" "No," said Jusus, "there was no other way."

Nor is there any other way to victory for us who are on final ground today than that indicated by prophetic religion. We must renew and deepen our faith in God. We must commit our lives personally and socially to the will of God as we see it in Jesus Christ. We dare not count the cost. Having determined that this is the way to victory, it must be taken. There is no other way.

"O God, be Thou the lamp unto our feet as we seek to walk with purpose and confidence the dark roadways of the world in which we live.

"Enfold us with thy blessing. May the peace that passeth all understanding and the love that will not let us go enter in to our hearts and make them radiant, for his sake. Amen."



He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature, as his companions are by rank.—Colton.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

(The Summary)

The District of Columbia is the seat of the Federal Government of the United States. Its area was originally 100 square miles taken from the sovereignty of Maryland and Virginia. Virginia's portion south from the Potomac was ceded (1846) back to that State. It lies on the west central edge of Maryland on the Potomac River, opposite Virginia. The District is co-terminus with the city of Washington.

Almost the entire activity is governmental. Industrial activity is output for governmental or local consumption. Navigation is carried on via the Potomac River, which is a branch of Chesapeake Bay. The river was naturally capable of accommodating large vessels, and has been improved in depth and otherwise, so that war or commercial craft may pass.

To insure that the national capital should be free from local control, the Constitution provides that Congress shall exercise exclusive legislation therein. After various experiments, Congress in (1878) created the present form of government, which consists of a commission of three member, two residence of the District appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and one detailed from the corps of engineers of the Army. Each House of the Congress has a Committee on District of Columbia, and taxation current and for improvements is chiefly borne by the residents.

Residents of the District of Columbia, as such, do not vote either on national or municipal matters. Persons residing in the District of Columbia

appointed to governmental positions do not give up their voting residence in the States. The laws of the various States permit them to vote as residents of their State.

Charged by Congress with planing a capital city, President Washington entrusted the design to the French engineer and architect, L'Enfant, who made as extensive as the Paris of that today, not only with locations for government buildings and embellishments, but also with provision for parks and monuments and other adornments which would come as the power and wealth of the nation increased—all reminiscent of the century old plans of Versailles, the capital of Louis XIV. L'Enfant's plan, although made too small by the spreading of the city throughout the District, and although seriously mutilate, nevertheless persisted and was made the basis of comprehensive plan (1901), prepared by the Senate Park Commission (Messrs. Burnham, McKim, Saint Gaudens and Olmsted) at the instance of Senator James McMillan, by whose name it is now officially known as the McMillian plan.

The central composition extends from the Capital through the green stretches of the elm-bordered Mall to the Washington Monument, and thence over the Reflecting Basin to the Lincoln Memorial—thus placing the Founder and the Savior of the nation on the axis of the Capital. The cross-axis is formed by the White House, the Washington Monument and the memorial to Thomas Jefferson provided for

by Congress (1938).

From the Lincoln Memorial as a local point extends the Rock Creek Parkway traversing the entire District, and also the Arlington Memorial Bridge, which connects the Mount Vernon Highway to the home of Washington, and as well forms the entrance to the Arlington National Cemetery.

All these elements combine to make a coherent, logical, orderly, beautiful Capital.

The Lincoln Memorial, designed by Henry Bacon, incloses a colossal statue of Lincoln by Daniel C. French, murals of Emancipation and Reunion by Jules Guerin and on its walls are inscribed the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. It was build by a commission with President Taft as chairman Under the Chairmanship of Chief Justice Taft the Supreme Court building, a portion of the Capital Group, was constructed by Cass Gilbert, architect, with a dignity befitting one of the three coordinate branches of the government.

On initiative of President Coolidge, Congress provided for a group of departmental buildings to redeem a "blighted district" of the city extending along the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury to the Capital. Under the direction of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, a commission of architectural consultants, (Messrs. E. H. Bennett, Arthur J. Brown, Louis Ayres, W. A. Delano, Louis Simon, Milton Medary and John Russell Pope) planned as a group buildings for the Departments of Commerce, Labor, Post Office and Justice, for the Archives, and for Interstate Commerce, Internal Revenue and the Federal Trade Commission. These buildings have a uni-

form cornice line and an architectural style based on classical motives as established by Washington and Jefferson for the national capital. On the south they face Constitution Avenue, a monumental thoroughfare extending 2 an 1 half miles from the Capital; to the Lincoln Memorial. A frame for this memorial is formed on the north side of the avenue by five white marble buildings set back of deep gardens-buildings of the Pan-American Union, Public Health Service, Federal Reserve Board, National Academy of Scinces and American Pharmaceutical Association. The Interior Department occupies three squares between C and F, 18th and 19th Streets. Framing the White Lot (south of the White House) are the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Red Cross group, the Daughters of the American Revolution Continental Memorial Hall and Auditorium, and the Pan-American. These activites, belonging to the cultural side of Washington life, are supplemented by the Freer Gallery of Far Eastern Art and the Folger Shakepeare Library, each supreme in its field; the Phillips Callery (still in embryo). Leadership, of course, belongs to the Library of Congress (embracing the Coolidge concerts and the Pennell collection of etchings) and to the Smithsonian and the Carnegie Institutions. The National Gallery of Art, under the shadow of the Capital dome, represents the thought and generosity of Mr. Mellon, who gave not only the building (longer than the Capital itself) but also a collection of pictures and sculpture ranking with the world's best, and an endowment for increase. The gallery was designed by th late John Russell Pope.

Congress created (1910) the National Commission of Fine Arts (composed of seven members appointed by the President) to advise the President, executive officers and committees of Congress on the matters pertaining to the fine arts, under the chairmanship of D. H. Burnham, Daniel Chester French and (for 22 years) Charles Moore, such advice has guided the development of the McMillan plan. Congress also has provided for future planning and park purchases by the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, and has placed the administration of capital parks with the National Park Service.

Across the Potomac, reached by the Key and the new Memorial Bridge (2,138 ft. long), is the Arlington National Cemetery.

Washington streets are exceptionally well shaded. Rock Creek Park is noted for its natural beauties. The Zoological Garden is being developed and a National Arboretum comprising fully 400 acres has been started.

Educationally, the District of Columbia has an excellent school system. The higher institutions include George Washington University, Georgetown University, Catholic University of America, Trinity College (for women), American University (Methodist), Howard University (Negro), Gallaudet College (deaf and dumb), besides junior colleges for young women and many technical schools.

Ford's Theater, in which President Lincoln was assassinated by John

Wilkes Booth (April 14, 1865) is as immediately taken over by the government and is now a Lincoln Museum. Across Tenth St. is the house in which Lincoln died, now used as a memorial. It and the old theater contain the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln memorabilia purchased by the government (1926).

The Mount Vernon Memorial Highway begins at the Arlington Memorial Bridge, on Columbia Island, and extends approximately 15 miles along the Virginia shore of the Potomac to the Mount Vernon Estate.

Winding through Virginia countryside and affording vistas of the Potomac, this highway passes many places of historic interest. The ruins of Abingdon, originally the home of the Alexander family, for whom the city of Alexander was named, and also the birthplace of Nelly Custis, Martha Washington's grand-daughter, overlook the other places of historic and patriotic interest highway and the Potomac at the highest point between Washington and Alexandria.

In Alexandria, the highway passes Christ Church, where Washington and Lee worshipped, and many other places of historic and patriotic interest.

Below Alexandria the highway passes Wellington, first President, and Fort Hunt, one of the Civil War refuges of the National Capital, now vacated and to be developed as a park. Across the Potomac is Fort Washington, designed by L'Enfant and still an active military reservation.

FAITH AND COURAGE

(By John A. Holland, in the Progressive Farmer)

The world outlook as 1948 gets under way, all must admit, is in many ways far from bright. What can we do about it? I was reading of Charlotte Bronte, the famous author of the book, *Jane Eyre*. At a time when her sister Emily had died, her sister Anna fatally ill, and her brother Branwell dying of drink, she wrote to a friend: "I avoid looking forward, or backward, and try to keep looking upward. This is no time to regret, dread or weep. God is over all."

It seems to me there are four things you and I may do in a confused world.

1. Each of us can, by God's grace, keep himself going straight. That will help. By believing in the Providence that watches over us in spite of our errors and bad judgments, we can attain a level of action that will be helpful to those nearest us, and help the contagion of Goodness to spread.

2. Let's refuse to dwell on our fears. Fear and Faith are not related, and both cannot and will not live in our minds at the same time. One will crowd the other out. Faith is the

stronger of the two, if we will persistently believe and practice the art of living by Faith.

3. Let us keep looking upward. Sailing the Atlantic some time ago, I had several conversations with the captain. Learning that I was a minister, he took me to see the compass of the ship. He told me that sailing a ship was like living on the land. Unseen forces play about us. No one can see the power that turns the little needle of the compass northward. No one can see the power that keeps the time clock of the heavens, yet the sailor banks on the North Star being in its place, even though it be impossible to glimpse it through the storm clouds.

4. Let's keep our faith in the future. The nations of men do indeed have much to learn about living together in peace and harmony on this whirling ball we call Earth. Once nations lived entirely by the law of "Might Makes Right." Now there is a dream of justice and fair play called the United Nations. Someday it will come if—if we keep looking up, and going straight ahead.

With the gain of knowledge, connect the habit of imparting it. This increases mental wealth by putting it in circulation; and it enhances the value of our knowledge to ourselves, not only in its depth, confirmation, and readiness for use, but in that acquaintance with human nature, that self-command, and that reaction of moral training upon ourselves, which are above all price.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

THE DEEPEST THING IN HUMAN NATURE

(By Earl J. Saxon, in Paahao Press)

LADY MACBETH sleep-walking, her conscience tortured by the murder of Duncan. Her husband, sharing both her distress and guilt, cried out to the doctor: "Cans't thou not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart?" The wise doctor answers: "Therein the patient must minister to himself. More needs she the divine, than the physician."

THE REALITY OF SIN: Sin is far more than a theological doctrine; it is a fact of human life. Henry Drummond lectured to the students of Edinburgh University. His first lecture was "Evolution and Religion" and the second was "Evolution and Christianity." He began the third saying, "In the first two lectures I have tried to appeal to your reason. Tonight I would like to say a few words on the deepest thing in human nature--that which is called in theological language SIN." "We believe that the sin of man was no part of the purpose of God; yet that all men are still sinful, and that each of us has been guilty

of willful and repeated sin. We acknowledge that sin separates men from God, and brings them under his condemnation and punishment; and that without his forgiveness and his patient and might help no man can deliver himself from either the guilt or the power of his sin."

OUR COMMON SINFULNESS: Alexander Whyte said to his congregation, "I will give you the name of the greatest sinner in Edinburgh. It is Alexander Whyte!"

OUR COMMON SIN: War. Interracial strife. Social injustice. Christ was made sin for us! We need to realize our share in the sin of the world. only so do we become our brother's keeper.

THE SEPARATIONS OF SIN: Judas going out into the night. Never again was he with the band. Never again in Christ's presence. In Eden: "Hid themselves!"

THE ONLY DELIVERANCE: Basically our sin is against God. Our settlement must be made with God. God's mercy is recalled in Christ. Our only return to God is through Christ.

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power. But really great men have a curious feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them. And they see something divine in every other man and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—John Ruskin.

RIGHT AND WRONG

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

Right and Wrong. These two have been controversial topics from time immemorial. Some contend that right and wrong change sides with the passage of time; that they are not immutable; that they are merely one man's opinion as opposed to another man's contrary opinion. That which was wrong several centuries ago is right today. Time has brought about a change of opinion. Men see things differently today from what our forefathers did.

Well, if something which was considered wrong yesterday is today looked upon as proper, it ought to be clear that the opinion formerly held must have been erroneous; because wrong never can be right. If a thing is wrong it isn't right. That is plain. If a line of reasoning was right a century ago, it ought to be right today, else it wasn't right in the first place. That which is true is always true. But we do get a more enlightened understanding of that which is, according to some, an old established truth. Thus, truth never changes; it is only our understanding of it that undergoes transmutation. That which was false is false yet. A lie is never the truth. The absurdity of maintaining a contradictory opinion is apparent.

"How do you know I'm wrong?" is a challenge that egotistic men often hurl at their ethical opponents. It is purely self-deception masquerading as a cloak to cover up moral defects which men can not face. Make no mistake about this; the average man is afraid of truth. He immedi-

ately feels himself on the defensive.

What is right? What is wrong? Are these questions really so difficult to answer honestly? Doesn't a man immediately know when he is in the wrong?

By the very fact that a man tries to justify a wrong action or a wrong line of reasoning, he brands himself as dishonest with himself. He, in truth, is his own worst enemy and, if he continues to delude himself, will inevitably bring disaster upon himself.

The difference between right and wrong is so clear and distinct that only dishonesty will induce us to believe that one can with immunity violate the ethical code. That code was not established to foster falsehood. It developed when man found out that he couldn't possibly survive unless that code was generally adopted. No organized society can long function properly if ethics are thrown out the window; and generally, if not always, the first sign of national disintegration is the breakdown of that code among the people. The nation is only as strong as its spirit is healthy; and that depends on the outcome of the struggle between right and wrong.

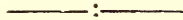
But how can you tell what is right? How can you distinguish it from that which is wrong?

By the Golden Rule. We instinctively recoil from one who does us an uncalled-for injury. We know when we are wronged; and by the same token we know when we have wronged some one else. Our conscience will not deceive us, although our weaken-

ed nature may do so. Did not the sages of the East centuries before this current era state the ethical code precisely as follows: Do not to another that which you would not have him do to you—if fortune reversed the situation? Whether it was Gautama of Confucius, I cannot immediately say. One or the other it was, and perhaps many before them stated it in

the same words.

Perhaps the positive statement best makes clear the difference between right and wrong. "Do unto others the good you would have them do unto yourself." It pays to be right even though the world chooses the wrong. Even if you are alone (in the right) you are mighty in that the Supreme Being is on your side.



ARE YOU WILLING

Are you willing to forget what you have done for others, and to remember what others have done for you; to remember what you have done to others, and to forgive them for what they have done to you; to ignore what society owes you, and to think of what you owe society; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and to try to look behind their faces and their hearts hungry for joy; to admit that probably the only real reason for your existence is not of life, but rather what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against law and society and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of good and happiness, to confess your mistakes, and forgive those of others; to work hard for what you get, yet give freely of what you have to those less fortunate; to take your religion into your heart and dedicate yourself to God. Are you willing to do these things for life: Then if you are perhaps you are ready for parole and society.

—The Summary.

PERSONAL GLIMPSSES OF THIS'N THAT

(Paahao Press)

A queer looking man went into Tiffany's a few years ago, and asked to be shown diamond rings. The reticent salesman first signaled a guard and then exhibited trays full of sparkling gems. The customer uttered no words but indicated his displeasure by crossing his eyes and making funny faces. After twenty minutes of this, he shook his head in a determined negative, and started out.

He was about to cross the threshold when he tripped and slid across the floor. Hundreds of diamond rings poured from the pockets of his coat and trousers. The guards collected the jewelry and held the culprit pending examination of their stock.

The appraisers reported that the gems were paste—Woolworth purchases—and the queer-looking man was permitted to depart. Tiffany's never learned that the prank was committed by Harpo Marx.

Frank Buck, the boy who grew up to be the most famous wild animal collector of his day was born in Texas. In a densely wooded area near his boyhood home, Frank Howard Buck made his first acquaintance with animals, and established a friendship that become lifelong.

From Texas he went to Chicago and later to South America in search of rare birds. After his second South

American trip, he sold his collection of birds and found the deal so profitable that he resolved to go in for wholesale bird and animal-collecting. Although he has been all over the world, he has specialized in the fauna of Asia has for years maintained headquarters at Singapore. He has crossed the Pacific some 40 times, circumnavigated the world five times, knocked out an orang-utan in fair fight, contracted to deliver (and delivered) to the city of Dallas one complete zoo; and assembled in his Singapore compound an assortment of live animals which, for number and variety, compares favorably with the largest municipal zoos. He has brought back to the United States an alarmingly large number of unique specimens.

A city man on a fishing trip was driven frantic by mosquitoes. The Southern Colonel, who was entertaining him, didn't seem to mind them a bit. After lying awake one night, the city man approached the old man who was doing the cooking and said, "John, how can the Colonel sleep all night with so many mosquitoes around him?" "Well, Sah," said John, "its like dis, the first part of the night the Colonel is too full to pay any attention to the skeeters, and the last part of the night, the skeeters is too full to pay any attention to the Colonel.

The man who blows his own horn usually stays at the little end.

LIVING TO START SOMETHING

(By Eugene C. Few, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Text: Thy faith hath made thee whole.
—St. Matthew 9:22.

All of us have faith in something. We cannot get along without faith. Yet when faith is mentioned these days there are numbers of people who show little interest in it. To them faith is a naive something, too simple and childish for their consideration. It must be that to many men and women faith appears as self-deception. There are those who seem to conclude that faith is "believing what we know is not so." Those who thus consider faith really know little about the real character of faith. Faith does not blind the mind. Faith does not contradict reason. In Emily Dickson's poetic lines we have a grave misconception of faith. Says she:

Faith is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see;
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency.

The author of these lines fails to remember that faith is a gift rather than an invention. Furthermore, she overlooks the fact that even microscopes are products of faith. Before there could be a microscope it was necessary first for someone to see it through the eyes of faith. Then when the microscope was invented and completed someone had to exercise a faith that the thing would work. Rather than being a blind to the intellect or a denial of reason, faith is the forerunner of both the intellect and reason. It is a gift with which God has en-

dorsed us. It is a creative gift. It has been said that "Faith is life's thrust into the future, perhaps as memory is life's thrust into the past." No scholarly scientist can tell us with absolute certainty what kind of a world we will have in the year 2000. But time, which waits for no man, hurries us ever on toward the year 2000 A. D. And just what kind of a world we are to have in 2000 A. D. is to be determined by what kind of faith our lives thrust into the future. If the prevailing faith of the peoples of the world be something like this: "Well, there have always been glaring injustices, needless misunderstandings, and wars among the nations and, hence, we believe that in the year 2000 A. D. things will be no different." Then things will be no different. Faith is the forerunner of the intellect. It is creative in character and possesses the uncanny ability to create the very thing in which it believes. If, on the other hand, men begin to exercise a daring faith in a possible world by the year 2000 A. D. in which needless misunderstandings are avoided by sane reason, and inequalities are transplanted by fair-minded justice, and destructive war by Christian brotherliness, then in 2000 A. D. faith will have builded a world which gives evidence of being a part of the Kingdom of God. Because we are human and not divine we cannot know the future. In that we cannot know the future, the only thing left for us to do is live by faith. It would be stupid for one to maintain that he be-

Thieves only that which he sees, for one does not believe all he sees. The intelligent person looks and with his own eyes sees the sun set, and yet at the same time he believes it has not set. Our view of the future comes through the keen thrust of faith. Likewise, our greatest contribution to the welfare of the future must be through a faith which will not be overcome.

I. Faith in God is born of a yearning for God.

Faith in God is quickened and intensified through prayer. When a man really prays his yearning for God grows to such an extent that he throws wide the door to his heart and lets God step in. When a man truly prays, his spirit is quickened into a newness of life and vitality, and he stands ready to yield himself to a strong desire to be like Jesus Christ.

None of us understand sorrow. We are at a loss to explain why it comes upon innocent and guilty alike. But in sincere prayer people find a strength which enables them to bear their sorrow and to convert the seeming curse of grief into a blessing. In a recent novel a woman is thrown into a state of desolation because a letter to her father from the man she loved and who loved her, the letter which asked her hand in marriage did not mention her name, but by a tragic slip of the pen wrote her sister's name. Thus, her sister, jealous and possessive, went to New Zealand in the days of the sailing vessels to be married in her stead. (*Green Dolphin Street*, by Elizabeth Gaudge.) Someone may say, "But that is only a fantastic story." Hold on a minute then; we

can bring this matter of sorrow closer home. An innocent child starts across a street with her books under her arm on her way to school, and a reckless driver, despite signals and warnings, bears down upon her with an automobile and leaves her lifeless form in the street. There's nothing fantastic about that. How then are the loved ones to face it? It is not enough to tell them that others have suffered the same thing. It is not sufficient to try to get them to ignore their sorrow. In sincere prayer we have something blessed to offer them. Through prayer they may be led into such a surrender to God that their bitterness shall be changed into sweetest music. Prayer has done that for many, and it will work with others if they only give it a chance.

The limitations of prayer are determined by our ability to ask great things and God's ability to grant great things. God's ability is not on trial. Consequently he stands ready and eager to do for us "exceedingly abundantly above that which we may ask or think." But our ability to ask great things is exposed continuously to acid tests, for not only must we demonstrate a capacity to ask great things; also, we must ask in a great way. And this great way lies in a simple faith in the great God.

II. Faith in God is a daring, glorious venture.

Christianity is not a theorem to be proved. It is a life to be lived. When people demand that Christianity be proved before they will accept it, we need to reply that, "Even in science the proof is found only through the

experiment." Jesus never said to his disciples or to anyone else, "Here is an ironclad theorem and if you believe it you are sure to be right." However, he did say, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Christianity is a way of life. It is living daily a life patterned after the ideals and the life of Jesus. Faith in Christ is kept alive through living it day by day. It is not the main business of the Christian simply to "stop something evil." It is his chief and high calling to "start something" filled with righteousness and Christian ministry.

With each of us faith in God must be a dynamic, living thing. It is Dr. George Buttrick, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City, who refers to "a one-man revolution." He says that one of the worst ills with which we are afflicted today is the attempt to run away from Christian responsibility by asking, "Oh, what can one person do?" Dr. Buttrick contends that because every person is peculiarly different from all other persons, therefore, for one to fail is much more than for one note to be missing on a piano keyboard. In that you are the only you in the human story, if you fail to live your faith in God, then one whole distinctive self has failed miserably. If a better world is to be projected into the future, then you and you and every you and I must assume our own burden. We must live by faith in God day by day. Faith in God is a daring and wonderful venture, but it is a venture that cannot fail because it is founded upon that God with whom

nothing is impossible. In the long ago Jehovah spoke unto the young Abram, the son of Terah, and said unto his, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto the land that I will shew thee, and I will make of thee a great nation." And Abram arose and went not knowing where he was going but he knew who was going with him, and he feared not and faltered not. He knew he had a God who would see him through.

A little blind child, close clasped up against her father, was carried by him into a room in a strange house. One who was in the room stepped up quietly and took the child from the arms of her father." You seem not to be much frightened," said her father. "Do you know who has you?" "No," she said, "but I am not afraid, for I know you know who has me."

Faith in God calls for daring venture, but it is wonderful because we know who is with us, who has us, and who will keep us. Therefore, we go anywhere he leads. As Charles Wesley has put it:

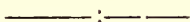
Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

If we want a Christian life, a Christian church, a Christian community, a Christian country, a Christian world, we may begin creating them the moment we begin in dead earnest to live our faith in God. It is through a living faith in him that the whole of mankind may experience the wholeness of life.

Prayer: Lord, thou in whom no faith

is ever misplaced, give us, we pray thee, a faith that refuses to admit that anything which should be done can't be done. Help us to develop our lives after the model of that One who through coming into the world supplied us with the perfect revelation of

Thee. So simplify and intensify our faith in him that we may be used of Thee in doing the things which no man can do. And thus may we be partners with Thee in building a new and righteous world. Amen.



ADJUST YOURSELF

The hardest task put before the average boy today seems to be that of adjustment to his surroundings. Through shyness, lack of interest, or a well defined obstinacy, several months are wasted before even a partial adjustment is made. And why does it cause so much trouble? If it is going to be such a supreme effort to adapt plans to conform to ordinary rules—what would be the results on a job?

Each new adventure, and each new enterprise involves varied aspects which have never before been evidenced as a reality. By meeting calmly, and with a little effort, obstacles are quickly and easily removed. Those then who have taken several weeks or months to accustom themselves to the standard of the school and shop would be more than behind when it came to a job. Certainly no employer would condescend to pay an individual several months salary and use up an extra amount of energy trying to make him conform to his way of office procedure.

Therefore, in disguise, each one is an important subject added to his school and shop program. An improvement along this line will receive equally as much consideration.

When one has acquired the ability to quickly and easily adjust himself to his surroundings, half the battle is won.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest minister at the school last Sunday was Rev. John H. McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Concord. Mr. McKinnon brought his usual interesting message to the boys, and his visit was greatly appreciated.

For a Scripture lesson Mr. McKinnon read a selection from the third chapter of Ephesians, beginning with the fourteenth and reading through the nineteenth verse. This selection is one of Paul's letters to the Ephesians.

In introducing his talk to the boys, Mr. McKinnon told of one of his recent experiences, in which he found a jay bird desperately trying to get through the window panes of his garage window. Time after time the bird flew against the glass, and each time was thrown back. During all of the time, the garage door was wide open, so that there was enough of an opening for an automobile to enter. Yet, the bird did not know enough or was unwilling to turn around and fly out to safety. Mr. McKinnon explained that he had considerable difficulty in overpowering the bird and helping him get away, back out into the world where his friends were. The bird even fought back at him when he tried to help.

It was explained to the boys that too often men, women and children do things just like that in their relationship to God. Too often we find ourselves full of resentments because of what we think God is demanding of us, instead of understanding what God Himself wants to do for us. Paul in

his letter to the Ephesians explained to them that the need for inner strength and power from God is what is most needed by everyone.

By way of illustration, the minister explained to the boys that whenever there is a case of a sick child who is so desperately ill that he probably needs a blood transfusion. As the child's own father stands by and looks into the face of his child that is slowly dying, he is willing to give not only a pint but the last drop of blood if he can save the life of his child.

In our spiritual lives there is always need for strength and power. There is need that we be given grace for our inner spirits. Too often, people are prone to pity themselves too much. They remember how they have been harmed and persecuted by others. They oftentimes feel that injustices have come to them far beyond what they deserve. Such people should remember, however, that, after all, other people can hurt only the person who is not strong on the inside.

There are in the world two classes—those who face the world with Christ, and those who face it without Him.

Mr. McKinnon illustrated his talk further by describing a farm that is located out in the far west. It was described as a fertile, productive farm which is supported by irrigation. The owner of the farm had dug a deep well down into the bowels of the earth where there was a powerful stream flowing through the rocks. With the water from this well he irrigated his farm and kept it fertile when the

surrounding farms were dry and barren.

Likewise, there are people who have deep resources in Christ that keep them inwardly strong.

It was explained to the boys that Paul himself was constantly wrestling with his own sins. He found oftentimes that he did the things which he wished he would not do, and he left off doing those things which he felt he should do. The boys were reminded, too, that sin as Paul faced it constantly in his life is a powerful force, and victory comes only to those who persistently work for righteousness.

Mr. McKinnon told the story of how a young man, Adam Judson, was once traveling through a strange land. He was permitted to sleep one night in a room which was located next to that of a dying man. Through the night the sick man groaned with his suffering. During the night he died, and Judson felt that he had not done any-

thing to relieve the man in his suffering. He felt so terrible about this that he went to see his father and asked his father to help him get things straight in his life. After talking to his father he decided he would dedicate his life as a missionary to Burma. To this country he went, and gave seven years of his life before he had his first convert. For thirty years he preached among the people there, and established a church. It was explained that the influence of this church is going on through eternity. Before Judson was able to do that, though, he had to be strengthened by the power of God.

Each boy was asked to remember that God wants to give of Himself to every boy; that He is eager to show each one how much He loves him. Through His power each one can be so strong on the inside that nothing on the outside can hurt or harm him.

-----:-----

“What if—some day, when you and I are standing watching the fitful lightning in the sky,

Hearing the muttered threat of distant thunder, knowing humanity’s dread hour is nigh—

“A sudden thrill should quiver through our being; not the death pang that ends all mortal strife,

But, in ecstatic surge of swift, strange power, mortality be swallowed up of life!

“O blessed hope, that looks beyond the shadows; that is not troubled by this world’s alarms;

That knows the Life, and sees a transformation; that waits the welcome of His outstretched arms!—Selected.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology.—Emerson.

—:—

Humility is the genuine proof of Christian virtue.—Rochefoucauld.

—:—

There is not one wise man in twenty that will praise himself.—Shakespeare

—:—

What too many orators want in depth, they give you in length.

—Montesquieu.

—:—

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

—Confucius.

—:—

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—Washington.

—:—

The personal pronoun "I," might well be on the coat of arms of some individuals.—Rivarol.

—:—

Christian piety annihilates the egotism of the heart; worldly politeness veils and repasses it.

—Pascal.

—:—

An egotist is a man who talks so much about himself that he gives me no time to talk about myself.

—H. L. Wayland.

—:—

All animals came on Noah's ark in pairs, except worms; they came in apples.

—:—

The big things in life are never done by fussy people. Poise is one of the earmarks of mental strength.

—:—

If more people would say thanks for little favors more people would find big favors to be thankful for.

—:—

No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and

moral well being of the place in which he lives, is left long without proper reward.—Booker T. Washington.

—:—

It's a ten to one bet that when someone slaps you on the back he's trying to make you cough up something.

—:—

Words should be employed as the means, not as the end; language is the instrument, conviction is the work.

—Sir J. Reynolds.

—:—

All our actions take their hue from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.

—Bacon.

—:—

If God hath made this world so fair, where sin and death abound, how beautiful, beyond compare, will paradise be found.—Montgomery.

—:—

Historians give us the extraordinary events, and omit just what we want, the every-day life of each particular time and country.—Whately.

—:—

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than the most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

—:—

Should you ask me, what is the first thing in religion? I should reply, the first, second and third thing therein—may, all—is humility.—St. Augustine.

—:—

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs no school of long experience, that the world is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares to tire thee of it, enter this wild wood and view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze that makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

—Bryant.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Hopkins: "Well doctor, was my operation a success?"

"I'm not your doctor; I'm St. Peter."

—:—

Two soldiers were driving a jeep. One remarked, "We must be getting near camp—we're knocking down fewer civilians!"

—:—

Mother: "Tom why don't you comb your hair back out of your eyes?"

Tom: "Because I like to start the day with a bang."

—:—

"I married him because he kept saying that all he wanted to hear was the patter of running feet—. How was I to know he means horses?"

—:—

Will Rogers had the solution to the congested traffic situation. He proposed that streets could only be used by auto's that were paid for!

—:—

Harris: "How much will it cost to cure me?"

Dr. Boyer: "\$1,000,000."

Harris: "What! I had a better bid from the undertaker."

—:—

Customer: "Waiter, bring me a fruit salad, a bulldog, and one of your steaks."

Waiter: "But why the bulldog?"

Customer: "To eat the steak."

—:—

Judge—to witness: Was your friend in the habit of talking to himself when alone?

Witness: To tell the truth, Judge, I was never with him when he was alone.

—:—

Mr. B: "Why were you late to work this morning?"

Burch: "My wife gave birth to a baby."

Mr. B. "Well, see that it doesn't happen again."

—:—

"I've got a new job."

"Where are you working now?"

"In a watch factory."

"What do you do in a watch factory?"

"I hold hands."

—:—

Rich Uncle: Sorry you didn't like your birthday gift but I did ask you if you preferred large checks or small ones.

Nephew: Sure. But how was I to know you were talking about neckties.

—:—

The visitor was examining the class and pulled this fast one. "Can any of you little boys tell me what a fish net is made of?"

The never failing bright boy knew the answer. "It's a lot of little holes tied together with string."

—:—

Warden: "So you think you are actually sane now. If we give you your liberty, will you leave liquor and women alone?"

Inmate: "I sure will."

Warden: "Crazy! You'd better stay right here."

(P. S. "Joke")

—:—

It was homework time and mama was coaching little Benny in his arithmetic.

"Benny," said she, "tell me how much is seven and four."

"Twelve," replied Benny.

"For shame!" said mama.

"That's not bad for a little shaver. He only missed it by two," said papa.

—:—

A moron went to the theatre, bought a ticket and was told to go through the door. In a minute he was back at the ticket office again, went through the door and was back again for the third ticket. This happened once more. The ticket agent finally said, "Didn't you just buy four tickets?" "Yes," replied the moron. "But every time I gave it to the man at the door, he tore it up and threw it in a little box."

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 24, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Glenmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ehlers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
James Jones
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Billy Smith
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Jackie Basinger
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Billy Holder
Eugene Peterson
Van Robinson
James Scott
Donald Stack
Clyde Smith

COTTAGE No. 3

James Christy

Bobby Duncan
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Hubert Griffin
Earl Hensly
Jack Jarvis
James Martin
Woodrow Norton
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Bobby Hedrick
Leon Martin
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Richard Taylor
Robert Thompson
Jimmy Volroth
Richard Whittaker
Linnie Whittington

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Billy Ray Keene
Evan Myers
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Edward Ingold
Melvin Ledford
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Lewis Holt
Horace Jordan
Phillip Kirk
Edward McCall
Thomas McGhee
Jerry Peavy
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Marvin Guyton
Paul Hendron
Thomas Miller
Ray Minish
Edward McInnis
Eugene Newton
Charles Slaney
Robert Williamson
J. T. Haigler

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Kenneth Horne
Robert Whittaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Thomas Linville
Benny Riggins
Jimmy Rogers
Richard Sandlin

COTTAGE No. 3

Zane Brisson
Bill Carswell
Jack Coleman
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Horace Moses
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes

Russell Seagle
Harold Sellers
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Treva Coleman
Frank Grady
Thurman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Rippy
Earl Wood
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Donald Baker
Cecil Butcher
Willard Brown
Howard Bass
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Garland Leonard
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Eugene Womble
Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Eden Chavis
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Charles McDaniels
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Francis Thomas
Howard Wilson
Bobby Woodruff
Walter Hammond
Glenn Bumgardner

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Charles Smith

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THE UPLIFT

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MAY 10 1948

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you've a gray-haired mother—In the old
home far away,
Sit down and write a letter—You've put off
day by day;
Don't wait until her tired steps—Reach
Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her—Before
it is too late.

The tender words unspoken.—The letter nev-
er sent,
The long forgotten messages.—The wealth
of love unspent
For these some hearts are breaking.—For
these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them—Be-
fore it is too late.

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

HOW MOTHER'S DAY WAS STARTED

In 1910 Miss Anna Jarvis, a lady in Philadelphia, suggested that one day in every year should be set aside and celebrated in honor of all mothers.

The first Mother's Day was celebrated in a Sunday School in Philadelphia.

President Wilson in 1914 asked that the American flag be put out on every government building on the second Sunday of May every year which was set aside for Mother's Day.

An artist named Whistler thought so much of his mother that he painted a picture of her. Later it became a very famous picture.

President McKinley wore a white carnation in memory of his mother. It is now a custom for the people of the United States to wear a white carnation if the mother is dead, and a red or pink carnation if the mother is living.

England celebrated Mother's Day long before the people of the United States did, but they called it Mothering Day. Everybody that was away from home tried very hard to get home to spend the day with his mother. Everyone who was lucky enough to get home always took with him a cake for his mother. It was made of the finest flour and it was a sweet fruit cake. It was all decorated and it was as pretty as our birthday cakes.

Napoleon said, "France needs nothing so much as good mothers."

An old writer said, "One good mother is worth more than a hundred schoolmasters."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship falls,

A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

Abraham Lincoln said, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Lincoln's mother said, "Abe never gave me a cross word or one unkind look."

—Ralph E. Wright.

OUR MOTHERS

Once again we have come to the time for the observance of Mother's Day. This is that special day in the year when all the people of the nation join heart and hand in paying loving tribute to mother-

hood. It is a day when, out of the spontaneous sentiments of love, young and old reverently bow themselves at the shrine of motherhood and pay their warmest tributes to those who gave them life.

We welcome this opportunity once again to give this universal expression of our love and to acclaim the fine qualities and virtues of our mothers. We shall remind ourselves first of all that we have a debt to them which can never be repaid, either by words or by fond gifts. It is the time when no one will miss the opportunity of doing some tangible good deed to honor the mother who still lives or in some other way honor the mother who has passed on into the Great Beyond.

It has been said that the mothers of the land have constituted the great "fountain source of high ideals and noble aspirations" throughout the ages. It is they who have dreamed dreams and enjoyed the companionship of the gods. It is they who, because they have had fellowship with the angels of heaven itself, have had the power and the influence to fashion the destinies of men and of nations.

Today, we are living in an era when life is much more complex and much more filled with pitfalls and distractions than ever before. There are grave dangers that the mothers of the home may neglect their responsibilities to their children and delegate their functions of motherhood into the hands of others. This is a dangerous situation.

Mother's Day is certainly not to be observed in any superficial manner. To do so would be a desecration of Mother's Day. It is, on the other hand, a time for giving expression to the sincere sentiments of one's heart. It is that day when we should cause our mothers to feel that we pay to them our warmest tributes, and we accord to them our deepest devotion and love. In feeble words, we honor our mothers as best we can.

On Mother's Day it is fitting that we wear an appropriate flower, dedicated wholly to Mother; and that we seek to atone for all the grief and sorrow which we may have caused in other days.

One of the poets has given us this poem, "For Mother's Sake":

"I want to be as good as gold,
For mother's sake;
And high my head I want to hold,

For mother's sake.
Some children say, "I won't!" So there!
And some tell lots of lies and swear!
I want to keep my record fair,
For mother's sake.

A manly boy I want to be,
For mother's sake;
I want her to be proud of me,
For mother's sake.
I want to do just what is right
And keep my future looking bright.
And this I'll do with all my might,
For mother's sake.

* * * * *

REPORT ON PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTING WORK JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1948

We have just received from Miss Juanita Noland, state psychologist for correctional institutions, a report of her last testing program here at the Jackson Training School. This report has in it some very valuable information concerning the boys and their mental abilities, and it is believed that it is the type of information which should be made available to the welfare officials and the juvenile judges of the state.

There is every indication that Miss Noland did a very thorough piece of work in testing the boys. There were many details involved, and much time and effort had to be given to the work.

This report is being carried as an editorial in order to give it a prominent place in The Uplift.

We wish to express to Miss Noland our appreciation for all of her efforts. We are sure that the results of the tests will be very helpful to the school program.

During the recent two months period of testing at Jackson Training School, one-hundred and ten boys received individual mental ability tests, along with the Stanford-Achievement tests. All previous testing had been on a group basis, using a group standardized test. The individual testing, in my opinion, has proved of much more value than group work. The boy is able to begin his work on a level where he is apt to be successful, and then continues until he reaches his ceiling—as measur-

ed by the test. This type of testing gives an accurate index for school placement when used along with the Achievement test score.

In regards to the type of test, many questions are asked as to the reliability of that test. The Stanford-Binet test, which is used, has been firmly established as a test which most nearly meets our general need in the training school. A child need not have been to school in order to take this test, and the range is broad enough to transcend the so-called (Normal Intelligence) scale of values—from kindergarten through college or adulthood.

The following figures from the past period of testing are given in regards to ratings and the classes into which they fall:

		Number
Very Superior Intelligence	130-120	2
Superior Intelligence	119-110	3
Normal Intelligence	90-109	22
Dull Mentality	80-89	33
Borderzone Group	79-70	34
Inferior Group	69-Below	16

The Achievement Test scores correlate quite accurately with these scores although too often we find those boys with fairly good ability who were retarded—due to various reasons in their home community—and therefore tend to fall into a lower grade at the school here. Placed in the proper grade at Jackson, the boy has a favorable chance to continue his academic training on a level suitable to his mental age. Remedial work is required for certain boys, particularly in the reading areas.

Both the Achievement and the I. Q. score is considered before a placement or change in present grade is made. Many times the boy will suggest the change to a lower grade in which he will be capable of competing. Since school difficulties constitute a great portion of the reason “why” a boy eventually comes to the training school, it is felt that to benefit him most he must be properly placed according to grade, so that as many of his deficiencies as possible can be dealt with to make school a happy as well as an educational experience.

It was hoped that aptitude testing could be taken up for all new boys. Time permitted only the boys of the 11th grade to take the Mechanical Aptitude Test. This is the first group who have received an aptitude test in any of the training schools of the state. The boys tested have reached the age levels which are fairly reliable for prediction in relation to

this score, and other scores. The practical advantage of this type of test is to suggest to that boy who is definitely inclined toward mechanical work to seek further experience (varied, if possible) and plan to locate such work after he leaves the training school. This, of course, applies to the older boy who will generally work when he goes home.

In terms of school situations, the following relationships are to be considered as indicative of individual case difficulties:

1. Motor—Those with high motor abilities tend to excel those with low abilities who find difficulty in certain types of hand-work. These motor tests require a certain “stick-to-it-iveness” on comparatively simple mental tasks and they are indicators of the amount of energy or detail that pupils are willing to give to any simple routine type of activity.

2. Visual Imagery—Seems to play a significant part in the learning processes. It also plays a large part in various forms of mechanical aptitudes and understanding of drawings, sizes and proportions.

3. Mechanical Information—This portion of the test usually reflects some unusual interest in mechanical aptitude or background opportunities which have been fortunate in these directions.

4. Educational—In mechanical aptitude a knowledge of fundamental arithmetic abilities is important in computing problems and materials which are found in mechanical operations.

Individual scores as well as a collective score is given on this test. This data should always be used with other data, and not be accepted as the sole criterion of judgment. The mechanical aptitude score should be placed on the accumulative record card, along with the intelligence score.

The success of the testing program in the training school as a functional and worthwhile service is dependent not only on the actual testing, but the interpretation, placement and follow-up study of each individual boy. I believe that the testing program has been considered very conscientiously by the teachers and superintendent in placement efforts at this school. It has been an enjoyable experience working with the boys and staff here.

—Juanita Noland.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

The Baby Chicks

By James Wilson, 1st Grade

We have got 1200 baby chicks. We take care of them and they are growing very fast.

The Softball Game

By Raymond Harding, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon Cottages 9 and 10 had a softball game. Cottage 10 won the game by a score of 34 to 2. We enjoyed the game very much.

A Ball Game

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Last Saturday, Cottage 7's big team played Cottage 6. The score was 31 to 1 in favor of No. 7. Everybody played a good game. After the game we went swimming.

Softball Game

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 7's little team played No. 6. Jack Paschal was the pitcher and Glenn Davis was the catcher. The score was 17 to 4 in favor of No. 7. It was a good game.

Our Trip

By George Brincefield, 1st Grade

Cottage No. 14 and Cottage 1 went to the cabin Saturday evening. We had a good time. Some of the boys

fished and some of us played cowboy. We had five hotdogs and two drinks and some apples and bananas.

Second Grade News

By Thomas Shepard, 2nd Grade

We visited the first grade today. We enjoyed our visit with them. Mrs. Hawfield read us a story about a dog whose name was True Boy. We thank her and we want to visit the first grade again.

My First Swim

By Herbert Griffin, 5th Grade

Saturday, after we played ball, we had our first swim of the year. I enjoyed it very much. Although I cannot swim, I had a good time and I hope all the boys had a good time as well.

Second Grade News

By Claude Crump, 2nd Grade

We had a good time at the cabin Saturday. Mr. Hooker and Mr. Hinson took us over there. We roasted weiners and marshmallows and had drinks and cookies. We played cowboy and other games. We hope we can go again soon.

Baseball Game

By James Arrowood, 5th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 3 played No. 14 in softball. The final score was 16 to 8. The No. 3 boys

were the first to score. It was a good game, and we hope to play many more games. We have not lost a game this year and we hope to win all our games.

The First Swim of the Year

By Donald Alberty, 5th Grade

Saturday afternoon we went for a swim in the gym. The water was a little cold at first but it felt good anyway. We had a lot of fun in the pool. Some of the boys did not know how to swim. I hope all of the boys will learn to swim.

My First Swim

By James Swinson, 5th Grade

Last Saturday, each cottage went swimming after playing ball. Many of the boys couldn't swim. The water was cold at first, but I soon got used to it. Our Cottage goes in swimming three times a week. I enjoyed going swimming and I know the other boys did too.

The Cub Scout Work

By Elijah Spivey, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Liske, our Den Mother, bought the Cub Scouts some scrap books. These are the boys who are working on them: Bill Brown, Elijah Spivey, Jerry Minter, and Eden Chavis. We are having a good time with them. We have found many pretty pictures to put in them. We have a meeting every Monday night.

My Operation

By James Martin, 3rd Grade

Last week, I went to the hospital

with some other boys to get my tonsils removed. It was not bad because everybody was so good to us. Dr. Rankin was our doctor. The nurses were good to us too. They gave us ice cream, and juice. We really had a good breakfast the day we left. We get to go to school all day for a week.

Baseball Game

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

No. 4 won over Cottage No. 13 with a score of 12 to 3. The softball players won for No. 4 with a score of 46 to 7. If we play them again we want to show them that the score will not be anywhere the same. We hope everyone enjoyed the game, especially the No. 4 boys.

Baseball

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 10 defeated No. 9 with a score of 12 to 5. It was a very good game. We also won in softball.

We defeated Cottage 5 Sunday with a score of 16 to 3. We hope that we can win all our games with the help of Mr. Liske.

Receiving Cottage vs. No. 14

By Major Loftin, 9th Grade

Saturday, the Receiving Cottage won their second game of the season. We defeated No. 14, 4 to 3. Loftin pitched for the Receiving Cottage and Ball did a fine job for No. 14 until Rippy took over in the last inning.

The score was tied at 3 to 3 when Gerald Petty, Receiving Cottage first baseman, tripled and Ray Bridge-

man singled bringing home Petty with the winning run. Loftin was the winning pitcher and Rippy was the losing pitcher.

Cottage No. 1-17

By Alfred Perry, 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage No. 17 defeated No. 1. Carl Davis pitched for No. 17 and Alfred Perry and Robert Ellers pitched for No. 1. It was a very good game and we hope to beat them next time. The umpire was Mr. Liske.

The final score was 2 to 1 in 17's favor.

Cottage 2 Wins Over 15

By Donald Stack, 7th Grade

Last Saturday, Cottage 2 defeated No. 15, 10 to 3. Harvey Arnett was the pitcher for No. 2 and Fox and Sargent pitched for No. 15. Billy Mc Vicker, of No. 2, and J. D. Gupton, of No. 15, hit triples. Billy Anderson played a good game at second base.

Both teams played good ball and showed good sportsmanship. We hope to win many other games before the season is over.

New Boys

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

The new boys that came in during the past two weeks have really enjoyed playing and working. They are as follows: William Anderson, Leaksville, 3d Grade, Earl Crisp, Yellow Creek, 4th Grade, Richard Fisher, Charlotte, 6th Grade, Earl Medford, Dallas, 3rd Grade, Fulton Phillips, Lumberton, 4th Grade.

I'm sure these boys will like their cottages and will cooperate with their officers.

Cottage 1 and Cottage 14 Go to Log Cabin

By Alfred Davis, 9th Grade

Last Saturday, May 1, Cottage 1 and Cottage 14 went to the log cabin.

Some of the boys went fishing. The largest one caught, was caught by Hugh Ball, of Cottage 14. It was about six inches long.

After the boys had eaten all the hot dogs and fruit they wanted, they began to toast marshmallows. When every one had finished eating, some of the boys began to go back down to the creek, but most of them were so full they just lay around until it was time to go back to the school.

We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hinson and Mr. and Mrs. Hooker for taking us to the log cabin.

All the boys of both cottages wish to thank Mr. Yates, a fruit dealer of Concord and also a close friend of Mr. Hooker's, for the bananas he gave us. We ate all we wanted at the cabin and had enough left to give the other cottages some when we returned to the school.

Scores and Standings

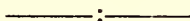
By Gerald Johnson 11th Grade

Things are shaping up pretty well now in the baseball world and its not doing too bad around the school. There were some very good games last Saturday between the cottages. The boys are taking more interest in their games as time goes on. There seems to be more team spirit than at the beginning

of the season and hope that this will continue. Scores for the baseball games Saturday were: Cottage 17 defeated Cottage 1, 11 to 2; Cottage 2 defeated No. 15, 10 to 3; No. 4 over No. 13, 12 to 3; Cottage 5 over 11, 7 to 6; Receiving Cottage over Cottage 14, 4 to 3; and No. 10 over 9, 12 to 5.

There were also some interesting softball games. The little boys really

run up the score. Softball results and scores are as follows: Cottage 15 over No. 2, 28 to 4; Cottage 17 over 3B, 13 to 9; No. 7B over No. 6A, 17 to 4; No. 4 over No. 13, 46 to 7; No. 3A over 14, 16 to 10; No. 7A over 6B, 41 to 1; No. 10 over No. 9, 34 to 2; and No. 5 over No. 11, 27 to 3. The standings of each Cottage will begin next week.



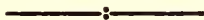
FACING THE SUNRISE

The sun has set, the light is gone;
 The plans I made in early dawn
 Fade into broken dreams.
 Is this the end, or will life smile
 And loved ones speak to me, the while
 New morning beams?

Yes, rosy light will kiss these eyes,
 And breezes fresh from waking skies
 Will whisper in these ears;
 New plans will come for work and praise,
 Life will go on in grander ways,
 All free from fears.

Past days of pain will leave my mind,
 Their bitter tears no longer blind,
 Within God's sunrise glow;
 Tonight I'll trust the dawn to see,
 Have dear ones walk again with me—
 Then we shall know!

—John Cline.



THE ADEQUACY OF CHRIST

(By Bishop W. W. Peele, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Life must have a center. It must be organized around some cause or person. Otherwise, life will be unsteady, undisciplined and irregular. It will be erratic and without coordination. Its movements will be without purpose and conviction. There will be no steering gear attached to the affections. Thus they will be deflected by prejudice, or whim, or mood—being unharnessed from discipline, they will run loose in coltish fashion. It will lack that strengthening element of will power so necessary to good living. Without a center life will be lived at random. There will be no continuous purpose. Direction, so essential to achievement, will be lacking.

Now there are a great many interests about which a person can organize his life. Some are good and some are bad. Very few people deliberately organize their lives about something that is bad. For the most part they select something that is good. But the trouble is that what is good is not always adequate. Some organize themselves about athletics, and you have seen that done. After the Rose Bowl game of a few years ago, one of the professors of a university whose team had participated said to me that one of the fine things about the team was that for the most part the young men composing it were upright young men and that they stood well in their studies. Why, certainly they must do that. You cannot be a good athlete long and lead an immoral life. A man with a low grade of intelligence can't do that sort of work. To be an

athlete one must be master of himself. The athlete gives himself to the co-operative efforts of the entire team. You may make music your mistress, or you may make literature your master, and thus organize yourself. But all such organization is imperfect and partial. It is incomplete. It is inadequate to the demands of life. To be honest is good, but not good enough. To be pure is commendable, but it is not sufficient. To be beautiful is worthy, but it is not sufficient to prepare one for all the tests of life. Perfect and complete organization is found only around Jesus Christ. For Jesus Christ is the home of everything that is true and beautiful and good, and calls out every holy and heroic thing, every beautiful and noble thing in life. Let him become the Lord of your life and organize your life about him, or rather, let him organize it. What I am attempting to say is that if you are looking for some central force or personality that is able to lift you out of yourself and out of the turmoil and confusion in which you find yourself, there is only One who is complete and adequate to all demands, that One is Jesus Christ. And what I am interested in is that you accept him unanimously—loving him with all the heart, all the soul, all the strength, and having your personality organized about him.

I heard Bishop Mouzon give this chapter out of his experience. He said he was a boy about 15 years old. He had already determined that he would be a Christian. He had settled

that. He had been brought up in a Christian home where the Bible was daily read. He had decided that if he were to be a Christian that he must read the Bible every day. He believed that then a boy of 15, and he said he believed it now a man of 60. At 15 he went in the early morning when everything was still to his father's office. He pulled open his father's private drawer. He took from it the New Testament and read from the first chapter of John until he came to these words, "Jesus came unto his own, and his own received him not, but as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Bishop Mouzon said that the question was put home to his heart, "Will you receive him, or will you not?" He said that he answered back in language that he could never forget, "I do now take him as the Lord and Master of my life." And the Spirit bore witness that he was the child of God. He was then filled with a strange and quiet peace.

But, should you not strive to be honest, pure, beautiful, truthful? Of course. The thing is this: "Jesus is the home of everything that you ought to be. He alone is complete and adequate. He alone calls out everything that is holy and heroic in your life. His values are eternal values and in union with him they emerge in your life. Continually we are being started by the infinite as it is revealed in our own lives. In fidelity to Christ we are faithful to everything that is found in Christ, and, loyal to these great interests, we discover that here and now in this world we are living upon a level that is not mortal and

that there are values emerging from our lives that have in them the very seed of immortality. To be practical, may I point out some of these values, all of which have their origin in Christ. No one of them is sufficient, but in Christ is to be found the completeness of values. He came that we might have life in all its completeness.

First, there is the sense of truth—something to which you must be loyal, at any cost. The moment you begin to think of truth as something which has a right to demand your allegiance, something superior to physical pleasure or pain and transcending physical comfort, you have already passed out of the world of mortality and entered into the world of eternal values. To suffer for the truth is already to reach a region beyond the clanging gates which physical death swings shut.

Then, there is a beauty which is something more than any particular expression of beauty. You thrill in the presence of a particular physical sunset. But at least there comes to you a sense of that beauty that lies back of all the sunsets that have been and all the sunsets that shall ever be. For the moment, the material is shown through with golden loveliness. That is tonight's sunset. But there is a beauty that shines in every lovely thing and yet is beyond them all, a beauty which gives a soul of loveliness to the material world. As you give yourself to the thought of this beauty, as you try to express it in lovely words, or to pour it out in the graciousness of daily living, you have already passed into a realm which mortality cannot touch. Your life is

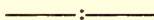
already renewed by deathless beauty, even in the midst of a world of decay.

When you include goodness in the center of your life you confront another challenge to mortality. There is something about certain men that gets into their words and moves people. That something is pure goodness. Goodness transcends the material order. It is a value that belongs to eternity. And at once it makes immortality a new sort of belief. It now comes to the belief that goodness cannot die. And the belief is all the easier because we have a curious feeling that you cannot exhaust goodness. So it, too, has the seed of immortality in it. Not only does it deserve eternal life, it is in quality itself eternal.

May I speak briefly of one more—sacrifice. When the Titanic went down there were those who stepped aside and accepted certain death to give a chance for life to stewardesses and immigrant women. Think of the moral significance of such actions. Such attitudes challenge eternity to justify them. What is the master motive of human life? If you would move men to action and to high endeavor to what would you appeal? The cynic says to selfishness. But the cynic is shortsighted—blind to facts of which the world is full. Self-interest

is a kind of mechanical force, potent, it is true; but not the ruling motive of life at its best. All that a man hath will he give for his life," we are told; but again and again, in loyalty to some idea, in devotion to some high impulse or ideal, man will fling his life away gladly. No, there is another force in human life, a force which melts and fuses our lower powers, and overwhelms us with its sovereignty. Call it religion, patriotism, idealism, love of God or truth—give it whatever name you will; there is a force that overcomes and drives out selfishness, and makes life a thing of splendor. It is not selfishness that enriches the annals of every people with the names of heroes and saints. Love is the master motive of life, and he who does not see it is blind.

All these far-flung values—the greatness of truth, the imperishable quality of beauty, the vistas of goodness, the glory of purity, the sublimity of honest, and the motive of love are all qualities of the Divine life, and when you make Christ the Master and King of your life you advocate and become examples of all these things that enrich his personality. "Christ is all and in all." "In him all things hold together." He is at the center of the believer's life.



Look in the face of the person to whom you are speaking if you wish to know his real sentiments, for he can command his words more easily than his countenance.—Chesterfield.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY-COLORADO

(The Summary)

Colorado, one of the Mountain States, is situated near the center of the western half of the United States, on the western rim of the Mississippi River basin and in the east central part of the Rocky Mountains. It is bounded on the north by Wyoming and Nebraska, on the east by Kansas and Nebraska, on the south by New Mexico and a small strip of the Oklahoma panhandle, and on the west by Utah.

That part of the State lying east of the Rocky Mountains was included in the territory acquired by the purchase from France (1803) usually referred to as the Louisiana Purchase. All the southeastern portion of the State, lying south of the Arkansas River, and a narrow strip extending north through the mountain district into Wyoming, was claimed by the State of Texas and became a part of the United States when Texas was annexed (1845). This included a considerable tract belonging to the Louisiana Purchase but the controversy about the northern boundary of Texas was settled long before Colorado became a state. The western part of what is now the State of Colorado and an additional strip lying west and south of the Rio Grande del Norte was ceded to the United States by Mexico (1848) following the war between the two countries. The actual settlement of Colorado began with the discovery of gold (1858) at which time most of the eastern half of the State was included in Kansas Territory under

the name of Arapahoe County. The Territory of Colorado was organized (Feb. 1861).

The topography is extremely varied, with a difference of more than 11,000 feet between the lowest and highest points, the eastern half ahead of mining and livestock, consisting mostly of low rolling plains, rising gradually in elevation as they approach the western half which is mountainous, with numerous peaks rising to an altitude of more than 14,000 feet.

Because of its high mountains and heavy snowfall in the winter the State holds a unique position in relation to the rivers and water supply of more than two-thirds of the United States and a part of Mexico. The Continental Divide through the State separates the waterheads of the Pacific on the west from those of the Mississippi River on the east. The largest stream is the Colorado River. With its tributaries it forms the principal drainage for western Colorado. Rising in Grand County and flowing southwesterly to about the center of the western boundary, where it enters Utah, the Colorado portion of the river formerly was known as the Grand, but its name was changed (1921) by the General Assembly. Others are the So. Platte, upper forks of the Kansas, Arkansas, Rio Grande, White, San Juan, Green, Animas, Pine and Gunnison. Many of these rivers travel in deep narrow canyons, notable the Arkansas, which makes its way through the "Royal

Gorge,"or Canyon of the Arkansas at a depth of 2,600-3,000 feet. Other famous gorges are the Grand River Canyon and the Toitec Gorge in the south.

There are fourteen national forests wholly within the State and one lying partially with its boundaries. They comprise 20 percent of the State's area, embracing 13,500,000 acres. There are two national parks and six national monuments also one national monument on the boundary between Colorado and Utah.

Big game still is abundant in Colorado, including deer, antelope, bear, elk, mountain lion, gray wolf and coyote. There is also much small game such as sage hen, dove, grouse, pheasant, wild duck.

Soils vary from arid, when nonwatered, to productive. Irrigation is extensive, and has lifted agriculture to first place in the state which comes next.

The chief industries are agriculture, stockraising in its various branch, dairying, mining, manufacturing, beekeeping, quarrying, lumbering, oil and gas production and commerce.

The principle crop is sugar beets, others are cantaloupes, wheat, corn barley, alfalfa, oats, potatoes.

The chief minerals produced are gold, copper, silver, coal, lead, zinc, molybdenum. Petroleum is yielded. There are extensive oil shale lands. Radium and tungsten are to be found. The annual production of gold and silver runs into millions.

In Colorado are found large quantities of helium, a rare, inert and non-combustible gaseous element which is used in inflating dirigibles and

blimps and which has valuable therapeutic qualities.

Higher education is given by the State University in Boulder, University of Denver, Denver; Colorado College, Colorado Springs State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Fort Collins; State College of Education, Greeley; Western State College, Gunnison, and the Colorado Schools of Mines in Golden.

Mesa Verde National Park situated in southwestern Colorado in Montezuma Country, is especially noted for the ruin of homes and villages of the ancient cliff dwellers, supposed to have been the earliest inhabitants of this part of the country. The ruins are found in canyons that intersect a high plateau that is supposed to have once supported a population of 70,000 persons.

Cliff Palace is the largest known cliff dwelling in the world, numbering 200 rooms.

Rocky Mountain National Park is the heart of the Rockies and includes some of the most picturesque portions of the range. There are 13 other peaks with altitudes of more than 13,000 feet. The park is situated in the north middle part of the State, in Larimer, Boulder and Grand counties.

The highest suspension bridge in the world spans the canyon of the Arkansas River, known as the Royal Gorge. The flood of the bridge is 1,053 feet above the bed of the river; the main span is 880 feet long and the total length, exclusive of approaches, is 1,260 feet.

The highest automobile road in the United States is the Mount Evans highway in Clear Creek County, which rises to an altitude of 14,260 feet.

UNDERSTANDING VS. JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

(By Robert O. Chandler, in *The Periscope*)

When searching for the causes of juvenile delinquency one must look into the smallest hollow of the child's mind; consider the most insignificant factor, and keep an open mind throughout the entire search. When probing for the motivations in delinquency among our youth we often forget that we are studying the minds of children. Perhaps some of the penal and social experts are inclined to forget that fact and therefore, they lose the object of study. You cannot examine the mind of an adult and expect to find therein the causes of juvenile delinquency.

We must understand the offender or potential offender before we can help him. This understanding, which is lacking in many of the homes and communities of today, could very well prevent many young boys from becoming delinquent.

In a previous article, (*The Periscope*, Christmas Edition, 1947) I expressed my opinions as to how parental negligence motivates delinquency among the children. I would like to go still deeper into the home in this article and show how lack of understanding, even in the home where there is no outward negligence, between parents and children tends to turn the interest of the child away from the home and from integrative endeavor.

The parent may very easily turn the child away from the home without any knowledge of doing so. This may re-

sult from partiality among the children, over-zealousness in regard to the child's habits, friends or home life, or a too strice criticism of the child's activities. We often find that in the seemingly model home the children may be denied certain things which are unbeneficial to them--without sufficient explanation!

We find that one of the most often asked and the most important questions from the child is "why?" If the child is shrouded in intriguing mystery, he will seek his answers away from the home, and in most questions, find the wrong answers.

To tell the parents that they are very possibly the cause of their child's delinquency is to invite indignant attitudes from almost all of them. They have been told by psychologists, sociologists, penologists and scientists, that the child has been driven to crime by the radio, movie, newspaper, magazines, and bad company. This they would rather believe because it excuses them of the responsibility of their children's delinquency and relieves them of much distress.

They do not realize that other parents write and promote these radio and movie dramas; that other parents write the novels and print the newspapers; nor do they realize that the bad company which is condemned by these socialistic experts could very possibly be their own children.

What makes bad company in the first place? When the answer to this

question is found, the answer to the question concerning juvenile delinquency will be found also. What about the mothers and fathers of the bad company? When we think of the juvenile offender we cannot think only of the offender who fell in with the bad company—we must consider the bad company. It, too, is the juvenile offender.

One of the principal malfunctions of the American home today is that, in many of them, the parents do not understand their children! Since the end of the first World War, habits and morals have been changing so rapidly that many of the mothers and fathers do not understand themselves, nor their children. The widespread demand for psychologists and psychiatrists in the past decade has proven the more consuming frustration which is overtaking the homes of the America of today. Is it hard to believe then, that the mothers and fathers are either not employing their entire facilities in trying to understand their children or that they may not be capable of understanding them.

We also have some who refuse to try to understand the juvenile or the reasons for his delinquency. I read of the trial of three youths in Philadelphia Pennsylvania, aged 19, 19, and 18. The defense counsel for one of the youths said: "too many gangster movies." The defense counsel for another of the trio said: "these young punks go to the movies to see these gangster pictures., Although the villain is arrested, they see the mistakes he made. They think they can do better, so they go out and try it. These statements do not sound very appropri-

ate coming from a defense counsel.

It is very probable that no effort was made to examine the background of any of these youths. If there had been perhaps it would have brought to light a more feasible reason for these offenses than the movies. To me, it is silly to imagine that these dramas can drive our American youth to crime. I do not believe that even one per cent of the young men and women in prison and penal institutions can attribute their imprisonment to the radio, movie, or to literature. Regardless of who he or she is, the reason for their "sidetracking" can be traced back to the home.

It does not take a very significant thing to disillusion a small child, and unless that disillusionment is discovered and cured, it can very easily grow until it drives the child away from his home and all that has been taught to him. Forcing a child to associate with someone he does not like; punishing a child severely for some paltry act; even making a child eat something that is distasteful to him may be a start toward dividing him from the home. Do I insinuate that the child should be pampered By all means, No! What I wish to convey to you is that there must be understanding with your children. Explain to them why they must do things. Make them understand why they must brush their teeth or eat their spinach, go to school, or associate with the Sunday School Class. A child who is indifferent to the reasons why right and wrong is wrong will not have a very firm basis of integrity. Nothing can be taken for granted with children. Their hearts and minds are the most

intricate pieces of machinery in the world. They must be handled with care else they will be twisted out of shape or driven to alien comforts.

Understanding must be synonymous with love, and nether can be secondary to the other in a well-organized home. We must rid ourselves of the "Rip Van Winkle" Penologists," the movie-mad jurist and socialists, and believe in the two most powerful virtues in the world, "love and faith;" and from these two will come the all-important third, "understanding."

Please, mothers and fathers, under-

stand your children, and in turn, teach them to understand you.

The preventative for future crime is the curing of the juvenile of today. From the truant comes the delinquent; from the delinquent comes the criminal, and from the criminal comes despair and misunderstanding.

Understanding and cooperation between the parent and the child can prevent this horror. It is up to you, the mothers and fathers of our United States to make your child what you want him to be. I believe that understanding is part of the answer.



THE MEASURE OF A MAN

The man's no bigger than the way
He treat's his fellow man!
This standard has his measure been
Since time itself began!

He's measured not by social rank,
High-sounding though they be;
Not by the gold that's put aside;
Not by his sanctity!

He's measured not by social rank,
When character's the test;
Not by his earthly pomp and show,
Displaying wealth possessed!

He's measured by his justice, right,
His fairness at his play,
His squareness in all dealings made,
His honest upright way.

These are his measures, ever near
To serve him when they can;
For man's no bigger than the way
He treat's his fellow man!

KNOWLEDGE AND SELF-CONTROL

(By Robert Walker, in Our Paper)

"I was visiting not long ago and the father and I were talking when his little son six years old came up to his father and with a bowl of nuts. He said, Dad, will you crack these nuts for me? The father replied, I could but I don't want to, I want you to take the hammer and go out on the back porch and crack them yourself, you will find the meats are sweeter then than they would be if I cracked them for you.

"There are some proverbs easy to understand and proverbs that do not carry their meaning on the outside; they sometimes require a good deal of thought to get into the meat of the meat of the proverb. Here is a proverb that is printed on the wall of the lecture room of one of the big Boston hospitals:

Who learns and learns
 Yet does not what he knows,
 Is one who ploughs and ploughs
 Yet never sows.

"The doctors who give lectures to their patients who come into that lecture room have put that there for their patients to read and study. Some of these doctors are the foremost medical experts in the world and they have something to say to the patients assembled there; they are asked to pay close attention to that proverb and are told that if they expect to be cured of their malady they must follow the instructions given to them. The doctors tell them what to do, that is as far as they can go. They tell us how to prolong life many years if we fol-

low their advice.

"I had a friend some years ago who was a man high up in the business world, he could go out into the market and buy millions of dollars' worth of goods and send them out all over the country and all he got was 2 percent cash discount; it was a good day's profit. He visited me often. On his last visit he said, 'I have some bad news; I have what they call diabetes, I have had it some time and the doctor who is in charge of me warned me never to eat anything with sugar in it. I go to him once a week to learn how to protect myself from the evil influences of diabetes. I pay him \$25.00 per visit. It is pretty tough, no candy, no cake, no pie, etc., but I am learning how to take care of myself; all I am allowed for sweetness is a pill called saccharine.

"The next morning at breakfast my friend received his portion of oatmeal; he took out one pill of saccharine and put it into his bowl; then he reached over and put in three or four spoonfuls of sugar. I said, 'You told me your doctor told you ~~not~~ to use sugar.' He replied, 'Do you think I am a fool enough to tell my doctor I am using sugar?' Can you tell me what **lasting value** there is to anyone who, **having** advice that he knows to be 100 percent right does not take that advice, knowing that **disregarding** it will get him into serious consequences? Then, when the consequences come he blames his doctor or teachers for the mess he gets into.

"The one who knows the established rules in any game but plays wrong is soon kicked off the team. He knows how to play right but he plays wrong. The man who insists that 2 and 2 are 5, knowing it to be false, how long will he stay on the job? He knows the truth but he does not practice it. The man who ploughs a farm yet never sows any seed will not find any harvest in the fall. The man who learns in his classroom from the most expert teacher and fails to apply that knowledge in life can never become master in any trade, profession or business.

Everybody has two educations; one from his teachers in school, at home and in church and the other from himself; and the education he gives himself in the longrun counts for more. In a gymnasium the instructor can tell you how to develop your muscles, climb ropes, etc., but he cannot do much more for you; he gives you expert advice but you yourself must furnish the effort. If you do not practice the knowhow you will get nowhere. An apprentice may know all the precious knowledge essential to become

a master in any department of labor, but if he substitutes other methods that he knows to be wrong all his labor will be in vain.

If a man knows the difference between right and wrong and chooses the wrong, saying it is right, why should he complain when knowingly he does the wrong thing? Self-knowledge and self-control are two of the greatest possessions in all the world. Unless we have them we are slowing ourselves down, sometimes to a complete stop. All our education without them is of little value. The wisest man in the world may be your teacher or my teacher, but unless we learn the lesson and practice it the teaching is of no use. God has put brains into your head and mine; it has a job to do but it cannot do it without your help and my help. It will distinguish between right and wrong, between true and false, and if we choose the right, knowing it to be right, our way of life will be successful; but if we choose the wrong, knowing it to be wrong, our way of life will abound with only troubles."

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 9, 1948

- May 10—Buster Glenn Evans, Cottage 3, 14th birthday
- May 11—Eugene Williams, Cottage 15, 14th birthday
- May 12—Eugene Perry, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- May 13—Carl Church, Cottage 1, 15th birthday
- May 13—Henry Shepherd, Cottage 2, 14th birthday
- May 14—Billy Anderson, Cottage 2, 14th birthday

HONESTY NEEDS NO APOLOGY

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in The London Prison Farmer)

It is evident that whenever one falsified, one is on the defensive. The very fact that one is lying sets up a psychological re-action within the individual, and this inevitably. One may, at the moment, be unconscious of the fact that the psychological poison has begun to do its work. But isn't it true that the individual himself is always to blame when such a virus becomes operative? To us it seems incontrovertible.

Being truthful is being honest with one's self; and being honest with one's self means in the final analysis, being true to one's fellow man.

The re-action, when we lie, is immediate. We feel guilty, and the evidence of this guilt is written all over our faces and in the depths of our eyes. The guilt brings about an uneasy sensation and a desire to avoid the one whom we have deceived. Isn't this natural? Isn't it also proof that we are in the wrong and ought to get right as quickly as possible? But how many of us attempt to run away from ourselves? We imagine that by contradicting the evidence (dependable evidence) of our dereliction we can somehow make all things appear proper. But a false sense of rightness is worse than an out-and-out admission of guilt because such a sense tends to bring us to utter ruin.

When we are honest we increase our prestige and as long as the stands the test we are safe. Honesty implies rectitude, and rectitude is a surety for good character. The man of good character never falsifies, even though he himself, might gain material ad-

vantage thereby. With such a person the importance lies in holding fast to the truth.

"That guy is simple! He thinks by being honest he can get up in the world. Nowadays, they don't pay off honesty, but on cunning and knuckles."

That is the line one hears from those who have given up in their lives the finer part; who have permitted themselves to believe that the law of averages will not catch up with them; and who think solely in terms of deceit. And as they think, their very nature takes on the essence of the characteristics which go with such thinking—they become entirely dishonest and untrustworthy.

Of course, it is true that sometimes, and for a while, the dishonest course of action seems to prosper; but in the final analysis it always ends up with grief for the disillusioned. Some learn only the hard way; some need only correct guidance and good advice.

No man has any need to conjure up an apology for being honest. Time will surely convince him that he did the wise thing when he chose to follow the path indicated by true wisdom. He will encounter many trials, but he will also overcome the worst of them through perseverance, keeping in mind the end sought. The trials and temptations will only tend to strengthen an already strong character.

Honesty implies being truthful. A man cannot be truthful if he seeks a thrill in deceiving the other fellow; and surely he will learn too late that he did himself the greatest harm. Few people like dishonest people.

They distrust them, often fear them; and they don't feel at ease when such people are in the vicinity.

When one is honest, conscience approves; and that brings a reasonable satisfaction. When one is honest one

is right more often than not. No man can truly prosper who cheats. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, it will catch up with him and then he will really begin to pay—in blood, and in sweat, and in tears.

-----:-----

WAYS IN WHICH A BOY MAY HONOR HIS MOTHER

“A boy may honor his mother by doing the things that she tells him to do, and do them right.”—Eugene Williams

“A boy may honor his mother by going on errands and returning at the proper time.”—Richard Harper.

“A boy may honor his mother by doing what she asks him to do, and by doing for her without her telling him to. You have only one mother and you want to treat her the best you can.”

—Willie Newcomb.

“A boy may honor his mother by staying around close to the house where she can find him when she needs him.”—John Ollis.

“If a boy is away from home he can honor his mother by doing the things she wants him to do, and what she has taught him to do.”—J. C. Woodell.

“A boy may honor his mother by helping her in any way he can, and by obeying her.”—James Swinson.

“He may honor her by being dependable.”—Donald Alberty.

A SURGEON'S LARGEST FEE

(By William F. Stidger, in North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Once there lived in a town in the Central West a widowed mother with a seven year old son, who had been blind most of his life. The mother worked hard so that blind son might have the best. The mother naturally dreamed, longed and prayed for the day when she could have ample funds to take her son to a surgeon who might cure his blindness.

Through her friends, the case came to the attention of a certain young surgeon. He brought the case to the attention of a great and kindly surgeon who examined the lad's eyes carefully and then told the mother that an operation might be successful. She gave her permission, but told the surgeon she had no money.

This is what that great surgeon replied: "My education, training and talent came from generous church friends—and God. I look upon my skill as a Stewardship, and I never think of money in connection with my work, so you do not need to worry about that, my dear woman. I am interested primarily in the one thing in which you yourself are most interested: giving sight to this blind boy, just as our Savior did in the long ago."

The operation was finally performed and then came days of anxious waiting. The mother stayed near her son cheering him and telling him that very soon the many yards of bandage would be removed and that he MIGHT see.

At last the great surgeon announced that the bandages could be removed. He himself did not know what he would find beneath those bandages. The nurse worked patiently beside the

bed, her knuckles tense and white as she gripped the frame of the bed. The room was very quiet. Carefully the bandages were laid aside, and when the last strip was removed, everyone waited breathlessly as the little boy opened his eyes and smiled a smile of pure delight. Then his eyes rested for the first time upon his own mother, and he said simply: "Why, mother, you are just as beautiful as I have always dreamed you would be!"

In the bed beside the boy sat a small teddy bear. An arm was gone, a leg broken, but that teddy bear had kept vigil through all the anxious days and nights in the hospital. As is the case with so many children, the boy could not go to sleep without that teddy bear. It was his most precious possession. On the day that the happy mother and son were leaving the hospital, the boy walked up to the great surgeon and said, "Doctor, here is my teddy bear. We can't pay you money, so I am giving you my teddy bear to pay for my operation!" When they reached home, a huge package was awaiting the lad. He hurriedly opened the package to find the largest and finest teddy bear that money could buy. But, in a famous surgeon's office in a large Eastern city, carefully placed under glass on top of a beautiful bookcase, triumphantly sat a little, brown, battered teddy bear. One arm was gone, a leg was broken, one eye was lost, but that teddy bear's one good eye was shining. On a little card just in front of the little teddy bear, the doctor has written: "The largest single fee I have ever received for professional services."

CAN EDUCATION MAKE MEN PERFECT

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

Education is a wonderful factor in the intellectual development of men. It dispels ignorance. It enables man to solve problems. It broadens his outlook. It gives him the proper weapon to dispel ignorance; and this fortified with good character, ought to lead a man along the straight pathway.

Education is a wonderful thing; but if one neglects the ethical factor, then there is danger because, equipped with knowledge, one has the means whereby to create havoc. This, then, is to be avoided by carefully training the individual in correct thinking, ethical thinking, and decent thinking. A man is what his thoughts are. This, when supplemented with unethical thinking, can develop a psychological Frankenstein.

Education, and of course we mean here proper education, has brought mankind up from the depths of the Stone Age to modern enlightenment. In this process many centuries have passed and much, both beneficial and otherwise, has been experienced, from all of which mankind has learned a great deal. But has he always put to good use the lessons he has learned? But has he been so consistently logical? Has the education, of which he is so proud, really benefitted him; or has cupidity and falsehood been permitted dominancy?

All the education in the world cannot make a man a saint; though a man were to gain for himself all the knowledge in the world yet be minus this one important factor, good character,

he would be nothing. For surely education does not, and cannot of itself, make a man ethically strong.

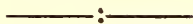
In ancient times men were well-trained in worldly matters and even, in some instances, in spiritual affairs; but there always was something lacking, something that, when added to intelligence, made men fit companions for the gods (as they used to say in those days). As builders the ancients were hardly behind our times. As statesmen some among them compared favorably with the best. As thinkers many of them surpassed any that flourished in the recent historical eras. In fact, many of the intellectual grates of the so-called classical period of mankind's history lay the foundations for modern science. Take the field of mathematics: Pythagoras, Euclid, Diotimus, Archimedes and some others led in this important branch of knowledge. Yet, when it comes to absolute perfection in character, even the best among them had serious shortcomings.

An educated man has the means wherewith to overcome obstacles, hurdles, defects. He can acquaint himself with the correct manner of procedure in practically any field of human endeavor. He can avoid mistakes previously made. But the decision remains with him, and he must act in accordance with sound reason.

Just because a man is in possession of a university degree does not guarantee that he will use his knowledge to the best advantage for himself or for the benefit of the social group.

This trait comes through proper training along ethical lines in early youth. And this training is necessary because, if left to his own resources, the average man will gravitate to the common level of his habitual line of thinking or reasoning; and this, too, is governed by his general character.

Education alone can never make man perfect, and primarily because man is essentially a moral creature. There must, then, be something else besides mere education to make a man function at his best, both as regards his own interests and as concerns his relations with his fellow men.



A RICH MAN

Two years ago Albert Light opened his office in Philadelphia for the sole purpose of helping his fellowman. He had retired from a successful business career after having been at work since he was a lad of 12. He had established and was president of the Light Corrugated Box Company, which steadily grew prosperous.

"Then one day," he said. "I decided there was no point to earning more money. My wife and I lived modestly. My son and daughter were both married. I decided I would quit business and concentrate on doing the things that gave me the most pleasure.

His services are entirely free. His only recompense is the "warm inner glow" that comes from helping someone get back on his feet. He gives courage and advice to those seeking it. He straightens out alcoholics, gives hope to the despondent, finds jobs for ex-convicts, and answers endless other appeals for help.

"Why should I want to quit?" he asks. "I'm doing exactly what I want to do and getting a great kick out of it. Who would want anything more out of life?"

—Christian Science Monitor.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. John H. Carper, Pastor of the Kerr Street Methodist Church, of Concord, preached to the boys at the school last Sunday. Mr. Carper is always a welcomed visitor, and his interest in the boys is greatly appreciated.

For a Scripture lesson the first twenty-four verses of the 14th chapter of Luke's gospel were read. The subject of Mr. Carper's message was, "Our Invitation to God's Greatest Banquet."

It was explained that Jesus in his life time was among certain enemies who sought to entrap him and to put him out of their way. They wanted to be able to do certain evil deeds for their own selfish purposes. At the time of this event Jesus was just starting on his world mission. He began by trying to teach and explain about the kingdom of heaven being like a mustard seed. It grows, but it grows slowly. Much of his teaching was done in parables, using the simple things of every day life.

Jesus begged those about him to follow him and to share the good things of the kingdom with those about them. If one is invited into the

kingdom of heaven, it means that he is accepted of the Lord.

It was explained too, that any follower of Christ is akin to Him spiritually. He needs the spiritual nourishment of his kingdom. A person may be poor in the world's wealth and yet rich in spiritual treasures. The invitation is to come to Jesus, but not with the idea of paying with money for spiritual blessings. Only by living a true Christian life can one purchase his salvation.

It was explained to the boys that if one is invited to the kingdom of Christ, he is obligated to make some kind of response. To ignore our invitations is to commit a breach of etiquette; no one should be negligent in such important affairs.

If one partakes of the Kingdom he must have a sense of belonging to Christ; and we must feel that he belongs to us.

Jesus told those about Him that they must be willing to count the cost, and at the same time be willing to accept the responsibilities of the Christian life.

"To understand and obey the laws by which God governs his world is to the way of peace; to ignore or defy them is the way of destruction."—Ruskin.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

All I am or can be I owe to my angel
mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

A kiss from my Mother made me a
painter.—Benjamin West.

—:—

For the hand that rocks the cradle
rules the world.—William Wallace.

—:—

A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
—Coleridge.

—:—

The only love which on this teeming
earth

Asks no return for passion's wayward
birth.—Hon. Mrs. Norton.

—:—

Womanliness means only Mother-
hood,

All love begins and ends there.
—Robert Browning.

—:—

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
O' kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.—Jane Taylor.

—:—

I have not wept these forty years;
but now
My Mother comes afresh into my
eyes.—Dryden.

Youth fades; love droops; the heav-
ens of friendship fall;

A Mother's secret hope outlives
them all.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—:—

The Mother's love—there's none
so pure,
So constant and so kind;
No human passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.

—Mrs. Hale.

—:—

There is none, in all this cold and
hollow world,
No fount of deep, strong, death-
less love, save that within

A Mother's heart!

Mrs. Hemans.

—:—

In the Heavens above,
The angels whispering to one an-
other

Can find among their burning terms
of love

None so devotional as that of Moth-
er.—Edgar Allan Poe.

—:—

What matter if the cheek show not the
rose,

Nor eyes divine are there, nor queenly
grace?

The Mother's glory lights the homely
face.

—Sir Lewis Morris.

—:—

A Mother's love—how sweet the
name!

What is a Mother's love?

A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above.

To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow
old,—

This is Mother's love.
—F. Montgomery.

—:—

My Mother! Manhood's anxious
brow

And sterner cares have long been
mine;

Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently
hushed to rest,

And thy low whispered prayers
my slumber blessed.

—George W. Bethune.

—:—

The Mother in her office holds
the key

Of the soul; and she it is who
stamps the coin

Of character, and makes the be-
ing, who would be a savage

But for her gentle cares, a Christ-
ian man;

Then crown her Queen of the
World!—Old Play.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Bystander: Fishing?"

Disgusted Fisherman: "No just drowning the worms."

—:—

Sign in drugstore: "Try Dr. Bar-num's Cough Cure—It's the Best—You'll Never Get Better."

—:—

Worry is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere.

—:—

Whenever I hear of a bigamy case, it always fills me with awe.

To think of anyone brave enough to take on two mothers-in-law!

A young girl, seeing names like "Surrender" and "My Sin" on the per-fume counter, timidly asked, "Don't you have anything for a beginner?"

Wife: "This is the twelfth time you have been for refreshments."

Hubby: "Oh, that's all right; I tell everybody I'm getting something for you."

—:—

Husband: "Well, my dear, I have carried you safely over all the rough places of life, haven't I?"

Wife: "Yes, I don't think you mis-sed any of them."

—:—

Housewife: "We are going to get an electric washer so we won't need you any more."

Laundress: "All right, ma'am but an electric washer don't give you no gossip."

—:—

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses. I suppose?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."

—:—

A farmer was visiting a Mexican settlement after some years absence.

Talking to an old friend on a ranch, he said, "So old Buff's gone. Did you miss him?"

"No," replied the other, "That's why he's gone. I never miss."

—:—

She: "How about giving me a di-
mond bracelet?"

He: "My dear, extenuating circum-
stances perforce me to preclude you
from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it."

He: That's what I just said."

—:—

Two colored gentlemen were seriously discussing Biblical matters when Rastus declared, "Did y'all know dat Jonah was three days in the stom-
ach of a big fish dey calls a whale?"

Sam looked disgusted. "Dat ain't mach," he said, "Mah uncle he was longer than that in the stomach of a big animal dey calls a alligator."

"You don't say," exclaimed Rastus. "How long was he in it?"

"He's dere yit," answered Sam.

—:—

In the South Pacific, a young navi-
gator was making his first trip on a
B-29. He had just qualified, so the
crewmen watched with interest as he
added up figures, scanned a slide rule,
and went through all the other abra-
cadabra.

"Where are we know?" asked one
of the crew.

The navigator waved away the ques-
tioner, and continued figuring so long
that the whole group became uneasy.
Finally the pilot demanded to know
what the position was.

"Captain," replied the navigator,
"tell every member of the crew to re-
move his hat instantly."

"What for?" stormed the pilot.

"Well," said the navigator, "ac-
cording to my figures, at this minute
we are flying up the center aisle of
St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York
City."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 1, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Harvey Arnette
Jackie Basinger
Ransom Edwards
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Thomas Martin
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Thomas Shephard
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Christy
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Kenneth Holcomb
James Martin

Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Robert Covington
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Russell Murphy
Robert Melton
Robert Thompson
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Elmore Dowlass
Herman Fore
Jack Hargett
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
James Howell
William Hinson
Billy Ray Keene
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
Lewis Parris
George Patterson
Charles Pinkston
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Howard Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
John Ganey
Earl Holloman
Edward Ingoid
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Richard Messick
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter

Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Horace Jordan
Clyde Leonard
Thomas McGee
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Marvin Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Ray Minish
Edward McInnis
Eugene Newton
Jimmy Peoples
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Wayne Eldridge
Jimmy Mobley
Robert Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
James Cartrette
Willis Caddell
Roy Eddings
Conley Hanney
Curtis Helms
Max Ray Herring
Barney Hopkins
Thomas Linville
Carl Lowman
Jimmy Rogers
Benny Riggins
Richard Sandlin
Alton Taylor
Johnny Weaver

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Jadie Atkins
Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn

Gill Carswell
Homer Fisher
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Horace Moses
Fred Painter
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Joe Swink
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Carllyle Brown
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Thurman Hornaday
Boyd Morris
Jerry Rippy

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
Howard Bass
Williard Brown
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer
Coy Wilcox
Troy Wall
Eugene Womble

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Waitus Edge
Charles McDaniels
Perry Leon Martin
Carroll Painter
Francis Thomas
Howard Wilson

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Onie Kilpatrick

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 15, 1948

NO. 20

UNSUBDUED

I have hoped, I have planned, I've striven
To the will I have added the deed
The best that was in me I've given,
I've prayed, but the Gods wouldn't heed.

I have dared and reached only disaster,
I have battled and broken my lance;
I am bruised by a pitiless master
That the weak and timid call Chance.

I am old, I am bent, I am cheated
Of all that Youth urges me to win;
But name me not with the defeated,
To-morrow, again, I begin.

—S. E. Kiser.

Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published Weekly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

MY HEALTH HOUSE

I am building my health house day by day
As I eat and sleep and work and play.
My food is the timber that I use,
And the best material I must choose,
Such as milk and vegetables, fruit and eggs,
While fresh air furnishes nails and pegs.
And sleep, the carpenter, takes them all
And silently fashions each room and hall.

If I build aright, when I am grown
I shall have a house I am proud to own.
No need for breakdowns and repairs,
For good materials wears and wears.
So I'm building my health house day by day
As I eat and sleep and work and play.
Some build for happiness, some for wealth,
But I'll find them both in my house of health.

—From the "Queensland Jr. Red Cross Magazine" and the
"Canadian Red Cross Jr."

TONSIL CLINIC COMPLETED

The annual tonsil clinic at the school has just been finished. This year fifty-five boys had their tonsils removed during the clinic. A few others of an emergency nature have had tonsils removed on Dr. King's advice. It was found that a few more tonsillectomies were needed this year than during any other recent year.

The policy of the school has been to try to have tonsillectomies when they are recommended by Dr. King, the regular school phy-

sician. It is believed that the removal of diseased tonsils is a great help to a boy who has come to the school with his physical condition under par. The policy is for the county health departments to have the tonsillectomies performed before the boys are sent to the school, but it is not always possible for them to do so. For instance, it sometimes occurs that a boy's commitment to the school is of rather urgent nature, and if the boy comes to the school with diseased tonsils the county welfare departments generally cooperate by taking care of the expense of the operation.

The school has always recognized the importance of giving primary consideration to any boy's health. Frequently it occurs that a boy's general physical debility, as indicated by undernourishment and lack of physical vigor, has strongly contributed to his maladjustment; it has contributed to his failure to make progress in school and to develop as he should, physically. For these reasons, he comes to the school greatly undernourished.

Consequently, the policy of the school is to make an effort to improve a boy's health from the very beginning. It is recognized that there is not much opportunity to rehabilitate a boy who is not physically fit. Generally, a boy who has defective tonsils which tended to poison his system over a period of months has little appetite, little or no desire to participate in sports and games and swimming, and finds it necessary to report to the school infirmary frequently because of temperature or ear trouble. Therefore, the beginning point is to try to remove the causes of his physical weaknesses.

It is true that a larger number of boys have come to the school in recent months with defective tonsils. In this connection it should be urged that welfare superintendents make a special effort to have tonsillectomies performed before boys are sent or delivered to the school. However, the policy of the school has been and will continue to be not to exclude the boy who needs the treatment program offered merely because there is need for a tonsillectomy or some other treatment. If the school is to fulfill its function to the underprivileged, delinquent boys of the state, there must be a willingness to admit the boys who need the school's care and training, and then work out from there on the best possible solution of the problem. In other words, the mere observance of a rule or

a requirement is never so important as the proper care and training of a boy.

The diagnoses indicating that tonsillectomies needed to be made have all been made by Dr. King, the school's regular physician. As in the past, the tonsillectomies have been performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, who is a highly-regarded eye, ear, nose and throat specialist of Concord. Tonsillectomies were performed at the Cabarrus County Hospital, where the boys were kept under the watchful care of the hospital staff for a period of twenty-four hours. Then the boys were transferred out to the school's infirmary for a period of convalescence, and they were kept in our infirmary until they were released by the doctor. In this way, it seems that every reasonable precaution was taken. The school has had excellent results. This is an assurance to the welfare superintendents and the parents of the boys that they are given proper care and treatment.

* * * * *

SENIOR CLASSES FROM TWO HIGH SCHOOLS VISIT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Last week the Sociology classes of the Derita and Davidson High Schools of Mecklenburg County visited the Jackson Training School for purposes of observing the program offered to the boys and also the various facilities of the school. These groups of young men and women are members of the twelfth grade of their respective schools, and apparently they are keenly interested in the social problems of society. We were delighted to have these fine young people on the school campus, and we believe that the program here really offered to them a fine example of what the state is endeavoring to do towards helping boys whose opportunities in life have not been as good as they should have been. The set up here is an excellent laboratory for those making a thorough study of community needs, with the view of eventually working towards the improvement of welfare of all humanity.

From the Derita High School we received the following communication to-day:

Derita, N. C., May 10, 1948

"The Senior Class of the Derita High School and our faculty

advisor, Mrs. Eula Hudson, wish to thank you for such an interesting and educational tour of your school. We were proud to find that your school was under such progressive instruction. The boys certainly have the training which will better them for advancement in their particular trades, which they may follow in later life. The tour helped to break down the feeling that many of us had about such institutions, and we see now that a happy home environment is being provided there.

Sincerely

Miss Nancy Tadlock, Secretary."

* * * * *

BOYS PRESENT EXCELLENT MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

In commemorating Mother's Day, a group of boys here at the school prepared and presented, under the supervision of Mrs. Frank Liske, a very excellent Mother's Day program. This consisted of songs, poems and dramatized portrayals. The program had been well planned, and the boys had been given excellent training for their different parts. It was evident that every boy was eager to do his part well, so that he might properly honor his own mother.

The program occupied the entire Sunday School period, and was very impressive from beginning to end.

The numbers on the program were as follows

1. Gloria Patri
Song: "The Church in the Wildwood," page 149.
2. Responsive Reading, page 563.
Prayer by Mr. Hawfield.
3. Songs: by group of boys.
"Mother Dear"
"Glad Mother's Day"
4. Origin of Mother's Day: by Kenneth Staley.
5. Tributes to Mother: by six boys.
6. Poems: "Beautiful, Beautiful Hands," by Bennie Riggins.
"That Old Fashion Mother of Mine," by Max Ray Herring.
"My Mother," by James Arrowood.
"Why Do I Love You, Mother?" by Billy McVicker.
7. Portrayals of Mother.
"Whistler's Mother"—Lewis Holt.
"Lullaby to a Baby"—George Marr.
"Mother Makes Things Right"—George Marr, Richard Harper, and Kenneth Holcomb.
"When Mothers Meet"—Mary, Mother of Jesus—Charles Woodrow.
Salome, Mother of Judas—Gerald Johnson.
8. Songs: by group of boys.
"Mother"
"A Mother's Day Hymn"

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Toncil Clinic

By Harvey Honeycutt, 9th Grade

Some of the boys of the school went to the hospital and had their tonsils removed. The boys got along fine and they say they had a good time while they were over there. There were 55 boys who went to the hospital.

Baseball

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Saturday, May 8, Cottage No. 10 defeated Cottage No. 4 to a score of 12-0. In softball the score was 47-10 favor of No. 10. Mr. Liske was off Saturday but we still won the game for him. Mr. Tompkinson was umpire for baseball and Mr. Kiser was umpire for softball.

A Baseball Game

By Gerald Petty, 9th Grade

Sunday afternoon, Cottage 16 and Cottage 2 played a game of baseball. Cottage 16 was in bat first and scored 4 runs. When No. 2 got in, they scored 3 runs. At the end of the game the score was 9 to 7 in Cottage 16's favor. We hope that we will play them again and will beat them.

Third Grade News

By Joe Swink, 3th Grade

Two Black Birds flew up on the roof of the cottage last week. They have a nest up under the edge of the roof.

It has some little Black Birds in it. The big big Black Birds are very busy feeding their babies.

The New Refrigerator

By Earl Wood, 3rd Grade

All the cottages up to Cottage 11 got electric refrigerators last week. I know all the matrons and boys were glad to get them. It makes work easier for the matrons and the boys too. The house boys will not have to go to get ice. The other cottages hope to get their refrigerators before very long.

Cottage 2 Defeats No. 13

By Billy McVicker, 5th Grade

Saturday, the No. 2 boys gave the No. 13 boys a beating. Just about all the No. 2 boys got was a hit. Harvey Arnette pitched a very good game for No. 2. The final score was 16 to 2 in favor of No. 2. All of the boys enjoyed the game and hope to win many more.

Planting Season at the School

By Bobby Long, 7th Grade

For the past few weeks the boys of the work line have been planting tomatoes and corn. Friday evening, they planted sweet potatoes. Mr. Hinson and the tractor force boys have been planting corn with the corn planter. From the looks of things, we will have a big corn crop this year. We surely hope we do have a big crop.

Fourth Grade News

By Marion Ross, 4th Grade

Last Thursday we saw a very good picture show. It was about a race horse and the name of the picture was "The Home Stretch." The main character was Cornell Wilde. We enjoyed the picture very much and hope we will get to see more good pictures like it.

Baseball Game

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

Saturday afternoon, No. 13 and No. 2 played a baseball game. At the first of the game, the No. 13 boys were in the lead, but at the end of the game, the score was 16 to 2 in favor of the No. 2 boys. The softball score was 12 to 11 in favor of the No. 3B boys. We hope we can win the rest of our games. Mr. Tomkinson was the umpire and Mr. Braswell was the score keeper. We thank them for doing a good job.

Cottage 4 and Cottage 5 Make Trip To Wildwood Cottage

By Billy Thornton, 9th Grade

On Saturday, May 8, Cottages 4 and 5 went to the Wildwood Cottage on a weiner roast. We left for the cabin just as soon as we got through playing baseball. We pitched horseshoes, fished, seined and played in the water for a couple of hours and then we ate supper. We had 5 hot-dogs, 2 pepsi-colas, 5 marshmallows and some cookies. After that we were well satisfied and most of us sat around the rest of the evening until

we left, but some still wanted to play.

We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Kiser and Mr. and Mrs. Walters for making this trip possible. We hope to go again soon.

Fourth Grade News

By Jack Paskal, 4th Grade

On Saturday, May 8, Cottage 7B played Cottage 6A at field 3. No. 7 won over No. 6. The score was 17 to 4 in favor of No. 7.

The following boys played on No. 7's team. Jack Paskal, Glenn Davis, Richard Cook, Paul Tunner, Tommy Edwards, Charles Walker, Horace Jordan, Paul Allen, Billy Hamilton, and Jimmy Armstrong.

Both teams played a swell game. I hope we can win the next game.

The Cub Scouts Go Over Town

By Bobby Galyan, 4th Grade

The Cub Scouts went over town Monday. We went to a scout meeting and we made some Mother's Day baskets and played some games, Billy Brown scored the highest. Then we went to the show. The name of the show was "The Devil Ship." We all enjoyed going over there. The boys who went were Billy Brown, Jerry Minter, Tommy Collins, Bobby Galyan, Eden Chaves, Elijah Spivey, Horace Jordan, and Benny Riggins. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Liske for taking us over there.

Mother's Day Program

By Max Ray, 5th Grade

Yesterday, May 9th, was Mother's Day. The fifth grade and Mrs. Liske

thought it would be nice if we would give a program to show our love and respect for our mothers. First on the program was two songs, by the group. Then a group of boys gave tributes to mother. Following this was a group of poems, given by Benny Riggins, Max Ray Herring, James Arrowood, and Billy McVicker. A duet was then sung by Billy McVicker and Max Herring. Andrew Daw sang a solo. Then two boys acted the parts of the mother's of Jesus and Judas. We all thank the fifth grade.

A Picture Study

By Richard Harper, 5th Grade

One unit of study in the fifth grade is the studying of very famous pictures. We have studied another one, which is the "Horse Fair." Others that we have recently studied are "The Gleaners," "Whistler's Mother," and "Joan of Arc."

The great painting "The Horse Fair," was painted by Rosa Bondeans when she was thirty years old. The picture measures sixteen and one half feet square of canvas. It took her eighteen months to complete the picture. Today it hangs in the Art Building in New York City.

This painting is the largest picture in the world of animals.

My Trip to Samarcand

By Benny Riggins, 5th Grade

Last Friday morning I went down to Eagle Springs to see my sister who was May Queen in the May Day program at the school. When we got down there I sat in a large hall, while

Miss Noland took Miss Oehler, Miss Shoe, and Mrs. Yarbrough up stairs to look around.

When they came back down stairs, Miss Noland showed us the campus. In the morning we heard a program of two addresses, songs, and prayer, after the program daddy, my sister, and I had a picnic lunch together.

That afternoon we saw another program. It was a May Pole dance, and a play about Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and then we said good-by and started gack to the school.

Our Visit to the Cabin

By Charles Allen, 8th Grade

Last Saturday No. 5 and No. 4 went to the cabin for a most enjoyable afternoon. We had a very nice dinner which consisted of hot dogs, drinks, cookies, and marshmallows. William Hinson caught two cat fish. There were a few trying their luck, but William was the only successful one. Mr. Walters and Mr. Kiser permitted us to venture 100 yards up and down the creek. We pitched horse shoe. Mrs. Walters and Mrs. Kiser pitched with us. Mrs. Walters was very much surprised when she threwed a hooker. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Walters and Mr. and Mrs. Kiser for a very enjoyable afternoon. We hope to go to the cabin again sometime.

The Printing Department

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

What we do in the printing department:

On Monday and Tuesday we start setting type for our paper.

On Wednesday Mr. Fisher, the printing instructor, starts making up the form. After that is completed, we start printing on the press. After both sides are completed we fold the papers. Then we staple and cut them. Then we start mailing them.

"The Uplift" is the name of our paper.

Mr. Fisher, our printing instructor is doing a good job of teaching the boys to operate the Linotype Machine. The boys in the print shop feel it will be hard to replace him when he leaves the Training School.

Our Baseball Score

By Gerald D. Johnson, 11th Grade

Three weeks of baseball has now found each Cottage with their regular line ups. They have been trying out

different boys and have now got their teams fully organized. Scores and results for the past week's baseball games were as follows: Cottage 2 over 13, 16 to 2; Cottage 16 over 11, 9 to 2; Cottage 14 over 1, 26 to 2; Cottage 15 over 17, 9 to 1; Cottage 5 over 9, 7 to 5; and Cottage 10 over 4, 12 to 0.

The softball scores are still running in the high brackets. The smaller boys just can't be stopped, it seems. Their scores and results were: Cottage 3A over 11, 24 to 14; Cottage 5 over 9 23 to 11; Cottage 14 over 1, 16 to 11; Cottage 7A over 7B, 30 to 6; Cottage 6A over 6B, 25 to 1; Cottage 3B over 13, 12 to 11; and Cottage 10 over 4, 47 to 10. We hope these boys will continue to play with good sportmanship as they have been doing.

I do not know that I could make entirely clear to an outsider the pleasure I have in teaching than in any other way. To my mind, teaching is not merely a lifework, a profession, an occupation, a struggle: it is a passion. I love to teach. I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race. Teaching is an art—an art so great and so difficult to master that a man or a woman can spend a long life at it, without realizing much more than his limitations and mistakes and his distance from the ideal. There never has been in the world's history a period when it was more worthwhile to be teacher than in the twentieth century; for there was never an age when such vast multitudes were eager for an education or when the necessity of a liberal education was so generally recognized. It would seem as though the whole world were trying to lift itself to a higher plane of thought.

—William Lyon Phelps.

A PAROLEE ASKS A CHANCE TO EARN A PLACE IN SOCIETY

(From The Louisville, Kentucky Courier-Journal, in The Periscope,

I am just one of thousands of men bearing the stigma that comes from having a prison record. Most of us try desperately hard to overcome this blotch on our record, and some of us succeed, those who have some one who will offer help, a job and advice. A chance—that is all we want a chance to make an honest living and build for the future. Most of us never get that chance because the public won't give it to us.

Take my case, for instance. I was reared the only child of a nice family in a small town. My life was easy and pleasant, and then (who knows how or why?) I fell into bad company and before I fully realized what was happening to me I had broken the law, been apprehended, and was in prison for thirteen months. At the end of this time I resolved to start all over, take up my life where I had left it for lawlessness. I started out to get a job—I needed it for my father had become unable to work, and my mother was helpless. Then I found out that there was no way back for me.

People knew me, and knew of me. Wherever I went for work, the story was the same: I had a record. Childhood friends tried to be nice, but they were embarrassed by that fearful thing in my record. It wasn't long before I was back among my bad companions. After all, I needed company, friends, comradeship. Soon I was doing eight months in prison.

By this time the war had started,

and when I got out I tried to get into every branch of the service—any branch, but even my country didn't want me, wasn't willing to give me a chance to pay my debt. I was made 4-F. But jobs were plentiful, and the factories were hiring without questions. I worked for several construction companies, got along fine, served my probation and was released. Things looked better, and I hoped that I could again become a full citizen. I got a job in Florida and sent for my mother. I had met a nice girl, and was thinking of getting married. And I knew I was in line for a big promotion.

I didn't get it. Furthermore, I was told that the company no longer needed my services. It was my record, of course. I had paid, and was still paying. It looks like I will continue to pay.

I got married, though, and came to Louisville. My wife went to work as a typist. I held a job for a while and then my record caught up with me and I lost it. My mother had come to live with us, and my wife's salary could not possibly meet our bills. I couldn't tell my mother about my troubles. She was not and is not well, and I couldn't bear to add more gray hairs to her head. I got a job during Christmas, and held one for a while after the holidays, but the result was inevitable—the record again, and I was out of a job.

In desperation, I took a job with a

bookmaker, but I soon found that I would have to go places and say and do things that would get me in trouble. I quit. I felt that I had to. Now I am looking again. Just today I went to a plant where they needed men. I was doing fine until the man asked me, "Ever been arrested?" I felt, at first, like lying to him, and keeping the job until I was found out, but I knew it wasn't worth it. I later talked to three men who were hired, none of whom had my training or ability.

Is there no escape from my past?

We read about all that is done to rehabilitate our lost men. Can't something be done to rehabilitate us? I know others like me who have been driven back to crime. In order to feed their children or parents. All we need is a chance, a decent job, where we can make an honest living. I am not sour-ed on the world. It owes me nothing. All I want is a chance to earn a living for my wife and mother, and the chance to pay, once and for all, my debt. Is that asking too much.



I sing the praise of the unknown teacher.

Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war.

Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it's the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward.

Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the republic than the unknown teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, "king of himself and servant of mankind."

—Henry Van Dyke.

RED BADGE OF COURAGE

(Boston Post, in Our Paper)

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man may lay down his life for his friends.

Alphonse McDonald, car operator for the MTA, offered up his in a dangerous moment, answered a demand for action beyond the call of duty and at the moment, because of his sacrificing, fights a grim battle to live for the sake of his little family.

God willingly, he will be spared to them for the days to come, to teach them how to play games, to help them in their schooling and to watch them grow to manhood, four fine youngsters who at the moment want only one thing in the world. They want daddy home.

It does not dawn on them that when he comes home there will be months of convalescence. The loss of two legs is a terrible shock, as all know, to the human body. When the doctors succeeded in saving him for the future then there will be the greater shock. He will never stride or run again.

This active man, quick thinking, a-

lert and athletic, who instantly swung aboard the runaway trolley car, and stayed with it until it crashed, will need help, help in the form of a good deed, for the good deed, help in the form of encouragement, and freedom from the worry of what will become of his brood though his handicap.

He might have saved his legs. He could have let the trolley rush madly through the night, pilotless. Or when he took the controls and found them useless to stop the wild trolley, he could have jumped. Even as the car swung into the station and he saw the inevitable crash ahead, he could have let go and sought safety in the rear.

But he stood at his post. He faced disability and death with inspiring bravery. He gave an example in what some might regard as a commonplace, undangerous job, of high courage, which merits medals and possibly emoluments. On a battlefield of daily life, he won without question or quibble the notable accolade of the service man, the red badge of courage.

A young man or a young woman, whose education is sound; whose language is well-selected, whose pronunciation and tones of voice are correct and attractive; whose manners are gentle and refined; all of whose topics of conversation are elevating and instructive; whose benignity of heart is constantly manifested in acts of civility, courtesy and kindness; and who spreads a nameless charm over whatever circle may be entered. Such a person should the teacher of every common school be.

—Horace Mann.

ROSCOE SHELLER THE SUNNYSIDE SIDEWALK MAN

(By Samuel Churchill, in *The Rotarian*)

Were you to poll residents of Sunnyside, Washington, on the question, "who is the most useful citizen of your town?" Chances are most of them would name Roscoe A. Sheller, a retired automobile dealer and charter President of the Sunnyside Rotary Club. After meeting him and studying his record, it's easy to understand why. The unique thing, not so easily understood, is the way he has disregarded physical handicaps to make his community a better place in which to live.

Fifteen years ago Roscoe Sheller was a leading businessman in lower Yakima Valley. In addition, he had a prominent role in all civic activities. Then suddenly—in 1933—a crippling illness struck him down. For a while it was nip and tuck, physicians at one time giving him only 90 days to live. But he kept right on fighting. Finally he accomplished what seemed to be a near medical miracle by regaining his health.

He had achieved only a partial victory, however, so he gave up his business in order to take it easy—which to him meant, in the main, pumping for improvements in Sunnyside. The town had come a long way since it first sprang into existence out of a barren sagebrush desert. Irrigation had transformed the Yakima Valley into a blossoming agricultural section. Under the leadership of men like Roscoe Sheller, Sunnyside grew from a hamlet to a bustling town. Its Spring

celebration was largely Roscoe Sheller's big day. Whenever a civic project got under way, he usually was found ramrodding it to success.

Illness gave Rotarian Sheller a chance to do a lot of thinking. He had time to study Sunnyside's points—both good and bad. One of the latter was its dingy business section. Store fronts were outmoded and unattractive. Sidewalks were cracked and broken. The streets needed widening and the alleys cleaning.

Once Roscoe Sheller was back on his feet, began prodding the Chamber of Commerce into starting a face-lifting job for the town. Before long store fronts showed the results of merchants' cooperation. But when he approached the city council about repairing and making new sidewalks or cleaning the alleys, he was told that no funds were available for such projects, worthy as they might be.

"You'll have to get the money to make that kind of improvement from the property owners themselves," he was informed.

Rotarian Sheller estimated he needed \$90,000 to do the job. Getting a list of property owners, he began canvassing the town. It wasn't an easy task, from either a physical or a solicitation standpoint. Supporting his steps with a cane, he rang doorbells, buttonhold people on the streets, put in long-distance calls, wrote innumerable letters.

Finally, many months later, he had

collected his \$90,000. A contractor immediately set to work and today Sunnyside's streets and sidewalks rank among the best in the towns and cities which dot the Yakima Valley.

The same tactics won house-to-house mail service for Sunnyside and helped in successful war-bond drives. Moreover, he somehow found time to write, direct, and manage a Rotary minstrel show that grossed about \$2,-

000 last year for the Club's Crippled-Children Fund. A similar show was held this year and shared with three Valley cities.

Several years ago his Rotary Club made him an honorary member. So did the Chamber of Commerce—its first and only life honorary membership. They document the evidence in Sunnyside that when you have a man of Rotarian Sheller's mettle, not even ill health will stop him!

BOOKS

Books, books, books, and the treasure they hold,
The tales they tell and the songs they sing—
Worth their weight in the finest gold
That was ever given a king!

One tells of gardens, and one of the sea,
One's full of fairies all spangly slim.
Yours are for you and mine are for me,
And the one about bears for him.

Opening a book is like opening a door,
Turning a leaf's like a bend in a lane—
You never can know how far you'll go,
To Kalamazoo or Spain.

You may meet a bear, or a prince at a ball,
Emperor, poet, you can't tell what.
Books, books, books—they are just like that,
You never can tell at all!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY-DELAWARE

(The Summary)

Delaware one of the Thirteen Original States, next to Rhode Island, the smallest, lies in the South Atlantic group, bounded on the north by Pennsylvania, on the east by New Jersey, Delaware Bay, and the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Maryland, and on the west by Maryland and Pennsylvania. The land is low lying, one-twentieth being marshy.

Fifty fresh water lakes, the Delaware River and Bay, connecting streams and Atlantic Ocean provide an enormous amount of aquatic life. Along the Atlantic coastline, Delaware fishing fleets follow the migrations of fish and much shad, herring and rocks are taken. Delaware Bay yields oysters, clams, crabs and lobsters. Of late years fruit raising, notably peaches, with strawberries and most of the smaller fruits, has been the leading industry. Apples are largely grown and constitute an important item in quantity, quality and money value. Fruit-evaporating and canning industries, with large plants in Dover, Milfort, Middletown and Smyrna are carried on. Once celebrated for the excellence of its wheat, large crops of that grain and other cereals, especially corn, are grown.

The broiler industry produces the greatest agricultural income in the State. The young chickens are grown to a weight of three or four pounds. This industry has lifted Sussex to a high in income.

Delaware has only one clear cut recreation area, the shore line— north

and south of Cape Henlopen, where the Delaware Bay meets the Atlantic Ocean. This section attracts many persons from within and without the State on vacations. There is excellent salt water fishing and bathing on the Bay and the Ocean. Salt water streams also provide good fishing for bass, crappie, pike, yellow perch and catfish. The lower part of the State offers excellent gunning for small game. Scattered neighborhood clubs faster fox hunting.

Wilmington and vicinity is the chief manufacturing center of the State. The port is the world's center of vulcanized fibre manufacture of glazed kid and morocco leathers. Here is found the largest plant in the world devoted to the manufacture of braided hose. The largest single cotton and dyeing works in the world is located here. A noter important activity is shipbuilding. Machinery and hardware also are manufactured.

Wilmington is the headquarters of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Company, the country's largest manufacturer of diversified chemical products.

Wilmington is the chief port, ship traffic passing up the Delaware River. A Government canal connects Delaware and Chesapeake Bays and was converted (1927) into a sea-level-canal.

Kaolin clay is an important quarry industry.

Delaware retains the whipping post as a punishment for criminals. The law was enacted (1771). Delaware was the first State to ratify the United States Constitution (1787). It

retained slavery until it was abrogated (1865) by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The 200 year old Sunday bluelaws were repealed (1941). Under the new law incorporated cities and towns are permitted to prohibit or regulate "worldly activity" on Sundays between 12 noon and 6 P.M., and 8 P.M. and midnight. They may regulate or prohibit activities other than horse racing, public auctions, public dancing, public theatrical performances, or public performances of motion pictures with or without sound before 12 noon and between the hours of 6 P.M. and 8 P.M. However, the five activities may not be engaged in within the limits of incorporated cities or towns on Sundays before 12 noon and between the hours of 6 P.M. and 8 P.M.

The original DuPont Boulevard which was largely built and donated by the late T. Coleman duPont extends through the State from Wilmington to Selbyville.

Delaware, though small in area, has the distinction of having had the flags of four nations floating over its soil at different times, namely, the Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain and United States of America. The periods of the several sovereignties are as follows:

1. The Dutch settlement at Zwaanendael, 1631;
2. The second period (1638-1655);
3. The second Dutch period (1638-1655);
3. The British period (1664-1776);
5. The American period (1776) to the present time.

The Dutch interest in the Delaware River region began with the discovery of Delaware Bay, in 1609, by Henry Hudson, who was in command of the

"Half Moon" a ship belonging to the Dutch East India Company.

With so many Dutch, Swedish, and English persons closely identified with the exploration, settlement, trade, and government of colonial Delaware, it seems strange says a State departmental guide, that the name of the Bay, River and State should be that of an Englishman. Thomas West, who after he was ennobled by the Crown, bore the title Lord De La Warr, but who never set foot on Delaware soil. The Governor of Virginia, he may have viewed the land from the bay while on board a ship on its way to or from Jamestown (1611).

The only Revolutionary engagement fought on Delaware soil was the so-called Battle of Cooch's Bridge (near the village of New ark), where the Americans were strongly posted. Although the latter were dislodged and driven toward the village of Christiana, the British Army, 18,000 strong, under Cornwallis, remained encamped between Glasgow and Iron Hill for five days, awaiting the onslaught of Washington's main Army numbering about 12,000 men. When Washington stubbornly refused to move out of his entrenchments behind Red Clay Creek, the British Army filed off toward the left, through Newark (Sept. 8, 1777) and three days later joined the battle with the American Army on the battlefield of the Brandywine just over the Delaware boundary line in Pennsylvania.

The University of Delaware is in Newark, and a State College for Colored Students is in Dover.

Old Swedes Church, in Wilmington, is one of the nation's oldest historic religious edifices.

HEROES ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM

(By T. H. Alexander, in *The Rotarian*)

Many years ago William Jennings Bryan and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show came to our town the same day. My father offered to take me to either, but there was a twinkle in his eyes because he knew I couldn't decide for I was a hero worshipper.

"Would you like to see the greatest hero in town?" he asked, when I hesitated.

"Yes, sir. Who is he?"

"You'll see," he answered, and we got on a streetcar and rode miles. We stopped at a little manse beside a church, and when he knocked, a little wizened man came out and greeted us. He was, I was told, my cousin Will. When Cousin Will went to fetch some water for us, my father said, "Get him to tell you about the time he was a hero." When I asked Cousin Will about it, he blushed and wouldn't tell.

So, going back on the streetcar after our visit, my father told me the story.

"Many years ago," he said "when your Cousin Will was a very young preacher and weighed about 95 pounds, a mob formed to lynch a man. Cousin Will heard about it and ran down to the jail.

"He found there were about 2,000 men in the mob and they had uprooted a telegraph pole and were battering down the jail door. Cousin Will tried to reason with them, but failed. He tried to make a speech, but he couldn't make himself heard. Then he got one of the men to boost him up and he actually walked on the shoulders of the

mob until he reached the jail door. He got directly in the path of the battering ram and the men had to quit. In the momentary hush, Cousin Will began to make a speech. He said that the men who engaged in the lynching did not lynch a simple-minded culprit, but they lynched the State itself. He pleaded for the majesty of the law, and he begged the men to go away and let the man be given a lawful trial. When he had finished, he called on the men to recite the Lord's Prayer, which they did with Cousin Will leading. And then they sheepishly put their pistols in their pockets and went away."

It was some time later, I must confess, before I came to appreciate Cousin Will and his quiet courage. But today I realize that the red badge of courage is not necessarily won in the smoke of battle. There are heroes of the commonplace.

I am still a hero worshipper, and I have traveled many thousands of miles to find my heroes.

One of them is a little boy who has conquered infantile paralysis. One is a young man who in dark depression days started a business that now occupies a ten-story building. Another is a lawyer who once was on relief, but who has climbed back up because he discovered he has a talent for domestic-relations practice. Another is a young insurance man who made it his business for three years to salvage a brilliant young lawyer whose heavy drinking threatened his career.

Still another is a woman, desperately poor, who wept as she admitted that she had not contributed a penny to her church in 25 years, but who, I soon discovered, had had the sole responsibility in this period of supplying the linen, wine, and bread for the church's monthly communion service. Think of being faithful in this small task for 300 Sunday's!

In almost every human situation there is a hero, but he wears no sword and is no D'Artagnan. Years ago a salesman of my acquaintance fell from a ladder and broke his back. When he died, after four years of helpless invalidism, his ample salary had been paid 48 months by the president of his company. This president rates "in my book" as a prime, grade-A hero.

I know a man who never wore a uniform or waved a sword, but who is as great a hero as Sergeant Alvin York of World War I or "One-Man Army" Wermuth of World War II. He is a gray-haired man who lives today with his dreams alone. He never married, although he was in love with a girl in his youth, because he had to take care of his mother and six sisters. He carried on until the last of his sisters had married and his mother had died, and then it was too late to marry because he was an old, worn-out man.

There are people who have never, as Emerson said, "struck sail to a fear," yet they have never seen a battle or an adventure. But they are heroes—heroes of the commonplace. I knew a man who lived to be well over 90, who was wounded as a youth in the Civil War battle of Stone's River in Tennessee. The wound developed into a terrible running sore. This man's

daughter, now an old woman, dressed it twice daily for more than half a century. Who is the hero—the old soldier, or his daughter? I cast my vote for the daughter.

Although I am a Southerner, one of my favorite heroes is General U. S. Grant, but not for the same reasons he is generally admired.

Grant literally drank himself out of the Army. Less than seven years before the outbreak of the War between the States, Grant gave an undated resignation to a superior, and when he got drunk while paying off troops, his superior sent it in.

On borrowed money Grant got back to Missouri, where he settled down on an 80-acre farm in St. Louis County, a gift from his father-in-law. It had no house on it, and Grant and his wife lived with her people until he built a log cabin. Grant worked, trying to make a crop, eking out spending money by cutting wood to sell in St. Louis; a muddy, despairing, stoop-shouldered figure, in a worn blue Army coat, sitting on a wagon. Four years of struggle with the rocky soil, hoeing, plowing—striving desperately to make ends meet. In 1858 he sold out: a 36-year-old failure with a wife and four children to support.

Drifting, he floated into the real-estate and insurance business. He tried but failed to get the job of county engineer of St. Louis County. Grant was actually reduced to borrowing small sums from acquaintances on the street when his family put him in with his two younger brothers in the leather business at Galena, Illinois. The pay for his services amounted to \$800 a year.

When war broke out in 1861, Grant

found occupation—drilling the Galena company of volunteers! The only man capable of teaching them their drill, he was passed over in the election of officers. The people of Galena thought of him as a poor, unlucky man who was thoughtless about obligations.

Grant went to Springfield and haunted the Governor's office. The only thing available was an office boy's task, ruling forms. He took this gratefully, only halting to write the President to offer his services. Years later the letter turned up in the archives of the War Department. Lincoln had never seen it.

Grant went to Covington, Kentucky, to borrow some money from his father. Refused, he crossed the river to Cincinnati, to see General McClellan, whom he had known at West Point and in Mexico. He was kept cooling his heels in an ante-room.

But back in Springfield the finger of Destiny began to point. Troops Grant had trained at Camp Yates were complaining of their colonel and wanted Grant back. Grant returned. It was weeks before he could raise money for a horse and a uniform. His fami-

ly, his wife's family, refused to advance it. A Galena businessman furnished the money.

Then came the only stroke of luck in Grant's history. An Illinois Congressman had a bit of patronage, and Grant was made brigadier-general because he was the only man in the district capable of holding the job.

From that moment on, Grant's scroll of fame begins to unwind. A grateful people made him President—a place for which he was unfitted. After retiring from politics, he went into business and lost all. Once more he faced poverty and actual want for his family. Dying of cancer, he forced himself to a task he hated—that of writing his memoirs. He finished the monumental work a few days before his death. The Grant family netted \$450,000. from it.

It isn't Grant the military victor, the savior of the Union, whom I venerate. It isn't the uneasy Grant in the White House. No—it is the Grant who overcame his handicaps and won over circumstance. It is the Grant who would not die until he had made his family secure against want.



BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

(Week of May 16, 1948)

- May 16—Robert Melton, Cottage 4, 17th birthday
- May 18—Eddie Brame, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- May 18—Marion Ross, Cottage 9, 15th birthday
- May 19—Richard Thomas Taylor, Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- May 19—Ralph Seagle, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- May 20—Conley Haney, Cottage 11, 16th birthday
- May 21—Bunyan King, Jr., Cottage 11, 14th birthday

FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

(By J. Edgar Hoover, in *The Periscope*)

Just how much can we blame the actions of a 17-year-old boy whose father gives him a sharp pocket-knife with the admonition to "cut the guts out of anyone who bothers you?"

Shall we blame the boy entirely when sometime later he is picked up and charged with murdering a man?

That was the question confronting a judge when a 17-year-old and his 15-year old bride were before him.

The couple had been hitch-hiking from a western city when they fell in with three others. The five began concocting schemes to raise money. The entire group was in a car when the 17-year-old instructed his bride to play up to the driver. The latter fell for the scheme and when he started with the girl into a tract of woods the husband shot him in the back.

The judge sentenced the boy to a correctional institution.

The fact that every six minutes of the day and night brings a crime of murder, manslaughter, or assault is a reproach to the thousands upon thousands of decent Americans who subject their conduct to the common weal because they are imbued with the necessity of living in peace.

What reason propels some to make crime their occupation? What prevented urge leads them to destroy instead of build? These questions were recently put to me by Guidepost Associates, Inc., a non-profit organization which is seeking to improve the moral and religious life of America. This article is based on informa-

tion collected for that worthy organization.

In seeking the answers to the questions, I sifted and analyzed my own experiences with crime in the past 23 years.

My answers, I believe, lie for the most part in the homes of the nation. Many of the cases coming to my attention reveal the disturbing fact that parents are forgetting their God-given obligations to their children.

It came as a shock to parents to hear that at the end of the recent war, age 17 led all other age groups in arrests for serious crimes.

A general moral decadence in the United States as emphasized by the arrest in 1946 of 108,787 young people under 21 years for crimes serious enough to warrant finger-printing. The brutal truth is that youngsters under 21 were responsible for 51 per cent of all auto thefts in 1946. 41 per cent of the burglaries, 28 per cent of the robberies, 27 per cent of the thefts, 26 per cent of the criminal assaults and 18 per cent of the arsons.

This is a callous and shameful picture. It signifies corruption and reflects an utter disregard of human rights and decency.

Such disregard for others was exhibited by three boys, all sixth and seventh graders, who dragged a heavy log across a rail road tract with the deliberate intention of causing a wreck. Providentially, tract workmen discovered the timber in time and a wreck was averted.

Why were these youngsters seeking

a thrill which probably would involve the death of many persons? Because there was no training in their homes which would draw their attention to the greatest satisfaction of all-doing good for others.

The home built upon firm Christian principles is a fortress against evil. Those who live within are crusaders for decency--deciples of democracy. A godless home is built upon sand. Buffeted by the tides of envy, avarice, greed and sloth, the structure weakens and finally crumbles. Decay seeps physical and moral structure and crime finds an inviting breeding ground.

There is the case of the boy who night after night saw his foster parents frequent cheap dives and beer taverns. This boy was 15. His real father had deserted his mother and he and his sister had been sent out for adoption. Although his intelligence was above average, he was disinterested in cooperation and unstable emotionally.

On a previous occasion, his foster mother had come in late in an intoxicated condition and berated him for staying out late. Then one morning after he had gotten in late the night before she scolded him as she fixed his breakfast. Then she went back to bed.

The boy looked at her sleeping form, got a .22 caliber rifle, and shot her. He was arrested in a distant state and reserve as their first teachers.

Parents must awaken to the realization that the family is the first great training school in behaviour or misbehaviour.

Children develop a sense of right and wrong--they are not born with it.

The home becomes for them their first classroom and their parents must

serve as their teachers.

I recall one case where four boys, aged 16 and 17 banded together and perpetrated a series of housebreakings and thefts. Three of the boys were victims of broken homes. Parental control was lacking in the life of the fourth boy. The mother of one of the youngsters had been involved with another man in the absence of her husband. Her son knew this and definitely resented the delinquency of his mother.

Our nation is sadly in need of a rebirth of the simple life--a return to the days when God was a part of each household, when families arose in the morning with a prayer on their lips and ended the day by placing themselves in His care. We should revive the beautiful practice of offering thanks at meals and bring back to the family circle the moments when father or mother unfolded the lessons of the Bible to eager young listeners.

Today, more than ever before, the teachings of the Bible are needed. This, the greatest book ever written, and its plain and simple lessons of charity, love, brotherhood, sacrifice, patience and forgiveness will bring God back into our thoughts and actions once again.

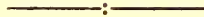
Lesson number one comes from the Book of Proverbs which tells us:

"Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people."

The foundation of our democracy was built upon a firm faith in the Almighty. As our nation grew and prospered, as it overcome vicissitudes and adversities, its people never lost faith in a personal God. Our generation, it seems, has allowed old, faithful religious practice to slip into oblivion.

As a result, the nation has suffered
and its children have become spiritual-
ly starved.

Let us return to the faith of our fa-
thers and reap once again the harvest
of God's blessings.



REFLECTION

I did pretty well with that trouble I had,
That trouble that frightened me so;
Now it's over I've a right to feel glad
That I didn't give in to a blow.

For a while it appeared that I couldn't succeed,
I was tempted to give up the fight,
But now that it's over I'm happy indeed
To think that I came out all right.

I nearly gave up when the thing looked so bad,
I had almost decided to quit;
I'm surprised at myself at the courage I had,
And I'm glad that I had so much grit.

When the next trouble comes I shall stand up and fight
And meet it the best that I can,
I've reached the conclusion that trouble's all right,
It brings out the stuff in a man.

—Anon.

BLIND VET SAVES EXPRESS

(Springfield Daily News)

The keen hearing of a blind Marine veteran averted a possible railroad disaster, it was disclosed recently.

If 22-year-old Jack George hadn't detected a broken rail on the bridge spanning the Beaver River, the crack Chicago-to-New York "Admiral" of the Pennsylvania Railroad could have been derailed.

Jack and his father, Griffith W. George, 50, a conductor for the Pittsburgh & Erie Railroad, were sitting in the living room of their home about a block from the railroad when a fast train thundered over the Beaver River bridge.

As the train left the bridge, Jack's ears, made acute by the loss of his sight four years ago on Guam, picked up a strange sound—a sort of "thump thump" instead of the usual "clackety-clack."

Jack straightened in his chair and cried, "Dad! Listen to that...isn't there something wrong on the tracts?"

It was about 10:30 p. m. At 11:13 the eastbound "Admiral" was due to speed

over the same stretch of track.

George grabbed two flashlights and leading his son, crossed a field to the railroad bridge. The lights picked up a 12-inch break in the track. He posted Jack on the bridge.

"You wait here, Jack," he said. "Here, take these flashlights. If you hear a train coming, wave them like hell."

The father then ran home and telephoned the Pennsylvania Railroad dispatcher, who flashed word to all trains to slow down when approaching the bridge. Warning signal blocks were set and trains were switched to adjoining tracts.

Jack was blinded when a Jap shell exploded amid a squad of Marines who had volunteered to capture a high Japanese officer. Ten Marines were killed and six, including Jack, were wounded.

The veteran now is married, has a three-month old son, and is a student machinist.

There's no thrill in easy sailing,
 When the sky is clear and blue.
 There's no joy in merely doing
 Things which anyone can do.
 But there is some satisfaction
 That is mighty sweet to take,
 When you reach a destination
 That you thought you couldn't make.

—Author Unknown.

TOWARD A UNITED NATIONS WITH TEETH

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Most encouraging to those who hope for peace and world order is the movement in the United States Senate to strength the Charter of the United Nations and increase American commitments under it. Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan has introduced a resolution on behalf of 16 senators: Aiken and Flanders of Vermont, Tobey of New Hampshire, Baldwin of Connecticut, O'Connor of Maryland, Byrd of Virginia, Ives of New York, Hoey of North Carolina, Sparkman of Alabama, Sennis of Mississippi, Capehart and Jenner of Indiana, Ball of Minnesota, Johnson of Colorado, McFarland of Arizona, and Cain of Washington. By this resolution the Congress would authorize and request the President to initiate amendments to the Charter of the United Nations to accomplish four things:

1. Eliminate the veto in the Security Council regarding matters of aggression, armament for aggression, and admission of new members.

2. Prevent arming for aggression by adopting the American proposal for a United Nations atomic development authority and placing a world wide quota limitations upon any nation's production of heavy armaments.

3. Establish a world police force with an international contingent made up of volunteers recruited from the smaller nations as the active force, and the armed forces of the five major

powers as reserve contingents. The interational contingent would be under the direct control of the Security Council, and the national contingents would be limited, with the United States, Russia, and Britain each providing a total of 20 per cent of the world total, and France and China 10 per cent each. The collective quota of remaining member states would be 20 per cent.

4. Give the world court authority to interpret any disputed point in the revised Charter.

When one remembers that it was in the United States Senate that the League of Nations received its mortal wound after World War I, the impressive backing of this resolution for a United Nations with teeth is all the more encouraging. These senators realize that these proposals will not at first win unanimous approval; but they insist that if the amendments are voted, "the United States and other likeminded nations should join together without the vetoing nation to effectively carry out the perfected machinery of a United Nations for the Preservation of World Peace." That would mean the end of the present United Nations, perhaps, but it would also mean the beginning of a new United Nations having within it the possibilities of an enduring world government.

The reason a dog has so many friends—he wags his tail—not his tongue.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of the McGill St. Baptist Church in Concord, was the guest minister at the school last Sunday. To the boys he brought a message appropriate to the observance of Mother's Day. The topic of his sermon was, "Behold thy mother."

For a Scripture lesson three verses were read from the nineteenth chapter of John, beginning with the 25th and extending through the 27th.

When Jesus uttered the words, "Behold thy mother," He was then hanging on the cross, and He was in the agony of death. As He looked about Him He saw His mother standing by the side of John, the beloved disciple, and it was to this disciple He uttered these words: "Behold thy mother."

It was explained to the boys that when Jesus was crucified He bore the sins of the world, even though He Himself was without sin. His enemies were willing to put Him to death even though He wished to be their best friend.

Mr. Tarlton pointed out that one of the attributes of a mother is her willingness to suffer, especially if it is for the sake of her child. From the time that a tiny baby is born, and as long as he lives, the mother is concerned about the child, and suffers as much as needed for him. Sometimes her suffering and her sacrifices are manifested by the service which she renders to the child with her own hands; sometimes the tear-dimmed eyes of a mother testify to her suffering. The mother always stands by to comfort and to cheer even when the child is, oftentimes very unworthy of her sacrifices. It was pointed out, too, that

a mother always believes in her child. Even when an unworthy son takes all of the resources of a mother, she never falters in her love toward him, and she never condemns him.

When the words, "Behold thy mother," are uttered, it is appropriate to keep in mind the many efforts of a mother to train her child as he should be. She teaches him his first steps: she teaches him to be polite and mannerly in the homes; she teaches him his first prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep" In her patient way she helps the child by giving him confidence when he needs inspiration.

In this connection it was explained to the boys that Moses as a tiny child had been taught by his mother some of the basic things in his religious life which he never forgot. Later on, when he was in the Egyptian royal household he remembered what his mother had taught him. From his mother he learned about God, and this he remembered throughout his life.

Finally, it was pointed out that it is the mother in the home who shapes and fashions the ideals and destinies of nations and of individuals. On one occasion Abraham Lincoln declared that all he ever was and ever hoped to be he owed to his angel mother.

Likewise, it was pointed out that Susannah Wesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist church, had a very deep and profound influence on their lives and their work.

Mr. Tarlton urged the boys to so live that their lives would honor their mothers, that if they were living, they would be a blessing to them. If a boy

has lost his mother he may so live his seek to so live that his mother would life that even then the things he does be proud of him and that his good may bless her memory among men. deeds would honor his mother. Every boy, Mr. Tarlton said, should



THE LIFE THAT LEFT ITS IMPRINT ON THE AGES

What is it about the lives of certain men which makes permanent impressions upon their fellow men? Consider the case of Jesus of Nazareth.

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He worked in a carpenter shop for a number of years.

For thirty years he was an itinerant preacher without salary of any sort.

He never owned a home. He never had a family, he never went to college.

It is thought that he never traveled 200 miles from the place where he was born.

He never did one of the things that in present day opinion usually accompanies greatness.

His friends forsook him. One of them betrayed him. He was cast into prison and finally nailed to a cross between two common thieves.

After his death his body was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend. His mourners were few.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone since the short life span of that young man, yet the imprint of his life is as clear and vivid today as that of any person who has ever lived. Few lives have brought more strength, more courage, more uplift to the lives of other men than that of this Jesus the Nazarene.

—Reprint, with slight alterations from The Volunteers Gazette.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Love gives itself; it is not bought.
—Longfellow.

—:—

Literature is the immortality of speech.—Schlegel.

—:—

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.—Heber.

—:—

Little things console us, because little things afflict us.—Pascal.

—:—

Doing the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.

—:—

They that know God will be humble; they that know themselves cannot be proud.—Flavel.

—:—

It is well to read everything of something, and something of everything.—Brougham.

—:—

Though not always called upon to condemn ourselves, it is always safe to suspect ourselves.—Whately.

—:—

The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.—Potter.

—:—

A reputation for good judgment, fair dealing, truth, and rectitude, is itself a fortune.—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

There is pleasure enough in this life to make us wish to live, and pain enough to reconcile us to death when we can live no longer.

—:—

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do the more we are able to accomplish.—Tryon Edwards.

—:—

I believe that any man's life will be filled with constant and unexpected encouragement, if he makes up his

mind to do his level best each day, and as nearly as possible reaching the highwater mark of pure and useful living.—Booker T. Washington.

—:—

To waken interest and kindle enthusiasm is the sure way to teach easily and successfully.

—Tryon Edwards.
—:—

What is strength without a double share of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burthensome, proudly secure, yet lial to fall by weakest subtleties; strength's not made to rule, but to subserve, where wisdom bears command.—Milton.

—:—

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to see happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.—Johnson

—:—

I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of.—Addison.

—:—

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugarplums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the job. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.—Sydney Smith.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Joe left his job because of illness. The boss got sick of him.

—:—

An Indian put it this way: "When they smoked the pipe at Yalta, nobody inhaled."

—:—

"Well bless my soul," said the ram as he plunged headlong over the cliff, I didn't see that ewe turn."

—:—

"Who says all men are born free?" wailed the young father of a bouncing baby boy as he received the doctor's bill.

—:—

Waiter: "Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America."

Customer: "Oh, so that's where you've been!"

—:—

"Does a scar-crow really do any good?"

Does it! Why is scares the crows so bad that the brought back all the corn they stole last year."

—:—

"Why are soldiers always tired on April?" asked a "Tommy" of a group in the messroom.

It was given. "Because they've just had a March of thirty-one days."

—:—

Robinson: "Who was that man you just raised your hat to?"

Schwartz: "Oh, that was my barber. He sold me a bottle of hair restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him I let him see what a fraud he is."

—:—

A local practical joker sent friends boxes containing 11 white mice, with cards reading: Hope you enjoy having these twelve mice. The recipients inevitably spent hours searching their apartments for one missing mouse.

—:—

The prosecutor and psychiatrist were arguing. The 'cutor says, "You're like the blind man looking in a pitch

black room for a coal black cat who isn't there." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but you generally find him and send him away."

—:—

1st Old Maid: "Do you always look under the bed?"

2nd Old Maid: "Always!"

1st Old Maid: "Did you ever find anything?"

2nd Old Maid: "Only in old-fashioned hotels!"

—:—

The family was having company for dinner. Julie, aged five, laid down her spoon, looked at her mother, and said: "Mommy, there's a hair in my soup."

"Hush dear," implored the embarrassed mother, trying to cover the situation, "it's just a crack in your plate."

Julie picked up her spoon, stirred dubiously a few times. "Mommy," she insisted, "can a kwack move?"

—:—

The lady of the house was expecting the iceman. She left a note on the back door instructing him to come on in and put the ice in the box. But she neglected to turn the catch on the door and it locked.

Later, while taking a bath, the back door bell rang and then she realized she hadn't left the door open. Wrapping a large bath towel around her, she dashed into the kitchen. "I'm going to unlock the door," she yelled to whom she thought was the iceman, "but wait a minute before you come in."

So she turned the latch, dashed into the next room, and hid in the large utility closet. Imagine her utter embarrassment when the back door caller marched straight to that closet!

It wasn't the ice man at all, but the gas meter reader—and, of course, the meter had to be in that closet. Nor was her embarrassment lessened when she stammered, "Why, why, I thought you were the iceman!"

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 9, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Charles Fields

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Richard Leonard
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Herbert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Thomas Shepherd
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
James Christy
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Wayne Millsap
Woodrow Norton

Francis Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Glenn Cunningham
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Leon Martin
Russell Murphy
Richard Taylor
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
Jimmy Volroth
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Elmore Dallas
R. T. Fisher
Danny Mack Hayes
Carl Howell
William Hinson
Billy Ray Keene
Evan Myers
Charles Pinkston
Lester Owens
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell
James Howell
George Patterson

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Richard Messick
Tommy Pressly
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Guinn
Lewis Holt
Horace Jordan
Clyde Leonard
Earl Medford
Edward McCall
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Gary Dudley
Marvin Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Carl Jenkins
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Edward MacInnis
Harris Minish
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Jimmy Mobly
Robert Whitaker
Eugene Wyatt

COTTAGE No. 11

Roy Eddings
Benny Riggins

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Jadie Atkins
Joseph Blackburn
Garland Brinn
Zane Brisson
Homer Fisher
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Fred Painter

Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Joe Swink
Howard Wise
Bobby Walker

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Carlyle Brown
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Richard Harper
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Cecil Butcher
Donald Bass
J. K. Blackburn
Willard Brown
Charles Farmer
Alvin Fox
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Melvin Norman
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Eugene Williams
Troy Wall
Eugene Womble
Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Robert Canady
Edens Chavis
Parnell Deese
Carl Davis
Walter Hammond
Harvey Jacobs
Charles McDaniels
Carroll Painter
Franklin Phillips
Bobby Peavey
Francis Thomas
Howard Wilson
Bobby Woodruff
Glenn Bumgardner

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Onie Kilpatrick

C369

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 22, 1948

NO. 21

GRATITUDE

How intimately life has entwined others about our lives that we may be supported by their strength, and by ours! What if nobody cared to call us friends in those plastic years of youthfulness! What if nobody cared when we returned at nightfall, worn and frayed by the cares of daily toil! What if nobody cared when we slip out into the Silence and to a nameless grave! Therefore, since we do care, let us "do unto others as we would that others do unto us." Thus shall our thanksgiving merge into thanksgiving, transforming the discharge of commonplace duties into a blessed sacrament, whereby we learn to read the august meaning of life by the light of high hours.

—W. Waldemar W. Argod, Th. D.,

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

ARE YOU LOSING A BOY

Not kidnaped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and raise a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the cause, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue, if need be. Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fire-side and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programs, she left the maid to hear the boys say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elders were unmindful of the feelings of the boy in the pew and made no provision in sermon or song for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking for the lost boy.

—Child Welfare Magazine.

INSTALLATION OF ELECTRIC STOVES AND REFRIGERATORS

Here at the Jackson Training School within recent weeks it has been possible to install in the various cottages both electric cook stoves and electric refrigerators. This improved equipment has been made possible through appropriations made by the last session of the Legislature and with the cooperation of Mr. Leonard of the State Board of Correction and Training, and Mr. Deyton, Assistant Director of the Budget Bureau.

The new stoves and refrigerators have been received with great

pleasure, especially by the matrons and house boys, and there is every reason to believe that this new equipment will enable the school to have a more effective cooking and feeding program for the boys here at the school. After all, the boys will receive the greatest benefit.

Throughout the years, the meals have been prepared and served to the boys in the cottages, except the bread, cakes and pies which have been prepared in the central bakery. The cooking has been done by the boys under the supervision of the matrons, and it has always been done on coal-burning cook stoves. The coal has always been a slow-burning type fuel, and there have been many times when preparation of the food was slow and below adequate standards. There were times when there was a feeling that the slow-burning fuel was failing to meet the needs of the boys. The stoves were in operation for many years, and many of them were in a rather poor state of repair. The new equipment is Hot Point Electric ranges, with four outlets on top, and an oven. The baking and cooking can be done rapidly and with an even temperature, so that the preparation of the meals for the boys, without doubt, will be greatly improved.

We have also installed new General Electric refrigerators in all but three of the cottages, and these cottages will have them soon. These are large refrigerators with twenty-two cubic feet of space in each. They will enable the matrons and the boys to preserve supplies of milk, vegetables and other foods, and it can be done with a minimum of effort.

This is an improvement which is in step with refrigeration in almost every modern home. This equipment replaces the old ice refrigerators which have been used at the school for many years and long ago became antiquated.

All of us are very grateful to everyone who had a part in making it possible for us to get these two important items of cottage equipment.

* * * * *

A GOOD MANY BOYS ELIGIBLE FOR RELEASE

Here at the school we are in the process of making arrangements

for quite a number of our boys to be released in the near future. The Reviewing Committee has been working diligently on these cases for the last few weeks, and we are hopeful that the boys who are about to be released will be able to go back to their homes with better social attitudes and with good opportunities for making good. The various welfare officials, as usual, have been very cooperative and have, apparently, understood the needs of the boys.

In reviewing the cases, it was found that quite a number of boys had good enough records for their cases to be favorably considered. Some releases, all along, have had to be delayed for one reason or another. Some boys needed additional help with their school work; some had poor, inadequate homes to which they might go; and some really had no home.

The welfare officials have been kept informed all along about every boy, and in many instances they have asked the school to continue the treatment program for the boys, because the opportunities here were superior to what the boys would have had at home.

At the school we have realized the danger of keeping boys too long, so that their lives would tend to become institutionalized. Then, too, we have tried to realize that it would be unwise for boys to be placed in an environment which would quickly offset the training they have received here. Too often, the home that failed to meet the needs of a boy before he came to the school does not improve in the meantime to the extent it is able to give adequate guidance and protection when the boy is returned. There is this ever-present problem which has to be considered.

A good many boys have been kept here until the public schools at home close. This is done because most of the boys had difficulty in their school work before they were sent to us. They had developed a dislike for school, and this contributed to their delinquency. Perhaps some of the boys after being at home during the summer will find it possible to re-enter the public schools and find their rightful places in school. Other older boys, we hope, will find desirable employment and will be able to contribute to the needs of their families.

We expect to release about seventy-five boys within the next few

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weeks. Some of these have been here for approximately twelve months, some for eighteen months, some for two years, and some others for over three years. We realize that it is unfortunate when any boy cannot go to a suitable home within about one year's time, but sometimes it is impossible to do otherwise.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

· Week of May 23, 1948

May 28—Herbert Griffin, Cottage 3, 14th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Ball Game

By Max Ray Herring, 5th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 11 played No. 1. We beat them with a score of 19 to 5. The catcher and pitcher for No. 11 were Max Ray Herring and Willis Caddell.

Our Baseball Game

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Saturday cottage no. 2 and no. 10 played a good game of baseball. Gerald Johnson pitched for no. 10 and Harvey Arnette pitched for no. 2.

No. 10 won by the score of 9 to 2. Next time we hope to beat them.

Our Trip

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

After lunch we are going to the cabin. I have never been there before. I will have a good time over there I hope. All of the boys of no. 2 will go.

We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Braswell for taking us to the cabin.

Our Softball Game

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Sat. afternoon cottage no. 7 played no. 3. James Christy was the first one to make a point for no. 3. Edward McCall was the first one to make a point on our team. The score was 17 to 2 in no 7's favor. W. L. Steele was the pitcher and McCall was the catcher. We hope we can win every game

we play.

The Picture Show

By James Swinson, 5th Grade

Last Thursday night, we saw a show and the name of it was "Ramrod." It was a cowboy picture and it was a good one. The main character was Joel McCrea. I am sure everybody enjoyed the picture.

The Softball Game

By Fairly McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday May 15. Cottage 7 and Cottage 3 played a softball game. The score was 19 to 2 in favor of Cottage 7. All of the boys of both Cotages played a very good game.

We all want to thank Mr. Horn for umpiring a very good game.

Our Ball Game

By Richard Cook

Saturday afternoon cottage no.7 was going to play no. 9. Cottage no. 9 did not come so we won by forfeit. They would not come to play us.

Mr. Horne and the boys were glad that they did not come because they are bigger than we are.

Receiving Cottage Downs No. 9, 11-0

By Rufus Tuggles, 7th Grade

The Receiving Cottage kept its record for no losses by defeating No. 9 by 11 to 0. Loftin did a fine job,

striking out 15 of the No. 9 boys while giving up two walks. Hendron could not keep the ball under control.

Loftin got credit for his first no-hitter. Several of the starting players for the Receiving Cottage had their tonsils removed, but we did a fine job with the substitutes.

Our Visit to Rocky Ridge

By Jr. Blackburn, 9th Grade

Friday night, three cottages went to the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church to attend the preaching service. The Cottages 2, 10 and 13 were the ones who went. We were glad we went. Mr. E. K. McLarty was the preacher for the revival meeting.

Maps

By Kenneth Holcomb, 5th Grade

In the 5th Grade, the boys have been coloring maps of the United States. Mrs. Liske, our teacher has chosen the best ones and put them in the school room. They look very pretty. Each time we study a State, we get to color it. We hope to learn more about our United States and we hope all of the boys will learn more about their country.

A New Boy

By Billie Shore, 3rd Grade

My name is Billie Shore. I am in cottage no. 2. I have been here two weeks to day. I ask for the bakery or laundry when I first came here but, Mr. Hawfield said I would be a good house boy. I hope I get a good job.

We have a good time going to school in the morning and working after din-

ner. We see picture shows, go swimming, and have good things to eat.

Our cottage officer and matron is Mr. and Mrs. Braswell and they are good to me

We can get all the good books that we want to out of the library to read.

Mr. Walter's Vacation

By Jimmy Peoples, 3th Grade

Mr. Walters has gone on his vacation.

We hope that he has a good time.

He sent all of his boys to the other cottages.

We hope that they have a good time too.

We will be glad when he gets back.

Our Trip

By William Hinson, 3th Grade

Saturday Cottage 5 and Cottage 4 went to the cabin. We all had a good time. Some of the boys went wading, some played ball, and some fished. After that we had hot dogs and drinks. Then we played some after we ate. After a while we came back to the school. We all had a good time.

At The Wildwood Cottage

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon cottage no. 2 played no. 10 in baseball and softball before we went to the Wildwood Cabin.

The first thing I did when we got there was hunt a fishing pole but, we could not find any. Someone had gotten them. Mr. Braswell and some of the boys had some fishing hooks. One of the boys was running very fast and

he slipped down and got muddy. We went in swimming. I stepped in a place over my head then I floated on down the stream. When we came out we had hotdogs, sandwiches, cookies, lemonade and ice cream. I ate until I could hold no more. We all came home happy and tired.

Our Show

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Sunday night cottage no. 11 saw a picture show. It was a good show and all of the boys liked it very much. It showed us where we get our air and water. It also showed us many more things that were interesting. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Rouse in the picture. They looked good in the picture.

Fifth Grade News

By Floyd Bruce, 5th Grade

The Cub Scouts of J. T. S. and Mrs. Liske are holding their annual festival in the back yard of Cottage 10. Cubs from Concord, Kannapolis, and the county will visit them sometime during the three days. The festival is to be held next week. The Cubs will start their wigwams this week. They will cover them with blankets. Bear, wolf and lion skins will be tacked around the opening of the wigwams. These skins are made of the prepared parchment paper and will look like the dried skins of animals.

In and around these wigwams will be placed the things that the Cubs have made. There will be the peacepipes, the head dress of feathers, tomahawks, bows and arrows, canoes, and tom-toms.

The Cubs will also display their

wood carvings, scrap books, clay modeling, rugs, mats, pot holders, and a large ship.

The Cubs of the Training School will be dressed in Indian costumes and will play games, give imitations of Indian life, and will serve refreshments.

They are all looking forward to this festival and having all the Cubs from the county to visit them.

Ninth Grade Science Study

By Alfred Davis, 9th Grade

The boys of the ninth grade have been studying about the various parts of the body in science.

All living things are made of a substance called protoplasm. It is a jelly like substance of a grayish color, containing water and some solid particles which give it a granular appearance.

The cell is the smallest unit of protoplasm.

Some animals and plants consist of only one cell; some are made up of several cells joined together; and some are made up of very complex combinations of thousands of cells joined together.

Heat is necessary for living things. There is a wide variation of temperatures at which different living organisms can continue to live. Few living things can withstand long continued freezing, although many plants withstand winter temperatures for several months.

Certain substances known as vitamins are necessary to growth and well-being of the higher animals. Vitamins are substances found in foods the lack of which cause in animals

which are known as deficiency diseases.

Scores and Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

After four weeks of the regular baseball season gone, we find only two undefeated teams in the school. Cottages 10 and 16 are the undefeated. But time might prove different, for the other cottages are working hard. Scores for the past week were: Cottage 15 over 14, 15 to 6; 17 over 13, 11 to 5; 5 over 4, 10 to 2; 16 over 9, 11 to 0; and Cottage 10 over 2, 9 to 2.

In the softball league, there are three undefeated teams, and who are really working to keep their lead. They are Cottages 5, 7A and 10. Results for softball games were: 15 over 6B, 30 to 0; 17 over 13, 25 to 9; 14 over 6A, 7 to 3; 7A over 3A, 19 to 2; 5 over 3B, 19 to 9; 11 over 1, 19 to 5; 7B won a forfeit from No. 9, and Cottage 10 defeated No. 2, 23 to 2.

The standings of each cottage are as follows:

Baseball League

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
10	4	0	1.000
16	4	0	1.000
2	3	1	.750
5	3	1	.750
15	3	1	.750
14	2	2	.500
17	2	2	.500
4	1	3	.250
11	1	3	.250
13	1	3	.250
1	0	4	.000
9	0	4	.000

Softball League

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
5	4	0	1.000
7A	4	0	1.000
10	4	0	1.000
3A	3	1	.750
4	2	1	.666
15	2	1	.666
17	2	1	.666
7B	2	2	.500
14	2	2	.500
2	1	2	.333
3B	1	2	.333
6A	1	3	.250
11	1	3	.250
13	1	3	.250
1	0	3	.000
6B	0	4	.000
9	0	4	.000

Clyde E. Small, Former Boy, Receives Recognition at Morganton

We were delighted to note in the newspapers recently that Clyde E. Small, one of our former boys and a member of the group in Cottage No. 10, was appointed by the Mayor of Morganton as a member of the Parks and Recreation Commission there. This is a very worthy honor, and we are delighted to know that one of our training school boys has made good in his home community to this extent.

We are sure that Clyde will prove himself worthy of the honor that has been bestowed upon him and that he will render valuable service to the boys of his home city. No doubt, it will be a great joy and pleasure to him to be able now to help other boys there to avoid the pitfalls and temptations of an unwholesome community environment.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Clyde and also to the City of Morganton.

WHERE IS THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH

(Baptist Messenger)

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (Psalm 91:1).

A rather literal translation of this same text reads, "He that hath chosen his permanent abode the secret place of the most High shall always be in touch with the Almighty of God."

First the secret place of God, and then his protection and power. One naturally follows the other.

Where is the secret place of the Most High?

It is not necessarily in the church. It may be and then it may not be. Whether the secret place of the Most High is in the church depends on some other things. But the church building is not the place to which God limits his presence. He is there, it is true; but actually many people have gone to church for years without ever sitting in his presence.

It is not at the pulpit. Surely He is where the preacher stands and he might bless you through the ministry of the preacher; but, for you, that is not the secret place. God does keep appointments with his people through the pulpits, but the most intimate moments we have with God are not there, else God would be limiting himself to those who stand in pulpits.

The secret place of the Most High is not in the baptistry of the Lord's table. There are those who claim that they are, but surely they are mistaken. God speaks to his people

through the glorious ordinances, but his speaking is only to encourage a glowing fellowship with him at some other "trusting place."

Where then is the secret place of the Most High?

It is in a place locked with the key of your will.

It has a door before which God always stands.

It is in the innermost recesses of your heart, at the place you and Jesus sit down with life before you and together talk about it to work out some kind of solution that will make you more into the kind of character God wants you to be.

It is the quiet place where you commune with God in prayer.

It is the garden where your solitudes are solitudes no longer because He walks and talks with you there.

It is your bed of suffering that is a bed of suffering no longer because he is our beloved physician who tells us that he cares.

It is your tormented minds that are in torment no longer because He has taken the guidance of your lives and the security of your future.

It is the place where we say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

And there was never anything like the strength that we get from frequenting this secret place of the Most High.

When we tarry there we receive power to do our work.

We receive power to overcome sin.

Once a deacon-friend of mine, Mr. C. S. Storms, prayed, "Lord we thank you that today we have already prayed and that we have strength now because we prayed then." First the secret place. And then the power.

—————:—————

"THERE IS A LAD HERE"

It was Andrew, one of the Disciples, who made this statement, wondering whether he had found a way of solving a serious problem. Great crowds of people had been listening to the Galilean Preacher for hours, but now it was past meal time and they were far from home in a desert place, where no food was available.

Still the Preacher said the people should be fed, and the Disciples wondered what to do. They had a little money, but that didn't help when there was no store or bakery. Then Andrew mentioned the lad and said, "He has a little food—five barley loaves and two small fishes—but what is that among so many?" Yet that small quantity of food sufficed to feed the multitude. Jesus took the loaves and fishes and blessed them and then by a miracle of His divine power kept on handing out loaves and fishes to the Disciples and they passed them on to the people until all were fed.

What a day to remember! The lad may have set out to go fishing or on a hike and took a little lunch with him, then he saw the crowd and joined it, then he heard wonderful words, and when the food question came up he eagerly offered his lunch, only to see it blessed and multiplied until it fed thousands. What a day and what an experience!

Do things like that still happen? Yes, they do—at least spiritually. A little consecrated to the Lord may still become much! A lad, hearing the Master's voice may become a great missionary, a mighty preacher, a brave leader among men, through whom multitudes may be blessed.

Possibly somebody reading these lines and the heading, "There Is A Lad" will say, "That means me"—I will be inspired to step out to do great things for God and humanity.

—By Rev. Hansler, in The Cadet.

HAPPINESS

(Springfield Daily News, in Our Paper)

Happiness is a universal urge. The human species everywhere seeks it. It is what every man—no matter what his race or color—longs for in his heart. What every woman yearns to obtain. Rochefoucauld has written: "Happiness is in taste and not in things: and it is by having what we love that we are happy, NOT by having what others find agreeable."

It is the fulfilment of a clear cut, honest desire and not a makeshift, hazy one.

Knowing what happiness is makes it easier to get. Those who do not know what happiness is, often have it and fail to let it give pleasure, that is, they have what they really desire, but are blinded by false desire, because we sometimes think we desire something that we really would not want if we got it as it would bring with it by-products that would decidedly make for trouble causing unhappiness rather than happiness. If you are unhappy examine your desire. Use your imagination and place yourself in the situation you would be in in case that desire were a reality. Aid your imagination by learning all you can concerning your desire.

You can desire wealth, with it comes

responsibilities and jealousies. Are you ready to accept these? You cannot have wealth without them. If wealth brings happiness than people who have wealth should be happy. No argument here. Well, are the wealthy people you know happy? Be a Sherlock Holmes and find out. If some are, evaluate their happiness to see if wealth is the cause. It will be revealing and perhaps you'll find your true desire is for health or love rather than wealth.

Samuel Smiles says: "It is observed at sea that men are never so much disposed to grumble and mutiny as when least employed. Hence an old captian, when there was nothing else to do, would issue the order to "scour the anchor." Keep occupied.

Follow Adam Clark. He asserts: "I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate."

Scour your anchor. Polish up the handle of the big front door—if you can't think of a hobby to pursue or a chore to trice you, or a friend to help.

For "HAPPINESS is the sensation you feel when you are too busy to feel miserable!"

No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and moral well-being of the place in which he lives, is left long without proper reward. —Booker T. Washington.

WILL MEDICINE MOVE FORWARD

(By Bernard Baruch, in Better Health)

"All over the world, the masses are stirring for higher living standards. Improved medical care is the foundation of that better standard."

—Baruch.

When I was a boy, my mother took me to a phrenologist. His office was across the street from where Wanamaker's now is. He felt the bumps on my head and asked my mother what she expected to do with me.

She replied, "I am thinking of making him a doctor."

"He will be a good doctor," said this phrenologist, "but my advice to you is to take him where they are doing things in finance and politics—he might even make good there, too."

It has been a long detour for the prodigal. He has returned.

In many ways I am sorry I did not become a member of this noblest of professions. For I believe we approach a great adventure in health. That is our goal. I think it obtainable. It would be gratifying to take a more active part in it.

All my thoughts on medicine are colored by memories of my father, Dr. Simon Baruch. He was the wisest man I ever knew. He pioneered in surgery, physical medicine and "incurable diseases." Often, I heard him tell prospective medical students:

"Do not enter the medical profession to make money. Study medicine only with the idea that your greatest compensation will be knowing that you help your fellowmen. Do not expect gratitude and you will never

be dissatisfied."

As chairman of the War Industries Board in the first World War, I realized how important to defense was the health of our citizens. That awareness was reinforced many fold during this past war.

In preparing a report for the late President Roosevelt on manpower, I was shocked to learn at least four million men had been rejected as 4-F's—unfit to defend their country. Some, not all, of these defects were preventable.

How much more shocking would have been the record, if everyone had received the same examination?

Since then, I have given the problems of medical care much thought. It deeply concerned me that we not fail the returning veteran, so I studied their medical needs. From that, it was only a step to related problems of general medical care for all.

Soon as I was up to my neck in reports, statistics, speeches, Congressional hearings, I conferred with many persons, doctors, and non-doctors, experts and amateurs.

May I tell you some of my conclusions? They may not be particularly new to you, pioneering this field. They may be helpful, coming from a non-professional mind.

But before I list them, I would like to point out that the medical science and art have conferred a new and great benefit upon society in the last generation. The years of our lives have been heavily increased. This

helps not merely the individual, who wants to go on living—and living in dignity and self-respect—but all the people to live more comfortably and freer from fear.

And now to go on with my exposition:

There is no question—the need for more medical care exists.

Also, there is no question this need will have to be met.

The problem is how?

All over the world, the masses are stirring for higher living standards. Improved medical care is a foundation of that better standard. Without good health, of what advantage are higher wages or shorter work hours, better education or greater leisure?

The families whose earnings disappear with serious illness—the many who suffer disease which your skillful diagnosis and treatment could have prevented or halted—or whose limited means bar them from the medical attention available to you and me—these people will not remain content.

This striving of the masses for better living is felt everywhere. In health, your profession must steer that surging tide into channels of improvement. Then, the surge does not overspill into the revolutionary flood, which washes away more than it brings.

One of the last things Woodrow Wilson wrote—called “The Road Away from Revolution”—was this:

“In these doubtful and anxious days when the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them.”

That was Wilson's method—to assess portending dangers, and anticipate them by timely action. So, he proposed the realistic League of Nations, which men rejected as a dream—and got a nightmare. Wilson knew social change was inevitable. He worked to steer that change into orderly channels.

You should take that as your guiding star.

Society usually divides into **three broad groups**.

At one end—the left end—are those who burn with a passion to change everything as quickly as they can—if not quicker.

At the other—right end—are things those want things just as they are.

In the middle are people, like Woodrow Wilson to whose school I belong, who believe in intelligent progress and seek to guide it.

What differentiates these **three groups** is their attitude towards that vital element of life—Time.

The left-enders feel time panting hot on their necks.

The right-enders use time to **fight** rear-guard actions, all the way.

The middlers—sometimes both left and right call us “muddlers”—seek to come to terms with time, preserving the best of the past, discarding the outworn, and moving on to a better future.

In the matter of adequate medical care, too many doctors have been fighting a rear-guard action for too long. I feel I must warn those doctors—time is running against them. The medical profession has justly earned great influence in the community. It can keep that hold only as it moves forward. It will lose that hold

if it has nothing but objections to offer, if it has eyes only for what not to do.

We must look for what can be done—and do it.

The great question is how? I do not want to seem to say I know the answers. We do know the public is demanding better and more medical service through some action—political or otherwise.

What is this adventure in health I see dawning, and towards which you all have been keeping the doctor's vigil through the night? This adventure, which you will have to lead—or it will fail—has many elements:

1. More and better doctors—in more places.

2. An immediate, complete survey to modernize medical education, with greater emphasis on chronic and degenerative diseases, mental hygiene, and preventive medicine.

3. More hospitals more evenly spread through the country.

4. Less specialists, more general practitioners.

5. Reorganize medical practice, stressing group medicine where needed and voluntary health insurance.

6. For those who cannot afford voluntary insurance, some form of insurance, partly-financed by the Government, covering people in by law. I would call this "compulsory health insurance," if that term's proper meaning had not been lost.

7. Increased medical research.

8. Greatly expanded physical and mental rehabilitation.

9. Education to make health a national habit.

10. A vigorous, preventive medi-

cal program, reaching everyone, children, above all.

11. A new cabinet post for health, education, social security.

12. Creation of a non-political, watchdog committee to safeguard progress in medical care for veterans.

13. Increased numbers of well-trained nurses and technicians.

14. Adequate dental care.

15. A stabilizing economy inflation will make worthless any health program or anything else.

Orderly change is the American way of life. Remember the spirit of your Oath of Hippocrates. Use your own good judgment to move along with humanity's legitimate aspirations in its trek towards better living.

I would hate to see any medical care program under guidance of others than those who have the know-how. So would the American people. That is why I urge the doctors to get in and pitch—not stand by on the side lines. You need fear politicians or bureaucrats only to the degree you fail yourselves. You must take the leadership—no—yours is now the leadership. Keep it.

I have met people in all fields of human endeavor. I respect no group more—for your unselfish zeal and devotion to the sick, for the jealousy with which you guard your professional virtue—placing beyond the pale, the rare violator of your Oath.

I envy you the thrill which comes from relieving a patient from pain, and, often, snatching one from death.

I still am sorry that phrenologist didn't let me become a doctor.

Your situation reminds me of something my father said back in 1873,

while president of the South Carolina Medical Society:

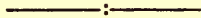
“Let us not be silent, but offer our facts, and defend them while we may.

“As an Arabian sage has said,
“What good comes from Ali’s

sword, if it be sheathed?

“‘What good from Sadi’s tongue, if it be silent?’”

(Message to Combined Medical and Hospital groups of New York State.)



A PARENT’S WISH

“I wish the public school to build these things in my son:

First: Straight thinking. He must face facts as they are, must not warp nor contort them to his own advantage.

Second: Open his eyes to beauty. Lead him to see a well turned thought, a beautiful painting; to feel exquisite harmonies—encourage him to prize spiritual values.

Third: He must respect the abilities—consider the rights of others. Teach him that there are no superiorities save of merit, service and achievement.

Fourth: I want my son informed. Teach him to find out things for himself, and show him where information may be found.

Fifth: Guide, but do not coerce him in his search to discover that task which will make him happiest in the executing. When he has found this thing which he likes best to do, set him in the way of learning to do it well.

To the public school I send this boy of mine while he is young, fresh, plastic. Let it start him on the way of thinking, feeling, learning, doing, and I shall feel that it has accomplished gloriously its mission of helping my son live to his fullest the life which nature through me has given him.”

—Delaware School Journal.

GET READY FOR OLD AGE

(By Talmadge C. Johnson, in *Better Health*)

We are very inconsistent about old age. Everybody wants to live a long time, but nobody wants to get old. Obviously we cannot have the former without having the latter also. Instead of dreading old age and coming into it without any preparation, we ought to look forward to it and get ready for it. It can be the best time of life, the fruition of all the years which precede it.

This disrepute into which old age has come is modern. In ages past, it was esteemed and respected. Cicero, the ancient Roman writer, insisted that it was the best period of life. Among its advantages he cited its acquired wisdom, its freedom from the burning passions of the body, its greater leisure, and the respect accorded it by younger generations. All of these advantages it may still have. But if it is come upon reluctantly and without preparation, it may lose them all.

The child looks forward to youth and prepares itself to make the most of this second period of life. Youth likewise anticipates maturity and gets ready for its duties, responsibilities, and pleasures. But once youth is passed, most people seem to want the process to cease or actually be reversed; middle age is scorned and old age feared.

The intense desire to remain young, manifested by unreadiness and unwillingness to enter any later stage of life, makes many an older person ridiculous in the eyes of others and a burden to himself.

There is a behavior pattern suitable and becoming for every age. There are pleasures and satisfactions which are satisfying in every stage of life. But without careful preparation and planning, the advanced ones cannot be fully enjoyed. The high school student, aping the kindergarten of vainly wishing for a return to the elementary grades, would be unhappy with his present and fearful of his future. But that is exactly what is happening among adults who should be getting ready for old age.

Modern medical science has greatly increased life expectancy. An increasing number of people may now confidently expect to live to a goodly old age. But it will be good only if it is prepared for, accepted gratefully, and lived rightly. The present widespread restlessness of the middle-aged and unhappiness of the aged makes the prolongation of life a doubtful blessing.

If life is prolonged, old age is inevitable. If that be an evil thing, it would be better to shorten life than to lengthen it.

If people would begin to prepare themselves for old age and to anticipate it as a desirable climax to living, they could make it the best period of life. No experiences are delightful when forced upon us; any experience is pleasant toward which we have advanced joyfully.

Since man is a biological-psychical entity, preparation for any later period of his life must be both physical

and spiritual. This is especially true of preparation for old age. Unless one can come to it with a reasonably sound body and mind, he can hope to enjoy but few of the benefits and pleasures which it is capable of conferring.

A man of fifty said recently: "I'm getting ready for old age; I've got a new set of teeth so that I can keep on enjoying food, and I've got bi-focal glasses so that I can continue seeing whatever there is to see either far or near." He was wise. Many people postpone too long accepting and becoming accustomed to these mechanical aids for failing bodily parts. Defects of hearing, vision, and matification, which old age usually brings, can be largely overcome by modern prosthetic devices, especially when these are secured as early as they are needed. And they can be as interesting and exciting as a boy's first bicycle or a girl's first permanent wave.

Here follow some practical suggestions for making certain that old age will be the best age of life:

1. Make friends with the oncoming generation. Inevitably many of one's contemporaries will be gone before old age is reached; others will be retired from the scenes of activity and will no longer be interesting companions. Fortunate is the old person who has cultivated younger friends whose performances he can watch from the sidelines

of age.

2. Keep a life of your own. No one is justified in sacrificing his whole life to a business, an institution, or a family. By and by he will reach a time when he will have to retire from business, when the institution will not need him, and when the family will be broken up and scattered. Mothers are especially guilty of devoting their whole lives to children and later claiming in return the right to interfere with and burden the lives of grown up sons and daughters. Retirement from business and release from family responsibilities are the rewards of age.

3. Develop new interests. It is sometimes said that the only way to stay young is to keep on learning. It is better said that it is the only way to grow old successfully.

4. Contribute to the happiness of others there are innumerable services to others which advanced age does not hinder. A feeble but sympathetic old man or woman, no matter how frail physically can, be a benediction to any neighborhood or community. "He who would save his life must lose it" is more true for old age than for any other period of life. Then more than ever, he who thinks first of self is miserable, but he who thinks first of others discovers that old age is the best period of life.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does; the value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.—Bovee.

MEMORABLE ADDRESSES AT CONFERENCE

(Address of Generalissimo and Madame Kai-Shek, in N. C. Christian Advocate)

It is a pleasure and a privilege to address the members of the General Conference of The Methodist Church, meeting in Boston.

The Generalissimo and myself regard it as particularly fitting that our participation in your program comes on this 100th anniversary of the institution of the Methodist Church in China which is one among the far-flung and extensive operations under the supervision of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions.

We realize that in addressing this General Conference we are speaking to a body of men and women who not merely represent Methodism, but who personify the thinking, praying international public in every country in the world. For this reason we feel certain that what we say to you will have a resonance in affecting Christian attitudes toward China's present realities.

Because we are addressing such an audience, we want to emphasize a point which, in opinion, is fundamental to an understanding of the state of the world today.

To us, one of the basic tents of Christianity is the truth that, since man is created in God's image, he has an innate right to enjoy respect and consideration, in his physical, in his mental and in his spiritual self. Freedom of thought and action are the sine quo non of human dignity. Those who would outrage the dignity of the individual express their contempt for the godliness that is in man, this

Christian truth is the foundation of the democratic idea of our age.

One of the deep tragedies of the present world is the fact that, although V-E Day and V-J Day have come and gone, this issue of the freedom of the individual is not yet settled. It is still under acute challenge.

The world often asks why China is not yet at peace. We might appropriately answer that nowhere in the world today are the conditions of genuine peace existent. The brave and valiant ideals, for which the United Nations seemed to be the guarantor, have now become little more than a mirage of hope in most parts of the world. Man, everywhere, is in historic suspense.

But, admittedly, in China the misery, confusion and despair is more bitter than elsewhere in the world.

Sometimes, in moments of human weakness, when wrong and injustice too triumphant, we feel tempted to ask Job's question—why must such things be?

Why, in a world under Divine dispensation, should the evildoer and the enemy of humanity be permitted to prevail, if only transiently? Why cannot the Lord, as in the days of the children of Israel before the walls of Jericho, give victory to those who walk in His way?

And then, on deeper thought, we realize that this is not God's plan. The answer, of course, is that God has endowed mankind with freedom of will. Although, if He chose, He could make the Kingdom of Heaven come to pass

on this earth, yet it is His plan that it shall come through man's own will and efforts. We must all pass through the fire, if we are to be worthy of God's Kingdom. (

The consoling thought, in the heat of the struggle, is that conquest by force, while sometimes seemingly successful, in the end always proves unavailing. The victories of the ungodly are all Pyrrhic victories.

We in China realize that there is much yet to be done to better conditions among our people. Eleven years of virtually continuous war and communist uprising have left their tragic mark on our institutions. Within our means we are doing our best to correct these iniquities and evils. There is no disposition, on the part of any of us, to minimize our mistake or to deny the gravity of our problems. This complete and realistic frankness to face our shortcomings, in Chinese public opinion, is, we believe, the saving thing in the present China situation.

We have been asked, what can world Christianity do to aid the Chinese people in this grave hour?

If there is any one outstanding thing which the Christians of China ask of the Western world in this time

of decision it is that world Christianity support China with its prayers.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, we are assured. Prayer is a dynamic force for the right in this evil-haunted world. Through prayer we may change the hearts of the spiritually blind and the wrong-doers. Though prayer we may bring about a human regeneration which, will point the way to a future world, not based on coercion, but on the sublime ideal of universal peace. As Christians, we believe implicitly in the efficacy of prayer. And as Christians, we know that we need to pray for ourselves as well as for others.

There is no greater power on earth, which can come to China's support in this crisis, than the power which can be generated by the united prayers of the Christian churches of the world. Sustained by such prayers, we know that China will emerge triumphant out of the distress of today into a radiant and peaceful tomorrow. Righteousness will and must give strength. We shall not rest until our people have been delivered from unwavering faith ferings. We have unwavering faith that this is God's will.

AN ACROSTIC ON EDUCATION

E is for excellent training we get in our schools;
 D is for drills, so we'll surely remember our rules.
 U is for urge—that which prompts us to learn and to know.
 C is for care in all work wherever we go.
 A means alertness and answers to "How best to live?"
 T is for teachers, the help and the guidance they give.
 I is our interest in studies, initiative too;
 O is the opportunity for us and for you.
 N stands for "Never forget the things we learn to do!"

MOTHER OF MORALITY

(By Earl Nicholson, in Joliet-Stateville Time)

Searching zealously for a device that would stamp out crime, man in his journey through the centuries has experimented with various schemes. Age vied with age to invent spectacular and fiendish punishments. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ the Code of Hammurabi provided that if a man destroy the eye of another, his eye shall be destroyed, the theory being that the wrongdoers should have done unto him what he did unto others. The revenge motif ran rampant.

Then came the idea that crime would lessen if the punishment were made more severe than the offense merited. The Chinese ten centuries before Christ penalized a thousand different offenses either by branding the culprit or by cutting off his nose. Loss of the foot was the penalty for five hundred other crimes, while death was considered appropriate in the event any of two hundred other offenses were committed. Man felt pleased with his punitive measures.

Twenty-eight hundred years collapsed; and Nietzsche, a progenitor of the superman ideology, came up with the aphorism: "Fear is the mother of morality." Penology's ancient belief gathered added impetus. It was felt that the greater the punishment meted out to wrongdoers the fewer the offenses that would be committed.

Today, however, Nietzsche is considered by many to be a discredited philosopher; and statistics seem to indicate that severity of punishment has little or no deterrent effect on

others. Modern penologists insist that punishment is, currently, a reformatory process rather than a punitive device. Yet, occasionally, one will find instances where jurists still groping in the dark ages of legistic thinking impose what, vernacularly, may be termed moving-picture sentences.

Specific reference is made to 199-year sentences, of which no less an authority than Dr. Max Rheinstein, Professor of Comparative Law at the University of Chicago, said: "When I heard it for the first time, I was shocked and outraged because I had never heard of any such thing anywhere before."

Said a noted federal judge: "One might very well question the wisdom of a law whereunder a human being who, by the judgment of a court does not deserve death for his crime, may nevertheless be imprisoned for all of his natural life without hope of release by parole or otherwise." And cogent was the logic adduced to sustain such conclusion.

Any discerning prisoner would be the first to grant that society must be protected from the ravages of the professional criminal; and he would immediately concede the point that individuals, who by their own actions have repeatedly indicated their inability to conform with society's rules, must be permanently quarantined. But he would also wonder why the casual homicide, not deemed to warrant extinction, must be doomed to suffer imprisonment for a term

three times the average life expectancy.

Our sapient prisoner would be unable to square a sentence of 199 years with the proclaimed axiom of present-day penology that punishment is a reformatory process. Perplexed, indeed, he would be, for he well remembers the screaming headlines that announced the first 199-year sentence not too many years ago; yet, has personal knowledge of dozens of cases where such sentences have been subsequently imposed. It would appear to him that the initial moving-picture sentence did not act as a deterrent to the future manslayers. Fear definitely was not the "mother of morality" in the latter-day cases, and Nietzsche should have taken a post-graduate course in human psychology before he fathered his famous wise-crack.

What then is the solution? Is mankind to be forever plagued by beasts in human guise? Is there no re-

course? No cure?

The answers are self-evident. We know that severity of punishment does not prevent crime. We know that hysteria and sensationalism has never solved any problem. We must adopt a sane approach to the question. You would abolish crime? Then preach the golden rule. Instill in the minds of your young that they should act towards others as they would have others act towards them. Teach them that, as they will in future years have to work hard for their weekly or monthly stipend and would not want it stolen from them, neither should they steal from another who has worked hard for what he possesses. As they would not want their own relatives, near and dear to them, slain, neither should they slay the realtives of others, Educate your children in the golden rule, and you will discover for yourself that the "mother of morality" is—morality!

BEN FRANKLIN ON EDUCATION

"I think with you, that nothing is of more importance for the public weal, than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the strength of a state far more so than riches or arms which, under the management of ignorance and wickedness often draw on destruction, instead of providing for the safety of a people. And though the culture bestowed on many, should be successful only with a few, yet the influence of those few and the service in their power may be very great. Even a single woman, that was wise, by her wisdom, saved a city. I expect that general virtue is more probably to be expected and obtained from the education of youth, than from the exhortation of adults persons, bad habits and vices of the mind being, like disease of the body, more easily prevented than cured. . ."

A SALVAGE AGENCY

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

It is a distinct pleasure to be able to turn one's attention from the world's unsettled economical, political and social status to something that reaches right home with a decided human interest angle; and that was brought home when we read a small folder dealing with the activities of the Volunteers of America, Columbus Post.

Of course, we've long known the fine work that is being done by this worthy organization—work that can truly be termed "salvage" in more ways than one. For not only do the members of this organization actually salvage many items that can still be of service to less fortunate people, but they actually are in the greater business of salvaging human wreckage, often transforming that wreckage into valuable assets to the community; I mean reclaiming men and women to good citizenship and to godly lives. That is a commendable job, sometimes a thankless one; but it is well worth while, this reclaiming of human beings for God and country. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on those who devote their lives to this work.

But what attracted my attention most was the modest understatement which proclaimed the organization to be—A Salvage Agency.

It is good to know that there still are, in this often sordid world, men and women who can see the good that can be accomplished by helping, encouraging, uplifting those who are about to give up the struggle. Just how many a person has been saved from ruin only God knows.

In Columbus, there is a citadel where the helping hand is in evidence, where those transients seeking work, or new homes, or shelter, are met with the spirit that animated Christ when He trod the roads of the Holy Land so long ago. In this citadel, there is a spirit in evidence that ought to be far more widespread—a spirit of understanding and helpfulness and of kindly consideration. The spirit of the Master animates those folks who so unselfishly work to ease some of the burdens afflicting mankind.

"We are a salvage agency. We salvage paper, furniture and clothing. But primarily we are trying to salvage human beings. . . ."

Isn't that a worthy cause? Isn't the salvage of a human being worth trying? Aren't human beings of more worth than is commonly thought by commonplace thinkers? Isn't the reclaiming of even one man or woman of greater import than the seeking of worldly riches? Surely, to be engaged in the Master's work is a very commendable thing. It proves to us that, inspite of all the sordidness, all the inconsistencies which seem to fill the world of today, there are some who are about their Father's business.

The Sunset Club offers facilities for the older folks to enjoy a ray of sunshine and to find congenial companionship. This is a credit to all who help make the Club function.

There is a fine kitchen, a pleasant dining room where the hungary are supplied. There is a clean dormitory with clean beds where transients and

others can find a night's rest. The Opportunity Shop affords the means for supplying the needs of those who cannot help themselves in the way of necessary clothing.

Then there is the Young People's Group which functions to keep youngsters off the streets and away from questionable resorts at night. A Staff-Captain does commendable work in going over the problems of transients and others who temporarily are in need of help.

Major Susan Thom and Adjutant Harriet McDonald of the Columbus Post have a big job on their hands but they are doing wonders in salvaging more than just material things—they are actually salvaging human beings who, if left to themselves would go down to ruin. This is doing the Master's work! This is performing a service to the community that cannot be appraised in mere terms of dollars and cents. How much good they have done will be known in the Great Day.

THE TEACHER

I deal with the most potent, the most elusive, the most interesting thing in the world—the human mind.

Without me there would be no progress; future generations would relapse into savagery; civilization would perish from the earth.

Of all the professions mine is the least paid in money and the most richly rewarded in satisfaction.

I am soon forgotten because what I achieve is written, not with ink on paper, but in human lives.

I am a builder, but I do not build bridges. I build the builders of bridges.

I am often unpopular because I must try to please so many people. My work is often undervalued because it is not understood.

The beginning of my work is service; the essence of my work is service; the reward of my work is service.

I am the school teacher.—Connecticut Schools.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Dr. K. E. McLarty, former pastor of Central Methodist Church in Concord, who conducted a revival meeting at the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church last week, was the guest minister for the boys at the school last Sunday afternoon. The boys of the school heard Dr. McLarty's excellent message with a great bit of interest.

Dr. McLarty used as a text for his sermon the following words: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

In introducing his discussion Dr. McLarty told that trees represent one of the most interesting things in the world. Most trees, it was explained, grow tall and straight, and they become strong because they are blown about by the winds. In certain seasons some trees are beautiful with their blossoms, such as the peach. Later on, some of these trees are filled with fruit for human sustenance. In the fall the maple, with its many colored leaves, is a tree of beauty. The stalwart oak tree bears the acorn. The foliage of the pine tree is the needle. While some trees shed their leaves in fall, others are ever-green.

Dr. McLarty told an illustrative story about a little pine tree which stood at the gateway of a great forest. The tree was so small that it was smaller than the jonquils and fox-gloves. It was so small that these flowers even made light of it. The other pine trees, however, spoke words of encouragement to the little pine and advised it to look to the future and dream of the time when it would become tall, strong and straight, and

in some way be of great use to mankind. It was explained to the little pine that at some later date some men might need a long, straight flagpole, and the little pine could possibly become useful for a flagpole. They explained, too, that men might need a telephone pole for the wires on which messages could be carried to distant points. It was explained, too, that some men might want a shipmast which would travel on a ship to far harbors and see the world.

Year after year the little pine tree grew, and became larger, and it dreamed of becoming a useful object. As it grew, there came a violent storm, and the winds blew hard against the little pine, but it was strong and straight. For several days it bent over, because of the pressure of the wind. After the winds were gone the little pine remembered its dreams, and it became straight again.

At another time the winds came when there were heavy mists, and the raindrops froze on the needles so that they were as large as pencils. The little pine tree bent again and the winds said to themselves, "We've got him now." When the morning came, however, and there was sunshine the icicles melted away, and the little tree straightened up again.

Finally, there were other violent winds when there was a hurricane. A large limb was blown from another tree and lodged on the little tree, so that it was bent to the ground. The little tree remembered its dreams and as it did so it heaved and straightened to throw the limb off. Little by little:

it straightened out, and finally the limb fell to the ground.

Men came one day to the forest, and as they looked at the little tree they said, "Here it is; the very tree we want. We will make a mast out of it."

After the tiny tree grew tall and straight it was placed on a ship which sailed the high seas. Soon there was a violent storm, when the wind blew fiercely, and the waves were high. The men on the ship knew their safety depended on whether or not the mast held against the winds, and they

watched to see what would happen. Because it was strong it held firm until the winds, after a few days, subsided.

It was explained that many boys can be like a tree and grow tall and straight. It will be necessary for them to do at least two very important things—first, they must always tell the truth; second, they must always let strong drink alone. A life that is grounded in truthfulness and sobriety has in it two of the best elements of Christian character.



SUCCESS

'Tis the coward who stops at misfortune;
 'Tis the knave who changes each day;
 'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
 Then throws all his chances away.

There's little in life but labor,
 And tomorrow may prove but a dream,
 Success is the bride of Endeavor,
 And luck but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is when others,
 Discouraged, show traces of tire,
 The battle is fought in the home stretch
 And won—'twist the flag and the wire.

—John Trotmood Moore, in The Colorado Vocational
 School News

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Egotism is the tongue of vanity.
—Chamfort.

—:—

Wonder is involuntary praise.
—Young.

—:—

The knowledge of words is the gate
of scholarship.—Wilson.

“Shutting our eyes to the danger
signal does not clear the track.”

—:—

Do not allow convictions to be punc-
tuated with prejudice.

—:—

Success is the hat band of youth
and the waist band of middle age.

—:—

I believe the first test of a truly
great man is his humility.

—John Ruskin.

—:—

I fear three newspapers more than
a hundred thousand bayonets.

—Napoleon.

—:—

At the timberline—where the storms
strike in greatest fury, the sturdiest
trees are found.

—:—

Would you have happiness, freedom
and peace of mind? To find them,
give them to others.

—:—

What the world needs is a truce
the whole truce and nothing but truce,
or so help us God.

—:—

The fellow who is always slapping
you on the back does so to help you
swallow all he tells you.

—:—

The wise carry their knowledge, as
they do their watches, not for dis-
play, but for their own use.

—:—

Today is what you were looking
forward to yesterday—and it's your
own fault if you are disappointed.

To make no mistakes is not in the
power of man; but from their errors
and mistakes the wise and good learn
wisdom for the future.—Plutarch.

—:—

The only place where it is safe
to shoot first and inquire afterwards
is in a crap game.

—:—

The errors and fears of yesterday
need not be carried forward on your
ledger. Yesterday holds no mortgage
on today. Today is yours—and it is
full of golden treasure.

—:—

Because a man is said to be fair
and square with those who trust him
is not a great recommendation in it-
self. The important thing is this: Can
he rise above those who are unfair
to him?

—:—

The great high-road of human wel-
fare lies along the highway of stead-
fast well-doing, and they who are the
most persistent, and work in the
truest spirit, will invariably be the
most successful.—S. Smiles.

—:—

“I have,” says Richter, “fire-proof,
perennial enjoyments, called employ-
ments”; and says Burton, “So es-
sential to human happiness is employ-
ment, that indolence is justly consid-
ered the mother of misery.”

—:—

Our gifts and attainments are not
only to be light and warmth in our
own dwellings, but are to shine
through the window, into the dark
night, to guide and cheer bewildered
travelers on the road.

—H. W. Beecher.

—:—

Houses are built by machinery and
by the hands of artisans; homes are
made by hearts and minds. No house
is a home unless those who dwell with-
in it find life more beautiful there
than anywhere else in the world.

—Mrs. Booth Tarkington.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

When you are praying to be delivered from temptation do not keep peeping at it through your fingers.

—:—

A fellow said he liked his radio better than his wife because he gets less interference from his radio.

—:—

Salesgirl—"Yes, Mrs. Jones, our girdles come in four fixed sizes—small, medium, wow and holy mackerel!"

—:—

Mudge: "Your wife certainly has a will of her own."

Meek: "Yes, and I am the sole beneficiary."

—:—

Actor: Yes, my friends, usually my audiences are glued to their seats.

Skeptic: What a quaint way of keeping them there.

—:—

Tailor—"And how would you like the pocket, sir?"

Scotchman—"Well, just a wee bit deeficult to get at."

—:—

A fond mother was worried—Her little boy had just swallowed a bullet, and she was afraid to wallop him for fear it would go off.

—:—

Just think how many poor people were denied a horse and buggy in the old days because nobody had thought of this dollar down idea.

—:—

Someone has suggested a sledgehammer campaign against slot machines. Well, that is the only way you can get a nickle out of them.

—:—

"Little boy, how is it that your mother's name is Jones and yours is Smith?"

"She got married again and I didn't."

—:—

Teacher: Jimmy, why is your essay

on milk only half a page? The others wrote eight or nine pages?

Jimmy: I wrote about condensed milk.

—:—

"That's a queer pair of stockings you have on Pat—one green and the other red."

"Yis; an' oi've another pair like 'em at home."

—:—

"Is this the day your daughter has her singing lesson?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I just wondered if you would lend me your lawn mower."

—:—

Two kids were bragging about their respective fathers. "My father is a trustee in Penn State!" boasted one.

"That's nothing," sneered the other. "My father is a trusty in State Pen!"

—:—

Old-Fashioned Chicken: "Why don't you scratch around and find some worms, like us?"

Modern Chicken: "I don't even know what you mean. I was raised on a wire floor."

—:—

Teacher (in bookkeeping): What is a debtor?

Witty Student: A man who owes money.

Teacher: And what is a creditor?

Witty Student: A man who thinks he is going to get it back.

—:—

A dumb dora was reading the latest war news. "What part of the body is a fray?" she asked her husband.

"A what?" he replied.

"A fray!" F-R-A-Y. What part of the body is it?"

"I don't know," he confessed, completely puzzled. "How is it used?"

"Well, it says here in the paper: 'The General was shot in the thick of the fray!'"

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 15, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Ray Bridgeman
Albert Cox
Charles Fields
Billy Kassell
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
Fulton Phillips
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
William Hinson
Roy Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard
Elwood Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Cecil Kallum
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Thomas Shepherd
Billy Shore
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Kenneth Holcomb
Jack Jarvis
James Martin
Otis Maness
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Glenn Cunningham
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Earl Gilmore
Leon Martin
Russell Murphy
Robert Milton
Richard Taylor
William Thornton
Robert Thompson
Jimmy Valath
Richard Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Danny Mack Hayes
Billy Ray Keene
Evan Myers
Lester Owens
George Patterson
Glenn Rice
Harold Williams
J. C. Woodell
Bobby Kenn
Charles Pinkston
Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Jimmy Cauthern
Herman Fore
R. P. Fisher
Evan Myers

Lewis Parris
Elmore Dowless

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Tommy Collins
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Earl Holloman
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Glenn Matheson
Dorman Porter
Lewis Southerland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson
Jerry Odom

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Guinn
Earl Medford
Edward McCall
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker
Harold Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Gary Dudley
Marvin Guyton
Paul Hendren
Joe Hannah
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Edward McInnis
Harris Minish
Eugene Newton
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 10

Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin

Ted Clonch
John Porter
Robert Whitaker
Leroy Williams

COTTAGE No. 11
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Joseph Blackburn
Jack Coleman
Grady Garren
Joe Swink

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Lee Bradshaw
Carlyle Brown
Treva Coleman
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Frank Grady
Richard Harper
Thurman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Leon Poston
Jerry Rippy
Billy Teer
Earl Woods
Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Robert Canady
Carl Davis
Waitus Edge
Carroll Painter
Charles Daniels
Franklin Phillips
Walter Hammond

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Onie Kilpatrick



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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 29, 1948

NO. 22

CHARITY

It is more of sharing than giving,
 It is more of heaven than earth,
 It is following in his foot steps—
 It's the souls divine rebirth.
 It's the sharing of thing we treasure,
 With some brother who's in need,
 And helping to make his dreams come true—
 What-ever his race or creed.
 It's forgiving instead of hating,
 Our foe in a world of strife—
 It's God's tears that fell out of heaven,
 To water the desert of life.

—Charles Beers.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

DAWN

How often has it meant nothing to us but a time to arise and go to our work, not greatly caring if we reached there or not. How differently we may regard the dawn when it is no longer associated with freedom and choice. In confinement, we do not regard the day Spring negatively, Either as a caged bird we greet it with a paean which has more heartbreak than joy in it, or, a roseate finger pointing the way to a new hope of which we shall, or must, avail ourselves. The night we have been through, with its terrors, doubts, sufferings and despair. But the dawn resolves these ogres. The brightness, the clean breath of air, the faint sound of a morning chime in the distance, the gradually increasing stir of a world awakening; these things all are symbols of hope. The things of the night belong to the night; they shall not intrude themselves upon the day. As each dawn is the reawakening of hope, how much more so is the dawn in Spring when the tiny flowrs of meadow and orchard return from the stygian realm of darkness and cold to hold aloft their minute chalices in service to the seasonal dawn which has called them back to light and life. Let us take a lesson—the winter and the night do not last forever. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." But the night leaveth its wounds, and when the day cometh, the day of freedom I shall cherish the healing light as never before. I shall revel in the fragrant stirrings of an April dawn as one who has diligently searched and found that which was lost. I shall live that day of warmth, brightness and joy as though it were my last.

—N. Buckley.

**HONORABLE E. RANDOLPH PRESTON, SPONSOR OF THE
BILL TO ESTABLISH JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL,
VISITS HERE**

On May 19 we were delighted to have Honorable E. Randolph

Preston, who was very largely responsible for the establishment of the Jackson Training School, to visit us here. When there was agitation to establish a training school in North Carolina, Mr. Preston was a member of the State Legislature from Mecklenburg County. Fortunately, he was very keenly interested in the possibilities of establishing a training school for delinquent boys, and, fortunately too, he was willing to use his influence among his colleagues to this end. It is probably true that no one was more instrumental than he in getting a bill through the Legislature for such an institution.

Fortunately for the delinquent boys of the state, boys who had never had a fair chance in life, Mr. Preston had a very forward-looking conception of what the function of such an institution should be. According to his own words, he was interested primarily in the establishment of an institution where such boys would have an opportunity for, among other things, continuing their education, both academic and vocational, along with the fact, also, that they would have a decent home with adequate food and other necessities of life. It was on this basis that he made the fight which led to the final enactment of a statute providing for a training school.

At the time he and some of his other friends made the drive for the establishment of such an institution, there was little sentiment for it. Many people thought that the public schools of the state offered the delinquent boys all the chances in life that they needed. Then, too, there were those who thought that if such an institution should be established it should, in reality, be a reformatory, or a miniature prison, because they feared that delinquent boys would not respond properly to the treatment which was proposed in the new training school. There were those who thought the delinquent boys were entirely unworthy of the efforts of those who would give them a home, a school, and opportunities for religious training, and this was because they regarded these young boys, with all their limited opportunities in life, as mere criminals, who were entitled only to the treatment that was then given to the adult offenders of the law. Mr. Preston explained that he felt from the beginning that the young boys who had come from broken or substandard homes without a decent chance in life should be helped by some agency of the state. He felt that this was the solemn obligation of society and

that it represented one of the movements for the betterment of humanity, a movement that would in the end produce rich dividends in human welfare.

We are sure that he was delighted, on his last trip, to note the excellent program of work that is being given to the boys here at the school, and to him it represented the fulfillment of a dream which he had almost forty years ago. He, therefore, manifested great joy and delight in having the privilege of looking over the buildings and the grounds of this institution and of seeing the program of activities which is now provided for the boys whom he had in mind when he advocated a training school many years ago. He expressed his great pleasure at seeing the boys, noting the habits of the boys and their interest in various activities of the school. Among other things, he commented on the fact that, in his opinion, the physical condition of the entire plant, and the program of work offered, were the best he had ever seen here, and he felt there is no better institution anywhere in the country.

In his visit here, Mr. Preston never failed to give credit and generous praise to the efforts of the late Mr. J. P. Cook towards the establishment of this institution. He stated that, in his opinion, Mr. Cook really invested the best years of his life in the movement for the establishment of the Jackson Training-School, and Mr. Preston expressed a hope that sometime a suitable memorial would be established on the grounds here to the memory of Mr. Cook. He expressed a wish, too, that he might someday have an opportunity to make a contribution towards such a memorial. He stated that much of his own inspiration and encouragement existed because of the vision of Mr. Cook, and he told how on numerous occasions Mr. Cook called upon him when he needed the help of an ardent and loyal supporter, whether it was in the legislative halls or elsewhere.

Mr. Preston did not by any means claim all the credit for the success of the movement to establish a training school. He praised the efforts of Miss Easdale Shaw, Mr. Cook, Colonel W. Penn Wood, and others. He explained that the final bill for the establishment of the school, which represented a compromise of ideas, did bear the name of Colonel Wood from Randolph County, although Mr. Preston and some others had been more active in the preparation and sponsorship of the bill. Tradition is that Mr. Preston himself

actually wrote the bill which was introduced and finally passed. He passed it on to Colonel Wood for him to introduce and sponsor.

One factor that entered into the successful passage of the act establishing the Jackson Training School was that it bore the name of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Preston explained on his visit here that those members of the Legislature who had been members of the Confederate Army and who were inclined to be somewhat conservative and even reactionary in the realms of social progress, gladly gave their support to the establishment of an institution that was destined to honor the name of their beloved leader, Stonewall Jackson. Supporters of the bill had a very narrow margin in its favor and but for the fact that it was supported by the Confederate soldiers there is considerable doubt that the bill would have been enacted at the time it was. Actually, the bill passed through the Legislature on March 2, 1907, carrying an appropriation of \$10,000. Preparations and plans were immediately begun by those who had sponsored the bill for such an institution, and it was on January 12, 1909 that the doors of the institution were opened for the reception of the first boy, who came from Alamance County.

Mr. Preston, in his early life, was an active and ambitious lawyer in the City of Charlotte. Early in life he entered into the political activities of the state. He received his license to practice law in 1905, and he became a member of the State Legislature in 1907. He married the daughter of General and Mrs. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. Mrs. Jackson herself was appointed a member of the original Board of Trustees of the institution, and from that date on Mr. Preston and the Jackson family have been deeply interested in the progress and development of this institution.

We say again we were delighted to have Mr. Preston visit the school. He is now connected with the Federal Trades Commission, and he has offices in the City of Washington, D. C. Recently he visited his daughter, Mrs. Emil Shaffer, in Winston-Salem, and attended in Charlotte the premier showing of the colorful drama, "Shout Freedom," depicting the events of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Mecklenburg County on May 20, 1775. We were delighted to see Mr. Preston in such good health, and we wish for him many more happy and useful years in his life, and we look forward to having him visit the school again and again.

GRADUATION TIME

Hundreds and thousands of young men and women are now in the midst of their graduation exercises, either from high schools or colleges throughout the country. To each who has achieved this milestone in his personal career, this is a significant event, and it is a time when congratulations and best wishes are in order for those who have persevered and have shown themselves worthy of recognition by the various institutions which have touched their lives throughout the past months and years. After the time of graduation there is no escape from the fact that each person faces the necessity of making new plans and new adjustments in life. They have come to that point when they enter into a new doorway which channels their lives into other opportunities and responsibilities. To each one, it is, therefore, a rather critical time, a time one is when faced with further educational or vocational choices as to his career.

Fortunately or otherwise, there is no way whereby anyone can be absolutely certain or sure as to the wisest choice for himself, because in each life there are many factors which are destined to influence his future career. Much depends, of course, upon the individual himself, but likewise much depends on the turn of events in the entire social order—events over which the individual himself has little or no control. About all that he can do is to have a determination to do the best he can, wherever he finds himself, and to place his confidence in the protection and care of a Supreme Being.

As each individual, after graduation, enters upon a new way of life, naturally much depends on his own personal ambition and determination; much depends upon the extent to which he has selfish desires and whims which must be satisfied quickly, or whether he has sufficient ambition and foresight to delay the greater returns after additional periods of preparation and specialization.

The young men and young women who achieve graduation in this day and hour naturally face a world which is different from anything that has ever confronted the human family. As they sit through their graduation exercises probably all of them will hear the orators proclaim that the leaders have made a mess of world affairs and that the human race stands on the brink of destruction.

To a large extent this is true, but it is also true that many such circumstances have always faced the youth of the land throughout the centuries. Yet the youth have always faced the future with an undaunted faith in the eternal order of things, and they have been willing to believe that they could remedy the evils of the world and do a better job than their elders have done. They have been inclined, and rightly so, to trust in their own strength, their own skills, and their own capacities for achieving the heroic things in life, under the benedictions of God.

Graduation Day is a time when the young people deserve the congratulations of their elders, and when they have a right to have a justifiable pride in themselves. It is a day when they feel sure of the fact that they have met the challenges of their alma mater and have emerged as victor. Naturally, those who have applied themselves most diligently and have done a thorough job in the classrooms and the laboratories are deserving of the greater praise. They are those who receive the awards, the recognitions, and the acclamations reserved for those who have displayed superior qualities in life. It is from this group that the leaders of the world will likely emerge in the future. Furthermore, every young graduate will soon find that in the practical affairs of everyday life he will be required to use every vestige of knowledge that he has acquired. He will be required, likewise, to continue to apply himself with diligence and perseverance and with a willingness to endure the heartaches and the tribulations which are inevitable in the lives of each one. In life there is no escape from the necessity of each one making his own personal contribution through service which he must render to society as a whole. There is no short cut to fame or fortune, and there is no way to cheat fate or destiny, offering on the altar of humanity a shabby sacrifice of one's life. The world expects and has a right to expect the best of each and everyone.

* * * * *

WILLIAM PEDEN CONTRIBUTES BASEBALL EQUIPMENT TO NO. 10 COTTAGE

The other day William Peden, one of our former boys, from Wilson, North Carolina, visited the Training School. He usually visits the Training School about once a year and spends most of his time

with Mr. and Mrs. Liske and the boys of No. 10 Cottage, where he lived when he was one of their boys.

We were all delighted to have William to spend some time visiting his friends here, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank him for the baseball supplies which he so generously contributed to the boys of No. 10 Cottage. The value of this equipment was more than \$100, and we feel sure that the boys of the Cottage will enjoy using it during the summer months.

William was released from the institution on February 16, 1940, and received his honorable discharge on July 27, 1942. Since he left he has made his home in Wilson N. C., and for sometime he has been employed as a locomotive fireman on the Norfolk and Southern Railway. Apparently, he is making an excellent record, and is very happy in his work. We are proud of him and the fine example he is setting before every boy who goes out from the institution. William has always given this institution much credit for its help to **him** when he was a boy, and quite naturally he gives most of the credit to Mr. and Mrs. Liske, who gave him parental care and supervision when he was here. He has always shown a special devotion to them.

We not only thank him for his gift, but congratulate him for his good record. There is every promise that he will continue through the years to be a credit both to himself and to this institution.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of May 30, 1948

- May 30—Jimmy Rhodes, Cottage 13, 15th birthday
- May 30—Donald Franklin Baker, Jr., Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- June 2—Herman Hudgins, Cottage 9, 15th birthday
- June 2—J. C. Woodell, Cottage 5, 16th birthday
- June 3—Glenn Matheson, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
- June 4—Tommy Scroggs, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- June 5—Robert Canady, Cottage 17, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Trip

By Tommy Pressly, 3rd Grade

Cottage 6 went to the cabin Saturday. We all went in swimming. We all had a good time and plenty to eat.

We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Russell for taking us.

Our Softball Game

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage No. 2 played No. 3 in soft ball. We all had a good time playing ball and the score was 12 to 11 in favor of No. 2. After that we went swimming.

The Soft Ball Game

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Monday afternoon, Cottage 11 played No. 6. It was a good game. We beat them, 25 to 3. Our umpire was Herman Fore. He was a good umpire.

Second Grade News

By Lloyd Alley, 2nd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hinson made some ice cream for the boys. The boys enjoyed the ice cream very much and we hope that we can make some more soon.

Cottage No. 15 Defeats Cottage No. 13

By Donald Ross, 8th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage No. 15

defeated No. 13. Frank Sargent and Alvin Fox pitched for No. 15 and Chester Lee pitched for No. 13. We were all glad that we won and we hope to win next time.

Our Softball Game

By Charles Walker, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 7A played 6B. Mr. Horne umpired for us. The score was 22 to 5 in Cottage No. 7's favor.

It was a good game and we hope we can win all our games.

Our Ball Game

By Raymond Harding, 3rd Grade

Last Saturday afternoon, Cottage 9 played No. 1 in a game of baseball. The score was 15 to 2 in favor of No. 9. Mr. Hawfield was the umpire. After the game, we went in swimming and we all had a good time.

Our Vacation

By William Hinson, 3rd Grade

When Mr. Walters went on his vacation, he sent all of his boys out to other cottages. He said that would be a good vacation for us. We have to stay in other cottages for two weeks. We are going back to No. 5 this Friday.

The Ball Game

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 9 and

No. 1 had a ball game. It was a good game. Mr. Hawfield umpired the game. Cottage 9 beat Cottage 1, 15 to 2. After the ball game all of us went in swimming and had a good time.

The Softball Game

By Richard Cook, 3rd Grade

Cottage 7B played 3A Saturday, and 3A beat us 24 to 13. Mr. Horne was the umpire. It was a good game. After that, 7A played No. 4 and beat them 22 to 5. W. L. Steele pitched for No. 7 and Bobby Hedrick pitched for No. 4. It was a good game too.

Our Ball Game

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Sunday, No. 2 and No. 1 played a good softball game. The score was 33 to 10 in favor of No. 2. We played a good game. We beat them in baseball too. The score was 23 to 3. We hope we win next Saturday. We would like to be the champions of the school.

Cottage 4 Bows to Cottage 16

By Earl Gilmore, 9th Grade

Cottage 16 defeated Cottage 4, 12 to 7. Major Loftin turned in a good performance for the winners. Robert Thompson was the losing pitcher. Cottage 16 led all through the game but at the last Cottage 4 got started and made 7 runs but it was too late. We all had a great time.

Our Baseball Game

By Hugh Ball, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 14 defeated No.

11 in a game of baseball. The score was 12 to 1. Two boys of Cottage 14 knocked home runs. The boys of No. 11 did not connect with the ball but once. Richard Sandlin and Jimmy Rogers were the losing pitchers for Cottage 11 and Hugh Ball was the winning pitcher. Our Cottage team hopes to beat No. 11 again.

Baseball Sunday

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

Sunday, Cottage 2 defeated No. 1 by a score of 23 to 3. The No. 1 boys got 2 hits. The No. 2 boys got 10 hits and 6 walks.

The runs made by the No. 2 boys were: Stack, 2; Martin, 2; Radford, 2; Scott, 2; Arnett, 3, McVicker, 3; Everington, 3; Peterson, 2, and Anderson, 3, and Mrs. Braswell, 1.

We enjoyed the game very much.

Climb the Reading Club Tree

By J. W. Sorrell, 11th Grade

During the summer months the Concord Bookmobile staff is offering a reading certificate for the boys and girls of the School of Concord and vicinity.

The idea and purpose of the reading club is to inspire the children and adults to become more intelligent through books. To add to the fun you will have these hot summer days, the Bookmobile wants you to build a shade tree of your own. Every seven books you read will put a leaf on its branches, the more you read the lovelier the tree. Read 25 books and you may put an apple on the branch of the tree. If you read 50 or more books you may put a bird in the tree.

So, come on, boy's, let's read!

The Reading Club will close August 7 and everyone who has read as many as fifteen books will be awarded a Reading Certificate.

Historical Drama in Charlotte

By J. D. Gupton, 9th Grade

At the present time there is being held a historical drama in Charlotte. The name of it is "Shout Freedom". It is a play commemorating the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence which took place on May 20th, 1775. Mecklenburg County is the place where the first settlers of the Thirteen original colonies declared themselves independent from the rule of the Mother Country, England.

The pageant is centered around the early Presbyterian settlers. They were the people who formed the "Hornet's Nest," when Cornwallis marched through North Carolina.

This play is similar to the "Lost Colony," which is held in the eastern part of the State each summer. Paul

Greene, the author of the "Lost Colony," has claimed this play a large success because of its historical importance. The date, May 20, 1775, is significant enough to be a date on the North Carolina State Flag. From its publicity the show seems to meet the needs of every North Carolinian.

Cottage 10 Received Baseball Equipment

By Howard Riley, 9th Grade

Wednesday, May 19th, Cottage 10 received over one hundred and twenty dollars worth of baseball equipment, that included 2 gloves, 1st base pad, 6 balls 6 bats, catchers mitt, breast protector and a mask.

The man's name who gave us all this was, William Peean. He used to be a boy here. We are glad that he is doing so well at his work. He is now connected with the railroad and is doing well.

We appreciate his kindness and would like to thank him for all the things he gave to us.

NEVER MIND

Never mind yesterday, life is today!
 Never mind anything over and done,
 Never mind yesterday, lay it away!
 Here is a new moment, lit with a new sun.

Never mind that which was once on a time,
 Tomorrow rings with its new sheaf of rhyme
 Yesterday's shadow scarce drags down the lane
 Ere silver-shod morning comes dancing again.

—Selected.

LIFE'S LASTING VALUES

(By Chaplain J. Bernard Gates)

Do you remember the question I asked in the March issue of Monthly Record? "What do you consider to be your most valuable possessions?" Did you take inventory? If so, what were the possessions you decided to be the most valuable?

I am going to begin by nominating a possession which is sure to be on any list. I shall call it friendship. You might call it love, or the good will of others, or even mutual regard. Or you might use a number of other terms. No matter what phraseology we use, we all mean the same thing. What would we do without those prized relationships of life? What would we be without them, for, to a great extent, what today will do with you will depend upon the effect that others have upon you.

Would I be going too far if I were to say that it is upon this fact that great and practical religion is built? At any rate, no interpretation of the life of Jesus is complete without considering what his friendship meant to those with whom he came in contact. If one considers his life and influence upon his own day, he cannot miss the effect his friendship had upon others. There may have been some indeed who accepted his company because of the high position they believed he held in the sight of God. But by far the majority accepted him into their lives because of his friendliness. They wanted him at their weddings. They invited him to their social events.

In the time of sorrow, he was the one who must be a part of the memorial service. His was the type of friendly personality which increased their joy, brought comfort in sorrow and helped to show the way when difficult decisions arose. Many a man found Jesus' friendly interest to be the one resource available when he faced situations which were beyond his own power. Nathanel, Zacchaeus, the woman at the well, and many others regained their confidence and integrity because he paused to have dinner with them or gave them some other evidence of a friendly spirit.

How many times have you had an experience like that? Recall the times when a friend has put his hand upon your shoulder; or sat by your side; perhaps unable to utter one word. Yet somehow there rose up within you a new resource of courage and power to meet the circumstance, withstand the temptation, or make the right decision.

Oh yes, there may be times when we are guilty of exploiting human relationships and following the advice of those who say it is possible to use them to get what we want when we want it. But, most of all, we prize the simple, loyal, faithgiving friendliness which makes it possible for us to be at our best when we most need to be.

What would you take for that possession?

MORAL VALUES

(The Summary)

Where do we acquire our moral values of right and wrong? How do we find out what is important and unimportant in life; or what is desirable and undesirable? There is only one answer. Man acquires his moral values from the people he associates with. The closer his associations with certain people, the closer will his moral pattern follow their. Some people will be more influential than others. therefore, it only stands to reason, that the parents, spending the greatest amount of time with the child, will in turn contribute the most to the moral understanding of the man.

The child's experience with his parents will determine, more than any other single factor, his successful adjustment to society. If the child is happy and contented with his parents, he will cause very few problems. On the other hand, if he has been neglected and has to fight his parents to get a decent break, or sees his parents fighting between themselves, his feelings toward other adults will be governed to a great extent by these experiences.

Psychologists, who have spent years studying the problem of delinquents, believe that a child who has had unhappy experiences with his parents, may fight people he meets, who seem like his parents; or may acquire a sullen disposition and carry a chip on his shoulder—and want to fight everybody he meets! Especially those, he thinks are persecuting him. They also believe, a child may easily fall into habits of stealing if neglect and un-

fair treatment by the parents is carried too far. When there is a total lack of attention, love and affection on the part of the parents, the child will develop a feeling of insecurity. Because of his ego, or innate feeling of importance, he may turn to lying, bragging or playing the big-shot, in a desperate effort to cover up his feeling of inferiority. Incidentally, the uneducated or common observer, often is fooled by this act, and interprets it for superiority, when actually it is just the opposite.

For a child to be normal and healthy, he must have two parents who will love him, understand him, and encourage him in his efforts to conform to life's demands. If the child is without parents, it's the duty of society to see that this need for parental affection is adequately filled. In the development of a normal, healthy child, Love and Affection is just as important as food, clothing and shelter—perhaps more-so

A youth that has had an adequate share of food, clothing and shelter but has been deprived of the love and affection of good parents, is more likely to turn to crime, (sometime for attention) than one who has enjoyed good parental care, with a minimum of the other needs. Many psychologists believe this is where parents fail—by misjudging the importance of values. Neglecting the affection, love and spiritual guidance of the child, while working and worrying to provide an ample abundance of the less important needs—often striving to carry clothing and shelter to a point

of luxury. Just for the sake of "Keeping up with the Jones's." Or it may be, that need for recreation is exaggerated. A great many so called "Modern Mothers" get out four or five times a week; either for club meeting bridge, movies, or cocktails. The children are left at home or in the streets, to shift for themselves, without care or guidance. And the first thing you know, a "little big shot" comes along and is breaking in a new member for the gang. And thus a criminal is born. Of course there are a dozen

variations of the theme, but the above is the most popular.

If there were Mother's Clubs throughout the country devoted to the problems, care and understanding of children, especially the delinquent ones, there would be far less crime. It also wouldn't be a bad idea if the federal government passed a law requiring parents, after the birth of their first child to take a course in Child Psychology, in the local school-house.

—————:—————

LIFE IS FUNNY

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is a devil. In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. If he raises a family he is a chump. If he doesn't raise a family he is too selfish. If he raises a check he is a crook. If he is a poor man he is a bad manager and has no sense. If he is rich he is smart but dishonest. If he is in politics he is a grafter. If he is not in politics he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite. If he doesn't he is a sinner. If he gives to charity it is for show. If he doesn't he is a tight wad. When he first comes into the world everyone wants to kiss him. Before he leaves the world everyone wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way.—Anonymous.

HOW SELFISHNESS MAY BOOMERANG

(By Harris P. Blanchard, in Our Paper)

"Sometimes we understand a thing better if it is put into the form of a story. That is one reason why Aesop's fables have been so wonderfully received throughout the ages. It takes our minds off ourselves to reason what the animals might say.

"Jesus told many stories; He once told about a banker who one day called his clerks into his office and gave each of them some money according to his ability. To the first clerk he gave 5 talents; to the second 2 talents; to the third 1 talent. He asked them to invest the money and when he came back from a long trip he wanted a report on how they had invested the money for him. The clerk who got the one talent did not like it; it hurt his pride and he felt humiliated. To himself he said, "The idea of giving those others so much more than me; where do I stand in this office? Human nature was at work there. "He won't get away with it; I'll show the boss he can't do this to me, I'll get even with him; I won't invest the money at all, I'll just bury it in a hole in the ground and when he comes back he won't get any interest, that will punish him." So, to spite his boss, he buried the talent. We find the same thing happening today; so many people are always willing to spite others. The clerk was only spiting himself but he didn't see that. Of course, the boss lost the interest on the one talent, but the clerk lost his job; the boss knew then for sure that the clerk could not meet the requirements.

"We have all heard of the saying, 'Cut off one's nose to spite one's face.' If a man has the motive of spite in his mind he is going to get the worst of it. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the one who does something in spite injures himself far more than he does anyone else. I have known men who did things for spite and then regretted it when they found that only remorse comes through spite. Remorse has a perpetual sting in it. Sometimes persons marry for spite, for sweet revenge, yet when they come to realize what they have done they realize they have brought on themselves greater injury than to anyone else.

"We have coined two new words in our language. One of these is 'grouch.' A grouch man is very often a spite man, he is out of sorts with the prevailing customs conducive to improvement of the way of life. He is against every new plan to provide for the betterment of children to make them better citizens of tomorrow. He will be against everything that will bring new enterprise. Such a man spites himself more than anyone else. You will find him in every church, store, every neighborhood. To him the smile and a word of praise have no place in his vocabulary. Like the clerk in the bank he thinks he should be rated first, so he buries his talent in the hole of grouchiness.

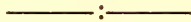
"The second word we have coined is 'hunch.' A human man is the fellow who will do the most he can with his talent, in study or conscientious work.

He plugs along little by little toward the goal he wants to reach sometime. He is a smiler, a gainer, a booster, he helps others knowing that everything he does to help someone else helps himself. If he sets his mind on getting an education he gets it. His will tells him to go forward it is greater than any obstacle that can be put in his way. So he goes on and on, day by day, step by step, little by little, and he proves that every man, even though he had but one talent, eventually can be known as a man with talents. A grouch man or a hunch man, which will you be?

"I remember some time ago telling many of you the fable of the ox and the mule. The ox was very stubborn and grouchy; one morning he said to the mule, 'What do you say we make believe we are sick today, then we can get out of work?' 'No,' said the mule, 'the boss is a good man, he feeds us

well and gives us a good place to sleep.' But the ox played sick. The farmer thought he was sick so he gave him some new bedding and something to eat, then he took the mule and went to work. The ox chuckled all day. At night when the mule came in the ox said, 'Did the boss say anything about me today?' 'No.' 'Fine, then I am going to play sick again tomorrow, you had better play sick too.' 'No, I am going to keep on the job as long as I am able.' The next day the farmer thought the ox was still sick so he left him in the stable again. When the mule returned that night the ox again said, 'I have had a great time today; did the boss say anything about me?' 'No, he didn't say anything to me about you, but on the way home he had a long talk with the butcher.'

"How true that is. Even the man who lies down on the job spites himself."



Schools are the chief instruments that we use consciously to transform personal freedom into liberty and to save it from corrupting license. They are the chief supports of a democratic system of life organized to give liberty and happiness a wider spread. They are the developers of initiative and appreciation, the makers of modesty and confidence in men. Their services are sanctified by a hundred historic civil guarantees and a thousand urges to a better life. We believe in them, because we aspire to that kind of civilization which cannot exist without their supporting strength.

—Henry Suzzalo, in *Our Faith in Education*.

ANT VILLAGE

(Springfield Daily News, in Our Paper)

Some time ago, a friend of ours received an ant village. He was tickled to death with it. For the first two or three days neither he nor his youngsters were able to keep their minds on their meals, they were so fascinated watching the busy little creatures who were building ramparts, long tunnels and generally living up to the fable that casts aspersion on the slug-gard.

You know how these ant villages look? Well, the earth is sort of sandwiched in between two glass walls. It is a sort of goldfish bowl with ants instead of fish.

There is a little wire grating at the top, so the ants can get some air, and through which you pour in the liquid ant food that comes with the village. To start your ants working you pull out a plug that lets in the air and voila, your ant village is under construction.

All was going well with the ants. They had a lot of problems to solve and occupied both day and night solving them. They dug tunnels, lugged out dirt they didn't want, and piled it wherever there was space.

It took them about a week to figure out a system whereby they wouldn't have to lug the dirt from the lower tunnel all the back breaking distance to the top.

They dug a short cut-off between 2 major tunnels and that saved them a great many ant-hours of sheer, tough labor. In this particular ant village, there was a tiny model of a house. Just a block-out of a house, really. It had a

wall, a sloping roof and a chimney. The ants piled dirt all around it. Then they built ramps to roll the larger pieces, and then they leveled the whole area off, making it as smooth as a table.

Our friend said that all this talk of ants being natural engineers was substantiated by this miniature demonstration. Their long tunnels didn't cave in, because the insects left sufficient space between each one to give support to all of them.

The children invited other children in to watch this active display of natural history at work, and the whole neighborhood was interested in the project.

The man who had taken the ant village home to his children felt it was one of the most valuable adjuncts to their home life he had seen in a long time. There were times, he said, when he felt like giving the ants the benefit of human assistance. When he saw that they were taking a long way round on some particular project, he was all for making life easier for them, but on second thought, he decided it to work out their own problems. And, in the long run, they overcame most would be more to their own advantage of their obstacles. What they didn't think of at first, they solved by the old trial and error method.

By this time, the ants were a fixture in the home. They were fed regularly, just like the cats, and on a rainy day, when there was nothing else to do, you could always drape yourself over a

chair and watch the ants at their eternal game of fetch and carry.

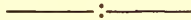
Then disaster struck.

The other morning, one of the children wandered over to the ant village to see how they were getting along. All work had suspended, for the reason that there were no more ants. Not one, not anywhere.

They had finally become tired of their home, and felt the urge to seek greener pastures. They figured a way to get out of their glass-walled prison.

It was really pretty simple. They constructed a ramp leading up to the lithe wire grating where the food was inserted. When it reached the top they crawled out.

Now, they are somewhere in the house, and that is the part that is bothering our friend's wife. Every time she opens a sugar bowl it is with a feeling of misgiving, and she does not take too kindly to people inquiring if there are ants in the plants.



FRIENDSHIP MAKES A POOR MAN RICH

To have a good friend is one of the biggest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings.

Friendship depends not upon fancy imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover kindly, unpermanent relationship.

Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaineth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill report, loyal in adversity, the slovent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days.

Friendship has not the iridescent joy of love though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are even serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity of faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment.—Selected.

INSTITUTIONS IDEALS AND PRACTICE

(By Rev. Thomas B. Richards, in *The Periscope*)

Jesus believed that all human institutions must serve mankind. He taught that there could be no other reason, no higher motive, for their existence. He also indicated that if they failed to make a significant contribution to the service of mankind, that they had outlived their usefulness, and should be destroyed.

He did not agree with the ever popular doctrine that man must serve the institution. With him, it was the other way around: the institution must serve the man. We can only understand this when we remember that for him the individual human spirit is of supreme value, all else is secondary to it.

His critics regarded this type of teaching as rank heresy in those days, and his critics, of whom there are very many, consider it so today.

There have always been those who would sacrifice the individual in order to achieve some intangible group value. They are always with us who for the sake of "efficiency," or power, would sacrifice all human values. The individual means nothing to them except as a means of getting what they want. They are in love with statistics; they are blind to the real needs of the individual human spirit. The great tragedy of it all is that many of us for the sake of a "mess of pottage" will sell our birthright, our freedom.

In theory at least, most of us believe in that political philosophy which

sees the State as an instrument of the people, by the people, and for the people. The State, or the government, exists solely to serve the best interests of its constituents, to safeguard the individual human spirit against all encroachments, both foreign and domestic.

But there are many who do not believe this, and they do not necessarily speak a foreign tongue. They would have us believe that the individual exists to serve the State, that the individual achieves a "greater destiny" by "losing himself" in a mass effort to achieve some form of ideal society.

This is not a new doctrine. It was running wild at the time of Christ. It sounds good, and it has been tried before. It didn't fool Him, however, and if we remember Him, it will not fool us.

There are few institutions, public or private, which have not been established to serve mankind. They are all founded upon altruistic motives, according to their charters and constitutions. But institutions are perpetuated by men, not by theories. These men may be big enough to "act from honest motives purely," in an honest effort to make the ideal work, or they may be small enough to use the ideal for the sake of amassing impressive statistics at the expense of the individual.

It has often been said that statistics are the worst liars. It may also be said that statistics are the tools men

use when they are principally interested in justifying their own efforts. We need men who are courageous enough to act upon ideal, and, if need be, tell us the truth if the ideal does not work. A public servant owes the public that kind of honesty.

The hypocrites, against whom Jesus spoke, were men, who in the service of their institutions, usually the Church, trafficked with ideals. They were guilty of imprisoning the free human spirit in bondage to a regimented, legalistic type of religion which was abhorrent to Jesus. He spoke against, and, since they were guilty of perpetuating that kind of slavery in the name of religion, he spoke against them. He was crucified for it.

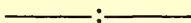
He allowed his disciples to pick corn on the Sabbath, and was roundly criticized for it by the "blue noses" of his day. He reminded them that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." In other words, they were guilty of perpetuating an outmoded system of rules and regula-

tions at the expense of the individuals involved. This did not increase his popularity with them, but since that time the common man has risen up to call him "blessed." He struck a blow for the freedom of the individual human spirit which has reverberated around the world.

"Red tape" is the arch enemy of progress. Few people have been able to cut through it. Those of us who seek to serve mankind in the service of our institutions sometimes get snarled up in it and lose sight of the ideal. Red tape in the form of rules, regulations, reports, statistics, imprisons the human spirit in an atmosphere in which it withers and dies. It is this that causes men to forget the ideal. The fact that they give "lip service" to the ideal is only indicative of an inner unrest; it is a mental exercise in which men indulge when they are only too well aware that they have fallen short.

But lip service cannot go on. Some day even that will cease.

And He will be crucified again!



PROVERBS FROM THE TALMUD

Life is but a loan to a man; death is the creditor who will one day claim it.

God did not make woman from man's head, that she should not rule him; nor from his feet, that she should not be his slave; but from his side, that she should be near his heart.

When the wise is angry he is wise no longer. He who prays for his neighbor will be heard for himself.

This world is a world of work, the next a world of recompense.

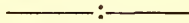
Who is first silent in a quarrel springs from a good family.

us the Bible warns against unchastity, adultery, murder, robbery, hatred, drunkenness, worry etc. also because these vices are harmful to our health. Behold how the glutton, the drunkard and adulterer brings horrible diseases upon himself, which lead to an early grave.

The Bible tells us how to meet the problems of life. We must put the Bible to work in our business, office, shop, kitchen, farm and school. We often hear it said "You can't mix Christianity and business." If you can't, there is no use going to church or even having churches and Bibles. People spend millions for books on "How to succeed and influence people," and pass up the Bible which has the only sound and safe advice on how to succeed and influence people. Step into the business office of the Book of Proverbs and learn how to run your business, read the rules and regulations for capitol and labor in the letters of the apostles and read what Jesus has to say in the Sermon on the Mount on meeting the problems of everyday living. Or are you interested in good government and statesmanship? In the Bible the two greatest statesmen that ever lived, Moses and Daniel, speak to us at great length.

Then there is the home. Again the Bible has much to say about the home, marriage and children. And oh, how sadly the world is in need of such advice. In our day the home is degenerating fast and many great men are wondering what to do about it. There is only one cure for our ailing homes—the Bible.

But most important of all, someday, and perhaps sooner than we realize, we must die. Then what? Then our sins loom big before our eyes and our lives with all their sins pass in quick review. Is there no help and no hope for us sinners? Yes there is, and it is as near as our Bible. There we read: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved—repent and be baptized everyone of you in the name of the Lord Jesus for the remission of your sins—the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son cleanses us from all sin. "And you can depend upon this. This is God's Truth and He cannot lie. He can do this because Jesus took your place and paid the penalty for your crimes and mine. In short there is no sorrow and no trouble that heaven cannot cure. Back to the Bible then, where we find life and health, peace, contentment and a glorious never-ending life.



Concentrate your thoughts on what you are doing today. Tomorrow will come in due time and present its problems just as surely as today did.

THE BIBLE

(By Rev. R. P. Young, in *The Hawkeye*)

In the Book of Proverbs, Chapter 4, Verses 20-22 the inspired writer says: "My son attend to my words; incline thine ear to my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they are life to those that find them, and health to all their flesh." The "words" referred to in these sentences refer to all the inspired words of the Bible.

Now the Bible is the most remarkable Book in the world. There is nothing like it anywhere in the world and there never will be. It will outlast everything for Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Words shall never pass away."

The Bible is a remarkable library of 66 different books, long and short, written in different languages, Hebrew, Chaldean, and Greek; written in various countries, Judea, Babylon, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy; written at various times, during a period stretching over 1500 years with an intermission of 400 years; written by more than 30 different people, with Egyptian culture, people with Jewish education, people with Greek and Roman education, and people with very little education; written by all sorts and conditions of men, priests, prophets, princes, farmers, warriors, statemen, shepherds poets, tax-collectors, doctors, fishermen, laywers philosophers, orators, autocrats, exiles, rich and poor, evangelist and opostles; written to Jew and Gentiles, to Greeks and Barbarians, to bond and free to men and women, to young and old, to

individuals and to congregations, and to the whole world; written in the rush of the large city and in the rush of the country-side; written in palace and in prison; written during times of prosperity and famine and depression; written at the height of national glory on Mt. Zion and in the depths of national shame by the willows and waters of Babylon. And yet we have here a book that agrees in every detail and knows only one way to heaven, and that way is the Messiah or Jesus Christ, true God and man. No man could have written such a book and no man would have if he could have done so.

Now this book is the eternal truth of God, the only real truth to be found anywhere. Therefore, if we would be sure, we must base our salvation or the way to heaven on the Bible. Any way to heaven not based on the Bible or only partly on the Bible is the wrong way and will not lead to heaven. In the words quoted above God tells us that his words are life and health to all that find them. Jesus said: I am the life-and he that liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."

I am convinced that most of our problems and troubles in the home, in the shop, in the church and in everyday life are due to lack of Bible knowledge. In the Bible you find everything you need. There you find health, much more than in a doctor's office or in a hospital and there are no fees to pay. The Bible tells us what to do and what not to do. Why? Because it is good for

THE DIGNITY OF WORK

(Alabama Baptist)

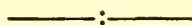
Not long ago two men were talking about their work and their pay. One of them worked in a factory and the other was a plumber. The first one told with considerable satisfaction how his hours of work had recently decreased and his pay check increased. The second one then told how he was working an even fewer number of hours and receiving more pay than his friend.

There may be circumstances when less work and more pay may be entirely just, but too often there is apparent in present-day human thought an eagerness and willingness to do less work and get more and more pay. It is a mistake to believe that one is being benefitted by demanding much and giving little. This is contrary to honesty and justice, and is offense against both employer and employee. Moreover, that attitude will destroy the dignity of work both in the sight of God in the sight of right-thinking men.

The dictionary has much to say about the verb "to work." The most common meaning is to carry on one's business. Jesus thought of himself

as eagerly engaged in his Father's business. Even when he was a lad of twelve, he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He excluded any alternatives. Furthermore, he realized that true work is natural in both God and men. This is seen in his statement, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." One translator has rendered this statement of Jesus thus: "My Father worketh unceasingly, and so do I." True work is then eternal self-activity of God expressing itself in and through mankind.

Doesn't that give to work the highest possible dignity and value? Yes, God is constantly working with the statesman, the capitalist, the factory-worker, the plumber, the farmer the ditch-digger, even though they may not know it. Indeed it is probable that unless their hearts and minds and souls are attuned to the symphony of God's presence and love, they never think of God in their work. **But it is God who gives men power to get wealth and who gives them strength to work.**



It is our own past which has made us what we are. We are the children of our own deeds. Conduct has created character; acts have grown into habits, each year has pressed into us a deeper moral print; the lives we have led have left us such as we are today.

—Van Dyke.

CAN A MAN BE TOO GOOD

(By Henry J. Nitzsche, in *The London Prison Farmer*)

I read in a recent issue of *The Uplift*, a quoted item headed by the above caption, and straightway the old think tank began working overtime. The thought came to mind: Can perfection become too perfect? Of course, the correct answer in all these questions is self-evident.

When a good man is done to death because of his goodness it is a commentary on the ethical status of man.

The Shavian notion—that it is dangerous to be too good—is true only on the surface; when we consider matters from a purely worldly standpoint and in accordance with the ethics of the average individual, then, maybe, it is dangerous because the very fact of one being very good is a direct challenge to the conscience of he who is not overly given to goodness.

Quoting from the article: "Robert G. Ingersoll certainly spoke the thruth about Socrates when he said, 'He trust the lance of question through the shield and heart of falsehood.' That kind of thing is always dangerous.

If a man adheres strictly to truth he must come to the point where he will have to be good in order to remain true. For truth is a menace to all lies and uncovers the weakness inherent in them, often to the utter discomfiture of the individual immediately concerned.

Socrates was brought to death, not by reason of his own goodness, but through the petty jealousy and malice of his enemies; but in the final analysis, we think he came off complete

victor and the succeeding years have increased, rather than lessened, the prestige of his name. Evil hates the good. Truth is poison to falsehood. Goodness, as an example, is a mighty challenge to its contrary. Between the two there is a constant struggle for mastery, and this struggle will not end until Truth gains the complete victory.

Falsehood will always impute to Truth the crookness which is part and parcel of the essence of falsehood. The dishonest individual will always attempt to shift on others the fault that is his own.

"He, being sinless, was made sin for our healing."

Have the centuries done anything to change the fact? Are men today better than they were two millenniums ago? Is Truth respected? Is honesty admired? Is character indicative of the man? The weakness of evil lies in the fact of its utter falsity. It isn't good because, in reality, it isn't true. And the individual who, knowing these things, still is foolish enough to prefer evil to good-well, he must be a little queer in his reasoning, for his logic is altogether off center.

A man can be too good for the peace of mind of some. His goodness is, to them, a constant reminder of their real shortcomings, and of their actual spiritual condition. The example of a good character can do more to bring about a revaluation in the hearts and minds of decent men than all the philanthropy in the world. For to love

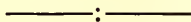
men without trying to help them become good is a waste of effort, utterly useless.

Some say that being too good makes a man liable to be considered a sissy. They labor under the delusion that true goodness implies effeminacy while a little badness means that the individual is highly masculine. Does it mean effeminacy to be truthful? to

be honest? to be sympathetic? to be decent? If so, then we all need a little of that effeminacy mixed up with our masculinity.

A person can never become to perfect; for, it is written: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father is perfect."

Our conscience tells us that it is true!



NO TIME

I have no time to find fault with others,
I have so many faults of my own;
While I, myself may not know them
I'm sure to others they are known.

I have no idle gossip,
It may all be a lie,
And soon the story will die out
If anyone passes it by.

I have no time to believe everything I hear,
And to others the story repeat;
I would rather obey the Golden Rule
And be kind to all whom I meet.

I have no time to listen to those who tell
Something to stir up strife.
Far better to tell of good deeds done
And brighten the journey of life.

I have no time to be moody and lonely,
No time to be gloomy and sad.
It takes all my spare time planning
How I can help make others glad.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

Rev. Oren Moore, Jr., pastor of the McKinnon Presbyterian Church in Concord, was the guest minister at the school last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Moore brought an excellent message in which the boys were interested, as usual. For a Scripture lesson he read the 121 Psalm.

It was explained that the Lord promised those who were believers in Him that he would stand always as a sentry or guardian, always keeping watch over them. He promised them this protection so that they might always put their trust in Him.

Mr. Moore explained to the boys that a watchman or sentry is always awake and alert to any danger that might arise; a sentry who is on guard walks up and down his post, protecting those under his care as they sleep and rest. The Lord promised to be a sentry to His followers and assured them that He would neither slumber nor sleep.

Mr. Moore made reference to an experience in the life of Napoleon, who had it a custom in the night time to check on the sentries of his camps. One night as he made an inspection he found a sentry fast asleep. He knew this soldier to be a dependable and reliable watchman, and he could understand why he had gone to sleep, because he was tired and exhausted. The story is that Napoleon himself took the post and stood guard through the night, instead of the soldier.

Mr. Moore illustrated his message to the boys by telling of an incident

which he knew about happening in the City of Charlotte. This was in the days before the dial switchboard for telephones. It happened one night that the operator at the switchboard heard a child crying. She stopped and asked if it were a little boy or a little girl, and the answer came back that it was a boy who was crying and that he was crying because he was all alone in the dark.

The operator then told the boy to go back to bed, leaving the receiver down, and that she would keep watch for him. This she did. Early next morning, the boy's mother, upon entering the room, found the receiver down, and she called the operator for an explanation. Then it was that the mother learned that the maid, who had been left as a watch, had gone off duty, thinking that the boy was asleep. The boy, however, was content to sleep with the telephone receiver at his side.

Mr. Moore explained that God stands guard for the Christian people like a sentry. Then, too, he explained that the Lord expects each person to be a sentry over his own life. He urged that each one examine himself by asking, "How are you doing your job as a sentry for yourself?"

Finally, it was explained that not only is each person a sentry for himself, but each person is his brother's keeper, and, therefore, a guardian for others. Always it is necessary that Christian people be on guard, each for the other, against any attacks by evil forces.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Peace of mind is what is ruined by a piece of mind.

—:—

Thrift is common sense applied to spending.—Theodore Roosevelt.

—:—

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Solomon.

—:—

Labor is good for the body and better for the soul.—Robert Hickens.

—:—

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.—Thomas Jefferson.

—:—

Household art is both a practical art and a trained profession.—C. W. Taber

—:—

God is a circle whose center is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.—Empedocles.

—:—

So do your work in the world that thereby others may do their work the better.—Felix Adler.

—:—

Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.—Elbert Hubbard.

—:—

Money was made, not to command our will, But all our lawful pleasures to fulfill.—Abraham Cowley.

—:—

A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

—:—

A henpecked husband I know will only go to a woman dentist. He says it makes him terribly happy to hear a dame tell him to open his mouth instead of shut it.

—:—

You can no more measure a home by inches or weigh it by ounces than you can set up the boundaries of a summer breeze or calculate the fragrance of a rose. Home is the love

which is in it.

—Edward E. Whiting.

—:—

The first requisite of a good citizen in this republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his weight; that he shall not be a mere passenger, but shall do his share in the work that each generation of us finds ready to hand.—Theodore Roosevelt.

—:—

If you want sunlight in your house, see that you have work in it. Nothing makes moroseness and heavy-heartedness in a house as fast as idleness. The very children gloom and sulk if they have nothing to do. Sunlight comes with work.

—Stafford A. Brooks.

—:—

But for commerce each of us would wear only the clothes that he could make from the skins of the wild animals he snared or the grass he cut from the marshes; but for commerce we would eat only the foods grown or foraged through our own efforts.

—J. Walter Drake.

—:—

Cleanliness may be recommended as a mark of politeness, as it produces purity of mind.—As it renders us affection, and as it bears analogy to agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves.—It is an excellent preservative of health; and several vices, destructive both to body and mind, are inconsistent with the habit of it.—Addison.

—:—

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve. As, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose; as good no scythe as no edge.—Bp. Hall.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

He: "What shape is a kiss?"

She: "I don't know."

He: "Well, give me one and we'll call it square."

—:—

He: "Darling, your waist is the smallest I have ever seen."

She: "Of corset is."

—:—

The lone chick, taking a look around an incubator full of unhatched eggs: "Looks like I'll be an only child; mother's blown a fuse."

—:—

Grandma Jones studied the newborn babe with obvious satisfaction. "If my memory doesn't fail me," she chuckled, "it's a boy."

—:—

Woman's voice on phone: "Hello, are you Harry?"

Man: "Not especially lady, but I'm a long way from being bald."

—:—

New Foreman: "How's the water on this God-forsaken project, Mac?"

Shovel Runner: "Well boss,, first they boil it, then they filter it—then we drink whiskey!"

—:—

"Mummy, may I go swimming?"

"You may not. It's too deep and dangerous."

"But daddy is swimming."

"Yes, but he's insured."

—:—

Father: "Daughter, what are your young man's intentions?"

Daughter: "Well, daddy, I'm not at all sure, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

—:—

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden she had chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing at it in silent admiration, she quickly ran into the house and cried out: "Oh, Granny, come and see. One of your chickens is in bloom."

"Got any mail for me?"

"What's your name?"

"You'll find it on the envelope."

"How did you catch cold?"

"I got Chile on my radio last night."

—:—

First Character: "Well, Doctor, was my operation a success?"

Sec. Character: "I wouldn't know, Madame, for sure, but my guess would be it was not a success. I am not your doctor. My name is St. Peter."

—:—

A girl just returned from a ride with her boy friend. As she entered the house her mother noticed that only her right shoe was muddy. She asked her daughter why only her right shoe had mud on it. The girl said, "Changed my mind."

—:—

A fiery tempered Southern businessman wrote the following letter: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

—:—

The clever boxer had finally met his match and was being counted out.

"One," roared the referee, "two, three, four, five."

The boxer reached up grabbed the referee's wrist and said, "I'm a little hard of hearing. Would you mind repeating that?"

—:—

A gangster rushed into a saloon shooting right and left, yelling "all you dirty skunks get outa here!"

The customers fled in a hail of bullets—all except a shovel runner, who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well?" remarked the shovel runner, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 22 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Billy Kassell
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
Fulton Phillips
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggles

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Rice
Roger Willard
William Hinson
Charles Pinkston
Elwood Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnett
Jackie Basinger
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Billy McVicker
Johnny Ollis
George Patterson
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
Thomas Shepard
Billy Shore
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
James Christy
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Earl Hensley
Jack Jarvis
James Martin
Wayne Millsaps
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
Doyle Parish
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Glenn Cunningham
Thomas Dixon
Frank Fullbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Robert Melton
Eugene Perry
Johnny Robinson
Richard Taylor
Robert Thompson
Jimmie Volroth
Richard Whitaker
Carl Howell
Danny Mac Hayes
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink

COTTAGE No. 6

William Anderson
Donald Branch
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
Jerry Minter
Glenn Matheson
Jerry Odom
Tommy Presley
Dorman Porter
Lewis Sutherland
Ralph Seagle

COTTAGE No. 7

Tommy Edwards
Edd Gwinn
Horace Jordan
Clyde Leonard
Earl Medford
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker
Harold Wilkinson

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Marvin Guyton
Donald Hall
Herman Hutchins
Paul Hendron
Carl Jenkins
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Edward McInnis
Ray Minish
Eugene Newton
Marion Ross
James Tuggle
Robert Whitaker
Kenneth Waters
Dwight Moore

COTTAGE No. 10

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Kenneth Horne
Leroy Williams
Robert Whittaker

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
Thomas Linville
Jimmy Rogers
Richard Sandlin
Jimmy Cauthen
Evan Myers

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Garland Brinn
Bill Carswell

Homer Fisher
Carl Goard
John Gregory
David Hill
Chester Lee
Nathan McCarson
Horace Moses
Edwin Parker
Jimmy Rhodes
Russell Seagle
Joe Swink
Bobby Walker
Lewis Parish

COTTAGE No. 14

Lee Bradshaw
Claude Crump
Sam Finney
Richard Harper
Thurman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Boyd Morris
Jerry Rippy
Earl Wood
Jack Wood

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
J. K. Blackburn
Jack Burchell
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Thelbert Suggs
Frank Sargent
Thomas Scruggs
Carroll Teer
Eugene Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Glenn Bumgardner
Eden Chavis
Perry Leon Martin
Ralph Morgan
Carroll Painter
Howard Wilson
Jackie Hargett
James Howell

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
Onie Kilpatrick
Albert Cox

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 5, 1948

NO. 23

TO-MORROW! DOES IT MATTER

What of our to-morrow
 Does it really matter?
 If we are here or not to join in Life's busy
 throng.
 Would we be missed
 In all the noise and clatter?
 Does our assistance matter or could they get
 along?
 God's word has said
 "Live for this day alone"
 And in this thought and it alone we should
 be satisfied.
 If we have faith
 And did our best to-day
 His will is ours, and in that will we shall
 abide.

—Floyd Ammerman.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

INSPIRATION

Once I peered from the windows within,
Feeling that my soul was stained with sin.

I could not linger in that incurrence,
Being inducted by inspiration to seek
disencumbrance.

Should I have lingered in this confusion,
I wouldn't have found God's inspired
solution.

Absurd was it in this abashment, to agree
With those who have followed tradition.

Inspiration it was that taught me to say,
That forgiven sins all vanish away.

If I am right, please inspire my heart
Constantly in this right to stay.

If I am wrong, through grace inspire my
Heart to find the better way.

—Preston B. Russell.

—:—

TRANSFORMING A BOY'S ATTITUDES

One year ago a great opportunity came to the staff here at the Jackson Training School to help a boy who was extremely maladjusted. For some mysterious reason this boy had developed un-

desirable attitudes towards the members of his family, towards his community, and towards life in almost every respect. Because he could not live in harmony in his home, it was decided by the local officials of his home county to place this boy in local detention quarters, and this seemed to be for an indefinite period of time.

Before coming to this institution the boy was described as "quite sullen and defiant" whenever he was questioned about his misbehavior. It was said of him that he showed no interest in any subject which was discussed with him; he had no plans for himself, and he expressed no desires for improvement. Apparently, he had no ambition whatever. When it was suggested to him that he might be committed to a training school, his reaction was, "If you send me there I will do everything to break the rules and give them all the trouble I can."

After he had been in detention for several months, it was decided by the local officials that he might make a successful adjustment at the Jackson Training School, and he was accompanied to the school by one of the case workers from his home county. Apparently, the boy had a deep conviction that he would dislike the place and that he would be very unhappy here.

When the case worker introduced this boy to the superintendent the boy refused to shake hands with the superintendent, or with one of the other officials who attempted to welcome him to the school. However, he was given a cordial welcome and kind treatment.

At first, the boy was reluctant to participate in any sports or games or any other activities involving groups of boys. He preferred to remain isolated from others. After a period in the Reception Cottage he was placed in another cottage here, where he would have favorable opportunities and where he would be given fair treatment.

Gradually, after discovering that he was among friends and that he would have adequate provision for his physical needs and that he could have a feeling of security, the boy began to emerge as a different character. Instead of being sullen, he seemed to have an inner feeling of satisfaction and happiness. He was enrolled in the eleventh grade at the school, and was soon recognized as being an outstanding student. It was found that his mental ability

was far above the average of the boys here, and, fortunately, he took an interest in his school work as well as his other activities here.

During his term at the school his record has been good in five particular respects, as follows:

1. As a member of the eleventh grade he has done exceptionally good school work.
2. He has no black mark for misbehavior against his record.
3. He was placed on the cottage honor roll thirty-eight times out of a possible fifty-two.
4. On his work report he ranked above the average.
5. In general behavior and attitudes he has made vast improvement from the very beginning.

In recognition of the above facts, this boy was presented a wrist-watch as a tribute to his good record and to his fine spirit of cooperation. This presentation was made on May 31, and when he received this award he stuck out his hand to receive the congratulations of the superintendent. This means that, whereas there was a vast gulf of maladjustment at first, which made it impossible for the boy to be willing to even shake hands and receive a cordial welcome, by the end of his stay there had been such a transformation in his life that he cheerfully shook the hands of those who had made life different for him.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 6, 1948

- June 7—Kenneth Horne, Cottage 10, 14th birthday
- June 8—Jackie Hargett, Cottage 5, 14th birthday
- June 9—Carroll Painter, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
- June 9—Robert Ellers, Cottage 1, 16th birthday
- June 11—Roy Eddins, Cottage 11, 17th birthday
- June 12—James Martin, Cottage 3, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Supt. Hawfield's Brother Passes

Superintendent and Mrs. Hawfield were called to Monroe late Monday evening because of the sudden death of Mr. Hawfield's brother, W. P. Hawfield.

Mr. Hawfield's brother died after a heart attack on the afternoon of May 31.

At the time of his death, he was a teacher in the Union High School, and had taught in the schools of Mecklenburg and Davidson Counties. For 12 years he was superintendent of Hoke County schools.

The son of the late William D. and Julia Hunter Hawfield, he attended Trinity College and was a veteran of World War 1. He was a member of the Central Methodist Church.

The members of the staff at Jackson Training School extend their deepest sympathy to Mr. Hawfield in the loss of his brother.

Our Ball Game

By Max Herring, 5th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 11 beat No. 6 with a score of 36 to 0. This makes the third game we have won this year. After the game we went swimming and we all had a good time there, too.

Mr. Cruse's Vacation

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade

Mr. Cruse has gone on his vacation. We hope that he has a good time. His daughter is sick, but she is getting better. Mr. Cruse sent all of his boys to other cottages.

Our Ball Game

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 3 and No. 2 were going to play a game of ball, but it was too muddy, so we didn't play. We went in swimming, and stayed in for a long time.

Our Ball Game

By William Hinson, 3rd Grade

Saturday, Cottage 5 was going to play No. 17 but the ball field was too wet. Some of the cottages got to play softball but before we got to play it rained and we didn't get to play. We will play one day next week.

No. 13 Get Sent Out

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

Friday, No. 13 got sent out and we went to other cottages. I went to No. 1, Mr. Hinson's Cottage. He is a good officer. I hope all the boys like their cottages like I do. We will all be glad when Mr. Tomkinson comes back.

Cottage 7 Plays 14 in Baseball Game

By Charles Walker 3rd Grade

Saturday, Cottage 7 played Cottage 14. Jack Paschal was the pitcher for No. 7. The score was 9 to 8 in No. 7's favor. It was a good game and we hope that we can win every game.

A Softball Game

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Saturday, Cottage 7A played Cot-

tage 1. W. L. Steele pitched for No. 7. He struck out the first three batters. As soon as we got in bat it started raining and we had to quit. Then we went in swimming and had a good time.

A Rainy Ballgame

By Ray Bridgeman, 7th Grade

There were not many ball games Saturday. Mr. Walters said that the grounds were too wet. We have an open date in July, so we will play the games then. Major Loftin, our pitcher is in the hospital. We will be glad when he gets well.

The Week End

By Fairly McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday, we went over to the softball field to play ball but it rained and we had to go back to the cottage and read books and after it quit raining we went outside and played horse-shoes and other games. Then we ate supper and went back out and played some more.

The Swimming Pool

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Saturday, No. 2 went in swimming and we had a good time. I thought the water was cold at first, but I jumped in and I was not cold at all. One of the boys swam from one end of the pool to the other. I am trying to learn how to swim too.

A Marble Contest

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Mr. Walters said we would have a marble contest Saturday and I hope

I win the contest. Whoever wins the contest gets to go to Concord to play in a marble contest there. There is going to be lots of boys who will enter the contest.

Officers Vacation

By Bobby Long, 7th Grade

For the past few weeks, the officers have been going on their vacations. Mr. and Mrs. Walters have gone on their vacation and have returned. Mr. and Mrs. Cruse and Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson are now on their vacations and they will be back in two weeks. All of the boys will be glad when they get back.

Wildwood Cabin

By Kenneth Rogers, 5th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Peck took the boys of No. 15 to the cabin Saturday.

We all wanted to go in swimming in the creek, but it was too muddy. We had a weiner roast. The boys in our cottage bought the weiners, and Mr. and Mrs. Peck bought the drinks. We all had a good time, and hope to go again soon.

Softball Game

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

On Saturday May 29, 1948 Cottage No. 11 and No. 6 played a game of softball. No. 11 was in the field first. Not one of No. 6's players scored, but they played a fine game. At the end of the game, the score was 36 to 0 in favor of No. 11.

No. 11 played a good game, and was sorry No. 6 didn't score. We hope we will win all our games.

Our Maps

By Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

The 8th Grade made some maps of the United States of America by free hand drawing. And we also made a poster of North Carolina collection. The poster was made by Charles Fields and Billy Kassell. Some of the maps were very good such as Hugh Ball's, Bill Thornton's, Howard Riley's, and Charles Woodrow's.

By doing this we have learn to distinguish the North, South, East, and West.

Our Trip to the Wildwood Cottage

By Cecil Butcher, 7th Grade

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Peck took the boys of Cottage 15 to the Wildwood Cottage. After we got through eating, Mrs. Peck and some of the boys sat down and started singing. Mr. Peck said some of the boys were going home and he just wanted to give us some kind of a party. All of the boys want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Peck for taking us to the Wildwood Cottage.

Mr. Liske and the bakery boys made us a lot of rolls and we want to thank them, too.

The Fifth Grade

By Robert Williamson, 5th Grade

In the fifth grade room, we have made some little men, called Brownies. These brownies are made of construction paper and each has a name. A brick wall was made from the brick paper upon which these little men play. The brownies, whose names are Saw, Did, Came, Ate, Took, are placed on top of the wall. The ones whose names are Seen, Come, Eaten, Taken, and

Done, are on the ground. They want to get up on the wall but they need a helper which is, have, has, had. They are placed along side them to help them. This project is teaching us about the verbs in our Language lesson.

Weed No More and Good-bye Insects

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

Monday, we saw a two-in-one show. The first one showed how Weed-No-More could kill weeds.

A certain man, Cris was out weeding the lawn, but soon grew disgusted. He went in and told his wife he was going to play golf.

While he was playing, a man told him that they used Weed-No-More at his house. Cris and Bill (one of his friends) stopped at Bill's house and Cris noticed that there wasn't a weed on Bill's lawn. He asked him how he did it and Bill told him how Weed-No-More worked.

He explained that Weed-No-More makes the plant kill itself.

Bill went home and sprayed the lawn with Weed-No-More. In three weeks there wasn't a weed to be found.

The second part, "Goodbye Insects," showed how Pestroy kills insects. If you paint something with the liquid form it stays on for months without wearing off. When an insect crawls over it it goes up through his legs into the insects body and kills the insect.

Pestroy comes in powder and in liquid form. It has 6 per cent **D. D. T.** in it.

Scores and Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 11 th Grade

Rain postponed most of the games Saturday, which means some of the

Cottages will have double-headers later. Only one baseball game was played. That being between Cottage 14 and Cottage 11. Jerry Rippy, pitcher for Cottage 14, was credited with a no-hit game. The final score ended 12 to 1 in no. 14's favor.

Scores for last week's games were as follows: Cottage 5 over 2, 13 to 4; Cottage 15 over 13, 20 to 5; Cottage 9 over 1, 15 to 2; Cottage 16 over 4, 12 to 7. The No. 10 and 17 game was postponed. Cottage 14's game with no. 11 was almost the same as this Saturday's game. The score was 12

to 1 the same as last Week's game with no. 14.

In the Softball League for this Week, there were three games played. Cottage 7B won over 14, 9 to 8; Cottage 11 over 6B, 45 to 0. Rain stopped the No. 10 and 15 game at a 11 to 11 dead-lock. Scores for last weeks games were: 15 over 13, 15 to 9; 11 over 6A, 25 to 7; 14 over 6B, 27 to 6; 3A over 7B, 24 to 13; 3B over 2, 10 to 9; 7A over 4, 22 to 5 and Cottage 10 over 17, 23 to 16.

The standings will be published next week.

—————:—————

TO-MORROW! DOES IT MATTER

What of our to-morrows,
 Does it really matter?
 If we are here or not to join in Life's busy throng.
 Would we be missed
 In all the noise and clatter?
 Does our assistance matter or could they get along?
 God's word has said
 "Live for this day alone"
 And in this thought and it alone we should be satisfied,
 If we have faith
 And did our best to-day
 His will is ours, and in that will we shall abide.

—Floyd Ammerman.

THE SCHOOLTEACHER AND THE AMERICAN WAY

(By Harvey S. Firestone in The Summary)

Today, subversive termites are boring persistently at the very foundation of our way of life. The years ahead call for the kind of confident and intelligent leadership which only enlightened and educated Americans can provide, if we are to preserve and protect the precepts of liberty and justice which we respect and cherish. Therefore we must rely heavily on our educators and the nation's first line defense against the treacherous attacks of those who seek to undermine our American way.

Some of the countries across the seas which are now asking for help were great powers long before the United States became an independent nation. Yet, in the relatively short span of 171 years, we have overcome their head-start of centuries and have become the most powerful, the most prosperous and most successful nation on earth.

How did this happen? How was it possible for a poor, struggling former colony, made up of people of many nationalities, of many races and of many creeds to surpass in so short a time the long-established power and prestige of older nations?

The answer is four-fold. **First**, Mother Nature endowed us with tremendous resources. **Second**, we had no powerful neighbors to threaten our security. **Third**, we developed a better system which brought to us a better way of life.

We established a republican form

of government and we laid down the rules for its operation in a living document called the Constitution. We laid the cornerstone of a new economic system based on competitive free enterprise, and we recorded the rules for its operation in the first ten Amendments to the Constitution, which we call the Bill of Rights. In effect, we made it possible for every person in the United States to go as far as his will and his skill permit, provided that he does not deprive any of his fellow men of this same right.

Compare this pattern for living with that of nations where other philosophies prevail. There are countries which call themselves democracies where a citizen may not own land or select his own job.

He may not employ anyone to work for him. He may not be tried by a jury of his peers. He may not stay away from work without good and sufficient reasons. He does not have freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of assembly, and his press and radio are censored by his government.

Certainly, if there is a better way of life than ours, mankind has not yet found it. And our children are entitled to know this fact. They serve to know that other social systems can, at best, promise their people only in the far-distant future a standard of living which we Americans already enjoy today. And they have the right to know that to those who are willing to work, to think and to

dare, the American system of competitive free enterprise brings rich reward. That is their heritage.

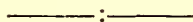
To accomplish these objectives, we must have an adequate number of thoroughly qualified teachers in our schools. In the last five years, thousands of men and women have left the teaching profession for better-paying jobs. And the number of young people who are studing to be teachers is alarmingly small. The principal victims of this critical situation are the twenty-six million children who are now in school and the two million who would be going

to school if there were enough teachers.

It is a shameful paradox that those who contribute so much to the preservation of the American way of life share proportionately so little in its material benefits.

It is the duty of every American to make sure through the polls and through his personal influence that this wrong shall be righted.

It is the duty of every American to perpetuate our American heritage by giving our children the best school, the best teachers and the best education in the world.



CHURCH

The best friend of mankind. . . hung about with sweet memories of brides, memories of mothers, memories of boys and girls, memories of the aged as they grope their way down the shadows. . . Decked with loving tears, crowned with loving hands . . . in the minds of the greatest men on earth it finds a constant dwelling place. . . living in the lives of the young and in the dreams of the old . . . safeguarding man with a friendly hand to the man in fine linen and to the man in homespun . . . the essence of good fellowship, friendship and love . . . it gives you something ahead to live for . . . it offers you gifts that gold cannot buy nor kings take away . . . it is the body of Christ, His instrument for building His kingdom . . . some time, some day, some hour, in the near or far future you will long for the touch of its friendly hand, and the ministry of its love and hope . . . You need it a thousand times more than it needs you . . . give it your heart, your influence, your all. Let its purpose, its worship, its service command you.—Harry W. Birch.

EDUCATION OR ELSE

(The Orphan's Friend and Masonic Journal)

Masonic leadership is stressing education to meet the most critical conditions in history. Two forces are raising against each other in moral combat. These are democracy and the old totalitarian enemy in a new alias. The one has as its ideal human freedom; the other, the state. The teachings enunciated by the Master is instinct in democracy; they were written into our "Declaration" and "Constitution". They stand for the dignity and well-being of individual man, realizing that each one has within him the Divine Spark. The other concept of government is one that makes of all (but the dominating few) pawns to be moved about and contemptuously manipulated to the profit of the few. Under the name of communism, purportedly the holding of wealth in common for the benefit of all, this process is one of enslavement and degradation.

Now, whether he knows it or not every man is in this clash of ideals and he cannot evade the effects. there is no exception. As Masons are a selected group of men who are naturally attracted by the principles of Christianity and democracy, they should be expected to be in the front rank of those championing this type of idealogy. They should keep themselves in close touch with the fundamental values of life and help to light the way for those less informed than themselves.

Ignorance has always been the bane of existence. The man who knows has ever been the master of the man

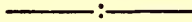
who does not know. In the past the ignorant man managed to get along somehow, because there were so many of him. He is still very numerous and very obtuse, but the wits enrolled against him are sharper and more virulent than ever before. The ignorant man can no more hide or efface himself. Communism, or whatever its current alias may be, needs the ignorant in its business in a condition of serfdom.

Pleasure-loving and business-loving people who relax too regularly and too long when it is a question of the common good, take long shots, particularly in these days. The status quo has its importance which cannot be denied, but it has within the germs of decay if they are allowed to sprout in fertile soil. We tend to believe that what has happened in destroyed countries could not possibly happen to us. That heresy has destroyed the world's most powerful nations of the past. As long as their peoples held to their ideals and kept themselves tuned to their times, they prospered. When they relaxed not wisely but too well selfishness, greed and attendant ills, entered the picture and took over. All the people that became great, carved their way with integrity, idealism and wisdom. No peoples have ever been whipped from the outside; ignorance and faithlessness softend them up long before the enemy completed the havoc self-begun.

A very stupid man once was enraged because he had to send his son to school. He said that he was in fa-

vor of schooling', but he did not believe in too much. "How much schooling' are you in favor of?" he was asked. "Oh! jest enough to keep folkes from cheatin 'um." If the idea of education is no higher than merely to keep one man from cheating another, that

flimsy idea cannot protect the man from cheating himself. The man who today is not interested in true education, is not concerned about the battle of democracy with communism, is cheating both his neighbor and him self.



DOG TIRED

I was driving to a chuch meeting in another town, when I saw an old farmer, a parishioner of mine, walking down the concrete highway. His black and white hound dog was tagging along dejectedly **at his heels.**

I offered the man a ride, saying his dog could come too. The farmer climbed in the front seat, and shoved his dog in the rear. The next time we looked at the animal, he was stretched out on the back seat panting, too tired even to wag his tail.

"You must have been walking a long time, from the looks of that poor dog," I said.

The farmer laughed. "It's not the trip that fagged him out. He was scampering back and forth across the road, sticking his nose inside every gate, and wrestling with every stone wall. He had to chase every cat and scare all the old hens he saw. If a dog barked at him, he barked ten times in return. No wonder he's all **in.**"

The old man pushed his hat back on his head. He was silent for a moment, then he said, "You know, Reverend, people are pretty much the same way. If they get worn out on their journey through life it's usually not the distance they've covered that makes them tired. It's the extra work they make for themselves, minding everybody's business but their own.

—The Rev. Phillip Jerome Cleveland, Via Coronet.

JAMES E. WEST 1876-1948

(Scouting)

A great American has passed away. All Scouting pays tribute to the Chief Scout, Dr. James E. West, who died on May 15th, on the eve of his seventy-second birthday.

It is hardly possible at this time to measure adequately the contribution of this great man to the Scout Movement and to the youth of the nation and the world. So many practices now universally accepted owed their origins to his vision that only the years can bring a full realization of his genius.

The small cottage plan of care for orphaned children who formerly were herded in large institutions; a supervised adoption program to put homeless children in childless homes; the importance of play-ground and recreation areas in congested districts; a sane and wholesome approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency; the promotion of worthwhile and stimulating books and magazines for young people; opportunities for a positive health program, with corrective measures for children's physical defects; these were among the measures, many of them innovations fifty years ago, for which he crusaded in the early years of the century.

The facts of his early life are so well known, that they need not be enumerated here. He himself considered his achievements a tribute to the American way of life. That a friendless, crippled orphan boy could earn an education and rise to be a personal friend of the nation's presi-

dents, and a figure of international prominence, he used to say, was due to the fact that everywhere he had found opportunity open for him, and people eager to give him cooperation when he needed it. "What I have accomplished," he frequently said, "is, with the help of God, within the power of every boy in this great country of ours."

He was selected as the first executive officer of the Boy Scouts of America in 1910 and served as its Chief Scout Executive for 32 years. To his ability in recruiting men of extraordinary calibre and inspiring them to devoted service nationally and locally; to his genius for organization, must be attributed much of the rapid and sound growth of the young Scout Movement. The foundations which he helped to erect have proved firm, and are basically unchanged today. The registration plan; the Troop Committee idea, and strong institutional sponsorship for each Unit; The Local Council scheme of organization and Regional setup, at a time when most agencies were operating on a state basis; the training program for volunteer and professional leaders; these are fundamental features of the Scout Movement which he helped to develop.

But he constantly preached to Scouters that the whole object of all organization was the Boy. "Keep your eye on the Boy," he used to say, "We must never lose sight of the boy. We must never forget that our main purpose first, last, and all the time is to create

and maintain conditions so that boys intensely desire to become Scouts, and men of character are willing to give leadership."

His achievements were recognized and honored throughout the world. He had received the Silver Buffalo from the Boy Scouts of America, the Silver Wolf from the British Boy Scouts Association, and many other foreign Scout decorations. President Theodore Roosevelt called the first White House Conference on the Care of Dependent Children at his insistence in 1907, and in every other White House Conference for Youth which has been held since, he served actively. He helped to draft the Children's Charter. He received the Gold Medal from the National Institute of Social Sciences,

and many other recognitions. Leading educational institutions had awarded him Honorary Degrees. He was Editor in Chief of Boy's Life for nearly twenty years.

But of all his many contributions to youth, the one in which he took greatest personal satisfaction was the development of the Twelfth Scout Law. Since he gave his leadership to its development, over 14,000,000 Americans have reverently committed themselves to devotion to God, and respect for the convictions of other people. "That is the basis of Americanism," he used to say, "those are the principles on which our nation was founded."

No more fitting epitaph for a great American could be selected than these words.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

He loves best whose love lasts.

Trouble that you borrow soon becomes your own.

The one who makes a way for others is never in the way.

Every time you lose your temper you advertise yourself.

The nearer one gets to the top the farther away it seems.

Be careful how you side-step trouble; you might miss duty.

He gives himself away who says that every man has his price.

Some people spend their time as recklessly as if it were so much money.

The faster a young man is, the more difficult it is for him to get away from the past.

If things don't come your way, maybe it is because some one else has a better way.

It indeed seems fortunate for some people that it is never too late to be behind time.—C. A. Lee.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY-FLORIDA

(The Summary)

Florida, a South Atlantic State, discovered (Easter Sunday, March 27, 1513) by the Spaniard, Ponce De Leon, in his search for the "fountain of Perpetual Youth," is the southeasternmost point of the United States; bounded on the north by Georgia and Alabama, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Straits of Florida, and on the west by the Gulf of Mexico and Alabama.

Florida is of Limestone formation, with no high elevations—the highest is 300 feet—and in the southern part are vast swamps, the Everglades, which are being drained and provided with roads to make available large potential agricultural wealth. The drainage district embraces 4,927,759 acres, of which one-quarter is owned by the State and is valued at \$105,000,000.

The State has about 5,450,000 acres of original pine forests and large forests of second growth pine. From them comes about one fourth of the national supply of naval stores.

Coastwise, the vegetation is subtropical and in the interior is a coniferous tree-clad, sandy region where citrus fruits have been developed. The State leads in the production of grapefruit, and is second in the production of oranges. Tobacco, rice, maize, oats and peas are grown. The raising of graded cattle is a growing industry on the Gulf Coast.

A present and future source of great wealth are the natural deposits of phosphate rock, of which in pre-war times more than 1,000,000 tons

were exported for foreign use as land fertilizer. Fullers earth, sone, lime, kaolin and other minerals of importance.

A \$30,000,000 mile highway connected Key West, southernmost point of the nation to the mainland, was opened (1944).

Congress authorized (May 14, 1943) the establishment of a tropical National Park in the Everglades upon donation to the Federal Government of the necessary lands. The park borders the Gulf of Mexico from Tamiami Trail on the north to Cape Sable, which is 350 miles further south than Cairo, Egypt, and covers 2,500 square, being twice the size of Rhode Island.

Indians, remnants of the Seminole nation, have their towns in the remote fastnesses of the Everglades. They did not always live in this section but were driven here from their homes in North Florida at the close of the Seminole War. Refusing to surrender, they retreated into these wilds, where the soldiers could not find them. They have never formally submitted to the government and continued to live under their own tribal laws. Their diet consists almost entirely on fish and game.

St. Augustine, the oldest city of European origin in the United States, was founded (1565). It has changed hands 13 times and has floated the Spanish, French, British, Confederate and American flags.

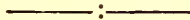
Among the higher institutions of learning are the University of Flor-

ida, Gainesville; State College for Women, Tallahassee; the University of Miami, Miami, and the University of Tampa, Tampa. There are four negro and two juniors colleges.

Palm Beach, 300 miles south of Jacksonville, has long been a resort for American and foreign wealth and fashion. Miami is built on the site of Fort Dallas (established 1836). Beginning from almost nothing (1896) Miami has risen to a position of leadership in resort life and as the commercial center of southeastern Florida.

The two venerable strongholds, Fort

Marion (Castle San Marcos) and Fort Matanzas, on the Matanzas River in Florida, were declared national monuments by presidential proclamation (Oct. 15, 1924.) Built by the Spanish, they are impressive memorials of the momentous epoch when European nations were struggling mightily for empires in the New World. These forts, constructed of coquina, a native material of sea shells which nature has cemented together, have withstood for generations the effects of wind and weather.



INFLUENCE

It speaks in our words.

It radiates in our doings.

It is eloquent in our silences.

It goes in our goings.

It stays in our stayings.

It is potent in our consents.

It is powerful in our refusals.

It is as precious ointment poured forth, or it is a terrible thing for which to give an account.

It goes in ever-widening circles like those about the stone thrown into the pool—widening circles, widening, only to break on eternal shores. After all, it is an eternal thing to live and have an influence over someone who is to live somewhere forever.—Selected.

THE CROSSROAD

(The Orphan's Friend and Masonic Journal)

A wave of uncertainty seems to have the world in its grip. It is generally realized that we are infinitely far away from the world of just two or three years ago. The pros and cons as to the possibility of another war are being discussed the world over. The old yardstick for measuring the implications of war is admittedly totally inadequate to serve the purpose longer. The matter of winning battles and tactical maneuvers is giving way to quiet, sobering nescience. It is clear that the great majority of the people of the world definitely do not want to fight, but the uneasy feeling that some untoward event might precipitate conflict in any part of the globe and led to almost instantaneous spread of hostilities is in the air.

What about an atom bomb a thousand times more potent than the one of Hiroshima? What about this and that new engine of destruction? What about widespread destruction of life and property? What about—?

No one can answer any of these questions. The man in the street has laid aside his role as prophet and at the same time realizes that his smarter brother knows little or nothing more than he does. But every man, be his intellect gigantic or pintsize, knows full well in his heart that if the most diabolical engine or distruction are not already perfected, the time is close by when they will be. He knows that the battlefront will be anywhere and everywhere and enormously expanded.

The time is here—rightnow—when

the spectre of war must be laid. There is not a gambler's chance that one nation by a stealthy attack can hope to escape bitter and annihilating repraaisal. Our country is taking the only sane course and we believe that its sanity will prevail. America is preparing in a big way to exert the utmost of defence against hostile attack, at the same time the nation stands staunchly for world peace. America has never had the yen for land-grabbing or longing for tribute. It stands for the principle of self-determination, permitting the people of other lands and races to conduct their own lives and affairs.

Of all the great nations that have risen to the top of human height, America is the one that has not gone power and glory mad. In this crisis in human affairs that attitude is a salutary one and a potent factor in the preservation of peace.

There is an old saying to the effect that, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The science of destruction has grown so great and fearsome that mad men are not going to have the followings they had in the past.

Mankind must recognize the ties of kinship. Stern necessity has taken away the option of accepting or rejecting the relation.

The safety and the happiness and the prosperity of every man is becoming more and more dependent upon the safety, the happiness and the prosperity of all man. The Great Architect has put every human on earth for a

specific purpose and no human can with impunity try to defeat the purpose for which any other exists.

The material urge has gone its limits. It must be superceded by a spiritual urge. The spiritual is the real, the true. The gifts of the material world are all right, else they would not exist, but they must be

amendable to the spiritual.

It is a great time in the annals of mankind. The greatest in all history. We are going to come safely through the transition priod if we do not mistake it for either a hopeless chaos or, on the other extreme, a fool's paradise. good, hearty, substantial faith is indicated for everybody.

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REAL HAPPINESS

(Selected)

All mankind was made to be happy, and the want of fun, amusement, and play is present in every one of us. Most of us believe that the three greatest possessions in life are health, wealth and happiness. If a man was asked what his most earnest wish was, nine out of ten chances are he would say happiness, of course. In the simplest daily routine we are ever in search of this thing called happiness. However we must always remember that happiness does not and cannot coincide with low ideals, such as selfishness, idleness, and discord, but is instead your reward if you are a disciple of truth, beauty, harmony, simplicity and affection. How often we have all heard the saying, "He has all the money he can possible want, but just can't seem to enjoy it." This is because the man possible isn't trying, or is trying to find it in the wrong way. Happiness always eludes

the selfish seeker. Selfishness and happiness can not abide together. Happiness is the product of a deed and is not to be found by hunting, as sportsmen hunt for wild game. Because happiness is the simplest thing in the world most people don't seem to be able to find it.

Some millionaires are unhappy because they have neglected their homes, sacrificed friends, self-improvement, and all that is really worthwhile for the money that made them millionaires. The criminal often thinks that his crime will improve his condition or that theft will enrich him and that through his stolen money he will find happiness. No man can be happy when he harbors thoughts of revenge, jealousy, or hatred. He must have a clean conscience and a clean heart.

No amount of money or excitement can make one truly happy.

—————:—————

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.—Lavater.

CRITICS, COUNTERFEITS AND CYNICS

(Baptist Standard)

The right to criticize persons, policies, measures and methods is inherent in every member of a true democracy. It is a right which is recognized in every true democratic body. Whenever and wherever the right to criticize has been denied, democracy has died. Democracy enterprises and institutions are kept clean and pure by constructive criticism. Baptist recognize the right of individuals to criticize either our message, or our methods. When it is just and constructive, we will improve by it, but when it is unjust and destructive, we will endure it. A constructive critic of an enterprise or an institution is one who has a heart interested in, and who supports and promotes its usefulness.

There are those who pose as critics who are not critics at all. They never give time, talents or money to promote Baptist institutions, but delight in pointing out the imperfections of those who do. They are not critics; they are pests. They are not numerous among Baptists, but they make a lot of fuss.

Those who hang around Baptist meetings merely to misintrepret what is said, and misrepresent our methods and measures of work are not critics. They are frauds and cheap counterfeits. Dr. J. B. Gambrell said, "This is making a straw man, giving him the other man's name, then tearing him to pieces. This is the trick of tricky disputers and they call it the criticism of the other party. It is mental dishonestly and essential falsehood."

There is a lot of difference between a critic and a cynic, but a destructive critic is destined to degenerate into a carping cynic, and will sow discontent, discord and doubt wherever he goes. The word "cynic" and "dog" came from the same Greek word. Paul had the cynic in mind in Phil. 2:3. The King James version reads: "Beware of dogs." Ferrar Fenton translates it: "Beware of cynics." After all the characteristics are strikingly similar. The cynic, like a dog, snarls sneers and snaps at everything in sight. He poses as an iconoclast and pretends to make battle against shams, but in reality, he himself is a sham and will assassinate the character of a saint who stands in the way of the realization of his selfish aims. His conduct is dictated by a false and dangerous philosophy. He assumes that he pulls others down in order to make room for his own promotion.

The cynic is a destructionist in any realm, but in the realm of religion, he is more dangerous because there is more involved. A cynical preacher is the greatest curse in Christendom. He is always on parade posing as a paragon of wisdom and piety. He feels that he must pull all other preachers to pieces in order to attract attention to himself. He reminds us of Tennyson's "foul bird of rapine whose prey is man's good name." He bemoans and bewails the fact that all others have sold out to the enemy, dipped their colors to the foe and lo, he alone is left to save the world. Emerson's minute sermon has a message and warning that every preacher

ought to preach to himself: "Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversations. Don't be a

cynical and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative prepositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives."

BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA

(By John J. Floherty in Our Paper)

There is a solitary brotherhood scattered over the length of our coasts carrying on a service as indispensable to America's welfare as that of a farmer, the industrial worker or the professional man. They are the men of the light—the sentries of the sea who carry on their work every hour of the day, every day in the year.

Stouthearted as lions, the lighthouse men do not know the meaning of fear. In the terrifying loneliness of storm-swept lighthouses, these men have stood vigil while cut off from the outside world. The records are filled with their heroism and self-sacrifice when odds were high against them.

Often they have kept the light burning until the sea struck a final blow and carried away the tower and the men inside it. They have faced starvation without complaint, and held to their duty unflinchingly when all the laws of humanity would have excused them for abandoning it. To them the tragedy of a darkened light is unthinkable.

In their lonely post they serve not only their own flag but the flags of every nation that sends ships to sea. Dutch or Norwegian, British or Italian, they all are alike to the man on a light. Each must be guided safely

past rock, shoal or reef.

While lighthouses may differ, and life in them run the gamut from hardship to homemaking, they are as one in the duties to be performed. Lenses and brass work must be polished to a glistening standard: signal mechanisms must be kept in perfect condition.

In 1939, the Lighthouse Service was transferred by Congress from the Department of Commerce to the Treasury Department and amalgamated with the Coast Guard. This service includes the care of lighthouses, lightships and thousands of buoys without which sea-borne commerce would be blindfolded.

I have spent many hours with these men of the sea in their lonely outposts without ever hearing a word of complaint or seeing a man hesitate. The \$10,000,000 we spend annually on our lighthouse service is a small price to pay for protecting shipping along 50,000 miles of shoreline. Nearly 7,000 men are engaged in a service so indispensable that without it our sea-borne commerce would be thrown into confusion, our industry crippled and humans drowned by the thousands. Yet it costs no more a year than the price of a Navy destroyer.

RENDING OF THE VEIL

(By Henry J. Nitzsche in The London Prison Farmer)

Gradually, very gradually, the veil of ignorance that has darkened the minds of men is being lifted. Here and there a rift in the clouds is evident. It has been, considered in terms of human understanding, a long time since the untutored savage of the Stone Age ceased to prey upon his kind to the present where, though not as completely as one might hope, men seem to realize the significance of recent discoveries.

The so-called Neanderthal man could not have appreciated the marvels locked up in a single atom (he basic element out of which the entire universe is evolved.) He could hardly have understood with his limited intelligence the meaning of a moral code. He perhaps would have had little time for abstract notions about the world in which he lived although, even then, the great ideas behind Creation already were ancient. The light of intelligence had not to any appreciable extent pierced the wall-like gloom of ignorance. Men, then, even as with some now, had not come to a full realization that ignorance was man's greatest foe—ignorance and cupidity and folly.

It was, and still is, ignorance that keeps men from establishing on this planet something faintly approaching a paradise. The dismal pall of the long night of man's mental cloudiness yet hangs heavily over all of man's activities, this in spite of his achievements in various branches of so called scientific knowledge and of invention.

But it is an achievement when men have been able, in spite of their petty bickerings and assinine speculation

and rapacious greed, to envision something beyond the horizon—something extraordinary and startling. It is a distinct advance when men, even if only a few, can see with a spiritual insight something of the sublime in even a single blade of grass. The first faint rays are reaching over the mountain tops of the eastern boundaries. The light of a stronger, more penetrating, saner intelligence is developing in spite of the present chaotic disposition in the realm of mankind's thinking processes.

How like ignorance is the darkness of the night when no moon shines in the canopy overhead and none of the distant stars are out! Yet, it seems that the darkness is destined to be dispelled, dispersed, routed by the Light of the Morning which is sure to come though this earth be made utterly desolate by man's injustice, greed and lack of sympathetic understanding. Yet, the veil shall be utterly riven asunder and the brilliant effulgence of the glorious Sun of the Morning make bright every nook of the farthestmost constellation. It will be brushed aside because the light of Truth must and will bring understanding to even the humblest creature of this marvelous Creation we sometimes call, the Universe.

The veil that has so long enshrouded the minds of men must not for ever remain effective because that would be furthering the cause of all that is unholy and worthless. Ignorance, when finally completely ostracised, will be replaced, or displaced,

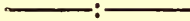
by Wisdom. Now—

True wisdom implies many things. It implies truth. It implies honor. It implies justice. It implies mercy. For with true wisdom comes understanding, and with understanding comes a realization of the worth of justice. And men then perhaps will deal justly.

All the philosophers of the past and the present have consistently been striving to arrive at an understanding of all that is, the why and the

how and the when and the where. They, too, though some have missed the right road, have been working toward the rending of the veil that has obstructed mankind's spiritual horizon and have fought valiantly against the foe—ignorance.

Fear not! Mankind will not be permitted to destroy the universe through nuclear fission and the Satanic implements derivable from scientific discoveries. The veil of ignorance shall be torn asunder!



THE BEAUTY OF THE BENEDICTION

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

This is known as the Aaronic benediction; so called because Aaron was the first man whom God commissioned to use it (Numbers 6:22-27).

In form it is symmetrical as a cut diamond. Three times “The Lord” appears, and three times the word “and” serves as a silver link between two golden lines. Each line brings in a new thought.

It was spoken to the children of Israel. It is meant for the congregation. But the congregation consists of individuals, hence ultimately it is meant for each individual member thereof.

The benediction is a God-inspired poem, full of grace and truth. It is a miniature symphony whose opening movement breathes divine goodness, whose motif is the grace of God, and whose finale is peace.

It is really an intercessory prayer, dictated by God himself. Its two and thirty words are like so many angels sent forth from the throne of God to guard and guide the departing worshiper on their way.—The Lutheran Herald.

INGRATITUDE—THE WORST OF CRIMES

(The Outlook, in Our Paper)

Standing before the representatives of the nation's press in a downtown Chicago business building where she works as a scrub woman, Mrs. Tillie Majeczek told the ending of her story in short, jerky sentences punctuated with heart-tearing sobs. She would pause from time to time to dab at her eyes with a tiny wisp of a handkerchief and to push back a lock of iron gray hair, then continue in that same heart breaking tone. Here and there in that packed group of hard-bitten journalists, a throat was cleared and a handkerchief or two appeared. If the gentlemen of the newspaper world had come for a human interest story they did not leave dissatisfied or empty-handed. They had their story all right, but it was a cruel and heartless one.

Twelve years ago, Joseph Majeczek was convicted of murder by the state of Illinois. From the very first he had maintained he was innocent, but the circumstances proved differently and he was found guilty. The court had no alternative but to impose a sentence of life imprisonment upon him. Although Joseph Majeczek went to prison, guilty of murder in the eyes of the law, one person still believed him innocent: That person was his mother, Mrs. Tillie Majeczek.

Mrs. Majeczek knew in her heart her son was innocent but couldn't prove it. Nor could she pay for an investigation. She had already spoken to a lawyer who had given her some hope but the fees he required were enormous and she could not pay

them. Only one way remained: Get that money and free Joe. And to reach that end Mrs. Mazeczek took the job of scrub woman and begin to save her money. Not one penny more than was necessary would she spend for her own needs until her Joe was free.

The years rolled by. Slowly but surely the needed money began to pile up. Depriving herself of many things, Mrs. Majeczek worked and saved, always with the thought of Joe being free and home again. On visits to the prison she told him what she was doing and he vowed if the day should come that he was **once** more free he would repay her **faith** and hard work a hundred-fold. Mrs. Majeczek was happy with this thought; it was worth all her efforts.

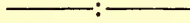
At last in the latter part of 1947 the needed money was in the bank. Her labors were about to bear fruit. She went to the lawyer and arrangements were made to present the case for retrial. Witnesses were procured and the case formulated. It went to court in December and the verdict was "Not Guilty" with the ruling that the State of Illinois pay Joseph Majeczek \$24,000 for the time he spent in prison. Mrs. Majeczek had reached her goal; her Joe was free!

Yes, Joe was free—and \$24,000 to the good—but the promises to his mother were forgotten with the court's verdict. Joe didn't care what happened to her now; he was free. Twelve years of hard work and faith on the part of his mother meant nothing; he had a lot of time to make up for and

Mrs. Majeczek wasn't in his plans.

Today, Mrs. Tillie Majeczek is still scrubbing floors. She hasn't received any help from Joe. On the contrary, Joe has left home and gone to

Arizona, leaving his mother to get along as best she can—scrubbing floors for a living. Ingratitude, the worst crime of all! Are you guilty of it, even to a small degree?



OUR LITTLE WORLD

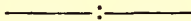
(By Lloyd Rime, in *The Yellow Jacket*)

All of life's activities may be summed up in a word, "experience." And that storehouse of knowledge which we term "experience" is really a "dictator" on the throne of judgment, for it is therefrom that we draw the power to arrive at conclusions and to make decisions.

It seems that each of us in a little world all our own which is bounded by our physical, mental, and spiritual abilities. As long as we operate within the boundaries of our own sphere, we get along very well, but when it is necessary for us to get "away from home" it is then that we feel our weaknesses and our need for help from other sources. This is not idealism but facts as they pertain to the a-

verage man and woman. And that brings us to the point that all men are dependent on each other for protection and security in their struggle for light and knowledge. When we get beyond our own little world we must seek direction from those in whom we have confidence. Every individual needs at least one dependable ally with whom they can converse freely when such need arises. Choose that ally for his knowledge born of experience, for his honesty of purpose, for his loyalty to duty.

Armed with the power of competent and dependable counsel, the scope of our own endeavor increases, and the area of our own little world becomes bigger and greater.



THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT CREED

I believe in honesty, sincerity and the square deal; in making up one's mind what to do—and doing it.

I believe in fearing God taking one's own part.

I believe in hitting the line hard when you are right.

I believe in speaking softly and carrying a big stick.

I believe in hard work and honest sport.

I believe in a sane mind in a sane body.

I believe we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The guest minister at the school Sunday afternoon was Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist church in Concord. Mr. Summers brought an inspirational and timely message that was enjoyed by all that were present. For a Scripture lesson he read Proverbs 29, 29-35 verses and Proverbs 20 Chapter 1-3 verses.

In his introductory remarks he told that the statements he read came from God's Book. That all right guidance, right instruction, right thinking, the needs of men in ancient and modern times, are found in this Book. No one can truly be considered educated or well rounded that doesn't know the teachings and ideals that are stressed in the Book of Books. Some experiences of his recent attendance at the Southern Baptist Convention were told in his usual interesting and thoughtful way after which he told of a pledge that all Christian people are being asked to sign. It is called "Christian's Commitment" and contains a promise that the signer will not buy, sell, use, or serve alcoholic beverages. The evils and dangers of the use of alcoholic beverages were illustrated by the story of a young man that made the statement that "It's more fun not to drink."

Everyone was silent as they looked around to see who was the author of such a mossback statement, while they waited the same voice repeated, "It's more fun not to drink." To the surprise of all "the voice" was that of the school's leading athlete, the best student, and the most popular, pushing his way to the center of the group

he said, "My father was an outstanding football man in his high school and college days. He has told me over and over stories of those games. From the time I can remember, I determined to play football—to play like my father. One of those stories has always stayed with me. It was a game with a famous private boys' school.

On the day of the game half of the team slipped off from the coach and drank some beer. When they ran out on the field that afternoon they discovered that the opposing team was composed of little boys. In the huddle just before the kick off, the fellows who had had a couple of beers needed the coach for bringing them to play against "babies." The coach tried to warn them these kids had a record. Before the end of the first half the beer drinkers' were winded and slowed up. That night my father's team went home with the worst defeat of the season. It's fun to win, and winning is surer without the use of drink."

Encouraged by the telling of this story one of the girls in the group spoke up and said, "I was at a party the other night. We were having a wonderful time when several of the boys pulled out bottles, took a couple of drinks, and offered it to the rest of us. All present but three took a drink. Before long those who drank were acting silly and taking other drinks. The good time was over and then we had to take some of them home."

It's more fun not to drink because

alcohol is not a stimulant as is commonly supposed. It's a depressant. Its effect is that of an anesthetic. All most immediately, when taken into the human body it affects the frontal lobes of the brain. This section of the brain is the center of mature ideas and ideals. The resulting effect of the presence of alcohol is a reversion to childish ideals, talk, and acts, when the alcohol reaches a certain point the drinkers becomes a babbling, drooling body. Young people enjoy the anticipation and realization of the privileges and advantages of adulthood. Certainly its not fun to revert to babyhood.

Second reason given by Rev. Summers for not using alcoholic beverages was the fact that alcohol deadens mental activity, slows up muscular response and coordination. Thus even the small quantities taken tend to lessen the joy of life rather than to increase it. It's more fun not to drink because a real enjoyment of life demands quick and keen response to every physical and mental capacity.

Auto riding, social occasions and athletic contests are among the happiest activities of young people. In every instance the effects of alcohol lessen the ability to participate and result in a decrease of enjoyment.

It's more fun not to drink because it is estimated that one in every twenty drinkers (no one knows which one) becomes an alcoholic (a drunk). No one loves a drunk. He doesn't even love himself. Even moderate drinkers, the fellows who can take it or leave it alone, are disgusted with the alcoholic. His silliness and lack

of control may cause laughter; but no one really wants him around.

In the fourth place its more fun not to drink because alcoholic over-indulgence can lead to bodily disease. Alcohol often is a contributory factor in cirrhose's of the liver, cancer, tuberculosis, heart and veneral disease. Good health is necessary to the full enjoyment of life. Certainly it isn't fun to be sick, physically or mentally.

The fifth reason why it's more fun not to drink is because one of the greatest sources of pleasure is found in the eating of food and alcohol dissipates this pleasure. Alcohol has but one of the qualities of food, the production of one type of energy. But this energy is not true energy. It is superficial and disappears quickly, leaving a certain amount of collapse.

The difference between the effect of food and alcohol is clearly apparent. Food contributes to the physical and mental development of the young, whereas alcoholic beverages are both injurious and dangerous, frequently causing death from alcoholic poisoning. Food increases and sustains the working power of muscles and brain. Alcohol decreases it. Food produces strength. Liquor produces fatigue and lowers endurance. Alcoholic beverages break down, destroy, and make ineffective every source of joy and happiness that is possible in life.

The pastor closed his sermon by appealing to the boys to promise in their own heart to sign the commitment because each boy should want to keep what sense he has.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Architecture is frozen music.
—Friedrich W. J. Schelling.

Adversity is the first path to truth.—Byron.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Just.

Share your joys with others. It always takes two to be glad.

Few men are so clever as to know the mischief they do.—LaRoche.

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory.

Those who succeed best discover a work which for them is largely play.
—Anonymous.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.
—Napoleon.

Cooperation is not a sentiment—it is an economic necessity.
—Charles P. Steinmetz.

Adversity is the diamond dust with which heaven polishes its jewels.
—Layton.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.
—Emerson.

Always arise from the table with an appetite and you will never sit down without one.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil of which one can be guilty.—Swift.

If a million dollars in gold were made into a single coin, it would weigh 1,785 pounds.

Disappointment should always be taken as a stimulant, and never viewed as a discouragement.

There will come a time when every man will be contented with his lot—when he is buried in it.

Charity is not giving a dog a bone, it is giving a dog a bone when you are as hungry as the dog.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—James M. Barrie.

Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to my conscience, above all other liberties.
—John Milton.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.
—Coleridge.

Where tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization.
—Daniel Webster.

There is nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade.—Henry Fielding.

A gentleman is one who takes less than he is entitled to take and gives more than he is obliged to give.
—L. Feuchtwanger.

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.
—Emerson.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Then there was the Scotchman who fell in love so he wouldn't eat so much!"

—:—

"Are you sure this room is quiet?"
Clerk. Sure. Why, it never makes a sound."

—:—

Runner: "Did you take my time?"
Coach: "I didn't have to. You took it yourself."

—:—

And there's the one about the janitor who liked his job in the furnace room because it sooted him.

—:—

Waiter. "Chilly tonight, isn't it?"
Diner. "No, thank you, none of those Spanish dishes for me."

—:—

Why didn't you water the rubber plant?
I thought it was water-proof.

—:—

Are you doing anything for that cold?"
Sure. I sneeze whenever it wants me to.

—:—

City Slicker: "How do you get watermelons?"
Farmer: "I plant them in the spring."

—:—

Teacher: "Why are medieval centuries called the Dark Ages?"
Student: "Because it was Knight time."

—:—

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."
Daughter: "Ma, the doctor is here to see the cook."

—:—

"A month ago I was put out of the lodge without any reason."
"That is the condition you were in when you entered."

—:—

Hotel clerk: "Inside or outside

room?"

Guest: "Inside, I reckon, it looks like it might rain."

—:—

"I have nothing but praise for our new campaign manager."

"So I noticed when the collection plate was passed around."

—:—

Al. "I hear you were arrested for voting three times."

Alice. "Yes, and I don't see why. I was only changing my mind."

—:—

Mary: "And did you have a good time the other night?"

Sue: "No, dawgonnit, I could have, but I've got too much will power."

—:—

He: "What makes you so smart?"

She: "It's my line."

He: "What is your line?"

She: "The line of least resistance."

—:—

"I can tell the score of the game before it starts."

"What is it?"

"Nothing to nothing. . . before it starts."

—:—

Smithers: "I've been asked to make an address. What shall I speak about?"

Friend (who knows him): "About two minutes."

—:—

Father. "When I was a boy I thought of nothing of a ten mile walk."

Son. "Well, I don't think so much of it myself."

—:—

Store manager: "What's your name?"

Applicant: "Walter Scott."

Manager: "That's a pretty well known name."

Applicant: (proudly) "It ought to be. I've been delivering groceries around here for the last two years."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 30, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Gerald Petty
Fulton Phillips
J. W. Sorrell
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Carl Davis
Robert Ellers
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Roger Willard
Harold Sellers
Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Jackie Basinger
Bobby Blake
Hubert Brooks
Ransom Edwards
Eugene Everington
Homer Fisher
Marvin Guyton
David Hill
Billy Holder
Lester Jenkins
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin

Nathan McCarson
Billy McVicker
Johnny Ollis
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott
Thomas Shepard
Billy Shore
Clyde Smith
Donald Stack

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
James Christy
Carl Goard
Waylon Gardner
Herbert Griffen
Kenneth Holcomb
Otis Maness
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
Doyle Parrish
France Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
Robert Melton
Johnny Robinson
Richard Taylor
Jimmy Volroth
Carl Howell
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Tommy Collins
Robert Driggers
Robert Evans
Bobby Galyan
John Ganey
Earl Holloman
Glenn Jones
Jerry Odom

Glenn Matheson
Tommy Pressly
Lewis Southernland
Ralph Seagle
James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
Tommy Edwards
Edd Guinn
Horace Jordan
Thomas McGee
Jerry Peavey
Frank Spivey
Elijah Spivey
Paul Turner
Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 10

Albert Cavin
Kenneth Horne
Robert Whitaker
J. T. Hagell
Eugene McLean
Thomas Miller
Dwight Moore
Jesse Ashburn
Fred Painter

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
Jack Coleman
Max Herring
Bunyan King
Benny Riggins
Bill Carswell

Eugene Newton
Harrish Ray Minish

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 14

Jerry Rippy

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Willard Brown
Jack Burchell
Cecil Butcher
Charles Farmer
J. D. Gupton
Harry Hill
Carl Propst
Donald Ross
Kenneth Rogers
Thomas Scoggs
Frank Sargent
Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Pernell Deese
Waitus Edge
Walter Hammond
Harvey Jacobs
Charles McDaniels
Perry Leon Martin
Franklin Phillips
Francis Thomas
Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Albert Cox
Harvey Honeycutt

Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasure; but if we cultivate it only for pleasure's sake, we are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because we can never have the virtue.—Cardinal Newman.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 12, 1948

NO. 24

JUN 14 1949

A GOOD LOSER

Let others cheer the winning man,
 There's one I hold worth while;
 'Tis he who does the best he can,
 Then loses with a smile.
 Beaten he is, but not to stay
 Down with the rank and file;
 That man will win some other day,
 Who loses with a smile.

—Arthur Heide.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published Weekly By

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

THE TEST

There is little satisfaction to be gained from doing things holding no difficulties; it's the tough old tasks that brings a keen sense of worth and answer to the man who wins the fight; his failures test his courage and his problems prove his might. Until a man has conquered loss and overcome defeat he cannot fully understand just why success is so sweet.

I'm thankful for disappointments, for the battles lost and for the mistakes that seem to charge an overwhelming cost; I'm thankful for the days of doubt, when it was hard to see that all the things work together for the good that is to be; I'm glad for all that life has brought because today I know men must brave adversities if they would grow greater.—Hawthorne.

REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT IN PROBLEM OF RUNAWAYS

During the last six years, from 1942 through 1947, there has been a tremendous decrease in the number of escapees here at the Jackson Training School. During the years 1942 and 1943 there was an average of almost twenty runaways each month, and this caused one of the most exacting and time-consuming activities among staff members. The problem was so great that it required the time of two and sometimes three men to search for boys who had escaped or attempted to escape.

The men who went out in search of the boys oftentimes either stayed out until after the midnight hours, or they were up in the early morning hours, searching for escapees. They spent much time on the highways, in the fields, and in the forests.

Not only did this tend to exact a heavy toll in physical strength from those who searched for the boys, but it was a very expensive

proposition in gas and oil and wear and tear on school cars.

Fortunately, the runaway load has decreased so much that chasing runaway boys is now a rather minor problem at the school.

During the last six months of 1947, there were only thirty-one escapees, an average of about five a month, and during the first five months of 1948 there were thirty-five, which represented an average of about seven a month. During the month of February, however, there was not a single runaway. This broke a long-standing record at the school.

The following statistics reveal the gradual decrease in the runaways: 1942, 215 runaways; 1943, 222; 1944, 197; 1945, 164; 1946, 104; 1947, 83.

No doubt, the decrease in the number of runaways can be attributed to several different reasons, and each one has played its part in the program.

In the first place, the boys have been given better treatment through the years. They have had improved recreational opportunities, and there has been some reduction in the number of working hours for the boys. There has been a great change in the punishment administered by staff members, so that it can safely be said today that there is no boy who is brutalized and given extremely rough treatment.

In the cottages and on the playgrounds the boys have had more freedom and more opportunities to be trusted and to be on their own. There has been a gradual trend among staff members to cause the boys to feel that they really belong to this institution and that they belong to the various groups represented in the various everyday life activities here.

Then, too, there is the theory that a boy under normal conditions will respond in good behavior if he is treated fairly, and if he realizes at all times that he will be dealt with fairly. There are times, of course, when it has been necessary to be rather firm and strict with some of the boys, because they have been incorrigible in their homes before commitment and because they have indulged in various deeds of misbehavior in civilian life. However, a boy's attitudes can easily be changed if he has wise counsel and prudent guidance.

The most important aspect of this problem is that the boys have

had less and less fear in their hearts. They have felt that the school really had something constructive to offer to them and that they could live here at the school as any normal boys should live in their homes.

This new approach to the problem of discipline has demonstrated, above all things, that the traditional type of corporal punishment as a means of discipline and correction is the least effective method for dealing with problems of disobedience among the youth. It has shown, too, that patience and genuine love for boys and an abiding faith in their development will, in the end, produce the richest fruits. Sometimes the results have been achieved quickly, and to a large extent they have been invisible and intangible, but we think they are, nevertheless, quite obvious to anyone who analyzes our situation fairly.

We here at the school take great pride in the fact that the boys are happier and more contented and that they show their willingness to cooperate by being trustworthy and dependable. This achievement represents a very definite type of progress, and it shows that the boys can succeed in this permanent phase of their rehabilitation.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 13, 1948

- June 13—J. D. Ashley, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
- June 14—Van Robinson, Cottage 2, 17th birthday
- June 16—Clarence Eugene Wyatt, Cottage 10, 14th birthday
- June 16—Earl Gilmore, Cottage 4, 16th birthday
- June 17—Thomas Everett Covington, Jr., Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- June 18—Chas. Edw. Allen, Cottage 5, 16th birthday
- June 18—Carlisle Brown, Cottage 14, 16th birthday
- June 18—Lester Owens, Cottage 5, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Softball Game

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon Cottage No. 2 and No. 1 played a game of ball. No. 2 was the winner. The score was 15 to 9 in our favor.

Baseball

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Saturday, Cottage 11 and 10 played ball. Cottage 10 beat Cottage 11. It was a good game. Sandlin was the pitcher for No. 11. It was a good game.

A Good Time

By Donald Branch, 3rd Grade

Saturday Mrs. Hawfield invited me to play with Billy, her grandson. We had a good time playing ball and we pitched a game of horse shoe. I hope he had a good time.

Our Swimming Pool

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon we had our usual good swim after our ball game. Our pool is in doors and is made of tile. We try to keep it clean as we can.

Our Summer Reading

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

The bookmobile librarian said if we would read fifteen books this summer we would get a certificate. All the third grade boys are trying to read that many books and get a certificate.

The Ball Game

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 9 and 14 played a ball game. Mr. Walters was the umpire. The final score of the ball game was 8 to 4 in favor of No. 14. After the game we all went swimming and had a good time.

Becomes Star Scout at Count of Honor

At the Court of Honor held at the Cabarrus County Court House on Friday night, June 4th, Edward Guinn received the rank of Star Scout. Ed is a member of troop 61. We congratulate Ed upon reaching this high rank in scouting, and hope he will continue his fine work.

Boys Being Released

By Marshall Beaver, 9th Grade

Lately, a large number of boys have been released. Some are going home or to live with someone. Some of them are James Moore, Howard Riley, Robert Whitaker. These boys were in Cottage 10. We hope they will make good at home.

A Ball Game

By Billy Brown, 3rd Grade

Last Saturday Cottage No 7's big team played Cottage No 3's little team. We did have a good team but some of our good players have gone home. Ed Guinn and Frank Spivey have gone home. Both of them looked nice in their civilian clothes. Frank went home today and Ed left yester-

day. They were both good ball players. They are some more of them going home soon.

Number One Goes Blackberry Picking

By Carl Church, 4th Grade

The boys in No. One Cottage went blackberry picking Sunday. We went behind the dairy and then across the highway. We picked about a gallon and a half of berries. We had a good time and hope to go again soon. We thank Mr. Hinson for taking us.

Our Pretty Flowers

By Raymond Harding, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Liske gave the third grade some pretty flowers. They were pretty white lilies. They make our room smell like perfume. We have enjoyed them a lot. We want to thank Mrs. Liske very much for the white lilies.

Our Ball Game

By Paul Turner, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 7 played Cottage 4. The score was 27 to 7 in 7's favor. The pitcher for No. 7 was Jack Paschal. All the boys liked the game very much and we hope we can win all our games from now on. After the game we went swimming and had a good time.

Cottage 17 Defeats Cottage 16

By Russell Beaver, 8th Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 17 played Cottage 16. Loftin pitched for 16 and Davis pitched for 17. At the first of the game, 16 was ahead, but in the last inning, 17 came up with

3 runs which won the game, 5 to 4. in 17's favor. Loftin was the losing pitcher and Davis was the winner.

Ball Game

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 2 played No. 1. The final score was 12 to 3. Harvey Arnett played his best game of the season. Coming up 4 times he connected for three triples. Mr. Hinson pitched for No. 1 and Arnett and Scott pitched for No. 2. The umpire was Gerald Johnson. We all enjoyed the game.

Ball Game Over Town

By Alfred Perry, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage 1 wish to thank Mr. Hinson and Mr. Holbrook for taking them over to Concord to see a ball game between Concord and Kannapolis. It was a good game. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of Kannapolis. Again we wish to thank Mr. Hinson and Mr. Holbrook for making the trip possible.

More Boys Leave School

By Earl Gilmore, 9th Grade

A vast number of boys have been permitted to return to their homes in the last few days. A great number of boys have been here for a year or more and made a good record. They have done good here and everyone hopes they will do as good at home as they did here. Some of the boys who have been released are listed below, Robert Whitaker, James Moore, Howard Riley, Bobby Ellers, Earl Hensly, Donald Bass, Frank Spivey, J. D. Gupton, George Patterson,

Danny Mac Hayes, Marion Ross, Carl Davis, J. K. Blackburn, Curtis Helms, Harvey Arnett, Donald Ross, and Chester Lee.

Cottage No. 15 and 5, Tie in Baseball Game

By Donald Ross 8th grade

Saturday, Cottage No. 15 and No. 5 tied in an exciting game of baseball. In the last inning Sargent and Ross were on base. Butcher knocked one to center field, and the fielder caught it. So that tied the score 7 to 7.

Sunday, we played off the tie. The score was 11 to 3 in our favor. It was a swell game.

The City and Country Club

By Glenn Evans, 9th Grade

Cottage No 3 has been divided into two groups. The City and Country Club. They have been arguing about which is the best. They have not reached a decision yet. Our cottage Officer and Matron are for the country. My opinion is that if it were not for the country the city would be in poverty, and the same goes for the country.

The Blackberry Picking

By Nathan Ashwell, 3rd Grade

Cottage 1 went blackberry picking one morning. We put on our shoes and went down by the church. We found some blackberries and we picked them. Then we went around the ball field and found lots of blackberries. Our matron, Mrs. Hinson made us some good pies. We would like to go again.

Cottage 4 Defeats Cottage 11

By Earl Gilmore, 9th Grade

Cottage 4 defeated Cottage 11, 15 to 5. It was a good game. Bill Thornton was the winning pitcher. While Thomas Linville, Jimmy Rogers, and Richard Sandlin pitched for Cottage 11. Bill Thornton pitched his first no-hit game of the season. He had been in the hospital before the game. Mr. Holbrook was the umpire.

Native of Cabarrus Wins Radio Fame

By Eugene Williams, 5th Grade

Elvia Allman is a young woman born in Enochville N. C. She spent a couple of years in Kannapolis and then went west. Now she is one of the top comics of the radio. She plays on the Dagwood and Blondie show as Mrs. Bufforington and Mrs. Dithers.

Mrs. Bufforington is very rich and is very fond of Dagwood and she calls him, "My dear, dear boy."

Mrs. Dithers is the wife of Dagwoods boss.

Mrs. Allman plays the two of them by changing her voice. When Mrs. Bufforington plays Mrs. Dithers she does not change her voice.

When Elvia was a young lady, her father moved to Kannapolis where he became a carpenter for Cannon Mill Company. He died a short time later and Mrs. Allman moved to Texas. Elvia studied dramatics in Chicago and New York, and later moved to California.

She has appeared with many of the topnotch showmen, who are Jimmy Durante, Abbot and Costello, Eddie Cantor, and Burns and Allen. Her first engagement was a Carmino on

the Bobe Hope program, a spot she filled for three years.

The comedienness most enthusiastic admirers is her mother, Mrs. Mamie Allman, who is visiting her half-sister, Mrs. Minnie Overcash and a friend, Miss Jo Lipe, of Landis. She lives some miles out of Hollywood, but visits her daughter frequently and makes a hobby of sitting in on her broadcasts.

Mrs. Elvia Allman was married two years ago, but for, her show work has retained the name with which she started in the business—Elvia Allman is her real name.

Scores and Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 11th Grade

Cottage 16 was knocked out of a first place tie with Cottage 10 Saturday when they took their first defeat from Cottage 17. Cottage 10 is now resting in the first place position, but anything can happen. Competition is not hard to find now. Cottages 15 and 16 are now dead-locked in a second place tie, with Cottage 14 in third place. Cottage 1 is now resting peacefully on the bottom of the league. The scores for the baseball games were as follows: 14 over 9, 8 to 4; 2 over 1, 13 to 3; 15 over 5, 11 to 3; 4 over 11, 15 to 5; 17 over 16, 5 to 4 and Cottage 10 over 13, 25 to 0.

In the Softball League, there are three first place teams, Cottages 5 7A and 10. There are also three cottages who are tied for bottom place. Scores for the softball games were as follow: 2 over 1, 15 to 7; 17 over 6B, 30 to 3; 3A over 6A, 13 to 2; 7B over 4, 26 to 7; 7A over 3B, 17 to 0; 14 over 9, 26 to 11; 5 over 15, 22 to 3 and Cottage 10 over 13, 45 to 1. The stand-

ings of each cottage are as follows:

Baseball League:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
10	6	0	1.000
15	5	1	.833
16	5	1	.833
14	5	2	.714
2	4	2	.667
5	4	2	.667
17	3	3	.500
4	2	4	.333
9	1	5	.167
13	1	5	.167
11	1	6	.142
1	0	6	.000

Softball League:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
5	5	0	1.000
7A	6	0	1.000
10	6	0	1.000
3A	5	1	.833
4	3	2	.600
17	3	3	.571
7B	4	3	.571
14	4	2	.600
11	3	3	.500
15	3	3	.500
2	2	3	.400
3B	2	3	.400
6A	1	5	.167
13	1	5	.167
1	0	5	.000
6B	0	6	.000
9	0	7	.000

Letters From Three of Our Former Boys

Hello Mr. Hawfield:

I thought I'd drop you a few lines to say "hello" and let you know I'm getting along fine and that I have a very good job. I'm driving a truck for the State Highway and helping haul gravel and things.

Please tell your wife and all your family, and Miss Beaver hello for me. Tell them that before long—I'll try to get my mother to drive me down to visit with you.

I've been fishing several times and the last time I went, I caught a whole string, I guess they weighed about 30 or 35 lbs. Sometimes I'll come and take you down to the coast for a few days this summer.

Well, I won't write much more, but I did want you to know I was thinking of you and that I'm getting along just fine.

Very truly,
Jimmy Jones

Dear Sir:

Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I am getting along just fine. Hope this letter finds every one down at the school getting along fine too.

I guess by now the crops are all planted and the Barn Force is busy keeping it cultivated. Boy I'll never forget that okra patch, and the water-melons, man Oh, man do you still eat watermelons in back of the cottages? What a life.

Please give my regards to all the boys and officers. When I get a leave I am going to visit the school.

Well, since we left the States we have been around quite a bit, I'll tell you a few of the places, Venice, Rome, Maples, Italy, Corfee, Argastole, Greece, Sfox Tunesis, Algeier, Tangies Afirca, and The Rock of Gibraltar

and now we are in Tripole. We are going back to the Good Old U. S. A. It will be a welcome relief to hear someone speak English.

Well, Mr. Hawfield, I will drop anchor now. I certainly would appreciate a letter or card from the School.

Sincerely yours,
Ray Lee Jones.

Dearest Friends:

Guess you thought I had forgotten the school. Well, I could never forget that place. How is the school getting along these days? Fine I hope. I guess you have a very nice baseball team this year, well, we have a very nice team ourselves. The boys are going to Japan to play a big team there. If they win, they will get to go to the States, and I know they will like that, I know I would. How is Miss Niblock getting along, give her my regards and please tell her to write once in a while anyway. We sure love to receive letters from home, on this rock. I know you have heard of Guam, the great rock, I wish they would give it back to who ever it belonged to. I am making ice cream tonight. I have 1,000 men to make ice cream for. You and Miss Niblock should tast of my cream. I am almost scared to eat any of it myself. Well it is now 12 o'clock at night, and I have still work ahead of me so I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you all, real soon.

Yours,
James T. Jacobs

THE INFLUENCE OF COMICS ON YOUTH

(Our Paper)

When Judge Daniel A. Roberts sentenced 13 year old Howard Lang recently to 22 years in prison for murder, this boy was not indicted alone but parental irresponsibility and horror "comics" came in for a sound verbal thrashing. Howard had murdered his seven year old playmate Lonnie Fellick in typical "comic" style.

Throughout the prolonged pleadings for mitigation of sentence on the grounds of temporary insanity, the boy's attorney, Samuel J. Andaman, had sought to show that because of most adverse home conditions the boy never had a chance to develop normally or to learn the distinction between right and wrong. It was agreed on all sides that influences in the Lang home were unwholesome.

The attorney also had sought to show that Howard had learned to commit the particular atrocities involved in the killing from the comic book and the movies, especially the former, of which he had been a reader for years. Where else could he have learned them? Certainly not from school or his teachers.

Garish illustrations in these books picture in gruesome detail a multitude of horrors produced by gun play, knife action, drowning, torture, strangling, hanging, and other sadistic acts.

Characterizing the publications introduced as evidence as "startling, in the extreme, and nauseating and degrading to the moral sense," the judge added: "That these publicat-

tions are permitted to be sold to the youth of our country is a travesty upon the country's good sense."

"The crimes in horror comics" he went on, "are extremely ugly in appearance, caused by the creator's diabolic twist of the mind, done largely in order to establish an unusual character coupled with language which is in most instances a perversion of the good American language we hope to teach our youth. It is difficult to understand how a child can learn to spell correctly when he reads books in which he finds the same words written in different letters in his most used primer, the comic book.

"Then too, the final picture if ever reached, is presumed to teach the moral that 'crime does not pay,' yet it may be days or even months before the conclusion is reached, and all the while the young mind is being devoted to killings and gruesome plottings. The books are full of righteous conclusions and sentiments where right triumphs and wrong is punished. But right always triumphs by force; right triumphs by fist, by the gun and the knife. The impact of the fist on the jaw is the horror creator's law. Thus genuine law is made to look crude and slow moving while the speedy law of the jungle or the gangster is made to take its place.

"It has been shown by competent authorities," the judge concluded in his comments on the comics, "that over 60,000,000 comics and horror books are read by children monthly. The

authorities say that comics and horror are here to stay. The answer then is that something must be done to make them wholesome, by law, if the publishers will not properly censor their own work."

The shame lies largely with the parents who don't know or don't care

what their children are reading, and hence fail to furnish them as an antidote the fine children's books to be found in every bookstore and library.

Note: Since the writing of this article the city of Detroit has announced the ban on all cheap comics. This is a step in the right direction.

—————:—————

IF I WERE A YOUTH OF TODAY I WOULD—

- I. Become a devoted Christian early in life.
- II. Build up a strong body.
- III. Commit more to memory—prose, poetry, hymns, and especially the Bible.
- IV. Practice public speaking—Those unable to properly express themselves before others are put to a disadvantage in life.
- V. Determine my calling as early in life as possible.
- VI. Obtain all the formal education possible in schools both spiritually and academically strong.
- VII. Learn the dignity of toil and train my hands to work skillfully.
- VIII. Take time for wholesome outdoor activity—hunting, fishing, swimming, walking, horseback riding, etc.
- IX. Seek God's guidance in choosing a life companion.
- X Choose always the course in life in which I could be of the most service to Christ, bring greatest glory to God, and most help to a lost and perishing world, regardless of financial remuneration.

—H. K. Sheets, General Secretary.

PRACTICAL BENEFITS OF EDUCATION

(By Henry J. Taylor in *Speakers Magazine*)

I understand that students at the University of Michigan and elsewhere are especially tuned in for this talk to-night.

I only hope that, in some way, it may be helpful to those taking the trouble to listen.

In the long run, people do things because they want to do them not because you or I want them to. Do you remember how Ralph Waldo Emerson proved that to himself? Let's see. Let's draw a picture.

Emerson and his son were trying to get a calf into the barn at Emerson's Concord, Massachusetts, farm. The great philosopher pushed the stubborn animal hard from behind; his son pulled the calf's head from the front. Both were making the same mistake, says Emerson. They were thinking only about what they wanted. They forgot what the calf wanted. So the calf stiffened its legs. The more they pushed the more it resisted, bleating like a goat.

A farm girl saw what was happening. She had imagination. She wasn't a scholar like Emerson, but she knew that the thing to do was to think in terms of the calf's desires. So she put her finger in the animal's mouth and let it suck her finger as if it were milking. Slowly and easily she led it into the barn.

So things go. What are the important elements in understanding people and affairs? Thinking in terms of others—and imagination. Those two things are, to all brain

work, what rain and sunshine are to flowers. Thinking in terms of others is not only a happier way to live but a more practical way as well. Our imagination should tell us how to put this way of thinking to best use in schools, in colleges, in workplaces, the family circle anyplace, with sympathy and understanding.

You may do a little and go a little way, but I don't think you'll ever do much or go far unless you think first of the other fellow. That's a practical human fact.

Why is it that in college the boy elected President of the Freshman Class is so seldom the one elected President of the Senior Class four years later?

Too often it's because the early successes goes to his head. He hasn't imagination enough to see that the qualities that make an early, quick impression when he first shows up at the school, seldom are the qualities that are admired in the long run. Failing to realize that he may coast along thinking he is quite a big wheel around the place. He never develops the qualities that more imagination would help him develop. Too early he stops thinking of others and, by his senior year, others stop thinking of him.

On the other hand there are no ends to the happy examples of the good results a good man can accomplish by applying imagination and thinking in terms of others. As a newspaper man I meet a lot of people. Nearly every

really consequential man I have ever met, it seems to me, thinks in human terms—as if he were still at the bottom of the steep hill up which most leaders in our wonderful country have come. This is a warming characteristic you will find in nearly every top-notch leader wherever encountered.

Using imagination and putting himself in the other person's place are at the bottom of a great man's whole mental process. Imagination makes his thoughts and feelings a part of the other person's thoughts and feelings. Others sense this at once and the direct effect—as in the case of the farm girl with the calf—is to speed up achievement.

Yes, my friends, an imagination lit every lamp in this country, produced every article we use, built every church, made every discovery, performed every act of kindness and progress, created more and better things for more people. Imagination, opportunity and individual effort are the priceless ingredients for a better day in your land and mine.

America is a business country. The lives of every one of us, in every home, are affected by business. And business enterprises large and small are primarily the product of imagination. Imagination is the rarest and best paid talent in management, for there can be no progress in a business, no progress in business organizations, without imagination. When companies stand still they stagnate, just like individuals. The cry throughout the business world is for able men who can lift organizations and all the people involved upward. That's been the story of American industrial achieve-

ment—management with imagination, for the good of all.

A person or an enterprise that is really developing is like a mountaineer climbing a steep cliff. At every turn there are fresh complications to overcome—hard, perhaps heartbreaking, problems to be solved. The mountaineer can overcome them only by accumulated skill and wisdom. But it takes imagination to see the need for development and to acquire that skill and wisdom.

Let your imagination whisper to your brain that things can be done which others say cannot be done. Let it carry your thoughts forward where the minds of others stop. The greatest opportunities lie ahead in your land and mine.

Why should you and I mourn about the opportunities we never had. As Charles F. Kettering says, "Instead, let's take advantage of the opportunities we do have."

I am pleased that the students at the University of Michigan in another Michigan center are especially tuned in tonight to hear this broadcast from Chicago. I only wish anything I might say could be more helpful. Certainly others, closer to these students, especially parents, must be stressing the importance of imagination.

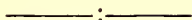
If a boy, getting the benefits of education, has a good family, his imagination should tell him that his first ambition should be to prepare to support himself help those who have helped him and get ready to support the girl of his dreams, the girl he wants to marry. If a son's parents are making a sacrifice to give him an education that will help him

later, the son's ambition, of course, should be to do everything in his future work to be worthy of the kindness and opportunity they are giving him now.

Don't forget many a father in this country might have been well supplied with money, had he been willing, in seeking greater achievements, to risk the welfare and comfort of his dependent wife and children. But, having bound himself to provide for others, he would feel he had no right to take such risks.

Why do we pay so much attention to the schemers, the loafers and the noise-makers who fill our country with dismay? They are outnumbered—thousands to one—by decent, con-

scientious, hard-working, hard-pressed folks from one end of our land to the other, whose generous deeds and worth-while purposes are performed steadily and quietly for the good of themselves and their loved ones and of us all. These are the millions of men who work regularly and uncomplainingly at humble occupations, denying themselves and saving, so that their families may be decently dressed, their children well fed and kept at school. To such men this country is deeply and forever indebted. Forgetting such men in our attentions to more noticeable ones is to forget those who really save our civilization in your land and mine.



CONFUCIUS DIDN'T SAY

Man who leave home to set the world on fire, often come back for more matches.

When man works like horse, everybody ride him.

Little sugar plum today sometimes sour grapes tomorrow.

Man can read some people like book but can't shut them so easily.

Man who beef too much find himself in stew.

Coat of paint sometimes make old house look like new, but not old woman.

Breath of scandal makes breezy conversation.

YOUTH ON THE BUM IS GERMAN PROBLEM

(By Richard Kasischke in Charlotte Observer)

More than 30,000 children are "on the bum" in western Germany, headed for a life of vagrancy and gangsterism unless they are rounded up and corrected.

Most of these wandering juveniles, designed officially as "homeless youth," are subsisting on prostitution and the black market. Hundreds of them sleep in big city railroad stations and old air raid shelters. Some of them are fleeing from postwar frustration and fear. Others have a taste of an easy footloose life and found it good, still others, some under six years of age, are tramping in search of a lost father or mother—or just following an older boy or girl who thinks he or she knows the road to greener pastures.

Germany's homeless youth represents one of the greatest public welfare problems of the postwar world. Unless it is energetically attacked and solved soon, German sociologists and military government officials believe it will develop into an ever more dangerous problem in the future—one of a truly "lost generation."

H. R. Kleinke, American military government public welfare official, says the problem is most serious in the American occupation zone. The American zone alone, he says, has "by very conservative estimate" 25,000 to 30,000 homeless youth.

The chief reason for this, Kleinke says, is that the U. S. zone is "invaded" by hordes of youngsters from the Russian zone, many claiming that they

are in flight from compulsory labor or the threat of deportation to the Soviet. An official survey made for the military government reported that approximately 80 per cent of the vagrant juveniles in the American zone came from the Russian occupation area.

However, Kleinke said welfare officials suspected that in many instances the wandering juveniles gave reports of kidnaping and forced labor threats "as alibis for wanting to lead an easy shiftless life in the black market."

Even so, he noted that German Catholic bishops had officially protested some time ago to the allied control council that more than 2,000 German boys and girls had been "abducted" from their homes in Soviet zone since the occupation began in 1945.

"We suspect," Kleinke said, "that many parents and guardians are encouraging these kids to take off for the western zones, to get out of harms way or seek an easier living."

"At any rate, it doesn't take much to induce thousands of young Germans to leave home these days. To begin with, there's the overcrowded home, beset by bad economic conditions. There's the problem of war-broken families and social and economic frustration, felt especially by young war veterans. Add to this the postwar moral letdown and the great temptation in the black market—where many people can make enough in an hour to keep them for a week."

So when a young German takes off from his home in the Russian zone he may be fleeing compulsory work in the Saxony uranium mines or, at any rate, leaving a zone where the living isn't easy. He heads for the American zone where, chiefly because U. S. occupation forces are well-paid, even rich by German standards, the black market opportunities are great.

In most cases he will seek a large city—preferable the port city of Bremen or the military community of Frankfurt. In the British zone the destination usually is Hannover or Hamburg.

The homeless youth problem has been most acute in Frankfurt and Bremen. Overcrowded Bremen has attempted to force infiltrates to return to the Russian zone. Sometimes the Russian authorities have refused to take them back. On other occasions the wandering kids showed up back in town even before the return of the convoys which had taken them away.

In Frankfurt the central railroad station and bunkers average about 300 youngsters a night. Police raid the shelters and also the black market centers, but the youngsters are elusive and often escape.

"Raids could clean them out," Kleinke says, "but once we have kids all corralled, what can we do with them? We are short of both facilities to hold them and personnel to handle

them.

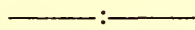
The black market and prostitution traffic among this homeless youth is terrific. Many of them have had too large a taste of easy money. They are too unsteady to handle. When we pick them up in periodic raids we try first to put them in a central building while we trace their parents or guardians. Those who have no families are sent to special centers but, unfortunately, we do not have enough of these.

"That's just the beginning of our problem. A youth on the road is so unstable that placing him in a juvenile center or even in a foster home won't keep him. He'll run away again.

"Our problem is to put them first in a closed institution to try to steady them. We can't keep them with local delinquents lest they infect them with vagrancy, too."

One of the most tragic aspects of the wandering youths problem is in statesn the U. S. zone—where authorities in a three month period the state of Bavaria—one of our four picked up 217 children under six years of age.

One of the more encouraging aspects is that hundreds of the wanderers, discouraged by life on the bum, voluntary are seeking the help of official "jugendaemter" (child welfare offices). In one month in Frankfurt 832 boys and girls applied for such help.



In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said will be measured by a wrong rule; like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow.—Sir Phillip Sidney.

I COMMIT MYSELF

(The Alabama Baptist)

There is an article, which appears elsewhere in this paper, by Dr. John L. Hill, the book editor of the Sunday School Board, under the caption "I Commit Myself." The article has to do with Commitment Day, May 30, in our churches at which time it is hoped that the Baptist people commit themselves to stand for the matter of temperance and against the liquor traffic.

Dr. Hill raises the question, "If it isn't about time for the Lord's people to stand up and be counted with reference to the curse of beverage alcohol which threatens to engulf our Christian civilization." His personal knowledge of the evil of the liquor traffic leads him to the commitment and it should lead every other Christian to the same thing.

Dr. Hill says, "I know liquor attacks and destroys everything dear to the hearts of Christ; I know that liquor weakens or removes entirely the inhibitions that sustain virtue, decency, morality, integrity and self-respect; I know that liquor wrecks homes, debauches breadwinners and deprives little children of the love and support of parents; I know that liquor originates most of the evils in the world and supports actively every sin that it does not cause." And every person who sees the facts as they are knows those same things.

This Commitment Day can be made a most helpful force to uphold the cause of temperance and to combat the liquor traffic. If all Christians should be willing to stand up and be

counted, and firmly commit themselves against the traffic, it would strengthen those who are tempted to drink and it might put the fear of God in the hearts of those who for the sake of money are willing to deprive children of their rightful inheritance, break up homes, produce criminals and increase the cost of courts. Yes, all of this, to say nothing about the inevitable sorrows always produced by the sale of liquor whether the sale is by individuals or deeply entrenched by the states and all for the purpose of obtaining revenue on sin.

The Methodist Church, following the suggestion of its College of Bishops had a Commitment Day in February. The people of the Methodist churches were asked to sign cards making their commitment and very many of the Methodist signed the cards. The Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church fostered this matter and advertised the day two or three months before the day came.

If the day is to be a success among the Baptists, as it should be, they too will have to begin in advance to get the facts over to our people or we cannot expect much to be done about it. Better, still, it would be better for all Protestantism in America to settle on the same day and thereby bring the forces of all Christian people to support the cause of temperance and by the same token to oppose the liquor traffic in all of its forms.

THE 90 AND THE 10

(Paahao Press)

A recent issue of The Readers Digest included a footnote with the following quotation by the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt:

"If you treat people right, 90 per cent of them will treat you right."

If this generalization is correct, might, we not assume that it would hold true for the treatment of men in prison and their response to such treatment? We believe that it should, and in the observation of the administration, it does work approximately so.

Just what do we mean by "treating people right" in K. S. I. R.? We believe it means, in general, treating each man as an individual and respecting each individual as a human being. We believe that people are sent to prison as punishment and not for punishment and that proper treatment means good wholesome meals, clean sanitary living quarters and clean proper clothing.

We believe it means providing opportunities for a well rounded program of recreation. We believe it means opportunities for improvement in many lines and a chance to learn how to do and make things that will prepare for more useful and happier lives on the outside.

We believe it means opportunities for men to learn how to take assignments of trust and responsibility, to make suggestions and to practice judgment.

We believe it means fair and just treatment and a right to be heard

when charged with serious violations of institution regulations. We believe it means an opportunity to learn a respect for authority and rights of others.

If, in some degree the administration has reached its objective in 'treating people right,' may we not expect the men in the institution will respond by taking advantage of the program provided, and doing so without violating the trust and responsibility in them? As mentioned above, our observation is in agreement with Franklin Roosevelt when he said 90 per cent will and 10 per cent won't. It is the 10 per cent of the prison population that does not respond to the good treatment afforded that brings about a loss of privileges to themselves and a curtailment of the privileges of the other 90 per cent by their selfish, pointless and misguided actions.

Security for the men in their custody is the first responsibility of the administration and the staff. The welfare of the inmates and their rehabilitation are also of the first importance. Privileges and individual freedom for inmates can only be granted to the extent that the safekeeping of the men is not jeopardized and the welfare and rights of other inmates are not abused. When a few inmates take advantage of privileges allowed to the extent that escapes occur and the rights of other inmates are abused, the administration is forced to curtail these privileges for all.

An inmate population that recognizes this and frowns upon the behavior of the few inmates who violate the trust responsibility placed in them can do much to reduce such incidents

and help the administration of the prison preserve and expand the program of good treatment that we feel is for the benefit of all.

SUCCESSFUL LIVING

(Selected)

Keep the skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think; cultivate a low, persuasive voice; how you say it often counts for more than what you say.

Make promises sparingly and keep'em faithfully, no matter what it costs you.

Never let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is merited, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.

Be interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. Make merry with those who rejoice and mourn with those who weep. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as a person of importance.

say a kind and encouraging thing to your mouth turned up. Hide your pains, worries and disappointments under a pleasant smile. Laugh at good

stories and learn how to tell them.

Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Discuss, but don't argue. It is a mark of superior mind to disagree and yet be friendly.

Let your virtues, if you have any, speak for themselves, and refuse to talk of another's vices. Discourage gossip. Make it a rule to say nothing of another unless it is something good.

Be careful of other's feelings. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort, and may hurt where least expected.

Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about yourself. Simply live so nobody will believe them. Disordered nerves and poor digestion are common causes of backbiting.

Don't be too anxious about getting just dues. Do your work; be patient; keep your disposition good; forget yourself; and you will be respected and awarded.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that one can display to another, is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.—Bulwer.

THE MAN WITHOUT THE TOOLS

(Selected)

He's the fellow you see digging in a wet, mucky ditch. He's the fellow you often hear asking for a handout. He's the gent who rides in a boxcar when he wishes to go from place to place. He's the man who never does well. He's the guy who helps fill the jails. He's the fellow who has to do the jobs you would not want to do. He's the man without tools.

The boy of school age today will be the man "with or without the tools" tomorrow.

The schoolboy of today is having presented to him the chance of equipping himself with the tools needed to go through life in a manner that will not require him to be a ditch digger, the tramp, the ne'er-do-well, the jail bird and the doer of disagreeable jobs. (Even though they are honest jobs.)

Education provides the essentials necessary for the young man of today to avoid the more disinteresting work of tomorrow.

Careful survey has shown that many young men, and even men who are not so young, and who have become entangled in the coils that naturally snare a lawbreaker, are men who are dissatisfied to labor for the wage they can demand, and have taken to other means of trying to get on—a means that leads directly to trouble.

This type of person reasons with himself in a peculiar manner. He

stands and observes the good things of life that other men are enjoying—men who have fine homes; men who have nice automobiles; men who are respected for their successes in their community; men who are stable; men who, when they were boys, equipped themselves with the most valuable of tools—a good education.

But our fine fellow who had more important things to do when he should have been preparing himself for the years to come, stands by and watches others who started on the same mark as he did, but who used their talents to good advantage. He stands while the world passes him by, sorry, discouraged and envious. Surely his position is pitiful, but absolutely one of his own making.

Now is the time for the boy to get everything he can in the way of education to avoid being one of the fellows who stands still while the world passes him up. The fellow who exerts every effort to obtain an education will not be disappointed. There's always a place for a hustler. When the day comes that this lad is called upon to fill the shoes of a man, to go forth as an equal of all he may meet, he will be the one who succeeds in wresting from this life some of its better things. He will be the man with the tools, and the man who knows how to use them.

Use the stumbling blocks in your path for hand-holds on your way up.

MAGELLAN-CONQUERER OF THE SEA

(By Eugene Bertram Willard in Our Paper)

It is perfectly safe to say that very few of the inmates at West Concord give a second thought to the spices which the institution uses to season the food served. But how few either in or out of the Massachusetts Reformatory realize that in Magellan's day, pepper, for example, was worth more than silver? With the return of the voyagers from the East, spices fired the imagination of the people and became immediate cause for the adventure which resulted in the circumnavigation of the globe. At scarcity prices, it was not difficult to arouse the interest of the Spanish monarch in a voyage of discovery to find a shorter route to the Spice Islands. In any event, it was the quest for spices which was chiefly instrumental in financing the Magellan Expedition.

At that period pepper had become a symbol of values. "Many states and towns," says Stefan Zweig in his great work "Conquerer of the Seas: The Story of Megellan," "kept their accounts in pepper as if it had been gold. With pepper you could buy land, pay dowries, purchase the freedom of the city. Nor was pepper the only product of this sort. Ginger and cinnamon were weighed upon apothecaries scales, the windows being carefully closed during the operation lest a draught should blow away the minutest fragment of the costly dust."

As everybody knows Magellan's trip around the world was the first in recorded history. But as so often hap-

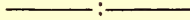
pens Megellan was not really appreciated in his own Portugal, and he sought and received assistance from the Spanish monarch, the central shipping guild financing the adventure; Megellan worked night and day to recondition the five cockleshells and assemble supplies for a trip to last several years. And not the least of his energy was expended in recruiting a motley crew of foreigners and mastering intrigue. Finally the expedition got under way. For months Megellan explored the coast of South America, seeking the route to the Spice Islands, and a great amount of time was consumed exploring estuaries of wide rivers before discovery was made of the fact that they were not the passage through the continent.

Mutiny was dealt with ruthlessly. The nobleman who was the ringleader was executed and two others were abandoned on shore. Finally and at long last, after much suffering and privation, he sailed through the straits which have forever borne his name. Having no knowledge of the length and breadth of the uncharted Pacific Ocean, he started bravely for the magical islands, only to discover the Phillippines. In an attempt to show off his authority and invincibly to a native chief, a course of conduct entirely inconsistent with his nature, he obligingly engaged a rival chief in combat, and fell mortally wounded, a victim of his own fraility.

The Expedition therefore became one of trading rather than explora-

tion. With disease, hunger and desertion—whole shiploads at a time—following them, it was truly a miracle that the remaining vessel was able to round the Cape of Good Hope and return to Seville with eighteen men and a cargo of spices which returned the

backers a nice profit. Originally Magellan had 265 men on his vessels of whom only these 18 got back to Spain on a crumbling vessel, but with the flag of triumph flying at the mast-head.



GET FUN OUT OF LIFE

The best work is done in the easiest way by people who think in terms of the fun they get out of it. We've never been able to find anyone capable of giving us any facts from first hand knowledge of a heaven after this life. For that reason, if for no other, if we have any sense, we will do our best to get heavenly pleasures right here in this world. The time to get them is right now. The place to get them is where we work and live.

All jobs are hard for those who think they are hard. It is our thinking that is important. Nothing we do is more powerful than our thinking. Outside conditions are comparatively unimportant. Many a millionaire whines and lives in gloom because his taxes are increased, or because he has to give up his yacht, but a certain poverty-stricken old woman with only two teeth in her head, was always cheerful and gave thanks that those two teeth fit.

Life at best is short. We have little time to waste in fretting and fuming and making ourselves and others miserable by our cantankerousness. To increase the happiness moments in the lives of our associates—to make them glad we are with them in work and play, should be our purpose. Especially at this time the world needs more men who create laughter and good cheer.—Selected.

LET'S TALK PEACE

(Freedom Light, in Our Paper)

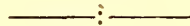
Today the general topic of discussion of the entire world is war. When will it start? How long will it last? Who will be the victor, and who the vanquished? Has Russia progressed to the extent of perfecting the atomic bomb, and will she use it? When do you think the President will declare war, and under what circumstances should he do so? Everyone anticipating this gruesome event as though it were something that humanity would be lost without.

But how many people are contemplating on the peace! Yes, there are a few who devote their all toward this cause of causes; still, it is not enough! With the world hurtling toward its destruction you would think that everyone would awaken to the realization that the A-Bomb is a respecter of no rank, position or office; and that, with the passing of time, the countries of the world are engaged in building up their stocks of atomic destructive power the same as our own country is today.

The question at the present time is: "How long can this go on before all hell breaks loose?" If only the leaders of nations would get together

and arrive at some solution to this impending disaster that, from the point of logic, has all the appearance of bringing the world to a climax; then perhaps it would not be too late to preserve the lives and the amazing ingenuities that man has devised down through the ages. It is not a question of "strength" anymore, but one of intelligence in which human beings are supposed to excell, next to the Great Creator.

Unless the general topic of conversation, war, is replaced by proposals for peace by all nations, we are doomed to inevitable annihilation through our own folly; for the more that people instill upon their minds the tragedy of war there can never be a permanent peace. Man is the most vain of God's creations and he will be, as the Bible warns, the fuse that ignites the flame which can spell but one word concerning civilization as we know it today. However, America must not become lax in her effort to champion all that makes life worthwhile. President Truman was very correct in his recent speech. We want peace, yes, but how expensive is it going to be this time?



A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.—Goethe.

BELLS OF OLD

(The Classmate)

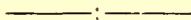
Bells have almost passed out of existence in modern America, but in Europe they are much more common—relics of the days when clocks and watches were unknown and it was necessary to mark the events of daily life. In England, for example, there was an “oven bell,” which was rung whenever the lord’s oven was ready so that all the tenants who dwelt on his manor might come and bake their bread. Church bells are common in Europe even today, announcing the beginning and end of religious services. In some French villages, a bell was rung each day to announce the dinner hour.

The curfew, which comes from the French words *couvre feu*, meaning to cover the fire, was originated by William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. The ringing of the curfew at

eight o’clock was the signal for all people to put out their fires for the night. In a few English towns today, the curfew still in use as a signal to storekeepers to shut up shop. In America, it is sometimes heard in large cities where it serves as a nine o’clock warning to children under sixteen, who are suppose to be off the street by that time.

The bell in Saint Peter’s Cathedral, London, is rung only when there is a death among the royal family.

Another famous old English bell is the one at Oxford, which sends out exactly a hundered and one peals at nine o’clock every evening. The number symbolizes the original student body when the university was founded. Its ringing is the signal that the collage gates are being closed and all students are expected to be in for the night.



It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard; and it is not money or material possessions that make a man good, but his virtue.—Seneca.

STRANGE PENANCE

(The Summary)

There's something very odd about the way sin boomerangs on the sinner; not in hell, but right here on Earth. The here-after, has no monopoly on the repentance and suffering of the wrong-doer. Day by day, there seems to be a divine force of righteousness constantly at work all around us. The sinner finally gets his due, no matter where he turns. There is no escape. There is no such thing as "getting away with something." Yes, he may get away with his deeds of evil for a while, but not for long. Even the best laid schemes turn awry. There is much truth to the saying, "The mills of the Gods grind slowly, ah—but ever so fine!" It may take months and it may take years, but as sure as it's wrong, it will be set right.

If you are aware of any injustice, corruption, or evil, that is being committed by men, don't bother to wish bad luck on them. The Divine Master is taking it all in, he knows it, and will at his leisure, see that the clever perpetrator of malevolence gets what's coming to him.

We don't have to go any further than ourselves to see the truth. Just analyze your misdeeds of the past

and the consequences that followed. If you're honest with yourself, it won't be difficult to see that you're probably getting what you deserve. There may be a few miscarriages of Justice—but they're few and far between. Chesterfield spoke a profound truth, when he declared: "Deserve a great deal and you shall have a great deal, deserve a little, and you shall have but a little, and be good for nothing at all, and I assure you, you shall have nothing at all."

The three most popular forms of penance for man's sin's are: Hells fire; the suffering of a bad conscience; and this justifiable cycle of affliction, of which I speak, which disguises itself as an accident of fate. Man likes to call it bad-luck. The thought that he might deserve this affliction, is never quite convincing to him. To be honest with oneself, in the face of disgrace, humiliation and suffering is a very difficult thing to do. However, there is a reward in being honest with ourselves and facing facts. It kind of softens the bitterness in our hearts and gives us a more kindly disposition, hence a happier state of mind. And there is no treasure more priceless, than a happy state of mind.

The insolent civility of a proud man is, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him, and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretence to claim.

—Lord Chesterfield..

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The Rev. John Carper, pastor of the Kerr Street Methodist Church, of Concord, was the guest minister at the school Sunday afternoon. Mr. Carper read for his Scripture lesson the fourth chapter of Ephesians, the 17th through the 32nd verse.

He used as his theme, "Getting a New Type of Mind." Most of his message centered around Paul's letter to the Ephesian Christians, wherein Paul told them that they must adopt a new attitude of mind. Let your mind forget those things that hindered you in the past, and only think of those things that will aid you and your fellow-man. If you have heard and learned Christ, you will put away lying and speak truth with your neighbor.

Mr. Carper also pointed out four different means of reaching a new type of mind:

1. Follow God's example. You may ask the question, "How can I follow God's example when I can't see Him?" We don't need to see God with the human eye, but through Jesus. While here on earth He set an example for us to live by, and we are expected to do so.

2. Be very careful about the way you live. Keep your lives in the best of condition. An athlete must condition himself to participate in a contest, so we should do likewise. Do not

act thoughtlessly. Think before you act. If we jump at something without first reasoning it out, we may bring harm even to some of our loved ones.

3. Live so as to please God. "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the things which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

4. Always be joyful; never give up. Don't be satisfied with an easy life. Prayer plays a large part in all boys' lives as well as in the lives of everyone else. Prayer will make us strong.

In closing, Mr. Carper told a story of two boys whose father put two posts up in the front yard by the porch, and told the boys that every time they did or said anything bad he would drive a nail into their post. Before long the boys realized they had too many nails in their posts. They asked their father how they could remove them. He told them that for every good deed they did he would pull out one of the nails. Soon their posts were empty of the nails. What worried the boys was the fact that there were still holes in the posts where the nails had been. These they were told could not be removed. Our sins will be forgiven and removed from ourselves, but the scars will be there for evermore.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.—Addison.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

Fear follows crime, and is its punishment.—Voltaire.

—:—

Some people are tongue-tied, and some other should be.

—:—

It is dishonest to mistreat a friend than to be deceived by him.

—:—

When the devil wants to end a friendship he hands out a pack of lies.

—:—

We cannot do evil to others, without doing it to ourselves.—Desmahis.

—:—

All physical evils are so many beacon lights to warn us from vice.

—Bowen.

—:—

The only way to get along with some people is to get along without them.

—:—

All that a man gets by lying is that he is not believed when he speaks the truth.

—:—

Some people may wear gold crowns, but they are on their teeth and not on their heads.

—:—

Few magnifying glasses are powerful enough to enable a man to see his own faults.

—:—

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

—:—

Avoid the mistakes of letting opportunity stare you in the back instead of the face.

—:—

The chief objection to the chap who means well is that he seldom lives within his means.

—:—

No one should be judge in his own cause because in any man dwells a certain amount of conceit.

We don't need men with new ideas as much as we need men who will put energy behind the old ones.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.—Clarendon.

Let us make a rule to think the best of every man; let us do our work and leave others free to do theirs.

—:—

The mind is like the stomach. It isn't how much you put into it that counts but how much you digest.

Don't forget that the only persons to whom Christ definitely assured entrance to heaven were two thieves!

—:—

The man who has met and conquered the worst in himself has solved the biggest problem that he will ever face.

The value of proverbs is that they serve as pages in the memory to which long trains of moral reflections can be attached.

The balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another, to read his heart with.

—Johnson.

—:—

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of enjoyment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

—:—

"I think the Lord in His own good time and way will work this out alright. God knows what is best."

—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

"Promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Said the little calf to the silo, "Is my fodder in there."

—:—

When we what we want we are always disappointed to find it is not what we wanted.

—:—

Gardening is simply a matter of your enthusiasm holding up until your back gets used to it.

—:—

Boy: "I bet I know what you're thinking about."

Girl: "Well, you don't act like it."

—:—

Pioneer: What is a barber called when he is riding on a streetcar?

Rookie: I'll bite. What's he called?

Pioneer: A passenger.

—:—

Junior: I've forgotten how far I have read in my book.

Mother: Just look for the place where the clean pages begin.

—:—

Peat: Can I see someone with a little authority?

Neat: Yes, sir. You can see me. I have as little as anyone around here.

—:—

Alice: Those cakes at Mrs. Smith's tea party were as hard as iron.

Mary: I suppose that's why she said 'take your pick' as she handed them to us.

—:—

She: Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are.

He: Don't believe they ever did.

She: Then where did you get the idea?

—:—

"I'm in an awful predicament,"

"What's the trouble?"

"I've lost my glasses and I can't look for them until I've found them again."

—:—

"You're very interested in that stuffed bird," said the ornithologist.

"Yes," said the aviation expert. "I think its steering gear infringes one of my patents."

—:—

"I understand your wife is quite ill."

"Yes, she had a slight cold; tried to cure herself by reading a daily health hint and is suffering from a hypographical error."

—:—

Mother: Willie, don't run so fast around the house. You may fall and hurt yourself.

Willie: If I don't run I'll hurt anyway. Dad's chasing me.

—:—

"My husband is trying to sell our car."

"Why?"

"He says the outgo for the upkeep is too much for his income."

—:—

Salesman: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of good friends.

Prospect: Fine, put white sidewall tires on it.

—:—

Mother: You were a very tidy boy not to throw your orange peel on the floor of the bus. Where did you put it?

Johnny: In the pocket of the man next to me.

—:—

Friend: "Did you raise any cucumbers this year in your garden, as you expected?"

Bride: "No. The directions said to plant the seeds in hills, and you know our lot is perfectly level."

—:—

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father asking for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor spell-er, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man. "Are you sure it isn't my daugh you are after?"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 6, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Bridgeman
John Carter
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Billy Kassell
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Leftin
Gerald Fetty
Fulton Phillips
J. W. Sorrell
Hubert Stadler
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemons
Alfred Davis
Roy Everheart
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Bobby Rice
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox

COTTAGE No. 2

Harvey Arnette
Jackie Basinger
Bobby Blake
Homer Fisher
Marvin Guyton
Billy Holder
David Hill
Lester Jenkins
Cecil Kallam
Eddie Medlin
Billy McVicker
Eugene Peterson
Melvin Radford
Van Robinson
James Scott

Billy Shore
Thomas Shepherd
Donald Stack
Clyde Smith
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
David Gibson
Clarence Groves
Herbert Griffin
Donald Hall
Kenneth Halcomb
Earl Hensley
James Martin
Otis Maness
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Woodrow Norton
Doyle Parrish
Francis Dean Ray
Claude Sexton
Leroy Shedd
Bernard Webster
Robert Williamson

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Bobby Hedrick
Richard Taylor
William Thornton
Jimmy Volroth
Judson Finch
Raymond Harding
J. D. Adkins
Joseph Blackburn

COTTAGE No. 5

R. P. Fisher
Paul Hendren
Herman Hutchins
Lester Owens
Edward Rankin
Jimmy Rhodes
Kenneth Walters

J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 John Ganey
 Bobby Galyan
 Marion Hooks
 Earl Holloman
 Glenn Jones
 Melvin Ledford
 Jerry Minter
 Glenn Matheson
 Tommy Pressly
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland
 Ralph Seagle
 James Swinson

COTTAGE No. 7

Glenn Davis
 Edd Guinn
 Horace Jordan
 Philip Kirk
 Earl Medford
 Edward McCall
 Thomas McGee
 Jerry Peavey
 Frank Spivey
 Paul Turner
 Joe Swink
 Edward McGinnis

COTTAGE No. 10

J. T. Haigler
 Thomas Miller
 Dwight Moore
 Jesse Ashburn
 Fred Painter

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
 Willis Caddell
 Jack Coleman
 Billy Carswell
 Carl Gilliam
 Curtis Helms
 Max Herring
 Barney Hopkins
 Alfred Johnson
 Bunyan King
 Thomas Linville
 Jimmy Rogers
 Benny Riggins
 Richard Sandlin
 King Watkins

Billy Powell

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Earl Bowden
 Carlyle Brown
 Claude Crump
 Sam Finney
 Grady Garran
 Frank Grady
 Frank Gregar
 Richard Harper
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Horace Mosses
 Willie Newcomb
 Jerry Rippy
 Marion Ross
 Billy Teer
 Bobby Walker
 Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 Cecil Butcher
 Donald Bass
 J. K. Blackburn
 Willard Brown
 Jack Burchell
 Howard Bass
 J. D. Gupton
 Harry Hill
 Carl Propst
 Donald Ross
 Frank Sargent
 Thomas Scroggs
 Carroll Teer
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Edens Chavis
 Pernell Deese
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Harvey Jacobs
 Charles McDaniels
 Carroll Painter
 Franklin Phillips
 Francis Thomas
 Howard Wilson
 Bobby Woodruff
 J. C. Taylor

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
 Albert Cox

C 364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 19, 1948

NO. 25

A FRIEND

To be a friend you don't need money,
 Just a disposition sunny;
 Just the wish to help another,
 Get along some way or other;
 Just a kindly hand extended,
 Out to one who's unbefriended.
 Just the will to give or lend;
 This will make you someone's friend.
 To be a friend you don't need glory;
 Friendship is a simple story,
 Pass by trifling errors, blindly,
 Gaze on earnest effort kindly
 Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,
 Pity him who's sadly sighing.
 Just a little labor spent,
 On the duties of a friend;
 Be a friend, the pay is bigger,
 Though not written by a figure,
 Than is earned by people clever,
 In what's merely self endeavor.
 For the profits of your labors
 You'll be richer in the end
 Than a prince if you're a friend.

—Author Unknown in New Leaf.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

BELIEVERS

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trust in God

Whoever says, when clouds in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God's power must know.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live his life in spite of woes,
God's comfort knows

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

—Tyndall in New Leaf.

:—

DR. DUDLEY COMES AGAIN

The Jackson Training School welcomes the annual visit of Dr. D. W. Dudley, of Asheville, who will have a little consutation with every boy here. This visit always means more "tooth conscious-

ness" and for a while more liberal use of the tooth brush and tooth paste. Dr. Dudley is connected with the State Board of Health in the Division of Oral Hygiene, of which Dr. Branch is head. Dr. Dudley will be here for several weeks, or until he has had time to inspect, clean, and correct the teeth of each boy.

Dr. Dudley is quite a psychologist, along with his dental ability, for he has a way of getting along with boys. Many of these boys have never been in a dentist's chair before, and yet after one experience in his chair the boy has no further fear of dentistry.

This is just one of the types of service the school is giving to the boys, which will mean better health. It is also hoped that it will mean the boys will decide that regular visits to a dentist are worthwhile.

The school is most grateful for this work made possible by the State Board of Health. There is only one trouble about it, and that is the boy does not get to the dentist the proverbial "every six months." It is even worse than that. Boys are received into the school every week in the year. The boys who come just after the dentist leaves will have no dental work, except emergencies, for almost a year, or until the next visit. It would be much better if we could have this service twice a year instead of once a year. Boys could be inspected rather rapidly, and those who needed attention could get it. Can we not look forward to the time when we can have a dentist twice a year instead of once? The school will arrange the funds if the Division will furnish the dentist.

Request is made on the health certificate, which is filled out in the county before the boy is admitted to the school, that all teeth defects must be corrected. This is not always done, and many times boys are sent to the school with their teeth in bad condition. It is a well-known fact that physical defects have a great deal to do with behavior of children. Until we can get teeth, as well as other physical defects, corrected, we cannot expect to do for the boy what we would like to do.

Again we say, we are grateful to the state for what is being done, and we are especially grateful to have Dr. Dudley on the campus and among the boys.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Local News Items

Gerald Johnson, Reporter

Dr. D. W. Dudley, from the State Board of Oral Hygiene, is back again on his annual visit to the school. We all are very glad to see him. During his stay with us he expects to put every mouth at the Training School in good condition.

Recently, Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commissioner of the State Board of Correction, visited the school. We were all happy to have Mr. Leonard visit us, although he only stayed for a short while. We are expecting him back soon and we hope he will be able to spend more time with us then.

Spring vegetables are now appearing on our tables. The boys and officers are enjoying these vegetables very much. Cabbage, squash, and cucumbers are among the hearty vegetables.

The new hay bailer is now going full speed. The barn force boys are hauling the hay from the fields and they are really having a time. From the looks of things, there is going to be some pretty good hay stored back for next winter.

Mr. A. F. Carriker, relief officer and carpenter shop supervisor, is now on his vacation. Mrs. Carriker has recently had an operation, in Charlotte, and reports say she is recovering nicely. We wish Mr. Carriker

a nice vacation and Mrs. Carricker a speedy recover.

Mr. F. S. Scott, who is going to be our new superintendent, is now visiting the school in order to acquaint himself with the work, which he begins July 1st. The Superintendent's quarters is now being re-decorated and from the news here-about, it seems to be in pretty good condition. The boys are looking forward to when Mr. Scott takes over.

On Sunday afternoon we had a singing service instead of our usual preaching service in the school auditorium. Due to a misunderstanding regarding dates, the pastor failed to come. However we sang several songs and the boys entered into the services with enthusiasm and spirit. Of course we sang the boys favorite hymn "We Walk with the King," followed by "The Old Rugged Cross." After a few remarks by Mr. Walters the boys sang "Only Trust and Obey."

Programs of music and hymns are inspiring and very much worth while in the religious and spiritual development of the boys. We are glad to see them enter into the song services with such eagerness.

Mrs. Morrison Returned

By Harold Mitchell, 3rd Grade

Mrs. Morrison, the 4th grade teacher, is back from her vacation. The 4th grade boys are glad to see her. We hope she had a good time.

Our Ball Game

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Sunday, No. 2 and No. 16 played baseball. The score was 7 to 6 in No. 16's favor. It was a very good game. I hope that we win our other games.

The Softball Game

By Fairly McGee, 4th Grade

On Saturday, June 12, Cottage No 7 and No. 17 played a game of softball.

All the boys played a good game. The boys who played for No 7's team were the winners, 20 to 3.

Flag Day

By Glenn Evens, 9th Grade

The National flag is used and respected in the United States more than any other country. It is respected so much that a day, June 14, has been set aside in remembrance of Old glory. Here at the school we are proud to own a nice, large American Flag.

Boys Go Home

By Billy Jenkins, 8th Grade

On Tuesday, June 14, 1948 some of the boys who went home are as follows; Melvin Radford, Larual Hill, Earl Gilmore, Larningburg, Paul Church and Carl Church, Roone. We all hope these boys who went home may do the very best they can.

Work

By James Allen, 9th Grade

The work at the Training School is all right. You have to work on the work line for about two weeks before you can get a regular job that you

want, but if you work hard and think nothing about it and work hard you will soon have a steady job.

The Ball Game

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon Cottage 9 and 11 had a ball game. It was a good game. The score was 17 to 3 in the favor of number 9. Cottage 11 was very sad at the end of the game. They even put Alfred Johnson in right field. After the game all of the boys went swimming and had a good time.

New Boys

By Billy Jenkins, 8th Grade

Recently some new boys have come to the school. Their names, grades, and homes are as follows; Wallace Scott, 4th Grade he is from Skroy, N. C: Ray Moose, 6th Grade from Lenoir, Ollis Chapman, 5th Grade from Morganton, Pless Chapman, 5th Grade from Morganton. We all wish these boys the best of luck.

Cottages 10 and 7 are Sent Out

By Bill Best, 9th Grade

Friday night, the Cottage 10 and 7 boys were distributed out to other cottages for a two-weeks period. Mr. and Mrs. Liske and Mr. and Mrs. Horne are taking their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Cruse and Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson have just returned from their vacation. We wish the officers a safe voyage and a happy vacation.

16 Defeats 2 in Practice Game

By Rufus Tuggles, 7th Grade

While suffering from last Satur-

days defeat by No. 15, the Rec. Cottage played a game with No. 2. Our opposing team was admiring themselves for knocking Cottage 10 out of a 1.000 pct. Sorrell led No. 16 with a home run with Kilpatrick following with a double. Scott led No. 2 with a double also. Mrs. Braswell umpired.

Ball Game at Town

By Harvey Honeycutt, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage 1 and 5 went to town last Saturday night to see a ball game. The Concord Weavers played the Mooresville Moors. The final score was 9 to 5 in the Weavers favor, which brings Concord once again to a tie with Statesville at top place. We want to thank Mr. Walters for making the trip possible.

Picture Show

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

At our weekly show Thursday night, we had a very good musical picture. The name of it was I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now. This picture was based on part of the life and songs of Joe Howard. June Haver and Mark Stevens co-starred in this colorful musical. It was enjoyed by all. Now all the boys are singing this song.

Ball Game

By Lee Bradshaw, 9th Grade

Saturday, No. 14 played No. 4 in a game of baseball. No. 14 beat No. 4; 9 to 4. The game was very interesting. No. 14 hopes to be the champions of the school in baseball. Next week, we play No. 2 and we hope to

win again. Some of our players are going home this week, but we will do our best.

Blackberry Picking

By Alfred Perry, 9th Grade

The boys of Cottage 1 went blackberry picking Saturday afternoon. We picked about three and a half gallons. We gave Mr. Fisher about half of them. We hope he enjoyed the blackberries as much as we enjoyed giving them to him. The boys would like to thank Mr. Hinson for taking us blackberry picking and we hope to go again soon.

A Hiking Trip

By Billy Ray Keene, 4th Grade

Last Sunday, Cottage 5 went hiking. We went over by the gravel pit and then over to the cabin.

Some of us picked blackberries while the rest went swimming. After we got out of the water, we went back up the creek and picked some more berries, in all we picked about six pitchers full. We came on back to the school tired but happy. We had so much fun and hope we can go again soon.

14 Defeats 16 in Practice Game

By J. W. Sorrell, 12th Grade

A practice game between Cottage 14 and the Rec. Cottage was played Monday evening. Mr. Holbrook played first base for the Rec. Cottage and Bobby Peck pitched for No. 14. Holbrook led 16 at the bat with 2 for 3 and Rippy led the winners with 2 for 3 including a double. Fogleman was doing a grand job pitching for the

Rec. Cottage, then Loftin relieved him early in the game. Peck was the winning pitcher for No. 14, Loftin losing pitcher. The score was 5 to 4 in favor of No. 14.

2 Former Boys Visit School

Saturday, two of our former boys visited the schol. They were Alvin Helton of Newton, N. C., and Robert Elders of Taylorsville, N. C. Both of these boys are now employed at the Gilbert Engineering Co. of Newton. While here at the school Alvin was in Cottage 11 and Robert was in Cottage 17. Alvin has just been discharged from the Army after an 18 month enlistment. Robert was released from the school about a year and a half ago. We are glad these boys came back to the school for a visit and we wish them the best of luck in their work.

Scores And Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Cottage 10 finally felt the taste of defeat Saturday, when they bowed at the hands of Cottage 2. Now there are no un-defeated teams at the school. Cottages 10 and 15 are now tied for first place, with Cottage 14 in second place. Cottage 16, last week tied with Cottage 15 for second place, dropped down to a third place tie with Cottages 2 and 5. Scores and results for the baseball games were: 9 over 11, 21 to 3; 5 over 13, 8 to 5; 14 over 4, 9 to 4; 15 over 16, 3 to 2; 17 over 1, 13 to 4; and Cottage 2 over 10, 5 to 4.

In the softball league, there are still 3 un-defeated teams, 5, 7A, and

10. The little boys are really working hard to win the championship. Scores for the softball games were as follows: 11 over 9, 21 to 7; 5 over 13, 32 to 4; 3A over 15, 22 to 13; 4 over 14, 21 to 9; 7A over 17, 20 to 3; 6A over 1, 20 to 3; and 6B won a forfeit from No. 2.

Lightning

By Billy Anderson, 8th Grade

During the recent thunder showers the question arose about the cause of thunder and lightning. I have looked in the library and found the following which I hope will help some concerning this phenomena.

Lightning is a visible discharge of static electricity between two clouds or between a cloud and some object on the ground—usually some object higher than the surrounding objects, because the discharge from the sky seeks the nearest point on the earth. Almost everyone is familiar with static electricity. It causes the "crackle" we often hear when combing our hair. When one walks across a heavy rug in the winter time and then touch some object there is a "snap" and a tingling sensation at the point of contact. This is another manifestation of static electricity.

A cloud containing countless drops of moisture may become oppositely charged with respect to another cloud or the earth. When the electrical pressure between the two becomes great enough to break down the insulation of the intervening air, a lightning flash occurs between them. The discharge follows the path which offers least resistance; hence light-

ning often appears as a zigzag line, called "forked" or "chain" lightning. If the discharge is from cloud to cloud, they may hide the flash and only a large luminous area is seen. This is called "sheet" lightning. "Heat lightning is usually the reflection in the clouds of a discharge which has taken place at a great distance, below the horizon. The heat caused by a discharge heats the air and the dust particles to incandescence, making it

visible to the eye. The cause of "ball" lightning, an apparent ball of fire, is not yet well understood.

The transmission of the lightning flash is partially instantaneous, while sound travels about 1,120 feet per second. Therefore, if a lightning discharge is a mile away, there will be an interval of nearly five seconds between seeing the flash and hearing the thunder.

THE RIDDLE OF ENGLISH

No wonder foreigners have such a difficult time trying to learn the English language. Here are just a few of the inconsistencies:

Bear is like bare, and pear is pair, but tear is pronounced tier and tare. Then hear is like here, sear is like sere, and shear is like dear and sheer. Beat's not like great, nor beak like break, and neither is freak like steak, while beam, strange to say, will rhyme with seam, as well as with cream and dream. Feign, deign, and reign rhyme with fain, Dane, and rain, as well as with skein, rein, and vein.

Although sew is like so, still new is like gnu, and ewe we pronounce just like you. Though dough rhymes with toe, and rough with ruff, enough, tough and sough with gruff. But cough rhymes with off, and bough is like bow, while plough is the same word as plow. With bow, too, like beau, we have dough like doe, and glow and owe sound like go.

But growl is like owl, while grown, mown and own don't rhyme with brown, but bone. Wolf's not like golf, nor draught like caught, but brought, bought, and thought are like aught. Food's not like good, nor foot like boot, although brute, fruit, and route are like hoot.

Blood is like mud, and door rhymes with ore, and so do the words four and floor. Could rhymes with would, with hood, stood, and good, but shoulder is no kin to should. Freight, eight, and weight will rhyme with date, but height rhymes with kite not Kate.

Plague rhymes with vague, as well as with Haigh, but ague is not pronounced egg. Guile rhymes with mile, but guilt is like kilt, as well as the words quilt and built. Guild is like gild, and build rhymes with skilled, but mild is not pronounced milled.

—Speakers Magazine.

FACTS WE FACE IN REARING A FAMILY

(An address delivered by Waights G. Henry Jr., in *The Advocate*)

Religion is the inspiring, challenging, restraining, correcting, and redeeming force in society. Where true religion is absent men suffer from tensions and conflicts. Where true religion has control over men and movements, civilization flourishes and life is meaningful.

Left to the church alone, the job of making people religious will not and cannot be done. The home, no less than the church, bears a large responsibility for the moral development of the people. Of the two, I suspect that the home carries the heavier share of the burden of religious instruction, for if it is the place of the church to offer ideas and ideals, it is the place of the home to serve as a proving ground for those ideas and ideals. If they will not work in the home, the church teaches in vain.

Atlanta has recently been rocked back on its heels by what has appeared to be a failure to teach five youths the meaning of good moral behavior. Five boys from five privileged homes stand arraigned as vandals because they broke into over 20 automobiles, released their brakes, and sent them crashing into various obstacles, just for the thrill of hearing them crash. The \$8,000 damage done to these cars would, with work scholarships, have put these same boys through college.

Had the boys come from across the tracks, the community would know what to do with them. The reform school would receive some new in-

mates. But we find that they are economically privileged; they live in an atmosphere of culture; two of them are active Boy Scouts; two of them are Jews; one of them is a minister's son. The Boy Scouts of America boast with justification that Scouts do not get into this kind of trouble. They are right. They don't. But they did. The Jewish community declares that members of its families do not get into this kind of trouble. They don't. But they did. Ministers' sons form a larger list in "Who's Who in America" than the sons of any other professional group. They don't get into this kind of trouble. But one did. The cynics are sitting on the side-lines saying: "So that's what Scouts are good for." "So they were Jews, eh?" "A preacher's son, you say?" But honest men are examining themselves in this community to see where their influence has touched the lives of these boys. They are trying to discover if they have had a part in what Harry Emerson Fosdick calls the "self-explosion" as against the "self-expression" of these boys.

Dean Robert Russell Wicks of Princeton wrote a book entitled "One Generation and Another," in which he said, "The only people who are cocksure about the way to bring up children are those who have never tried it." He sobers us again with the statement: "We never know what has been done for children until they are about 40 years old."

There are certain definite facts with

which we must deal as we attempt to rear a family. Here are some of them:

1. The unbounded capacity of the young to mimic.

The period of infancy among humans far exceeds that of animals, because we need a longer period of training and instruction. Some animals keep their young with them for months, some for weeks, some for days, some for hours, and some not at all. All of the time that children are with their elders they are learning. This offers a great advantage to the race. It also has its liabilities. In many cases children and youth receive their most serious punishment for behaving like their elders. Born mimics, they do what they see done.

As I think of the miscreancy of the five Atlanta youth, I marvel not so much that five have gone wrong, as that five thousand in our community haven't done likewise. For it is a troubling fact that our society is geared up to produce vandalism. Most social forces connive against the moral development of youth. Take commercial advertising for instance. Here is an attractive advertisement in a magazine, showing a gentleman with a glass of liquor in his hand. He is dubbed a "man of distinction." The message to an admiring youth is that liquor is a requisite to success. That is a lie. The very opposite is true. It has caused men of success to lose their grip and fail.

See how radio, books, movies betray our youth. Because of the stepping up of the intensity of horror stories dramatized on the radio, children today are at home in the presence

of violent death. Any psychologist will interpret the results of that to you. And books—see how full of the ideals of the gutter they are. Competent authors prostitute their art for financial gain in the name of realism. They increase their incomes and decrease the moral sensitivity of our youth. And the movies—how many of them pander to the baser motives of men and excite the lower passions, making it almost impossible for the young as well as the more mature who see them to think clean. Youth is given a false idea of happiness. Family life is misinterpreted. Sensory thrill take precedence over contributive behavior.

Even the more basic institutions in society fail our youth. Some schools teach them how to make a living without teaching them how to live. Some courts give light fines and easy sentences to men who are the real enemies of society, giving youth a false sense of values with regard to property and life. Some churches fail youth by making religion a matter of perfunctory action rather than inner discipline. We have a right to expect that the young shall walk in the path that their elders beat out for them.

2. Morals are not taught by word of mouth.

"Man to man" talks between fathers and sons are worth little except to call the attention of the young to the behavior of the mature. Where there is hypocrisy in the argument, the young readily detect it whether they mention it or not. I lecture my two sons on proper manners and morals occasionally. Sometimes I have to render an important address when I

hear the older boy speaking too harshly to the younger. The experience becomes doubly painful when I recognize that not only are the older boy's tones my own, but his words are a direct quotation of his father.

This fact, however, has its glorious compensations. Dr. Wicks relates that as a boy he learned a great lesson in patience from an uncle. The boy worked on his uncle's farm one summer. A crop of cut hay lay on the ground. The weatherwise uncle cocked his head and observed a gathering storm approaching. He gave orders to the boy to get the hay rake, and young Wicks fled to the barn, flung back-band and gear on the mule, hitched him to a hay rake and brought the wide-gauged thing down the road to the field at a gallop. On reaching a gate the boy made no allowance for the width of his rake, and tore off a wheel on a gate post. The uncle saw the accident, but uttered not a word. A season's hay crop lay in danger of ruin, but a disciplined man kept his tongue. Dean Wicks says that the specter of that event haunts him whenever he is tempted to impatience. So we learn.

A father was somewhat worried about what his son would learn in Sunday School from a teacher he knew to be unlettered. On questioning the son, the father was surprised at his judgment: "Dad, I don't think Mr. Blank will ever teach me much out of the books because he hasn't had much schooling. But he sure is a good man, and all of us boys want to be like him. He is a genuine Christian." Boys can see through what men have to what they are. Since all growing boys are

hero worshipers they are lifted or lowered by the behavior, not the words, of those whom they admire.

3. We must employ the strongest aids we know for character development.

The home cannot swing the job of the proper moral developing of youth alone. Outside aid, and all we can get of it, is imperative. The schools are a great potential ally, and must be supported and strengthened. The Boy Scouts of America is truly a great character training agency and must have our most loyal support. The church still constitutes the basic foundation of democracy, brotherhood, and the philosophy of the inestimable worth of every human being. It deserves and must have our unalloyed allegiance and unflagging interest. The courts are a strong line of defense when other agencies have failed. But as Judge Jesse Wood of Atlanta says, "The courts are not a character-building agency. It is the business of the courts to hold the line until the churches and the schools can catch up."

But after all other aids are sour the final responsibility for the character development of our youth rests upon the shoulders of parents. The idea terrifies, but we would not have it otherwise.

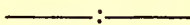
Dean Luther A. Weigle of Yale University tells that when he left for college his father told him that he could pay the son's fees but could not afford the luxury of fraternity. The boy promised not to join. But the pressure of social opinion and the influence of campus "big shots" caused him to pledge to a fraternity. Young

Weigle used many subterfuges to get his dad to send money for fraternity membership expenses. He lied about needing new shoes, new books, etc. The money came as requested.

Upon graduation Luther Weigle felt called of God to enter the ministry. The moral weight of his deception lay heavy upon him. He wrote his father confessing his deceit and lies for four years in order to get the money for his

fraternity. A wire came back from the father stating: "All is forgiven. I knew you joined the fraternity three days after you did it." Says Dean Weigle: "That taught me more about the love of my heavenly Father than all the books on theology I ever read."

These are some of the facts we face in rearing a family, and knowing and practicing them makes life eminently worth living.



LIVING WITH PEOPLE

(The War Cry in Our Paper)

It has been said: "It is better to live with others, even at the cost of considerable friction, than to live in undisturb quietude, alone." This is, however, not ideally an easy way.

It means we shall have to suffer many a wound and many a heartache, many a pang, many wrongs and injustices. We shall have to discipline ourselves to selfforgetfulness, self-restraint, the overlooking of unkindnesses, and the quiet enduring of things that no one should be required to endure from another.

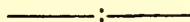
Nevertheless, it is immeasurably better to live with people, though it is not easy, than to live alone.

Living alone nourishes much that is not good and beautiful in human nature. It promotes selfishness and gives

self-conceit an undue opportunity for growth and development. It permits us doing too much as we please, which is bad training for any of us.

Then it deprives us of the occasion for discipline and education which we can get only by living in daily contact with others. One can never grow into true nobleness of character, sweetness of disposition, and beauty of life while living in solitude. As someone has said: "We need to have our sharp corners rubbed off, our little net fancies punctured, and most of all to learn self-control, sweet reasonableness, and tolerance for other people's point of view."

It is important, then, that we should learn the art of living with people, for it is life's best school.



Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

—George Washington.

THE VITAL FACTORS IN EDUCATION

(By Charles Cunningham in Hours)

Although teachers in our schools are not engaged to give religious instructions as a part of the curriculum, yet if the teacher is a Christian, then by his example, by his spiritual influence, he imparts a power for good. He becomes a priceless asset in helping to mold the lives of our young people in the right way. He stands before the world as a true benefactor in the noblest sense of the word. In succeeding years, those who have come under his influence will rise up and call him blessed, as history has declared of many teachers in the generations that are gone by.

We know quite well, as Christians, that the child belongs to God. Do teachers ever ask the question, "Why am I teaching these children?"

Do the so-called secular subjects come together to serve the child as belonging to God, or are they carried out with a purely materialistic outlook, just to prepare a child for future vocation? The integrating factor in education can only be in the vision of God. To tell people in these unsettled times, when the birth pangs of a new social order are upon us and when there is going on all the time a new renaissance, a revival of learning, in science in particular that they belong to God, sounds somewhat irrelevant. But, is it really so?

This belief in man as a spiritual being, made in God's image, consecrated to God's purpose, and in communion with that unseen world, will lift us above the surrounding confu-

sions of men's planning into fellowship with our father, whose plan alone never fails us. Life's supreme purpose, therefore, can only be realized when God is regarded as the source and the end of our human experience. This belief will give us courage to face the squalor of much that surrounds us, and charge our human lives with content and meaning.

For child raising I will give you a book, the best book in the world, and the oldest, the Bible. "Old stuff," somebody will say. Perhaps it is, there is documentary proof, in the form of stories, about real people who have faced poverty, ridicule and inertia in order to "win through" to real happiness.

Included in these stories is that of a Psychology Professor, at one of the Colleges in these United States of America, who adopted eight rules of behavior from the Bible, this Professor trains three hundred, New York, children yearly to these rules, and he has helped these average kids to replace hidden feelings of inferiority with poise and dignity and the ability of self-expression. This example of living by the tenets of the Bible has been so successful, this Professor declares, that it is being emulated elsewhere. It's a case of getting back to fundamentals. This same Professor says, "It is being demonstrated again and again, that those who practice Christianity whole-heartedly will find happiness in spite of all the troubles in the world." Also, they help thou-

sands of others, and by exalting human dignity, help to carry mankind forward in the evolution of a better world.

Modern man may think the rules he finds (in the Bible) are old fashioned or impractical in this generation. But the chances are that he will be driven back to these rules because he will find that nothing else will work in human relations.

Another man, Principal of a University, made several significant statements from which, I gather, he meant the following:

Chief among these statements was the declaration that cleverness and academic achievements are not the basic ingredients of education. Unless a University, said this man, is able to develop character and Christian principles in those it attempts to teach, it must admit failure.

His assertion is clear and definite. There can be no education without spiritual growth. Mental capacity takes second place to spiritual capacity. And it is more than casual opinion. It is based on life long experience of many leading educationists.

One is inclined to wonder if parents are aware of the fact when they neglect to set a proper example to their children by regular attendance at Church.

Everyone admits the need for an academic education. But along comes the head of a University to declare that academic education without religious education is worthless.

The Church and Sunday School are still factors in the life of America and American people. It is good to turn

to spiritual values in education. We hear the words "moral" and "psychological" and we probe or we analyze; we suggest or we quote, but the unchanging spiritual truth of the Bible is seldom mentioned in connection with education. Yet we live in a country where religion is openly protected. The tendency seems to be to emphasize moral living for the sake of getting position. How wonderful it would be if that emphasis were placed on spiritual living because it is one of the leaves that will bring healing to the nations.

If students could be given assignments to look up in the Bible instead of looking into the changing counterfeit of psychology, it would be a comfort to them and would be a progressive step. The topics of "Honesty" and "Purity" could be assigned, references looked up, a paper prepared. This could be broad enough in scope to offend no religious sect. Stories from the Old Testament or from the New have rich lessons. The story of humility required of Naamon by Elisha (11 Kings-5th chapter) and the service of the little refugee would certainly be invaluable to many of our young people. The application of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5-7) would prevent war.

In school the daily reading of the Bible, say a chapter each day, without comment, would hurt no one. It has been customary for years to have certain stories with morals for each grade. Why has the Bible not been used for lessons? The leaders in the Bible are the greatest in the world. The greatest the world has ever

known. The way to follow them is why was this spiritual work ever de-
given with their story. When and sserted?

—————:—————

SOME DAYS

Life can be very wonderful
And it can be very great,
 But often it's a dirty shame
 Depending on your fate.

Some days are quite brilliant
However much it rains,
 But just because the sun comes out
 Can't proof the day of pains.

A jolly grin at breakfast
Or just a wink or two
 Can do an awful lot you know
 To help one feeling blue.

Now when I get feeling down
And discouraged with it all,
 Something always comes along
 To sweeten bitter gall.

Often I think that only I
Was born just for torment,
 But there are those I'm very sure
 That suffer fate's deepest portents.

And looking back, we all, I know
Shed silent tears at heart—
 For the things we've missed, and ones we've loved,
 Our small but precious part.

Life is very lonely
For those who live it right,
 But just you take it easy, pal,
 And watch old misery fight.

Let the dirty digs and whispers
Afloating pass you by.
 Don't ever intercept them, Bud,
 For their substance is a lie.

INCENTIVE TO RIGHT THINKING

(By Henry J. Nitzsche in The London Prison Farmer)

The mathematician, if he expects to be important in his field, must be accurate in his thinking because inaccuracy is worse than useless. He cannot be arbitrary. He cannot form mere opinions. He cannot be loose in ethical approach because that would lead him to carelessness, and carelessness in applying the rules of mathematical calculation is fatal to a correct solution of any problem.

But there is, too, an added incentive to correct thinking which in and of itself, is a powerful urge—the knowledge that one is right.

Since man function primarily on the intellectual plane, he acts on impulses originating in the realm of Thought. It is clear that the manner in which one thinks, the how, the when, the where, play a large role in what one will achieve. Just to think foolishly, to be frivolous, to be rash in judgment does much to relegate individuals to a certain plane or circle of living. He limits himself by limiting the efficacy of his thinking capacity in terms of ethics. This is important! We live not materially but spiritually.

For that reason the cultured man is careful about the manner in which he thinks as regards any subject or thing. The more intellectual any one is, the more he ought to realize the truth of what has been said—and also, the more humble he is, because by means of a little knowledge he understands how much more he has to learn. One never ceases to learn while life remains active. One is always adding

to one's store of experiences.

And that leads us to this further consideration—that we, who are now living in the Atomic Age are living in the most momentous period of the entire historical era of mankind. That is selfevident. The nuclear scientist have also, as they have advanced in knowledge of the atom and its wonderful composition, come to realize that above mankind there is a force transcending every other known force. This is an humbling realization, but also a highly beneficial one in that it opens one's eyes to one's real status in the universe of which we are an infinitesimal part, and yet, not altogether an insignificant one.

Nothing that is, is complete in and of itself. Meaning here, of course, created things, not the Creator.

Behind everything there is a Cause, and a Meaning, and a Goal. The objective may not be immediately apparent to the unwise, but to the wise it is as a shining light amid the gloom.

The incentive to right thinking rests in the fact that there is gain, far beyond the mere physical, in correctness of thought; but this must not be forgotten—correctness in thinking involves also ethics, for one can be mathematically correct in one's deductions but not ethically motivated. To leave out the ethical factor is to make the whole frame work unstable, an easy prey to adversity. Thus—

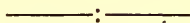
“The worth of a civilization depends not only upon the ideals and values it professes, but upon its ability to ener-

gize them. . . .”

The worth of an individual depends, not upon his material wealth, but upon his ethical soundness; not on fine garments which cover the nakedness, but on traits of character that shine through the veil of ugliness to make itself felt by all who come within its sphere of influence.

Just what incentive do we men have for acting according to given rules and standards? Not, as some would have it, to make mere earthly gain, but to build for the eternities; to develop, within ourselves, the nobler part which

survives every catastrophe and is destined, at last, to triumph over all materiality, that part which is essential spiritual and transcends the present. The fact that one has done right; the fact that one has retained affiliation with Truth; the fact that Justice finds in us no cause for the rendering of an adverse decision—all this is enough incentive to influence a thinking man to act according to the untainted dictates of a clean conscience. He wins who is right; he is already lost who is wrong.



IF I WERE YOU

'Tis easy to say the quick, sharp word
That will injure through and through
The friend you have always held so dear;
But I wouldn't if I were you.

'Tis easy to spread an idle tale
That perhaps may not be true,
And give it wings like thistledown,
But I wouldn't if I were you.

The words once spoken, if harsh, unkind
You must ever bid adieu—
Though you may speak them if you will
Yet I wouldn't if I were you.

—F. Jones Hadley in *New Leaf*.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

(Speakers Magazine)

Knights of the bucket and brush for America's score of traveling circuses have taken to the road for a new season. The first of their gaudy bills of wild animal, acrobats, sword swallowers, and clowns are already posted on brick walls, barns, and fences.

Some of the chances the billposters take on lashlines and lofty ladders are as hazardous as the work the aerialists do under the big top, comments Beverly Kelley in the National Geographic Magazine. But gone is one hazard—the poster fight of the days before John Ringlin brought out all his major competitors.

In those days, observes Mr. Kelley, himself a veteran trouper with the "Greatest Show on Earth," each season had its series of ferocious fights among the rival billposters. When two crews hit the same town, they would mix paste and mayhem.

Hickory-handled brushes were the weapons. The object was to pummel arms and shoulder until one crew or the other would be hors de billposting. A favorite sabotage was to sneak yeast or soap into the paste barrels of the enemy so that his sheets would peel loose soon after the paste had dried.

Here today and gone tomorrow, the circus is state of restless American achievement. Circuses there were, long before the Circus Maximum of Julius Caesar. And circuses in other lands today have excellent talent. But they lack the frantic schedule of a new town nearly every day, and the drive

that moves a four-train, 100-car show over the map from early April through November.

A circus can cover about 150 towns a tour. Communities not getting one of the big railroad shows usually may see one or more "mud" shows, so dubbed in the trade because they travel highway by motor-truck caravan instead of by rail.

Circus people as well as animals come from all over the world. In this year's "Greatest Show on Earth" are performers of practically every nationality, many of them making their first American appearance. Among the new performers who drew capacity crowds in New York's Madison Square Gardens is the Austrian who has mastered the technique of standing on one forefinger; he performs this stunt on top of lampposts and on the cornices of tall buildings. The troupes of acrobats include many "family acts" in which brother, sister, wife, son and daughter share in hazardous feats. Mixed nationalities, creeds, and colors get along well together. Lasting friendship are made.

Among circus animals, zoologists rank the chimpanzee first in intelligence, the orangutan second, the elephant third. They reserve judgment on the gorilla, whose fierceness increases with age and limits change of appraising his mentality.

Savage Gargantua's every act is news. Eating eight meals a day, he rolls up at night in a cheap cotton blanket which he rips to shreds the

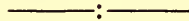
next morning. For this trait we may credit his ancestors of the African jungle; they made nightly nest among vine-shaped trees and never slept twice in the same place.

Elephants, rarely born in captivity, came from Asia or Africa. They are usually strangers to peanuts until they reach America's shores. They swallow water not through their trunks but by sucking it part way

through, then squirting it into their mounths. Insects drive them nearly crazy in hot weather, despite the fact that shaving their hides with a blowtorch flame merely tickles them.

The Big Show in goods—76,000 yards of canvas. More than 1,000 costumes for people and for animals, with styles changing annually, present a special problem.

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!



JOE'S COMMANDMENTS

Many years ago Marse Joe McCarthy wrote his ten baseball commandments. Young ball players—and old ones as well—had best heed the McCarthy commandments. They are pearls of wisdom.

Here they are:

1. Nobody ever became a ball player by walking after a ball,
2. You will never make a .300 hitter unless you take the bat off your shoulder.
3. Keep your head up and you may not have to hold it down.
4. Outfielders who throw the ball back of a runner lock the barn door after the horse is stolen.
5. When you start to slide, slide. He who changes mind may change a good leg for a broken one.
6. Don't alibi on the bad hops. Anybody can field the good ones.
7. Always run them out. You can never tell.
8. Don't quit. The game is never over until the last man is out.
9. Don't find faults with the umpires. You can't expect them to be as perfect as you.
10. A pitcher who hasn't control, hasn't anything.

—Birmingham News.

BLIND OPINIONS

(The Summary)

Due to some unkindly twist in human nature, most of us are inclined to make snap judgments and pass quick censure on our fellow-man. We like to flatter ourselves into thinking we know human nature. We like to type and classify the new men we meet. Attempting sometimes to solve the problems that great psychologists have failed to. Perhaps we observe in the stranger some particular characteristic we associate with someone we know; it might be the way he carries himself, his bearing; or the way he expresses himself in conversation. He may have shifty, troubled eyes or he may possess clear, steady, piercing eyes. It has been said, "The eyes are the mirror of the soul," but this characteristic in itself, is hardly proof of a noble or ignoble character. Such a man may be suffering from some physical ailment. A happy or unhappy disposition is also sometimes judged by the curved-up or drooping corners of the mouth. As the thinking habits go, day by day, so grows the facial impressions of the scowl or the smile. A determined straight-lipped mouth is often associated with fighters, great military leaders of irreproachable integrity also with distinguished statesmen. Poor posture is often judged to be a character of the spineless or sickly individual. Carelessness or uncleanliness in one's dress immediately creates an unfavorable opinion in the mind's eye of the observer. An aggressive display of cursing, boasting and arrogance sometimes creates the

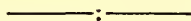
impression intended; the puzzled observer often fails to see through the front that is often a cover-up for a bad inferiority complex and a deep-rooted feeling of insecurity.

However, it would be a gross injustice to form a definite opinion as to the worth of a new acquaintance, on any of the afore-mentioned characteristics. It's wiser to wait and listen intently and observe with greater patience before deciding whether a stranger is worthy of our friendship.

Think of the enemies we make because of some impulsive act on our part, yet these same people sometimes turn out to be our best friends. Man is a far too complex and rational being to be judged at once with any degree of accuracy. By rational I mean his character and actions are too greatly determined by his experiences and his environment, hence he is growing and changing morally and intellectually all the time; with outside influences continually altering his ambitions. His ideas may be good one day and bad another, just as his disposition is better some days than it is on others. Its possible you may contact a new acquaintance for the first time on one of his bad days and you would be doing any acquaintances or potential friend as well as yourself a great injustice to base your judgement of him on the strength of any one incident. However, when there's a consistent recurrence of ill deeds, then it's time to beware.

It seems fair to believe that friend-

ship and admiration of your fellow- one another, with integrity, considera-
 man ought to be based on understand- tion and unselfishness as the sub-
 ing, discretion and mutual respect for stance.



GRADATIM

Heaven is not gained at a single bound ;
 But we built the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer aid and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
 We may borrow the wings to find the way—
 We may hope, and resolve, aspire and pray,
 But our feet must rise, or we will fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown,
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
 But the dream departs, and the vision falls
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached in a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise,
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

THE WALK THAT HISTORY MADE

(The Pilot)

How would you like to see a stone taken from George Washington's home in Mount Vernon? How would you like to touch a stone that once reposed in the home of Charles Dickens in far-away England? And how would you like to step on a stone brought back from the South Pole by Admiral Richard E. Byrd?

You could do these very things, for such a walk, built by stones from the four corners of the earth, is located down at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida. It is the walk that history made.

Here is an amazing collection of stones and rocks in a variety of kinds, shapes, and sizes. Every president of the United States is represented by a stone. Famous world celebrities of past history have a token of their memory embedded in this walk. And there are rocks from far-distant spots on the world's map.

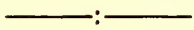
In the presidential series of stones, the first is one taken from President Washington's home in Mount Vernon. There are two rocks honoring the memory of Abraham Lincoln. One is

from Hodgenville, Kentucky, and the other is from New Salem, Illinois. Others include mementos from President Buchanan's estate near Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and Ulysses S. Grant's home in Vicksburg Mississippi.

The stone from the South Pole region was taken from the Queen Maud mountain range. It was brought back to this country by one of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expeditions and was donated to this famous walk by the explorer himself.

The souvenir from Author Charles Dickens' home in London, England, is only one of an assortment of stones representing famous personages, for near the relic from the South Pole may be found a rock from the Boonesborough Fort of Daniel Boone, American pioneer.

Naturalist, author, millionaire—they are all represented. Close to one another are stones from the birthplaces of John Burroughs, of West Park, New York; Army Lowell, of Brookline Massachusetts; and John D. Rockefeller, financial genius.



It is not virtue, but deceptive copy and imitation of virtue, when we are led to the performances of duty by pleasure as its recompense.—Cicero.

FORGIVENESS

(The Summary)

It is inevitable as day and night that members of the human family have lived and will continue in rather intimate relationship in family life, in social contacts and in professional and vocational relationships. There is never a day when the average human being lives his life separate and apart from all others and when he does not rub shoulders with other people along life's pathway. Try as sincerely as we may, there arise various situations in which people are called upon under trying circumstances to manifest a forgiving spirit, and when one person is generous enough and at the same time humble enough to manifest a forgiving spirit, he marks himself superior to others.

When the Savior of mankind was being nailed to the cross and suffered the greatest humiliation and affliction of all times, being called upon to give His life as a ransom for others, He said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Somewhere deep down in His soul there was a fountain of spiritual power which was able to defy all the suffering and the affliction that a sinful generation could heap upon his shoulders. Thus it was that the Master, as He uttered these words, earned for Himself the only passport into the portals of heaven, because He was sent into the world to show the mercies of God.

George Hubbard, one of the noted English poets, expressed his sentiments in these beautiful words: "He that

cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass if he would reach heaven; for everyone has need to be forgiven."

At one time, General Oglethorpe said to John Wesley: "I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Wesley, "that you never sin."

Jean Paul Richter, a noted German writer, once said: "Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness or else forgiving another."

Thus it is that people always manifest a great strength and nobility of character when they forego a spirit of vengeance and dare to forgive an injury that may have come from grievous injustice. Just as it is Christ-like to forgive, so is it petty and vicious to be incapable of forgiving those who do us wrong. By all means, the safest course in life is to manifest and cultivate this noble virtue of forgiving, when we have felt an injury or injustice to ourselves. Forgiveness, is one of the surest currencies of eternity.

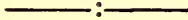
One of the kindred virtues to forgiveness is patience. Too often people are much too prone to grow impatient with their fellowmen and to utter sharp and cutting epithets which can but leave their ugly scars upon the souls of those who utter such things. The world in which we live would be far different if all people could manifest patience toward others and could postpone, not for a day but forever, their hurtful remarks about others.

A noted writer enriched our literature with these words: "Many people consider patience a commonplace virtue, not to say a tame and insipid one. But, rightly appreciated, it is grand and heroic. Without it the strongest character has a dangerously weak spot which at any moment may be its ruin. With it the otherwise weakest has an element of invincible strength."

Patience is the staff upon which man may rely day by day as he shows to the world his own peace of mind, his own inner poise and self control. It

is through patience that he rides the waves of turmoil and trouble, and finds himself as the conqueror of his own destiny. Through the manifestation of patience he achieves for himself the regard and admiration of those about him.

If we could prolong our patience with our fellow-man, and substitute forgiveness for censor, the world would not only be a better place to live in, but we would at the same time, insure ourselves of a place in the paradise-world to come.



BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 20, 1948

- June 20—Edward McInnis, Cottage 9, 16th birthday
- June 21—Phillip Kirk, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
- June 23—John Thomas Potter, Cottage 10, 14th birthday
- June 23—James Eugene Arrowood, Cottage 3, 16th birthday
- June 24—Herman Galyan, Jr., Cottage 4, 15th birthday
- June 26—W. L. Steele, Cottage 7, 14th birthday
- June 26—Roy Lee Everhart, Cottage 1, 13th birthday

COMICS CONTRIBUTE TO CRIME

(San Quentin News)

Stating cases where the reading of violent sensationalism and glorified sex in the American comic books have been the direct influence to juvenile crime and general delinquency, several groups of psychiatrists, doctors, court judges and newsdealers have launched drives to prohibit the present and sale of this type of literature to the American youth, according to several recent reports.

Some psychiatrists point out that many so-called "comics" glorify sex and violence with cheap and lurid sensationalism—that the flood of juvenile delinquency continues to mount, and in some cases the influence of the comics on the delinquents has been directly traceable.

George Bernard Shaw ridiculed as "uncivilized" the attitude prevalent in these comic magazines, that considers it manly to have the hero sock someone in the jaw caught in the act of villainy, while considering it effete for him to call a policeman.

One report explains that the dime thriller offended in much the same respect as the comic book of today. But what was tolerable in easy-going days that could still look back to rough and ready "frontier justice" becomes dangerous in a high-powered age which must increasingly rely on the reign of law among men and nations.

A group in Waltham, Massachusetts, headed by Judge P. Sarsfield Cunniff of the District Court, reports that comics and comic books are no longer funny in their estimation.

Speaking before a group of police officers, probation officers, clergy,

newsdealers, school teachers, and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children the judge made the following statement:

"It is about time that somebody got active enough to rally every possible interested groups into one organization vast enough and powerful enough to fight the publishers of the lewd and vicious comic books sold on every newsstand in the country.

The newsdealers present were sympathetic with the aims of the meeting and had brought some 100 comic books for exhibit, the report said. These were not "funny"—they ranged from the criminal to the calacious. Some depicted minutely the process of grotesque crimes. Judge Cunniff declared that many children appearing before his court admitted they had gotten the idea for their misdeeds out of just such books.

The group found no answer of how to censor this reading, but the newsdealers agreed to return to the publisher all objectionable comics.

Superintendent of Waltham Schools, John W. McDevitt declared, "The pulpit, the school, the parent, and the dealer all can help by putting into active use the tremendous power of their respective positions, all to the end that our children will read for enjoyment, will gain knowledge, will grow strong in the laws of God and men, and will be prepared in the years to come to carry on the duties of citizenship which all too soon will be thrust upon them."

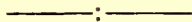
A dozen more speakers before the group pointed out that the so-called

"comics" have played a responsible part in education for crime. Judge Cornniff and the probation officers all offered cases in which this fact was apparent, the report said.

Ernest S. Kavanagh, Assistant Secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, said that two years of work on this subject had convinced him there must sometime be a general uprising against pointedly suggestive books of this type—many of them portraying the most lurid forms of

crime, according to the report.

A report finally adopted by the group read "It is neither normal nor necessary for a healthy American boy to nourish a craving for the trash of the comic book. These gaudy publications—introduce the child to an unreal world peopled by scheming sirens and cold-blooded murderers and are the worst possible education for children whose minds are too impressionable not to retain some residue of the dangerous nonsense poured into them."



FATHER FLANAGAN

The world lost a great man; the oppressed lost a good friend; and the many who have, in years gone by, called Boy's Town home have lost a father.

Father Flanagan will have many who will mourn him, for his boys have grown up to be Doctors, Lawyers in fact to embrace almost every profession there is, but never do they forget the soft spoken, kind hearted priest who gave them a chance to prove to the world that "there is no such thing as a bad boy." No, there will be no lack of mourners for this great Disciple of God. In his short span on earth he has made a mark that will never be completely erased for his life will continue through that of his boys. No man can go wrong, who patterns his life after one who possessed such kind understanding and such a true sense of Justice.

Father Flanagan died in service to his people, in service to his precepts of what is right and just. His life and his work are a monument to him, a living monument and one that will last forever. It is typically American that every generation produces a number of truly great men and Father Flanagan stands out of the number as a shining example. Boy's of "Boy's Town" and friends of Father Flanagan, we stand with you in mourning the passing of your friend and counselor, and we join you in paying tribute to your father.

—By Angus E. Williams in The Echo.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

"Kites rise against, not with, the wind."

—:—

"He that hath a trade hath an estate."—Franklin.

—:—

"Nature fits all her children with something to do."—Lowell.

—:—

"Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths."—Bailey.

—:—

"None preachers better than the ant, and she says nothing."—Franklin.

—:—

"Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

—Garfield.

—:—

"The Spartans did not inquire how many the enemy are, but where they are."—Agis II.

—:—

"Less coin, less care; to know how to dispense with wealth is to possess it."—Reynolds.

—:—

"Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties."—Spurgeon.

—:—

"How empty learning, how vain is art, but as it mends the life and guides the heart."—Young.

—:—

"As a general thing an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals."—H. W. Shaw.

—:—

"It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or not."—Emerson.

—:—

"Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order."

—John Adams.

—:—

"Because sentence against an evil

work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

—Ecclesiastes.

—:—

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends the other descends.—Hopkins.

—:—

"Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."—Horace Mann.

—:—

"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius."—Addison.

—:—

He that waits for repentance, waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.—Wm. Nevins.

—:—

"The true order of learning should be: first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice."—Mrs. Sigourney.

—:—

"Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life."

—Phillips Brooks.

—:—

"I consider a human soul without education like marble in a quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher sketches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs throughout the body of it."

—Addison.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Doctor: "Did you take that box of pills?"

Patient: "Yes, but I don't feel any better. Maybe the lid hasn't come off yet."

—:—

"The police think they have uncovered a new murder mystery."

"What are the circumstances?"

"In the library they found a man's nose buried in a book."

—:—

"You know we have period furniture at our fraternity house."

"Yes?"

"Sure. Here for a period, then the installment house takes it away."

—:—

"You don't look well."

"No, I have just been unconscious for eight hours."

"Heavens? What was wrong?"

"Nothing. . . . I was just asleep."

—:—

Secretary (Dictating letter). "From the comparative size of the coal shipment and the bill, I should say you got them mixed. You should have sent the coal by mail and the bill by freight."

—:—

"Was the society's musical a big success?"

"Oh, yes, we had to turn down hundreds of members for seats."

"That certainly is a new idea in seating."

—:—

Tom, is it correct to say 'this ere,' and 'that air'?

Of course not, Bill.

Well, I don't care whether it is correct or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air.

—:—

The film actor had balked at stroking a lion's mane.

"Why, he won't hurt you," said the producer. "He was brought up on milk."

"So was I," replied the actor, "but I eat meat now."

"My daughter practices five hours a day," said Mr. Comrox.

"Surely she will become a great artist."

"I hope so. Anyway, I hope she'll soon get far enough along to join a musical union and strike for shorter hours."

—:—

Judge (Sternly): "Well, what's your excuse for speeding 60 miles an hour?"

Victim: "I had just heard, your honore were giving a rummage sale, and I or, that the ladies of my wife's church was hurrying home to save my other pair of trousers."

—:—

A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy: "No, I don't want to buy a paper! Get out!"

"Well, keep your shirt on, boss," the newsboy answered. "The only difference between you and me is that you are making your second million, while I'm still on my first."

—:—

"Why is it," asked the persistent poet, "that you always insist that we write on one side of the paper only? Why not both?"

"One side of the paper, madame," replied the cynical editor, "is in the nature of a compromise."

"A compromise?"

"A compromise. What we really desire, if we could have our way, is not one, or both but neither."

—:—

A mother left three apples on the table and returning later found that but one remained.

"Bobby," she demanded sternly of her young son, "have you eaten those apples?"

"I didn't touch one," he answered.

"But there were three and now there is only one."

"WWeW Wldrffr You". o.C'f."o'ed'

"Well, that is the one I didn't touch."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 13, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Onie Kilpatrick
Fulton Phillips
J. W. Sorrell
Hubert Stadler

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Carl Church
Paul Church
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Roy Everheart
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Dale Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Eugene Peeler
Alfred Perry
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Franklin Robinson
Richard Wilcox
Jimmy Armstrong
Billy Brown
Richard Cook

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Jackie Bassinger
Bobby Blake
Robert Canady
Eugene Everington
Lewis Holt
Lester Jenkins
Horace Jordan
Cecil Kallam
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Billy Shore
Thomas Shepherd
Donald Stack
Wayne Whitting
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
David Gibson
Herbert Griffin
Jack Jarvis
Darrell Jones
Otis Maness
Frank Marshall
Wayne Millsaps
Harold Mitchell
Doyle Parrish
E. J. Prim
Claude Sexton
Clyde Leonard
Earl Medford
Phillip Kirk

COTTAGE No. 4

Eddie Brame
Avery Brown
Glenn Cunningham
Herman Galyan
Earl Gilmore
Bobby Hedrick
Robert Melton
Jimmy McCollum
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Jimmy Volroth
Richard Whitaker
Linnie Whittington
J. D. Adkins
Joseph Blackburn
Judson Finch
Joe Hannah
Raymond Harding
James Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jackie Hargett
Paul Hendren
Herman Hutchins
Bobby Kerr
Lester Owens
Edward Parker

Charles Pinkston
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Glenn Rice
 Kenneth Walters
 Harold Wilkinson
 Leroy Williams
 J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
 Tommy Collins
 Robert Driggers
 Robert Evans
 Bobby Galyan
 Jerry Minter
 Glenn Matheson
 Tommy Pressley
 Dorman Porter
 Lewis Southerland

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 11

Billy Boston
 Willis Caddell
 Bunyan King
 Thomas Linville
 Jimmy Rogers
 Richard Sandlin
 King Watkins
 Johnny Weaver
 James Allen
 Tommy Edwards

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
 Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Zane Brisson
 Bill Carswell
 Jack Coleman
 Homer Fisher
 John Gregory
 David Hill
 Horace Moses

Fred Painter
 Edwin Parker
 Jimmy Rhodes
 Harold Sellers
 Joe Swink
 Howard Wise
 Bobby Walker
 Everett Covington
 Max Crist
 Kenneth Horne
 Gerald Johnson

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Jerry Peek
 Billy Teer
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 15

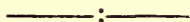
Vernon Allen
 Willard Brown
 Jack Burchell
 Howard Bass
 Harry Hill
 Carl Propst
 Frank Sargent
 Thomas Scroggs
 Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Robert Canady
 Edens Chavis
 Pernell Deese
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Walter Hammond
 Harvey Jacobs
 Carroll Painter
 Bobby Peavey
 Bobby Woodruff

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
 Albert Cox



Worry is the interest you pay in advance for troubles that never come.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 26, 1948

NO. 26



JUN. 26 1948

SUPT. J. FRANK SCOTT

Courtesy Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel

See page 3

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published Weekly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

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J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome, and it's hard for us all to be good; We are sure now and then to be lonesome, and we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy, to be cheerful is much harder still, But at least we can always be pleasant, if we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly, although we feel worried and blue; If you smile at the world and look cheerful, the world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant, no matter how long you are down; Good humor is always contagious, but you banish your friends when you frown.

—Reformatory Herald.

MR. SCOTT—WELCOME

The Jackson Training School and the Concord community are looking forward to July 1, when Mr. J. Frank Scott, of Walkertown, (Forsyth County) will move his family to the school and become its fourth Superintendent. The apartment is being renovated and painted throughout, enthusiasm of the boys and staff is high, so the welcome sign will be here when they arrive.

Mr. Scott is well prepared for this work. He was reared on a farm, he was educated at Trinity College (now Duke) and the University of North Carolina. His experience has been varied though his main work has been in the field of public education. He has been a school principal for twenty-six years, eighteen of which have been at Walkertown. He has coached all of the High School sports

and was captain of the track team senior year in college. He has been a Scout Master for many years and for the last two summers had directed the fine camp of the Future Farmers of America at White Lake. A visit to his school will show fine organization and planning. This is an eleven hundred pupil school.

Mr. Scott is more than a school man. As a Mason, a Lion and a Methodist he will soon find his place in the fraternal, civic and religious life of the community. His work in the church as a lay leader has been outstanding.

Mrs. Scott takes pride in being "just a homemaker." She was to be dietitian at the camp this summer had Mr. Scott not accepted this job. She will not be on the pay roll at Jackson.

There are two children, a boy of college age and a girl of high school age, who will soon find their places with the young people of the community.

The school and the community congratulate themselves on having this fine family move here. We hope they will like us and we are sure we will like them.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of June 27, 1948

- June 28—Bobby Ray Blake, Cottage 2, 14th birthday
- June 30—Donald Glenn Davis, Cottage 7, 14th birthday
- July 1—Ira Eddie Medlin, Cottage 2, 15th birthday
- July 1—Ralph Morgan, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
- July 2—William Judson Finch, Cottage 9, 18th birthday
- July 2—Boyd Morris, Cottage 14, 13th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Mr. Leonard Visits Our School

Mr. Leonard, director of all North Carolina Correctional Institutions, visited our school several days during the past week.

On Wednesday evening, he went swimming with a group of the boys and they were quite delighted to see him floating around in the water. Many of the boys are anxious to learn that trick.

Mr. Leonard talked to many of the officers and matrons while on his visit. We are sure he is going to help our school become better and better and we hope he comes to see us often.

Visitors From North Carolina See School

Recent visitors on the campus were Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Tomkinson, of Concord, N. C. Mr. Tomkinson is a staff member of the Stonewall Jackson Manuel Training and Industrial School of Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson and their two children were on their annual vacation and were enjoying a sight-seeing tour throughout the southeast.

The visitors were conducted on a tour of the local School by Mr. Carlis A. Taylor, Social Case Worker of the institution. All points of interest on the campus were visited.

Mr. Tomkinson has both cottage and farm duty at the North Carolina school. Much of his visit here was centered around farming activities of the local school.

—Yellow Jacket, Mariana, Fla.

Local New Items

Gerald Johnson—Reporter

During the two weeks Mr. Liske is on his vacation, Mr. Kennett is in charge of the bakery. Mr. Kennett seems to be doing a nice job as fill-in for Mr. Liske.

Mrs. Spears, sewing room instructor, is now back from her vacation and the sewing room boys are now back at work, making shirts, towels and other things.

Many of the boys have been picking blackberries during their spare time and the cottage matrons have been making blackberry pies. The boys have picked many gallons and they are really enjoying the pies.

Sunday afternoon, we were delighted to have Mr. Harbison, our neighbor Minister, visit with us at our Church service. We were glad to have him as a guest and we hope he will continue to come and visit with us as often as possible.

You should see the young chickens in our poultry yard. It won't be long now before Mr. White, who has charge of the chickens, will be sending young fryers around to the cottages for Sunday dinners. Soon we'll have some good "ol' southern fried chicken."

The old iron wood stoves that were used before the cottages got the new

electric stoves have now been removed from the basement of Cottage 8 and are going to be sold as scrap iron to the C. H. Foyle Co. of Concord. The Co. is going to haul the stoves away.

About 8 O'clock Sunday night, an electric storm cut off all the electricity around the school for a short time. However, something is still wrong with the electricity in the bakery and the boys can't get anything done until it is fixed. The machine shop boys are working on it and soon everything will be under control.

Cottage 14 Defeats Cottage 2

By Wayne Whittington, 3rd Grade

Saturday, No. 2 played No. 14. It was a good game. Martin was the pitcher for No. 2. The score was 18 to 4 in favor of No. 14. Mr. Walters was the umpire.

No. 2 Go to Cabin

By Billy Shore, 3rd Grade

Miss Oehler is going to take us on a hike. She said that she would take us on a long one. Sometimes she takes us to the store. She is a good teacher.

Promotion Day

By Frank Grady, 8th Grade

Last week, I got sent to the eighth grade. I like it just fine. We are taking four subjects, which are History, Math., English, and Spelling. In our history, we are studying about North Carolina. We studied about Columbus discovering America, and about America being named after Americus Vespuccius.

Our New Pet

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Willis Caddell caught a rabbit. It was a brown rabbit. We had fun with him. We feed him cabbage and lettuce. He runs around in the basement.

The Carpenter Shop

By Richard Whitaker, 7th Grade

Recently, Mr. Cruse and the boys of the carpenter shop have been painting the Superintendent's quarters. We hope he likes them for we are enjoying painting them.

Softball Game

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Saturday, Cottages 11 and 13 played ball. The score was 29 to 2 in 11's favor. Willis Caddell was the pitcher for No. 11 and Howard Wise was the pitcher for No. 13.

A Good Time

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Sunday, No. 2 went to the cabin. We went in swimming. We had a good time and I hope we go again soon. I hope that Mr. Braswell will take us a lot this summer.

Airplane Lands

By Charles McDaniels, 3rd Grade

Last Sunday, six boys in No. 17 were watching an airplane do tricks. After a while, it landed in a wheat field. It had a hard time getting up, but when it did it went back to Concord.

We Went To Church

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Sunday night, we went to the Rocky Ridge Church. They had a play and it was a good play. We enjoyed it very much. We are glad Mr. Braswell took us and we hope to go again soon.

Print Shop

By Lee Bradshaw, 8th Grade

The work at the print shop has been very successful during the past and we hope it will continue to do the same as time goes by. We are proud to have an instructor like Mr. Fisher. He helps us with our work and he keeps us busy.

Our Hike

By Buddy Hooks, 3rd Grade

Saturday morning, the third grade went on a hike. We gathered lots of sun-flowers. We put some in our room and the library. We fixed two big bowls for the auditorium. We all had a good time.

No. 4 Defeats No. 11

By Thomas Linville, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 11 played No. 4. Cottage 4 won, 6 to 3. Benny Riggins and Thomas Linville pitched for No. 11 and Bill Thornton pitched for No. 4. Although the baseball team lost, our softball team beat No. 13, 36 to 2.

My Stay At The Training School

By Robert Evans, 1st Grade

We have a good time at the train-

ing school. This is a good place for boys. We have lots of things to eat that we like very much. This is just the place for boys who want to learn to do the right thing.

Our Trip to Concord

By Jimmy Delvechio, 4th Grade

Last Saturday, Mr. Walters took Cottages 6, 11, and 15 to see a ball game.

The score was 12 to 5 in favor of Concord. We had a good time and we wish to thank Mr. Walters for taking us. We hope we can go again soon.

No. 17 Defeates No. 9

By Russell Beaver, 9th Grade

Saturday afternoon, No. 17 played No. 9. Hendron led the batting for No. 9 with a home run in the first inning, while Davis led No. 17 with a home run also. Hendron was the losing pitcher and Davis was the winner. The final score was 13 to 2 in favor of No. 17.

Our Fishing Trip

By Odean Chapman, 3rd Grade

Mr. Holbrook took us on a fishing trip. We caught several good fish. Staley and Cunningham seined. Some of the boys ate some blackberries. Then we came up by the apple orchard and we got some apples. All the boys want to thank Mr. Holbrook for taking us.

Sunday Hike

By Charles Allen, 9th Grade

For the past 3 weeks, Mr. Walters has taken the No. 5 boys on a walk-

Yesterday we had a very good time seining. We found a good fishing place with some good size perch. We caught 8 perch. We threw the large fish back and kept the minnows. We appreciate the interest Mr. Walters takes in his boys.

Going Swimming

By Hubert Griffin, 5th Grade

Saturday, after playing ball, we had our swim. But this time it seemed better than ever. There were a couple of other cottages in swimming, too. When I first started, I could not swim so good but now I can swim in the deep water. We thank our officer for taking us swimming. We have a nice pool to swim in and I know all the boys enjoy it a lot.

New Tenth Grade

By Glenn Evans, 10th Grade

We now have a new tenth grade here at the school. Mr. Braswell is our teacher. We are taking World History and English 2. The boys in the tenth grade are: Hugh Ball, Junior Blackburn, Major Loftin, Marshall Beaver, Bill Thornton and Glenn Evans. We all hope that we get to go to the eleventh grade when the regular school year begins.

Going Home Today

By Robert Driggers, 4th Grade

I am happy because I am going home today. I came here March 2, 1945. I have had a good time at the school. When I came here, I was in the first grade and now I am in the

fourth grade.

Since I have been here, I have worked in the laundry, the library, the house and on the work-line. I have had a good time playing games. We have also taken many hikes and gone to the cabin several times. When we were at the cabin, we had "hot dogs" to eat and all kinds of drinks.

I have been in Cottage 6 ever since I have been here and I like it very much.

I want to thank all the officers and teachers for what they have done for me—Goodbye to all my friends.

Scores And Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Cottages 10 and 15 are still tied up in first place as they both won their games Saturday by healthy scores. Cottage 15 defeated Cottage 1 by a score of 15 to 2 and Cottage 10 defeated Cottage 5, 14 to 4. This dropped No. 5 into a tie for fourth place. Cottage 14 is second and 16 is in third place. Other scores for baseball were as follows: Cottage 4 over 11, 6 to 3; 14 over 2, 16 to 3; 16 over 13, 20 to 1; and Cottage 17 over 9, 13 to 2.

There are still three cottages tied for first place honors in the softball league. They seem to be giving a tough race, but soon these cottages will meet and somebody will drop down, but it will be very close, for the little boys really run up the score. Results for the softball games were: 4 over 3B, 27 to 7; 14 over 2, 34 to 1; 7A over 9, 16 to 2; 11 over 13, 36 to 2; and Cottage 10 over 6B, 23 to 9.

The standings will be published next week.

Many Ball Players Leave School

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

In the past few weeks, each cottage has lost some of its best ball players. Cottage 2, last years champions, lost 5 of their best players, who were Harvey Arnett, James Scott, Melvin Radford, Donald Stack, and Billy Mc Vicker, all of last years team. Other out-standing players who have gone home are as follows: Gerald Petty, J. W. Sorrell, Billy Kassell, Cottage 16; Alfred Perry, James Jones, Robert Ellers, Bobby Rice, Cottage 1; Robert Thompson, Russell Murphy, Earl Gilmore, Cottage 4; Carl Howell, Danny MacHayes, Evan Myers,

No. 5; James Moore, Cottage 10; Richard Sandlin, James Cartrette, Roy Eddings, No. 11; Bill Carswell, Nathan McC Carson, Chester Lee, Cottage 13; Jerry Rippy, Treva Coleman, Leon Poston, Sam Finney, Cottage 14; J. D. Gupton, Frank Sargent, Cecil Butcher, Donald Baker, Garland Leonard, Charles Farmer, Donald Ross, Donald Bass, Cottage 15. As you can see, Cottage 15 has suffered the loss of most players, 8. However, they are doing pretty good for themselves. There are enogh boys on this list to have four good teams and a substitute. So we see that all the cottags are suffering the loss of these boys.

LIFE

A wise old man was once taking a stroll through a forest with a shiftless youth by his side. The man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was a tiny sprout, just coming up out of the earth. The second had rooted itself quite firmly in the fertile soil. The third was a small shrub. The fourth had grown into a well-developed tree.

The old man said to his companion, "Pull up this first plant."

The youth pulled it up easily with his fingers.

"Now pull the second," said the man.

The youth obeyed, and with slight effort the plant came up, roots and all.

"And now the third," continued the elderly gentleman.

The boy pulled with one hand, then the other, but it would not come. Then he took both hands, and the plant yielded to all his strength.

"And now," said the old man, "try the fourth."

The youth grasped the trunk with all his might, but hardly a leaf shook. "I cannot move it," he exclaimed.

"Just so my son," said the wise old man, "with our bad habits. When they are young and small, we can cast them out but when they are full grown, they cannot be uprooted.

—Colorado Voc. School News.

MISDIRECTED KINDNESS TOWARD THE TUBERCULOUS

(By Douglas L. Cannon, M. D., Alabama State Department of Health in N. C. Sanatorium)

(A radio talk delivered over Station WSFA, Montgomery, Alabama, on December 23, 1941.)

In an article published in one of the sanatorium magazines after his death, Alabama's late State Health Officer, Dr. J. N. Baker, expressed the opinion that the recently discharged tuberculosis patient still probably faced the toughest part of the whole recovery process. He referred particularly to the difficulty of maintaining, in the face of readjustment to normal life, the gains made by months or years of active treatment. Anyone who has carried on a personal combat with the tubercle bacillus and is now doing his full share of the world's work knows how correctly our late chief evaluated this danger and this difficulty.

Strangely enough, one's friends often do much to make that readjustment more difficult and more perilous. Although their intentions are of the best, they make an important contribution to the tragic list of those who have to return to active treatment. The personal histories of any number of second-timers and third-timers "on the cure" give impressive evidence of the serious danger that lies in misdirected kindness.

"Paradoxical as it may seem, an ex-patient's friends, with the very best of intentions in the world, may do him more harm and place greater obstacles in the path he is treading toward restored health than his bitterest enem-

ies," wrote the author of an anonymous article appearing in the official magazine of a large Southern tuberculous sanatorium. This view is shared by many other authorities on tuberculosis.

Among them one might include Mrs. Mildred Hardman, who acquired her knowledge of this disease, not from impersonal study and observation but from several years spent as a patient in various sanatoria and in her own home. Writing for the benefit of her fellow-patients in the *Journal of the Outdoor Life*, the now-discontinued publication of the National Tuberculosis, she declared:

"When you go home, what you need principally is the old backbone. There are a number of qualifications that will come in mighty handy, such as will-power, self-control, and common sense; but backbone is just another name for these, and a regular one-hundred-per-cent honest to goodness backbone is the thing that will see you through. It must be a good stiff one, because there will be a lot of strain on it. You will need to use it early and late. It will have to stand up against you, yourself, and against your friends and relatives. It will be unpopular. It will make you unpopular. For its sake you may receive opprobriums as "over-careful, lazy, and cranky." But stick to the old backbone. It is your friend, your best friend."

In her article Mrs. Hardman described several of the difficulties of making the readjustment to normal life. She told of the duty to carry one's share of the sickness burden cheerfully and uncomplainingly. She begged that the ex-patient be at all times a good sport and not take advantage of his or her misfortunes and add to the burdens of others. Then she returned to her central theme, warning well-meaning but misguided friends and relatives and the problem they present to the person eager to make the most of the progress already gained. It is during the post-sanatorium stage of the recovery process—the period when the sick person is no longer sick in the usual sense of the term and is more or less "on his own" but is not yet out of danger of relapse—that a good stiff, bulldog backbone is particularly needed, she wrote.

"Where the backbone gets in its best work is when old friends drop in," she continued. "You look perfectly well. It would be nice to go out with the crowd. You want to go, but you know you shouldn't. It's only the old backbone that can save you."

Friends who drop in and insist that the ex-patient do things he shouldn't are not the only ones whom he must be on his guard. The most devoted member of his own family may fail to understand and, if he is not careful and determined, will persuade him to do things he knows are unwise. To quote Mrs. Hardman again:

"One's own family must have the backbone used on it too. Even one's mother can't see why a person can't help more with the cooking, the sewing, all the little thing one once did,

but which now one must work up to gradually. Sometimes we can explain, sometimes we can't. It is hard for the home folks to understand."

Mrs. Hardman was referring of course to the problem facing the person with recently arrested tuberculosis. However, the patient often finds himself face to face with this same problem long before his disease has become arrested and when, not rehabilitation but the attainment of almost complete bed rest, is the objective sought.

"His friends and neighbors and even some of his relatives can see no reason why he should be in bed 24 hours daily," wrote Dr. William M. Spear in *The Iowa Stetoscope*, the his and he referring of course to the tuberculosis patient. "Many of these good people are so full of advice that they go about seeking an opportunity to set the world right, and a normal-looking person taking a full-time rest cure furnishes a golden opportunity to turn loose a lot of evil and unsolicited advice. They tell the patient to get up and get out, take exercise and rough it. The patient is worried and irritated, and often the temperature is higher or the pulse is increased after listening to them, and perhaps arguing with them, because he knows his doctor has ordered complete rest.

"The uniformed patient sometimes thinks he is well again and able to discontinue the rest cure merely because he has gained his weight, has no fever, has stopped coughing, and feels quite normal while at rest. This is a dangerous part of the journey along the road to recovery, especially when taking the rest cure at home. The great-

est kindness that any friend or relative can do a tuberculosis patient is to allow his cure through rest."

Several other tuberculosis sufferers, writing from personal experience, have told of this problem and what they have done to overcome it in articles published in *The Journal of the Outdoor Life*. One of them, John W. Hodges, wrote as follows:

"Our own knowledge of the disease is limited, while home-folks know little or nothing about it. After staying in bed for a few months, we begin to do things that we feel like doing, and the result is that, instead of improving we often grow worse. Our families think that, because we look well and strong, we can do some light work. When I was an active case my cousin said to me one day, 'you are no more sick than I am.' My brother has been sick for three years, and some members of his wife's family refuse to help him and his family because they say he looks well and should go to work."

Still another tuberculous sufferer was Velta Brittain, who spent a long time as a patient in the state sanatorium in one of Alabama's sister states and then returned to her home for further "curing." In an article published in *The Journal of Outdoor Life*, she described in a general way the difficulty of obtaining the proper rest and freedom of interruptions while away from the sanatorium and then turned to the particular aspect of that problem which we are now considering—especially the problem of visitors.

"They (visitors) seem to come in droves," she lamented. "Maybe there will be several days and no visitor.

All of a sudden from here and there will come crowds of them. Sundays are their big days, and getting one's rest hour than is as hard as getting every word in every crossword puzzle that one finds. In a small town, where everybody knows everybody else, one can just expect endless visitors—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and their whole families. To keep them quiet or to keep them away during two hours in the afternoon would necessitate hiring several policemen. Who can rest when a new family of visitors arrives every hour—or every ten minutes? They don't understand."

Miss Brittain's article continued:

At first I tried going into explanation of the whole 'curing' process, but this didn't work, for it had to be repeated too often, and often I grew awfully sorry for myself before I had finished telling them why I had to do so and so. Most of them are friends of long standing, childhood and school playmates. In many cases they are, mostly, people who knew me during my vivacious high school and college days when no task was too hard, no sport too difficult, no day too full for me; and they register wells of sympathy for 'poor me.' They glory in bringing up those good old days and then in saying (or rather looking the part): "Too bad!" And they inevitably say on leaving: 'How I wish I could take you for a ride,' or 'If there's anywhere you want to go, let me know,' or 'It wouldn't hurt you to come over and stay a few days with us.' There are a few places in this part of the State I haven't had chances to go, but I always have to come back with

a firm 'No.' People are indeed kind, but their kindness causes one conscious fight to remain master of one's self.

People suffer so much from other people's unkindness that it is a double pity that they, some of them at any

rate, must also become victims of ill-directed kindness. But back-sets are no less tragic because they are not the fruit of ill will. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to protect one's self against them, even when they are threatened by one's dearest friends.

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SLEEP

Sleep is important. Furthermore, it's a good investment.

During your nightly visit with the Sand Man you may be blissfully unconscious, but a lot of mysterious things are going on in your body and in your mind.

A good night's rest helps to clear away the fogs and the fatigue of yesterday. Irritations, fears and disappointments are dispelled as if by magic.

While you sleep, your body cells work over-time at their lifelong job of repair, doing their level best to make you feel just as new. Above all, your heart, centre of your being, needs that period in which to slow down and recover from the strain and tempo of yesterday.

To some, sleep comes naturally. To others, it must be courted. Some require eight hours or more, while others breeze along on a **mere six or seven hour nap**. If you feel rested and refreshed when you get up—you're getting enough sleep. If you don't—well, you'd better court the Sand Man a little more.

A primer sleep: Don't eat or smoke too much as bedtime nears.

If you're one who gets easily worked up—slow down an hour or two before bedtime—and call it a day on worries as well as work.

Fresh air is necessary to good sleep and good health—keep your windows open at night. Your bed must be comfortable, and your pillow low.

Put your sleep hours on a regular basis, and keep your bedroom dark and quiet.

Whatever you're doing, don't fight sleep—it may refuse to come later.

And remember—more sleep in bed means less sleep on the job.

If all efforts to get your normal quota of sleep fail, take an hour or two off and see your doctor. It may save you from serious illness later on.—Health Rays.

SELF-DECEPTION

(By Henry J. Nitzsche in The London Prison Farmer)

One of the real dangers confronting a man is self-deception. This is a malady generally contracted when a man, dishonest with himself, tries to fool himself into believing that others are as stupid as he, and that they will believe anything and everything he brings forth for consideration (from his own viewpoint and for his, as he thinks, sole benefit).

Now self-deception leads a man to stumble along life's highway utterly blind to the things that really are to his benefit. Since he cannot see quite to the end of his nose he presumes that a smoke screen of apparent respectability entirely protects him from a thorough character analysis by his fellow men. Of course, he is wise. He knows the ropes and can "shoot angles" with the best of such cunning gentry. When he trips up, he ascribes it to some "mistake" and feels certain he'll do better next time.

This self-deception goes on. It leads him to the brink of a yawning precipice. When he stands confronted with catastrophe he fails to understand why he is where he is. Perhaps you will say, "he uses his head for a hat-rack and nothing else." Maybe that is true. Maybe he cannot help being what he is; but, at least one would imagine that he, seeing the end of the road and the out come of his self-deception, he would snap out of it and get wise. However, few really wake up until it is too late!

The plight of one victimized by self-deception is pitiful. By being untrue

to himself he has become untrue to his fellow men. By refusing to see the mistake, in time, he has brought himself to the point where it is he, himself, who will pay the piper. What then? Does he still think that all the people are dumb Doras? Is he, alone of all men, smart? All too often he goes right on over the precipice and plunges into the depths. Whose is the fault if he comes to grief?

Self-deception is an ogre that has ruined men more than generally realized; yet, in spite of the numerous examples at hand many go blithely on and stumble along in the same rut. Self-deception is a betrayer, and whoever trusts it is soon led to disillusionment, if not disaster.

By deceiving one's self as to the real facts about himself, one is in grave danger. For it is not the enemies without, but the foes within one's self that bring so many to grief. The enemies within have a facility for lulling one into a false sense of security. Conceit, deceit, falsehood, or plain dishonesty all contribute to bring men into disrepute; but many do not realize their danger until it is too late to do anything about it.

More is gained by playing life's game on the level than by imagining that one is outsmarting the other fellow. As a general rule, it is always the smart aleck that comes to grief. His folly is apparent. His unwillingness to correct himself can only lead to trouble—and plenty of it.

But he who practices self-deception

(he does this unwittingly, imagining that he is doing the right thing) does himself a grave injustice, and harms himself more than he does the other fellow. He gives evidence that his reason is illogical. He proves, conclusively, that he thinks he is smart when, in reality he is foolish; and this always is detrimental to his true interests whether he realizes this fact or not.

Self-deception is one of man's greatest enemies. It doesn't give any-

thing in return for the trust placed in it by the victim, but it does contribute greatly to the complete and final downfall of many. Self-deception therefore is a foolish practice which ought to be eliminated as speedily as possible. When one realizes that it is bad business to be always trying to fool the other fellow; when one understands that by deceiving one's self only loss appears, then is the time for correction, and that will rectify the trouble.

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TIME WASTED

Time wasted is existence, used is life.

It is your ability to know what is waste of time that enables you to use it correctly. Dreaming is no waste of time if you strive to make the dream come true.

Playing games is no waste of time if you find in them relaxation and delight. Dancing is no waste of time if you listen to the music and renew the harmony in your soul by keeping the rhythm.

Movie going is no waste of time if it permits you to escape from yourself. Reading is no waste of time if you choose your literary menu wisely.

Autoing is no waste of time if it allows you to accomplish more or if it takes you to clear, fresh air.

Walking is no waste of time if you swing along in a healthful stride.

Talking is no waste of time if you think and evaluate before you speak.

Feasting is no waste of time when you do it with joy.

Work is no waste of time when you do it with joy. Work is no waste of time if in your work there is an element of art—something to make the world better.

Envy is a waste of time! Revenge is a waste of time! For envy saps your vitality. And revenge hinders progress. Envy retards and revenge weakens.

The great do not envy.

And the successful are too busy for revenge.

Time wasted is existence, used is life!

—Springfield Daily News.

GOOD RELIGION MEANS GOOD SENSE

(Christian Advocate)

One of the marks of what we call civilization is the ability to live beyond one's income. It couldn't happen in a primitive society. But it can happen today. In fact, by this token America is very civilized indeed. It is estimated by reliable authorities that one-fourth of the families in the United States expended more money than they received in 1947. One of the factors making for "optimism" in the present economic situation, according to the United States News, is the estimate that the same proportion of people will continue to spend more than they earn, dip into savings, extend their credit, and get more things than they can afford next year.

What a travesty upon sound economy this is! If it were a time of depression, when only 15 or 20 million people could find employment, instead of the 60 million gainfully employed today, there might be some excuse for this situation. Digging into savings and borrowing to buy might represent not only the advantages of our flexible capital-credit economy, but the difference between a restricted but hopeful manner of living on the one hand and despair and disintegration on the other. As it is, however, in a time of prosperity, one-fourth of our people are, either from necessity or choice, pouring out money that they do not earn for goods and commodities that are scarce and extremely high in price. Too many of them are bidding against one another for houses and automobiles and choice cuts of meat with money which is not

rightfully theirs, and thus lending the major impetus for a continued spiral of inflation.

As sure as there is a God in heaven, such folly will bring its retribution. Unfortunately, while the one-fourth of the population largely responsible for this madness will probably suffer most, they will not suffer alone. Everybody will suffer, not only in America, but throughout the world, if present inflationary habits and measures bring about another terrible depression.

Isn't it about time for the sober good sense of the majority of the American people to assert itself? Mr. Roosevelt said on one memorable occasion that "There is nothing to fear but fear itself." It was a word fitly spoken at the time. But at the present juncture it might not be out of place for those whose voices can be heard to utter some word of warning about the importance of having a realistic respect for the demands of the moral law, for the claims of a righteous God, and for the dangers of insatiable greed and unmitigated folly.

Everything of lasting value in our civilization depends in large measure these days upon the strength and soundness of economic life in America; and in turn a stable economy in the United States depends upon the good faith and the good sense of the American people. No system on earth will function successfully unless those who are in control of it are persons of character and judgment. In a democracy, every citizen must

bear his share of responsibility for people who are living beyond their in-
success or failure. And in times like comes. What we need is more relig-
these there is a peculiar responsibility, for good religion, among other
lity resting upon those who are temp-things, means good sense.
ted to join the 25 per cent of our

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Who can cook on a mountain range?
Or dine on a water table?
Or eat his food with the fork of a road?
(I'm sure I am not able).
Can anyone bask on the sands of time?
Does a wave of crime wash the shore?
Can a baseball fan really keep one cool?
Does a sleeping car ever snore?
Does a traffic jam taste very sweet?
Is Adam's apple a fruit?
Did you ever drink from an early spring?
Does the horn of plenty toot?
What kind of plank is the board of health?
In a river bed who can rest?
Is a roll of the drums a basket treat?
Do game preserves taste the best?
A hall tree has no leaves at all.
And a gravy boat doesn't sail.
Golf greens furnish no vitamins.
Does one need a stamp for blackmail?
No passengers ride on a train of thought.
And the cotton belt isn't leather.
A bar-fly hasn't a single wing.
(And this brainstorm isn't weather).
I'm drowning now in a sea of speech,
In a torrent of words I choke,
And sink for the third time 'neath the flood
Of English "as she is spoke."

—Author Unknown.

THE ART OF SPEECH

By Walter E. Meyer

The ordinary baby performs an amazing feat during his second and third years. He masters a foreign language—foreign to him. He doesn't master it completely, but he learns to use it fairly well. He learns the names of most of the articles with which he comes into contact, and he learns to describe his most pressing desires. By the age of three he has acquired a vocabulary fairly adequate to his needs. He has done this under the spur of necessity, in order that he may get along in his simple environment. As infancy gives way to childhood, learning proceeds more slowly. The child of keen mind continues to observe and imitate, to be sure, and in this way he increases his vocabulary. But the duller child is satisfied with his ability to express very primitive feelings and desires. He is less quick to note and adopt for his own use new words and terms, and his vocabulary shows little change.

The difference between the alert and the slower-minded individual is even more marked during the years of youth and adolescence. The ambitious, spirited boy or girl will wander far afield mentally. His mental experiences are no longer simple. He finds that he needs new terms to describe what he sees and thinks. He is not content to exist as a perambulating vegetable, living and thinking on a low level. Wishing to express fine shades of meaning, he must find words of precision and clarity. So he continues the process of vocabulary building which was first noted in in-

fancy. His sluggish neighbor, however, is sloppy in speech, and his words are blunt instruments, mangling ideas instead of outlining them in clear relief.

Many young people fall into the habit of slothful speech, not because their minds are slow, but because they are lazy. Such persons may, by act of will, resume the vocabulary building activities which have been neglected. All they need is imagination enough to see the desirability of clean-cut, interesting, well-dressed speech. It is with words that one translates to others the content of his mind and the quality of his spirit. One must take care, then lest the finest elements of his personality may be lost in the translation.

It is not easy to build an adequate vocabulary. "Spare and sinewy utterance," says the London Times, "is not to be had merely for the asking, or even for the thinking. It must be won by painful practice and by watchful severity with one's own outpourings."

If you are intent upon vocabulary building, do as infants do; listen, observe, use the words which you hear. Then do as babies cannot yet do. Read widely, and with a dictionary at hand. When an unfamiliar word appears, consult your dictionary. Then use the new acquisition in your conversation. Do not set out to find long words or unusual terms. Be on guard against any disposition to show off by using words which are probably strange to your associates. Let the true usefulness of a word commend it to you.

LAST-MINUTE ARRANGEMENTS

(Stanly News & Press)

A strange, but not unusual story came out of Brazil this week, telling of the marriage of Carol, former king of Rumania, and the woman who had been his mistress for 24 years. Magda Lupescu, the woman for whom he abandoned his wife and son, was lying at the point of death as the marriage rites were performed.

Here was a man who should have been an example for all of his people making last-minute arrangements after defying the laws of decency, man, and God for almost a quarter of a century. The thinking or reasoning of persons in similar situations is beyond the comprehension of sensible men.

When the bony finger of Death raps at the door, men like Carol and women like Magda find their mind and hearts doing curious things. Apparently, it had never occurred to them that the rap at the door would eventually come for them, but when it did come, there appeared in their

minds the picture of the judgement bar before which all men and women must one day stand. And so they hasten to make some last-minute arrangements in order that their appearance in the final judgment may take on some of the aspects of righteousness.

We have no patience with the men or women who lack sufficient imagination or vision to look ahead for a comparatively few years, and pattern their lives according to a plan that will fit into their thinking as the rap comes at the door. Neither can we fathom the reasoning of a family which takes one of its members to a church for the final rite when that member has not bothered to go to that church when he could go under his own power.

Last-minute arrangements are very much out of order in a world that is governed by laws that are as inflexible as those of God.

There ain't no use in kickin', friend,
 If things don't come your way;
 It does no good to holler 'round, an'
 Grumble night an' day.
 The thing to do's curb your grief,
 Cut out your little whine;
 And when they ask you how you are,
 Just say, "I'm feelin' fine."

—Edgar A. Guest in New Leaf.

THE BOONE COW

(United Presbyterian in Charity and Children)

In the pioneer day of Kentucky, the settlers cows furnished the best aid in warning of the approach of Indians. When Blackfish and his Shawnees came against Boonesborough, they moved with such stealth that even Simon Kenton and Thomas Brooks, the two best scouts of the settlement did not know of their approach. However, Boone knew that they were coming. Why? There was a lane that led from the fort enclosure out of the pasture lands. The cows stood at the head of the lane one morning, sniffing and showing signs of uneasiness, and had refused to go to the pasture, which moved Boone to remark, "The Injins are coming."

The wisest cow in the settlement was "Old Spot," belonging to Squire Boone, Daniel's brother. She was especially sensitive to the coming of the redskins, and was invariably the first to give the alarm. When Blackfish, eager to recapture his adopted son, who was Daniel Boone, laid siege to the fort, the cattle were kept in an area within the stockade. Occasionally a cow would be killed by a stray bullet from a redskin, rifle, and this was not considered a heavy loss, as it increased the supply of fresh beef for the besieged. One day, however, a real loss was reported. Old Spot had been badly hit. The settlers felt it as keenly as if one of their own number had been struck. Not because of Old Spot's milk value. Along that line there were a dozen cows that surpassed her. It was because she

was always the first to give the Indian alarm.

Some of the women and a few of the men actually held a prayer meeting over Old Spot. They reminded the Lord of her great value as a scout, informing him that they could as easily get along without Brooks or Kenton. They mingled work with prayer, for they used every means to save the life of the badly-wounded cow. Prayer and effort gained the day, for the cow survived and lived in the settlement to a ripe old age.

Cows are sensible animals. Although I loved sheep and knew each member of the flock when I was a boy, I liked also the six cows. From tender years Wasn't I the milkman? Didn't mother tell me that milking was a man's job, that in sight I became a man when I learned to milk and that she would gladly turn the whole job over to me? And so I became a man when I was nine years of age. Haven't I rich memories of frosty September morns, trudging in my bare feet to the field for the cows, kicking old Red, the fattest cow, vigorously with those bare feet until she got up and moved away, leaving in her wake one of the best stoves invented. There a boy could stand and feel a delightful sensation of warmth trickling through his pedal digits.

"Old Nab" was a canny brute. By using her horns, she could lay down rails as skillfully as a man. Ordinarily, she was contented in her own pas-

ture field, but in dry weather, especially if she thought we were holding out on her in the way of rations, she proceeded to lay down the rails, and, followed by the other cows sought what she believed were better pastures. I think, too, of the newly purchased "Star," who didn't like her new home and who on the first leaped the fence and the next day was reported as being at her former home, eight miles away. Yes, cows are canny!

I think of one cow with little affection. Late in the fall we usually killed a steer or a cow that wasn't a good milker for the winter's supply of meat. One fall, times were tough. It looked as though we would be ob-

liged to be minus our beef when a neighbor appeared with a bright idea. He had an aged but healthy cow for sale, and he would sell her cheap. If we fed her well and fattened her, the new meat put on her old bones would be as tender as veal.

Dad fell into the trap. We bought the old wreck for \$12, gorged her with chopped pumpkins and meal—kept it up until she bulged with fat. Then we butchered her, and the meat was so tough we could hardly get our knives in the gravy.

You cannot turn tough cow into tender veal. It simply can't be done. It is equally hard to turn tough old unbeliever into a Christian.

HOPE ON

There never was a day so misty and grey,
 That the blue was not somewhere above it;
 There is never a mountain top ever so bleak
 That some little flower does not love it.
 There was never a night dreary and dark
 That the stars were not somewhere shining;
 There is never a cloud so heavy and black
 That it has not a silver lining.
 There is never a waiting-time weary and long
 That will not sometime have an ending;
 The most beautiful part of a landscape is where
 The sunshine and shadows are blending.
 Into every life some shadows will fall
 But Heaven sends the sunshine of love;
 Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will
 See the beautiful blue up above.
 Let us hope on, though the way may be long.
 And the darkness be gathering fast:
 For the turn in the road is a little way on,
 Where the homelights will greet us at last.

—Author Unknown.

THE RUNT

By G. E. Wallace, in *Good Business*

Fortune had not played fair with Stanley Stanford, it seemed, for his desires and ambitions assumed proportions far beyond the possibilities of his dwarfed physical vigor. Often, on his way to work, he found his mind at the helm of a laboring vessel, in the midst of seas running high and crashing on the deck, yet moving forward in the face of certain death and destruction to the rescue of a ship in the distance. He thrilled when he read tales of daring. Once he tried to get work where there was adventure, but the man in charge just laughed. And Stanley laughed, too.

"Sorry," said the man, "but you are just a runt. We have to have real he-men on this job." And as Stanley walked slowly away, his thin legs seemingly unequal to the task, the man stood and admired the lad's nerve—and he didn't laugh. Instead he did something unusual for him. "I'm sorry, buddy!" he bellowed. And from that day Stanley walked with his head held a little higher. A real man had called him "buddy!"

"Say, Ned," he said one day to an associate in the office, "did you see that account of the Norgen?" Ned had, but he wasn't concerned about the Norgen. "That was an exploit!" continued Stanley. "Imagine sticking to a ship in danger just because of loyalty to—"

"Pipe down, runt!" interrupted Ned. "We've got something more important to think about. Have you heard what's about to happen to us? The boss may close up his office."

The remark made Stanley, too, forget about the Norgen. "What's that?" he said.

"We're not making good, I guess. If they close us up, all of us will be let out."

Stanley was silent. He knew they hadn't produced the business—yet. The main office had only a few months previously established the uptown office. It wasn't well known yet, but they were moving forward. Stanley looked at a chart. Strange they hadn't considered that, he thought. And while he was surveying the situation, Mr. MacFarland, in charge of the uptown office, stepped in and took a seat near where Stanley was standing. He looked distressed.

"Anything I can do?" asked Stanley earnestly.

MacFarland did not answer, but suddenly he exclaimed, "It's a question of getting more business, or cutting expenses. Don't be surprised at anything!"

On the next pay day, Stanley was neither surprised nor chagrined to find a cut in his pay. He whistled as he read the explanation. "A temporary necessity," the notice read, "to save the uptown office."

To make the situation worse, an unfortunate condition developed that threatened the services of the head accountant, Betty Gordon, on a mysterious illness.

When Stanley learned of the threat, he said quietly to Betty, "I can do part of that work; I have extra time at noon, and I have nothing to do

after hours."

At first Betty did not seem to comprehend. Their eyes met significantly, and for a moment they were silent. There was not a selfish bone in Stanley's body.

"You would do that—for me?" Betty said, tears rising in her eyes. "Why not?" said Stanley cheerfully.

"But it may be a long time—the doctor says so." Betty's voice almost broke.

"Doctors can be wrong," Stanley suggested; "and besides, what difference does it make?"

Then came weeks when Betty Gordon was in the office only a few hours each day, and the management was perplexed how her work was done so completely and thoroughly. At the same time Stanley Stafford was winning a reputation for studiousness and enterprise. The uptown office was gradually faring better, and salaries were soon restored to their former satisfactory basis. Stanley was given a large degree of credit for the improved condition. Then too, in due time Betty Gordon returned to her position full time.

One day it was announced that MacFarland, manager of the uptown office, was being promoted, and a farewell banquet would be held. Stanley was advised of the affair, but considered his presence inconsequential, especially since he was devoting all his spare time to special studies.

"But, Runt," declared Ned, "don't you think you should honor MacFarland by your presence?" It had not

occurred to Stanley that he owed obligation to his superior, and so, at the appointed banquet, he found himself present.

The General Manager made a flowery speech commending the retiring manager of the uptown office. MacFarland responded with a modest statement of his pleasure in working with the office staff. That was as it should be, Stanley thought, applauding with the others.

Then MacFarland spoke again. What was he saying? Stanley could not quite understand—he was dazed. He heard MacFarland mention his name—something about the "runt." But why insult—it hurt! What was that? "Stanley Stafford—his brilliant work—helped to put the uptown office—assisted Miss Gordon—not rewarded—" It could not be—it was all a dream! The applause was deafening as he thought he heard MacFarland say something about "Stanley Stanfford—the new manager." Stop it! Stop it! There was Betty, and Ned, and Jimmy, and all the others—cheering like mad!

Someone took Stanley by the shoulder. It was the General Manager. "Congratulations, Stanley," he said; "the existence of the uptown office is due to your work. We want to thank you."

Stanley tried to say something, but he could not utter a sound. Betty Gordon came and thanked him, but he could only stand there and look at her. He was such a poor sort—he could not even thank anybody. He was just a "runt."

day have been swept away and today of a Christian world as well as a
 Christian parents must think in terms Christian home.

PLACE NAMES OF COLUMBUS

(Exchange)

Perhaps no other figure in history has been honored with so many American place names as has Christopher Columbus, the Genoese sailor who blazed a fifteenth-century trail of exploration and settlement to the New World.

The names of a few native-born Americans—such as Lincoln, Washington, and Franklin—may appear more frequently on the map of the United States. But Columbus and the several poetic variations of the name can be found on the maps of Canada, Central America, and South America as well, to give him first place among the New World names.

In our country alone, there are nine teen cities and towns called Columbus, the largest of which is the state capitol of Ohio. If the sixteen Columbian and the sixteen other variations of the two names are counted, we have the respectable total of fifty-two American communities called after the Genoese seafarer.

Ten of our states have counties named in his honor. Eight are called Columbia, with one each of Columbus and Columbiana. In addition, there is the District of Columbia, the seat of our Federal Government.

The Columbia River, most of which flows through the United States on its seaward course, separating the states of Washington and Oregon, actually rises across the Canadian border in the Providence of British Columbia—still another tribute to the adventuring Columbus.

In South America, the Republic of Columbia is one more token of remembrance for the man who has been so widely honored in the three Americas.

Historians tell us that the ancestors of Columbus once lived in Spain, where the name of Christopher Columbus was originally Cristobal Colon. Both of these names have their New World name-sakes of Cristobal and Colon at opposite ends of the Panama Canal.

Tributes to Columbus in the United States do not end with place names on the map, however, the famous exposition in Chicago in 1893 was known as the Columbian World's Fair. The Columbian postage stamp issued at the time represent the first commemorative postage stamp printed by the United States. And the commemorative fifty-cent piece issued in conjunction with the fair was the first commemorative coin to be issued by the United States.

Faith is the belief in the truth of what you hope for.

THE GIRDLED TREE

By Dr. John W. Holland, in *Sunshine Magazine*

For three hundred years an oak had grown. It had witnessed the entire development of the United States. Winter had wrestled with its strength, and summer storms had twisted its boughs. It seemed to thrive on the difficulties that had laid low all the other trees of the forest. One day some mischievous boys took an axe and hacked a circle around the tree. The next spring the three tried to leaf out, but the little leaves yellowed, and dropped off.

A young man came to a university. Back of him were generations of sober, serious-minded ancestors. This lad looked like a Greek god walking among men. Prizes came to him on the athletic field almost without effort. Samson-like, he pushed his burly way through the various college sports. His breast was not large enough to carry the letters he won.

After twenty years, in a discussion among his former classmates, the question was asked as to why he had so signally failed in life. There was but one answer. Social dissipation girdled him. In a thoughtless hour he had hacked away the strength of ten generations.

Abraham Lincoln is being better understood with each decade. Once when he was surrounded by a lot of

drinking companions, he lifted a barrel of whiskey on a wager that he could not. He put his mouth to the bung, but let the whiskey spill to the ground. Then he said to the group, whose mouths were watering for the liquor, "If I were to drink this stuff, I would not have the strength to lift this barrel. You would do well to pour this liquor on the ground, as I started to do, if you wish to remain healthy and strong."

In Chicago one day I walked along Madison Street from Halstead to Canal. Hundreds of idle men thronged the street. A sick feeling came over me as I studied their faces. Bleared of eye, desultory and broken in purpose, some of them were the victims of their own weaknesses, others were hurt by the sins of their fathers. At the end of the mile walk I could but think, "How beautiful a thing life may become if young men and women will not girdle their lives; how unspeakably hopeless existence will become when it drops into the sag of the lower senses."

Most of our hopeless creatures did not intend to become walking wrecks along the street of the city's abandoned men and women. Somewhere back along the track, in a weak moment they girdled their strength.

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There is no defeat except from within. There is no really insurmountable barrier save your own weakness of purpose.—Emerson.

HOME DEFENSES

By Claude F. Gaddy.

In recent years much has been written and spoken with regard to the breaking down of the modern home. Most of these observations have come from men and women who have reached what we commonly think of as middle age, and are based on standards and ideals which were established by their parents for the homes in which they were reared. It is not difficult to understand how those of us living today would be rather pessimistic about modern home conditions. This criticism of the home is usually directed against the parents, and often sincere and honest parents are made to suffer. Certainly, those of us who are inclined to indulge in the pastime of criticizing parents for the conditions existing in modern home should do so with caution and in a spirit of Christian understanding. A moment's reflection will reveal to us the fact that our homes today are without the protection and defenses enjoyed by those in which we were reared. The past thirty years have brought into our society conditions which have completely changed the life in the American home. Modern transportation facilities, commercialized recreation, and the spirit of restlessness have all set a new tempo for our lives. The use of modern machinery in the production of our agricultural products has given youth on farms more time for recreation and travel, and certainly the coming of the present-day public consolidated school has had no small part in these

marked changes in our home life. Whereas we had the restricted social circle of the small community school, the youth of today find themselves in the much larger circle of the consolidated school early in life. One who considers these and many other factors in modern life is not surprised to see parental authority and guidance having less influence than was true in our own lives. To say the least, the problems of the modern home have changed and our approach to them must be different. Certainly, the home builder of today must recognize the ever-enlarging field of influences from the outside world which are in some respects weakening, if not replacing, those of the parents. The division lines which rather definitely marked the scope of the influences of the home and the community are rapidly disappearing. It may be need to stay at home more and make proper to suggest that our parents every possible effort to make home life attractive, but when all this has been done, we must recognize the parental responsibility of going beyond the home circle and becoming, insofar as possible, the controlling influence in the life of youth outside the home. Such recognition will carry us as parents into the activities of the church, the school, community recreation, and wherever we find young people seeking satisfaction for their lives. The walls of defense that surrounded the homes of yester-

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The Reverend Tarlton pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church of Concord, was the guest speaker at the Sunday afternoon service.

Before he began speaking the congregation sang, "Faith is the Victory" and "Faith of Our Fathers." Rev. Harbinson, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church led in prayer.

Rev. Tarlton read for the Scripture lesson the First Psalm and discussed each verse as to its meaning and how it can be applied to each one of our lives.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Since everyone likes to talk and walk we were warned to be careful with whom we walk and talk. If we aren't careful we are liable to find ourselves walking with ungodly people and before we are aware of their influence in our thinking we are liable to be sitting down with them, and talking and taking counsel, from the very ones we are warned against by the Psalmist.

"But this delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he mediate day and night." In this verse we have the godly man, thinking the thought God would have him think, studying God's law and thinking how it might apply in his life that he might keep others and keep himself and those whom he might influence in the path of righteousness.

"And he shall be like a tree planted

by the river of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Rev. Tarlton illustrated this verse by telling how the Forest Reclamation service sees that water is stored up and used to develop irrigation projects that cause the trees to grow and flowers to bloom in sections that once were desert lands. The trees planted near the water grow mighty and are productive of fine fruit. So it is with the man that studies righteousness and avoids evil companions so produces fruit of goodness and prospers even as the tree that is planted by the water.

"The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." The speaker told of how in his boyhood he had the task of keeping the thresher free from the chaff, which at that time was worthless; it was would get into his hair and down his neck and caused him much personal discomfort. The ungodly are like this worthless chaff no account, but must be removed.

"Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." In conclusion the speaker warned everyone listening to beware of associating with evil doers and to follow in the way of the righteous and thus become as the tree planted by the river of waters.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

—Cecil.

—:—

Conduct is three fourths of life.

—Matthew Arnold.

He that hath a trade hath an estate.—Franklin.

—:—

When flatters meet the devil goes to dinner.—De Foe.

—:—

A boy is better unborn than untaught.—Gascoigne.

—:—

The creation of a thousand forest is in one acorn.—Emerson.

—:—

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

—:—

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.—Shakespeare.

—:—

The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.—C. Simmons.

—:—

If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him.—Voltaire.

The great art of learning, is to undertake but little at a time.—Locke.

—:—

Gayety is often the reckless ripple over depths of despair.—E. H. Chapin.

—:—

The fellow who says, "What's the use," is not the locomotive; he's just the caboose.

—:—

We should not merely desire to live and let live, but to live and help others live more fully.

—:—

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.—Edwin Stuart.

—:—

When tempted to lose patience with

the other fellow, just pause and think how patient God has been with you.

—:—

Our eyes when gazing on single objects, are out of their calling, and out of God's keeping.—Fuller.

—:—

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.—Prentice.

—:—

The difference between failure and success is doing a thing nearly right and doing it exactly right.

—Edward C. Simmons.

—:—

Achievement is the yardstick by which the world measures you. Ambition is the standard of measurement used only by our real friends.

—:—

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

—:—

What we do, we had better do right away. The clock ticks now and we hear it. After a while the clock will tick and we will not hear it.

An insincere demonstration of love has no more real substance than a shimmering mirage on a barren desert.—Mary Sanders.

—:—

Politeness has been compared to an air cushion, which although there is apparently nothing in it, eases our jolts wonderfully.—George L. Carey.

—:—

Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—Auerbach.

I desire no future that will break the ties of the past.—George Eliot.

—:—

People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have relations to blush for them.

—Haliburton.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Telephoning is like marriage—you don't always get the right party.

When I was a kid in school I studied geography. I'll never forget the teacher's map.

I know a woman who was so fond of vegetables that she married a fighter with cauliflower ears.

Jake asked Abe: "How long are you in business?"

"I was born in 1890," answered Abe.

There's a big sign outside a Centralia laundry which says: "Don't kill our wife, let us do your dirty work."

Did you hear of the college graduate who thought he wasn't allowed to get married because he had a bachelor's degree?

Two kids were arguing. "Don't say you stole your nickel," warned one.

"I'm out a nickel and you're eating peanuts," insinuated the other.

They say if you catch a cold and don't attend to it, it will last fourteen days; but if you go to a doctor and take medicine you can get rid of it in two weeks.

One of our teachers asked her pupil to "define an onion."

"An onion," exclaimed the pupil, "builds you up physically and tears you down socially."

A barber was shaving himself. "Look out, Tony," warned his wife, "you'll cut yourself."

"Why should I be careful," asked Tony. "I'm no customer."

Talk about being crushed and squeezed in a bus. I got on the Centralia—Centralia bus the other evening

with a copy of Grapes of Wrath and when I got off I had a handful of wine.

A lawyer learned that a certain fellow had seen an accident, so he went to him and asked him to be a witness.

"Yes, I'll be a witness for you, but," he warned, "I haven't time to go to the rehearsals."

A teacher questioned a small pupil. "What is cowhide used for," she asked.

"To hold the cow together, for one thing," replied the imaginative one.

A fellow was taking a Civil Service examination. "What does the aurora borealis mean?" was the final and deciding question.

"It means," said the completely baffled fellow, "that I don't get the job."

A country visitor questioned a farmer: "How does the land lie around here?"

"It ain't the land that lies," informed the farmer, "it's the real estate agents."

A man who had trouble with his eyes wrote the following testimonial to his oculist:

"Dear Doctor—Before you fitted me with glasses I could hardly see, but now I can plainly see my finish."

Here's the modern version of "Joe, The Fireman:"

Oh, Fireman, Fireman, save my life!
As flames and smoke arose.
She's now his wife, he saved her life,
He brought the Nylon hose!

A little boy asked his father: "Papa, will you please explain the difference between Capital and Labor?"

His father replied: "If you lend money—it's capital, and when you try and get it back it's labor!"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 20, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
J. W. Sorrell
Herbert Stadler
Rufus Tuggle

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Roy Everheart
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Lipscomb
J. C. Littlejohn
Bobby Long
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Jimmy Armstrong
Richard Cook

COTTAGE No. 2

Billy Anderson
Bobby Blake
Robert Canady
Eugene Everington
Billy Holder
Lewis Holt
Lester Jenkins
Billy Jenkins
Horace Jordan
Cecil Kallam
Thomas Martin
Eddie Medlin
Eugene Peterson
Fulton Phillips
Van Robinson
Billy Shore
Clyde Smith
Wayne Whittington
James Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

James Arrowood
James Christy
Bobby East
Glenn Evans

Waylon Gardner
Wayne Millsap
Harold Mitchell
Doyle Parish
E. J. Prim
Jimmy Sehen
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster
Clyde Leonard
Phillip Kirk
Earl Medford

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Billy Best
Elmore Dowless
Herman Fore
Jackie Hargett
James Howell
Billy Ray Keene
Kenneth King
J. C. Miceal
Lewis Parris
Jerry Peavey
Glenn Rice
Buddy Ray Swink
Harold Wilkinson
Leroy Williams
Elwood Wilson
J. C. Woodell
Charles Woodrow

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Tommy Collins
Robert Evans
Glenn Jones
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Lewis Southerland
Dorman Porter

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Gary Dudley

Judson Finch
 Clarence Groves
 Herman Hutchins
 Raymond Harding
 Paul Hendren
 Eugene McLean
 Edward McInnis
 Dwight Moore
 Ray Minish
 Eugene Newton
 Charles Stanley
 James Tuggles
 Robert Williamson
 Kenneth Walters
 Marvin Guyton
 Marshall Beaver
 Ted Clonch
 John Potter

COTTAGE No. 11

Willis Caddell
 Bunyan King
 Thomas Linville
 Jimmy Rogers
 Tommy Edwards
 James Allen

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Blackburn
 Garland Brinn
 Zane Brisson
 John Gregory
 Ray Moses
 Fred Painter
 Edwin Parker
 Harold Sellers
 Joe Swink
 Kenneth Horne
 Gerald Johnson

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
 Earl Bowden
 Elbert Gentry
 Frank Grady
 Richard Harper
 Thurman Hornaday
 Ray Lunsford
 Jerry Peek
 Billy Teer
 Paul Turner
 Charles Walker

COTTAGE No. 15

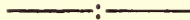
Vernon Allen
 Willard Brown
 Jack Burchell
 Alvin Fox
 Harry Hill
 Thelbert Suggs
 Thomas Scroggs
 Carroll Teer
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Edens Chavis
 Pernell Deese
 Carl Davis
 Waitus Edge
 Charles McDaniels
 Perry Leon Martin
 Ralph Morgan
 Franklin Phillips
 Billy Smith
 Francis Thomas
 Bobby Woodruff
 Jimmy Mobley

INFIRMARY

Harvey Honeycutt
 Albert Cox



It's a ten to one bet that when someone slaps you on the back he's trying to make you cough up something.



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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 3, 1948

NO. 27

JUL 5 1948

MEN WANTED

Men who can think, men who can play:
 Those with respect for their fellow-man,
 Men on the square, who scorn doing wrong,
 Who can meet defeat with a song;
 Men with faith that never falters,
 And a spirit gold never alters;
 Men who can work as well as play
 Are wanted by the world today.

—Fern E. Garwood.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Published Weekly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher

FACULTY ADVISER—Frank H. Braswell

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock

REPORTERS—Herman Hughes, J. W. Sorrell, Gerald Johnson, Glenn Evans, Jerry Rippy.

SPORTS WRITER—Herman Hughes.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Talmadge Duncan.

LINOTYPE OPERATORS—Alfred Davis, Silas Orr, Joseph Blackburn.

PRINTING CLASS—J. W. Sorrell, Gerald Johnson, Hugh Ball, Johnny Weaver, Jerry Rippy

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published Weekly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

J. C. FISHER, Printing Instructor

IT PAYS TO BE COURTEOUS

Courtesy is politeness combined with kindness. It is an attitude of mind and an expression of judgment. It is reasoned thoughtfulness. It is not essentially inherent in life. It is an acquired and cultivated trait. It is a trait which anyone may acquire through will and effort. It is available to the educated and uneducated, the rich and the poor. Common courtesy pays big dividends in personal satisfaction and brings other rewards.

Courtesy is expressed in words, attitudes, conduct and good deeds. It may be in the tone of voice, a greeting, a thank you, or the placing of a chair. It is made up of many little every-day kindness rather than in some big display.

Courtesy pays in many ways. It pays in business. The genuinely courteous salesman brings trade. The courteous agent sells tickets. The writer goes invariably to a certain ticket agent when contemplating a trip because he is the essence of courtesy.

The courteous person makes friends, one of the greatest assets in life. He commands respect and invites courtesy in return. To him who is courteous, courtesy will be shown. One of the greatest recommendations one may write of one is, he is a very courteous person.—Selected, From the New Leaf.

CHANGE IN POLICY

Beginning with this issue, The Uplift will be changed from a weekly paper to a monthly paper. This is brought about by the high cost and scarcity of printing paper and other essentials in the printing trade, and also the lack of help in the printing office. If and when circumstances are more favorable, the paper may go back on a weekly basis.

In making this change, it is planned to make the publication more nearly a school paper. The columns will be filled with campus news pertaining to boys and staff. The paper will likewise be divided in-

to departments showing the activities in each department. In this way we hope the readers will learn more of the inside workings of the school.

* * * * *

LOYALTY—RESPONSIBILITY

The staff and boys of the Jackson Training School are to be commended for their loyalty during this trying period of change. Things have gone on in a much better way than might have been expected under the circumstances. This is due, to a large extent, to the desire of the staff to hold the name of the school in the high place it has held throughout the years.

Now that Mr. Scott has arrived, there is an added feeling of zeal and loyalty to bring about a reorganization which will even raise the high standard set at the school. Mr. Scott, naturally, will spend a while "getting acquainted" with his new job. This is quite a big order, for the reason that a school of this kind is a big organization. It is a complete community, in that it is, to a large extent, self-sustaining. There are home and school, trades and farm, machinery and stock, all a part of the organization. As the new Superintendent becomes more acquainted with all of these things, it is but natural that there will be changes in program and policy. That always comes about with a change in administration. Some of the changes may be a little hard to accept. This is because we have done things a certain way so long. No change will be attempted for the sake of changing, but for the desire to make the program better for the boys for whom the school exists. The success of the plan will be determined by the loyalty of the staff in conforming to the leadership of the superintendent.

There is one thing we cannot get away from, and that is individual responsibility. Each person has to accept his own, and he cannot blame the other fellow. The more responsibility we assume, the bigger we are, and the more ability we have to accomplish things, the more generous we become in our desires to be more helpful. In a place of this kind, the staff has a responsibility to the administration and to the boys. Boys have an opportunity to learn what responsibility is and to develop the pattern of doing a job well. The school is more interested in a job being done well than that it be

done quickly. A job well done is always a pride to the doer, and this increases our moral and spiritual strength. This is closely akin to the forming of good habits, which within itself can mean the building of a good life.

With loyalty and with a feeling of individual responsibility this school is at the threshold of a better day. If we can work together hand in hand, each staff member and each boy pulling his part of the load, the school will go forward in a happy way. Not much progress is made with a team of horses when one is pulling forward and one backward. The same is true with an organization. May we all realize this and pull together with Mr. Scott, our new Superintendent, for a bigger and better Jackson Training School.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each week the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these weekly announcements.

Week of July 4, 1948

- July 4—Bennie Riggins, Cottage 11, 15th birthday
- July 5—Bobby Pope, Cottage 1, 13th birthday
- July 5—Jimmy Delvechio, Cottage 11, 15th birthday
- July 8—Billy Bostian, Cottage 11, 14th birthday
- July 9—Ray Moses, Cottage 13, 14th birthday
- July 10—Elwood Wilson, Cottage 5, 16th birthday

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Local News Items

Gerald Johnson—Reporter

Mr. and Mrs. Liske and Mr. and Mrs. Horne are now back from their vacation and it seems they had a very good time. Now Mr. and Mrs. Braswell and Mr. and Mrs. Russell are taking their vacation and we surely hope they have an enjoyable time.

Recently, Miss Vernie Goodman visited the school for a short period. Miss Goodman was at one time secretary to one-time superintendent of our school, Mr. Boger. At the present time, Miss Goodman is employed with the Lowman Home in White Rock, S. C. We were glad to see her and hope she will come again soon.

Sunday, Mr. Leon Godown visited the school. Mr. Godown was formerly employed at the school as printing instructor, and he did a fine job getting out *The Uplift* each week. He is now employed as circulation manager for the *Concord Tribune*, Concord, N. C. We hope Mr. Godown will visit us more often.

The school received a large amount of lumber, recently. This lumber will be used to build a new barn for our Hereford cows. The other barn the carpenter shop built a few years back was destroyed by lightning and now the carpenter shop boys are rebuilding it.

For the past few days, the printing shop boys have been very busy print-

ing checks in triplicates for the Morrison Training School at Hoffman, N. C. They will have them finished soon and then they will be expressed to Hoffman.

Monday, we were glad to have as a visitor to the school another of our former boys, Richard Patton. Richard was admitted to the school on October 2, 1936 and was conditionally released on July 11, 1941. While at the school, he was in Cottage 3 and he worked as office boy. After leaving the school, Richard joined the Navy and served there for four years. Then after being released from the Navy, he joined the Army and is now stationed at Camp Jackson in South Carolina. We are glad he is making a good record and we hope he can come to see us again soon.

No. 3 Defeats No. 10

By Glenn Evans, 10th Grade

No. 10 was defeated by No. 3, 14 to 1, Saturday. The game was very exciting and we had a good time. Carl Davis was the umpire.

Softball Game

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd grade

Saturday, No. 11 played No. 2 in a game of softball. Willis Caddell was the pitcher for No. 11 and Eddie Medlin was the pitcher for No. 2. The score of the game was 41 to 2 in favor of No. 11. We hope we win all of our games and win the championship.

Cottage 9 Lose Ball Games

By Francis Thomas, 9th Grade

Cottage 17 played No. 14 Saturday, and they beat us, 6 to 5. Both cottages played a good game. We hope to win our next game.

Cottage 11 Defeats Cottage 2

By Thomas Linville, 9th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 11 defeated No. 2, 11 to 10. Joe Spears was the umpire. After the game we all went swimming and had a good time.

Baseball Game

By Eugene Wyatt, 4th Grade

Sunday night, Cottage 10 defeated No. 15, 5 to 3. Gerald Johnson pitched for No. 10 and Bobby Peck pitched for No. 15. We enjoyed the game very much.

Our Ball Game

By Lewis Holt, 4th Grade

Cottage 7A beat No. 5, 8 to 4. Russell Beaver was the umpire. This was the first game No. 5 had lost. We hope we can win all our games this year.

No. 11 Wins Over No. 2

By Wayne Whittington, 3rd Grade

Saturday, No. 2 played No. 11 and they beat us 11 to 10. It was a very close game all the way. After the game, we went in swimming and had a good time.

No. 13 vs. No. 1

By Charles Franklin, 8th Grade

No. 1 won its first game of the year

against No. 13 Saturday, 10 to 3. Mr. Tomkinson was the umpire. We hope to win some more games before the season is over.

The Workline

By Paul Hendron, 9th Grade

For the last few days, the boys in the evening 9th grade have been going to the work-line to help hoe corn and beans. It is hard work, but we don't mind it so much.

Going to Ball Game

By Lewis Parish, 8th Grade

Saturday, Cottages No. 5, 15, and 16 went to the ball game over town. Salisbury played Concord and beat them. We enjoyed the game very much and we wish to thank our officers for making this trip possible.

Ball Game

By Lee Bradshaw, 8th Grade

Saturday, Cottage 14 played No. 17 in baseball. No. 17 started off in the lead, but No. 14 caught up with them and then beat them, 6 to 5. It was a good game and we all enjoyed it.

Ball Game

By Odean Chapman, 3rd Grade

No. 4 played No. 9 Saturday and we beat them, 7 to 3. Bill Thornton pitched for No. 4 and Paul Hendron pitched for No. 9. It was a good game. Neither of the teams scored before the fourth inning.

Cottage 15's Ball Game

By Bobby Kerr, 9th Grade

Cottages 15 and 5 played ball again

Saturday. Ray Bridgeman and Alvin Fox pitched for No. 15 and Billy Best and Louis Parrish pitched for No. 5. The final score was 16 to 6 in 15's favor. It was a good game and we all enjoyed it.

Taking Pictures

By Bunyan King, 4th Grade

Some of the boys in No. 11 had their pictures taken. Mr. Rouse took them for us. We expect to get them back this week. We will send some of them to our parents. We thank Mr. Rouse for taking them for us.

The Softball Game

By Harold Mitchell, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, Cottage 3 and Cottage 10 played softball. Cottage 3 beat No. 10, 14 to 1. It was a good game. I liked it very much. It was the best game we have played this year.

The Third Grade

By Elijah Spivey, 3rd Grade

Miss Oehler took the third grade on a hike through the orchard. We picked some apples and berries. We went on down the road to the gravel pit and then to the store. Miss Oehler got us some bubble gum and some drinks and candy. We had a good time. We thank Miss Oehler for taking us.

The Little Ducks

By Billy Ray Keene, 3rd Grade

The boys of Cottage No. 5 have 6 little ducks. We got them from the pond at the farm. We are going to

keep them for about three weeks so that they will not catch the weak legs.

We kill flies and feed them to the ducks. When they get big enough we will put them back on the pond.

We are having lots of fun with them.

Picking Blackberries

By Jackie Hargett, 8th Grade

Last week, No. 5 went blackberry picking and we found a lot of them. The three that picked the most got to go to the show. The fourth one got a pepsi-cola. Kenneth King picked the most. The three others were J. C. Mikeal, Jimmy Cauthern, and Bill Best. We picked 17 gallons and canned them.

Promotion Time

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade

We had promotion day last week. We got a few boys from another grade. About 15 of the third grade went to the fourth grade.

We got about 15 new boys in the morning section. Some of the morning boys got promoted to the afternoon section. We all like the afternoon school, because we get to play longer than the morning boys.

Mr. Braswell's Vacation

By Billy Jenkins, 9th Grade

Recently, some of the officers have been going on their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Horne and Mr. and Mrs. Liske have just returned from theirs. Now Mr. and Mrs. Braswell and Mr. and Mrs. Russell are off on theirs. All the boys are looking forward to the

time when they will go back to their cottage. We all hope the officers will have a very nice vacation.

Our School Room

By John Gainey, 5th Grade

The fifth grade school room was so hot this morning that Mrs. Liske took us down to the first grade room, which is not being used. Here we have a large electric fan in the center of the room. It is really nice and cool. We hope that soon we can have a fan in our fifth grade room, so we can go back there. We think our room is nicer, because of all the extra things we have.

The Dentist

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Dr. Dudley, the dentist, has been working on the boys teeth. He has fixed about 30 or more boys teeth. All of the boys are begging to go to the dentist because they know the dentist will fix their teeth and then they will shine and be pretty. They all like to have pretty white teeth. He has got to the 7th grade in the evening and to the 2nd grade in the morning. Dr. Dudley has about five or six more weeks here at the school and then he will go to another school. His home is in Asheville, N. C.

Mr. Scott's Apartment

By Glenn Rice, 5th Grade

Recently, the boys of the carpenter shop have been painting Mr. Scott's apartment, where he is going to live. The boys who did the painting were Billy Best, J. C. Woodell, Richard

Whitaker, Donald Austin, and Glenn Rice. Other helpers, who cleaned up, were Jack Hargett, Billy Anderson, Leroy Williams. This work has been under the supervision of Mr. Carriker and Mr. Cruse. We are quite sure that Mr. and Mrs. Scott are going to like their apartment.

Shoes

By Donald Austin, 5th Grade

While Mrs. Liske was away on her vacation, she bought 17 shoes to her collection. One shoe is a cut glass, amber color, the tall buttoned type, and was patented in 1886. Another one is a bronzed Roman sandal, a very rare type and one that Mrs. Liske is very proud of. She also has a pair of wooden Dutch shoes, worn in a stage play years ago in New York City, and later worn again in 1945 in a play in Cleveland. These shoes were given to her by some of her relatives. Another shoe she has is a China slipper, which is very old. It is white with gold primrose around the top. We are anxious to see these shoes and other ones which Mrs. Liske has been telling us about.

Scores And Standings

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Cottage 10 felt their second defeat of the season Saturday, as they were stopped by Cottage 16, 5 to 4. This put them into a third place tie with No. 16, with Cottage 15 now leading the league and No. 14 in second place. The time is getting short now, as the finishing line draws near; only five more games to be played before the final game, then the championship

will be played.	17	5	4	.556
Cottage 1 finally scored its initial win of the year as they defeated No. 13, 6 to 3. Other scores are as follows: 15 over 5, 16 to 6; 4 over 9, 7 to 3; 14 over 17, 6 to 5; and 11 over 2, 11 to 10.	4	4	5	.444
	9	2	7	.286
	11	2	8	.250
	13	1	8	.111
	1	1	8	.111

In the softball league, two of the first place tied teams were defeated. Cottage 10 was defeated by 3A, 14 to 1, and No. 5 was defeated by 7A, 8 to 3. Now 7A is leading the league and is the only team that has not suffered defeat. Results for the softball games were: 14 over 17, 17 to 11; and 11 over 2, 10 to 1

The standings of each cottage are as follows:

Baseball League:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
15	8	1	.889
14	8	2	.800
10	7	2	.778
16	7	2	.778
2	5	4	.556
5	5	4	.556

Softball League:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
7A	9	0	1.000
10	8	1	.888
3A	8	1	.888
5	8	1	.888
7B	5	2	.714
11	6	3	.667
14	6	4	.600
4	4	3	.571
15	4	3	.571
17	3	3	.429
3B	2	5	.286
6A	2	5	.286
2	2	6	.250
13	1	7	.125
6B	1	8	.111
1	0	6	.000
9	0	8	.000

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SOME MORE "PRACTICAL BENEFITS OF EDUCATION"

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. He said to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then three quarters of your life is gone."

Just then the boat tipped over and professor and boatman were dumped into the river. The boatman cried:

"Professor, can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

WHAT'S A BOY

(By Rev. John Mierop, D. D., in *The Progress*)

After a male baby has grown out of clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles, and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss it between meals, it becomes a boy.

A boy is nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can run like a deer, swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bel-low like a bull, eat like a pig or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

The world is so full of boys that it is impossible to touch off a firecracker, strike up a band, or pitch a ball game without collecting about a thousand of them.

Boys are not ornaments. They are useful. If it were not for boys the newspapers would go undelivered and unread, and a thousand picture shows would go bankrupt. Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equaled only by the speed of a turtle on a July day.

The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor. He will not watch the clock. The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitudes of millions of families whose boys are forever coming home to dinner about suppertime.

A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite, and he eats only when awake. He is a growing animal of superlative promise, to be fed, watered and kept warm; a joy forever, a nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation. Every boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged of man.

A noise covered with smudges, he is called a tornado because he comes in at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places, and leaves everything a wreck behind him. Boys faithfully imitate their Dads in spite of all the efforts to teach them good manners.

Boys are not popular, except with their own parents, but they do have many fine qualities. You can absolutely rely on a boy if you know what to rely on.

Boys are very durable. A boy, if not washed too often and if kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will survive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights and nine helpings of pie.

A boy loves to trade things. He will trade frogs, fishhooks marbles, broken knives and snakes for anything that is priceless or worthless.

When he grows up he will trade puppy love, warts, bashfulness and a cast-iron stomach for a bay window, pride, ambition, pretense, and a bald head—and will immediately begin to say that boys are not what they were in the good old days.

WHY MEN PRAY

(Arkansas Baptist.)

To ask why men pray one might as well ask why men breathe, as prayer has been called the breath of the soul. To ask why men pray one might as well ask why men work. Men work for various reasons—some for the love of it, some because of necessity, some because of habit; still others work to justify their existence. They are not willing to live in society without contributing to its welfare.

So we notice that men pray for various reasons. Some pray to inform God of their needs—they forget their heavenly Father knoweth the things they have need of before they ask. Prayer is not to inform a stranger abouts one's unfortunate position, but to share one's sincere heart's desires with a friend that is already interested.

Some men pray in order to change God's attitude toward them. This conception of prayer reflects on the character of God. God's attitude does not need to be changed because, it is already right. His attitude is right toward the sinner. He stands anxious and ready to redeem at any time the sinner turns to Him for salvation.

His attitude is right toward His children that have fallen in sin. He teaches that "every sin and transgression receives a just recompense of reward."

Some men pray to remind God of their virtues. The Pharisee said: "I thank thee that I'm not like other men." He calls attention to the fact that he not only fasts, but that he pays a tithe. In his prayer with him-

self, he set himself up as the gentleman of the parish. We do not need to remind God of our virtues because he knows all about them, if we have any.

We pray because Jesus said that men ought to pray. Jesus said 10 times as much about praying as He did about giving. Yet, He assumed every Christian would do some giving. When Jesus said that men ought to pray, or ought to tithe, or when He commands His servant to go out and baptize in His name, these matters are settled for some of us. They are not in the category of things to be argued about.

Then again we pray because prayer affords God the opportunity of giving us the best. Certainly God's best gift to His children is Himself, just as a parent's best gift to his child is himself. God can never give Himself to us freely until we commune with Him through the great medium of prayer.

Prayer is fellowship with the divine. Prayer affords God the opportunity of doing the best things for us. A father tells of the great disappointment that came when his son failed to express a desire for a college education which the father was preparing to give him. For months and years the father had anticipated with joy the privilege of sending his son to college, but the son never expressed a desire for a college education.

God's heart is greatly disappointed when His children never express a desire for the good things he has in store for them. Prayer is an expres-

sion of this desire, and gives God the opportunity of giving to us His best.

Again we pray in order that we might keep our lives pure. Someone has said that prayer will keep us from sinning, or sin will keep us from praying. It is the sinful life that makes our prayers ineffective. "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separate between you and your God and your sins have hid His face from you."

The psalmist said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Jesus said, "If ye abide in me and my word abide in you, ye shall ask whatsoever ye will and it will be given unto you."

Men pray in order that they might have the opportunity of praising God.

I have a friend that never refers to his mother with out paying her name some beautiful tribute. Paul seldom referred to God without a word of praise and appreciation.

Many of the great psalms are prayers of praise. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," or again. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," or "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Jesus said, when He prayed, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thou name." Oh, that men may pray so God can do His best for them and through them and in turn they may render unto Him the praise He deserves.

THE SCULPTOR

Before a marble block a sculptor stood
 And saw therein a form divine!
 With skill he labored day by day
 Until at last in exquisite design
 The statue stood unveiled in loveliness and grace,
 Among the works of art to find an honored place!

Life, too, in all its silent, shaping power
 A sculptor is to bring to light
 The strength and beauty of the soul,
 The finer qualities that reach the height
 Of noble character. The chips are cast away—
 And so the statue grows more perfect day by day!

—T. M. Ritzmann, Monroe, Wis., in Sunshine Magazine.

MEETING REVERSES WITH RESERVES

(By Edward J. Rees in Christian Advocate)

Reverses come to all of us. Life is like that. The difference lies in the manner in which reverses are met. If we have on hand a sufficient supply of reserves, these reverses can be turned into victories. Reverses and reserves are closely associated. The same letters used to spell one word are used in spelling the other. The only difference is in the location of two of the letters in the spelling of these two similar words, but two dissimilar experiences. Twist the letters around and see for yourself.

A financial reserve is a fund for future use. A military reserve is a number of troops who are reserved from the active line of battle to meet possible emergencies. A reservoir is a container for water reserved for future use. An athletic reserve is a number of players kept on the sidelines, to be sent into the game from time to time, to strengthen the regular members of the team, and oftentimes to turn defeat into victory. Anyone who witnessed, or heard by radio, the thrilling Rose Bowl game between Duke University and Southern California several years ago, recall that Duke was leading by a narrow margin of 3-0, this margin having been registered early in the game through a skillfully executed field goal by the trained toe of Tony Ruffa. In the dying moments of the game—less than 60 seconds—the Southern California coach began to send in reserves, one of which was a “fourth string” man. But this reserve was fresh, could run like a rabbit, and

catch a pass like a baseball. Coach Wade of Duke persisted in keeping his regulars in, regulars who had played a marvelous game, but men who were winded, tired, draggy. One of these substitutes, a fresh reserve, caught several passes, until finally he went across for the winning touchdown. Reserves turned seeming defeat into thrilling victory.

Life is like that, whether on the grid-iron, on the battlefield, or along life's pathway. The hero of my story is a man who was sold into captivity when a lad. Reverse came early with him. As he grew in strength and influence, he grew in his ability to interpret dreams, and his rules recognized his peculiar power and advanced him in his standing and his prestige. The wife of one of the rulers developed a liking for him, made him certain offers, and threw temptations in his way. Upon his refusing them, she grabbed his coat and screamed. Into her room came certain servants, and she placed the finger of accusation upon the young Hebrew who was far away from his native land. This young man was thrown into prison, and later released because of his ability to interpret dreams. Had not his jealous brothers sneered at him for his dreams and disdainfully called him “the dreamer”? But Pharaoh made him his right hand man, the governor, the prime minister of his land, with powers never before dreamed of. The people began to exclaim, “Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom

the spirit of God is." They shouted, "There is none so discreet and wise." A beautiful wife was won, and their first child was given a significant name, Manassah, meaning "forgetting" the past and its anguish. Their second son was named Ephraim, meaning "fruitful," and the harvest of his life was most productive from every standpoint. Said he, "God has made me to forget all my toil, and all my father's house." And again he exclaimed in triumph, "God has caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction!" His seeming tragedy was turned into certain triumph, his reverses into victories, because of his inner reserves.

People go down in the path of tragedy because they possess few inner reserves. Others triumph because of something within. They possess a faith, a confidence, an assurance, a sane view of things. They know their God. They are on speaking terms with Christ. They have laid up certain verses of Scripture, poetry, or have stored away certain philosophic conclusions, and the storms of life just can't blow them over. They know, and they know they know. In Christ is their confidence. Joseph, prime minister of Egypt, by the appointment of King Pharaoh, possessed the reserves which caused his triumph in the face of reverses.

A great famine came to Palestine and the regions beyond. Egypt had stored up enough grain for the seven years of distress, and had a supply for their neighbors. Joseph's interpretations of dreams had caused this wise provision. Down from Canaan came the ten brothers of Joseph, to

buy grain. Joseph at once recognized his own blood, the brothers who had sold him into the captivity of Egypt for a small morsel. Was not Jesus to be sold for 30 pieces of silver? They both became saviors, one a human savior, the other a divine Redeemer. Joseph began to talk with his brothers. They failed to discern his identity. In the stress of it all, he turned away to weep, for his heart went out to his brothers, to the youngest, Benjamin, who was at home with their father Jacob. Joseph required the presence of Benjamin, but sent the brothers home with their grain sacks filled, and the money which they had offered to him tucked away in each sack of grain. This act of kindness baffled the brothers. It confused their father.

Back to Egypt they went with Benjamin, their money, their astonishment, and their hopes. When they arrived, Joseph ordered that a banquet be served.

Court customs prevented Joseph from eating at the same table with others — especially Hebrews — his blood brothers with whom he had eaten many elaborate feasts in the land of his nativity during the days of his carefree childhood—the days of his dreams.

In the midst of the feast, the prime minister saw to it that Benjamin's plate was filled with five times the amount of his brothers. A bit later, when he could refrain himself no longer, he excused himself, entered his private chamber and wept. But he got a grip on himself, washed his face and came out and said, "Put on bread." He was determined not to be completely overcome by his grief.

The feast must go on. Said the clown before the circus opened, when handed a telegram telling of the death of his beloved mother, "The show must go on." Said the skilled surgeon, immediately prior to a delicate operation, when informed of a sorrow in his own family, "The operation must go on." Said a gallant young bomber prior to taking his place in the pilot's seat, when told of a great tragedy at home, "The bombing plane must sail on its mission; give it the gas." Life is like that. That is, when we have sufficient reserves in the face of terrific reverses. Everyone knows someone today, a devoted friend, a precious loved one, who is faced with seeming tragedy, almost certain defeat. That individual is presented to the throne of grace in prayer, in faith and confidence; but each one who prays for another in struggle, in storm, in uncertainty, wonders if within that loved one's heart there have been stored sufficient reserves through the years to meet the test. Joseph washed his face, came out, refrained himself, and triumphantly exclaimed, "Put on the bread!"

The drama reached its triumph when the prime minister calmly stated, "I am Joseph." Imagine the emotional surges or his eleven brothers gathered around the tables laden with the good things from Egypt's granaries. See the tears which flowed down brother's cheeks, not in private chambers, but in public places of feasting. Those brothers who had taken the "dreamer" and sold him into the captivity of Egyptian bondage. As Joseph wept aloud before his brethren, they joined in the chor-

us, but theirs were not tears of remorse, repentance and rejoicing. Life is like that.

Joseph could have demanded a price, but did not. He could have met his brothers with a demand of retaliation, but he did not. He could have paraded before them in the royal garments of his rulership, for he was next to Pharaoh, and Pharaoh was the one who kept Egypt in his palm and ruled it with his Mighty power. No, Joseph simply sat down as a brother before a common festal board, and ate the meal, as it choked in his throat, and the tears of rejoicing were wiped away. He ordered his brothers to make haste, and go for their father, all of which resulted in another glorious and drama-filled hour. Inner reserves bring about victories like that.

When reverse comes our way, what do we do? Some withdraw themselves from society. They go into seclusion. They meditate, philosophize, become transformed within, fortified for the future. Or they grow sour. They pout. They complain. They become cynical. They say that the world has tumbled in on them, and change that God is punishing them; and God is not just. Illness comes, and they announce to the neighbors that they are going to the hospital and that they will "come out feet first." Others make announcement of their hospital plans, but calmly state that they will "come out feet down, and head up," and they do, thank God! They wash their face, and come out. They say, "Put on bread, the feast of life must go on." Does not an oyster turn pain into a pearl? Why can't we?

Did not Milton, from his world of darkness, give us "Paradise Lost?" Then gave us the other chapter, "Paradise Regained?" Did not Robert Louis Stevenson write his many rippling lines, to be read and adored by little children, while he was fighting illness? Did he not cooperate with the doctor, with the nurses, with his family and friends, and make the world happier, brighter than he found it? Did not Job exclaim, "Though he slay me, I will trust him?" When Milton gladly questioned, "Does God exact day labor—light denied?" he was not presenting a complaint, but a philosophy of triumph. Did not Ella Wheeler Wilcox state with truthfulness her own conclusions,

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth
Must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its
own?"

Our world is filled with griefs, graves and groans, but Dr. George Buttrick said, "We are spirit in flesh, charted for eternal shores." And we are.

This is the message of the Cross. The message which refuses to grow old or secondary. The Man who prayed under the moonlight trees of Gethsemane, while the grey, snarled limbs swayed over his kneeling form, this Man had the secret. From his matchless life we receive new courage to face our own Calvaries in the calm of a Christian confidence. Then our seeming tragedies are turned into certain triumphs. Outward reverses are met with inner reserves. We just simply and calmly wash our faces, and come out, and put on the bread of life. The show must go on. Life is like that.

WHERE TO LOOK IN YOUR BIBLE

When God seems far away; read Psalm 139
 When you are sorrowful; read John 14; Psalm 46
 When men fail you; read Psalm 27
 When you have sinned; read Psalm 51; John 1-1
 When you worry; read Matthew 6:19-34 Psalm 43
 When in sickness; read Psalm 41
 When in danger; read Psalm 91
 When you have the blues; read Psalm 34
 When you are discouraged; read Isaiah 40
 When you are lonely or fearful; read Psalm 103
 When you want courage; read Joshua 1:19
 When you want rest and peace; read Matthew 11:25-30
 When looking for joy; read Collossians 3
 When you grow bitter or critical; read 1 Corinthians 13
 When you leave home to travel; read Psalm 121

—The Hawkeye.

A REVIEW OF PUBLIC HEALTH 1934-1948

(By D. Carl V. Reynolds in We The People)

Before a conjoint session of the State Board of Health and the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina, in Pinehurst, in May, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State Health Officer, who will retire at the end of next month, made his final report, covering the progress of Public Health in this State during his tenure of office. Following are some pertinent excerpts from this report, which should be of public interest.

In part, Dr. Reynolds said:

I come before you today to give a final accounting of my stewardship in a position to which I was called on November 10, 1934, namely that of your State Health Officer. In this brief foreword, I shall attempt to give you a broad picture of the expansion of Public Health in North Carolina during the intervening period, and I wish it understood, at the outset, that I claim no personal credit for the gains we have made, for they truly represent an outstanding example of organization at work, with a united purpose and a determination to succeed.

I could wish for my successor in this office no greater accomplishment than that he might be able to secure for those responsible for carrying on the activities of the State Board of Health salaries commensurate with their training and ability, and in keeping with what they might earn in private work.

The growth of Public Health activities in North Carolina during the period for which I am reporting to you at this time, from a standpoint of investment, is reflected in figures which I have caused to be compiled.

Total expenditures for the fiscal year of 1934-1935 amounted to \$285,944, as compared with \$2,814,937 for the fiscal year of 1946-1947, while total expenditures over this entire period amounted to \$21,291,268.

Of this total, only \$5,903,777 has come from State appropriated funds; \$2,199,632 from philanthropic and other funds, and \$13,187,858 from Federal Funds. I have omitted the odd cents in each instance.

Expenditures for any cause must be justified, or the effort nullified. What have we gotten for what has been spent? Even though these expenditures were made over a period that embraced depression, war, and finally, inflation, I think that every dollar has brought results. Much more could have been used to great advantage.

At this point, let us summarize, briefly and concisely, the expanded activities of the North Carolina State Board of Health over the past fourteen years period, for which I, quite naturally, feel a sense of responsibility, as the administration of affairs was incumbent upon me during the years for which this general report is being made.

We cannot go into detail as to any of the objects mentioned, although I shall discuss some of these briefly during the further rendition of this report.

Here are some of the outstanding accomplishments to which I am happy to refer at this time:

Organization of the North Carolina School of Public Health—Nursing and Dentistry—at Chapel Hill.

An intensive campaign against venereal diseases, which placed this State in the forefront for the entire nation.

Procurement of the first Negro doctor ever employed by any State Board of Health, for fulltime services—and the resultant expansion of health activities in behalf of our Negro population.

Promotion of the Crippled Children's activity, and its resultant benefit to thousands of young folk throughout the State.

Establishment of relations between North Carolina and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, during the epidemic of 1944, which ushered in a new day for the allocation of funds to States without red tape, and the hospitalization, medical and delayed surgical care of victims of infantile paralysis.

Eradication of mosquitoes in large areas, resulting in bring the Malaria death rate to practically zero.

Experiments in the eradication of flies, as well as mosquitoes, through the use of DDT, thus setting an example for the entire nation.

Establishment of the School-Health Coordinating Service, which promises to be a fertile field for promoting

good health ultimately among all the school children of North Carolina, through the processes of health education, screening, referrals etc.

North Carolina pioneered in the field of Public Health Education, and set the pace for others to follow in this tremendously important field of public health endeavor.

Erection of a new \$350,000 State Laboratory of Hygiene, the debt for which is being amortized by earnings from the Laboratory, together with the new farm as an adjunct to the Laboratory, which saves the people of North Carolina as estimated two and a half million dollars a year.

Work in the field of sanitation has included the erection of approximately a quarter of a million sanitary privies throughout the State, this having minimized the spread of intestinal disorders; water pollution control has been beneficially carried on, and the control of rodents has saved many hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages formerly attributed to these pests, although much remains to be done in this important field. After we made the survey that disclosed 400,000 insanitary privies, we were able to follow up with the erection of more than 200,000 of the sanitary type, in cooperation with the WPA.

The establishment of a Bureau of Tuberculosis Control, which already has launched a mammoth case-finding program, designed to locate, finally, every case of tuberculosis in North Carolina, through chest x-rays, more than a quarter of a million of which already have been made.

The setting up of a Bureau of Cancer Control, under competent medical direction, which will be a powerful

factor in the detection and cure of cancer in the early stages, and in the promotion of research designed to further the fight against this arch-enemy of mankind.

Expansion of industrial hygiene activities, destined to protect a large segment of our population against diseases due to dust hazards.

Establishment of the North Carolina Academy of Public Health, the first in the entire United States.

Creation of a Bureau of Nutrition and participation in the organization of the State Nutrition Committee, which has won an important place in the State's nutrition and food conservation program.

I consider among the most significant advances in public health during the fourteen years I have been privileged to act as your State Health Officer, the expansion of full-time local health units throughout North Carolina. In 1934, according to the records, there were only thirty-nine counties organized on a full-time basis with medical direction, and eight others had full-time services from a nurse or sanitarian working alone, a practice which the Board no longer approves.

As of December 31, 1947, ninety-six of the one hundred counties in North Carolina had developed some type of local health service. This is an increase of one hundred and forty-six percent, to say nothing of the increase in population served. Alexander and Henderson were the ninety-fifth and ninety-sixth counties, respectively which established the services in July, 1947.

As of December 31, 1947, there were 890 full-time budgeted positions with 79 full-time vacancies. Of this number, 16 were full-time health officer vacancies and 38 were public health nursing vacancies.

Our venereal disease control program now emphasizes largely the treatment of early syphilis in the two rapid treatment centers, located at Charlotte and Durham. Private physicians have referred many cases to these centers, as well as local health departments. During the calendar year of 1947, for example, total admissions to the two centers were 9,001. As of December 31, 1947, since the two centers were opened, 33,856 patients had been admitted. Practically all of gonorrhoea cases have been treated outside the centers, either by private physicians or local health departments.

Until 1937, 6,000 cases comprised the largest number ever reported. This previous high was doubled in 1937, more than tripled in 1938, and then in 1939, we received reports totaling 30,985 cases, an all-time high.

Time will not permit a detailed recital here, but the records of the State Board of Health's fight against syphilis, placing it in the forefront among all American States, is and will remain a matter of record. Though July 1, 1947, a total of considerably more than four million tests had been run through the State Laboratory of Hygiene, including 552,714 voluntary serological tests among selectees when the draft law became operative in 1941.

HATE

(By Clarence W. Stewart in *The Echo*)

In this troubled world of today there is a growing cry, arising from the people, demanding that we cast aside our hatreds in order that we might attain the peace we all desire—that we might live in harmony with each other. Cast aside our hatreds, indeed! This is no time to “turn the other cheek.”

G. B. Shaw once said, “Hatred is the coward’s revenge for being intimidated.” Using the word in its most narrow limits, he is right. But applying to it the broad, general, meaning it deserves, we might say instead, “Hatred is the strong Man’s sword with which he rights wrongs and builds and maintains great nations.”

We have all experienced hatred. From the earliest weeks of our lives we have sought to get our way and to impose our will upon others. Whenever any person or any thing impedes us, or restrains us, or belittles us, or is otherwise felt to be interfering with our plans, he or it is apt to feel our wrath.

The baby kicks and screams if he is held to tightly, or if his dinner is not forthcoming when he wants it. Grown older, the child flies into a passion when his belongings are taken from him, when he loses in a game, when his prestige is challenged. The adult resents slights, suspicions of his motives, sarcastic remarks, unfair treatment, being babied. He is angered by unfair business competition, by lack of appreciation from his superiors, by defiance in his home.

There is literally no end to the conditions that arouse our anger. From the annoyance at a persistent bly that buzzes around our head to bitter hatred of the base deeds of war lords and tyrants, we react characteristically. This powerful emotion leads to crime, or to needful reform; to work for peace, or to work for war; to the instigation of wrong, or the righting of wrong. It motivates great areas of our human conduct, inspiring us on the one hand to champion against their aggressors, the weak, the poor, the underprivileged, and on the other hand to plot vengeance, destroy property, incite rebellion. As the righteous wrath of the reformer, hatred has led to most of the great and enduring social achievements of the race. As the blind hate of the antisocial individual, it has led to devastating carnage. Like Galahad of old, men still despise the evil in the world, and even if they do not ride forth, like him, to overthrow it and establish justice in its place, they throw the weight of their influence on the side of social betterment.

As we come to represent justice and vice and their ugly role in the drama of life upon the earth, we are likely to join forces with other like-minded crusaders and to battle against whatever we believe to be retarding human progress and happiness. Those who champion the weak, the poor, the underdog; those who strive to rid society of its slums, its child labor; its crime, its selfishness, its ignorance and disease—these people are activat-

red or wrath thus becomes a powerful ally to the forces of good in the world.

It follows that, rather than to cry for men to forget, or over-look the things that cause their hatreds, we should urge others, and follow the

policy ourselves, to control their hatreds, and to bring their wrath to bear on those non-social, non-human elements, that we might exterminate than from this earth, that they might cease to be a threat to our well-being.



IMAGINATION COUNTS

Imagination has won a good many battles in human success. Imagination is faith in oneself. It is confidence in one's ability to do. It paints pictures on the mind. It foresees, plans, builds, and therefore is indispensable. Napoleon said that every victory on the battlefield was first won by the commanding officer in his mind the night before the actual battle—thought out in his headquarters.

Surely we cannot get very far without imagination. Memory looks back and recalls this fact and that incident. But imagination be creative, for it not only develops ideas but sells them to the time reaches into the future and deals with probabilities. It may wait on the world. It not only looks, but sees.

We say that a person is thoughtful. He takes a sensible course because he considers what might be, then does what he ought to do, and with marked success. That is constructive imagination. It is creative thought, it is a well laid out plan. This living much of our lives in the morrow, knowing yesterday's errors and gains, is essential if we are to move forward. Business needs it. Commercial and industrial interests compel it. There can be few gains without it.

If we are to be masters of ourselves, we must think constructively and develop imagination.—Selected.

WE LIVE ON TWO PLANES

(By Henry J. Nitzsche in The London Prison Farmer)

How do we live? Sounds like a foolish question but it isn't, for it is a more complicated affair than many realize. Of course, we function primarily on the sensory plane but the intellectual is more important, because without it there could be no real living, having here in mind the

Ordinarily we are governed by our

Ordinarily we are governed by our habitual reactions to sense phenomena. These influence our mental responses but, while influencing them, the former are independent of such phenomena. That is, the so-called mental functions can and do form the chief motivating force mainly because our faculty of reason comes into active play. Our reasoning, however, may be defective due to many causes. Yet that does not alter the fact that we are really intellectual agents—the degree of intellectuality depending on our mental development and this we can improve or have we the will.

In the realm commonly called the material world the average man is completely at home, and to him that world seems to be the only real one. Naturally, the materialistic-minded individual cannot conceive of any other existence but that which is material. For him, whatever is beyond the physical is non-existent. He fails to realize that he is far more than just so much vegetation, that he could not even function on the physical plane if it were not for that other more vital plane which we call the intellectual—or spiritual. Thus he comes readily and easily to the con-

clusion that after this existence—all is a blank. Oblivion! Non-existence! Annihilation! That is a philosophy of despair and hopelessness, and contrary to all normal aspirations of a sane and healthy identity.

True, we are surrounded by physical phenomena. We are alert to sense perceptions. We see, feel, taste the apple. Our so-called physical senses tell us all we need to know about it. But over and above all this there is the idea—an apple. The word is a convenient label tacked on to distinguish this apple from other fruit. Is there not evidence that there is something more to it than just the mere physical contact, something which informs us of the hidden forces which, in the first place, caused the apple to be what it is?

There is a realm we understand as the physical or material; there is also another we generally term as the realm of pure thought, the realm of abstract ideas, the spiritual realm of primary causation. The former could not be if the latter were unreal. And it is the latter that is more important, considered from a philosophical standpoint.

For example: A shoemaker sets out to fashion a shoe. He already has possession of the general idea of a shoe—in his mind. He knows how to make one. But he must fit the shoe to the foot. So he measures the foot, gathers his tools and materials and sets to work. In due time he produces a pair of shoes that are acceptable to the customer. Which was the

more important, the germ idea or the finished product? If the shoemaker did not know his business he couldn't do anything either with the tools or the material at hand. This proves that something else entered into the picture, something outside the material realm and in a different category.

It is plain then that our actions

are controlled, not by purely physical means but by our thoughts, and thoughts are the product of spiritual entities and are thus immaterial and independent of the physical world of sense and sensation. On two planes, then, do we function, but the vital one is that plane or realm called intellectual (spiritual, if you will).

THE RAIN-MAKER

Four centuries ago, the Natchez Indians of North America would club together to purchase favorable weather for their crops from their Tribal Wizard. Their offerings of gifts he would gracefully accept, and then would perform queer antics that guaranteed to please the most critical—but frequently would not produce the desired favorable weather. If rain was needed, the Wizard would fast and dance with a pipe in his mouth filled with water. The pipe was perforated like the nozzle of watering can, and through the holes the rain-maker would blow the water toward that part of the sky where the clouds hung heaviest. But if fair weather was wanted he would mount the roof of his hut, and with extended arms, and blowing with all his might, he would chase the clouds away. If the performance failed, he promptly put the finger on some wretched tribesman, accusing him of conduct unbecoming a true-blooded Natchez.

We have "rain-makers" today. When ever things go a little askew, we turn to them with our burnt offerings. It would seem that some of us never grow old enough to realize that the old virtues are the best. They have withstood the test of time. We rack our brains to find a substitute for hard work, when we know there is none. Everywhere we look, whether in private or public life, in somebody else's or in our own affairs, the conclusion is the same. Work is the formula for success—it is as simple as that!

—Adapted from an Old Almanac.

IF I WERE SATAN

(Baptist Standard in Charity and Children)

If you were Satan, knowing people as you do, what plans would you use to keep them from being saved? If we knew what a shrewd and designing enemy was constantly on our track, and was using every means possible to do us harm, how very watchful and careful would we be.

Satan is the deceiver. He is the trickster, the liar, the enemy, and we are warned to put on the whole armor of God, that we may stand against the wiles of the devil (Eph. 6:11). We must see to it that Satan does not get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices (2 Cor. 2:11). As a slight of hand performer he will deceive our very eyes, or if he can make us believe that he does not exist, and that Satan is only a myth, he has already accomplished his purpose, His aliases are many.

Satan makes sin attractive. In the way he caused Adam and Eve to doubt and to yield (Gen. 3:5). The God of this world blinds the minds of the unbelievers, lest they should see the light of the glorious gospel of Christ (2 Cor. 4:4). The society woman said that she were Satan her first plan would be to give glamour to sin. The devil gives his best first and his worst last. The pathway of pleasure grows rougher and less attractive. The more attractive the bait, the more you may be sure that there is a hidden hook. The mouse trap succeeds because the food smells good and there seems to be no danger.

Satan hinders God's word. If I were Satan I would do my best to keep the Bible out of the pulpit, the home, the school, the heart (Luke 8:12). Satan catcheth away the seed (Matt. 13-19) which is sown in the heart, and we are doing his bidding when we fail to treasure God's Word. The Bible exposes him. It wins the lost. It gives Light and food and comfort to the saved, and it reproves and warns those who forget God.

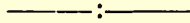
Satan destroys the power of the church. If he can he will bring on a church fuss, and say to the world, "Now what do you think of that?" Christ desires that his bride be pure and beautiful and without reproach (Eph. 5:27). Jesus told the Laodiceans to be as pleasurable at Hot Springs, or delightful as Eureka Springs, but not to be luke warm and nauseating (Rev. 3:15-16). An indifferent and inactive and unconcerned church is unworthy and is failing of its divine mission (Matt. 28:18-20).

Satan causes Christians to stumble. He sifts them as wheat, and would make their religion appear as chaff (Luke 22:31), and would seek to alienate any who are overtaken in a fault (Gal. 6:1). He directs the attention of the world to the men and women who are growing in grace and says, "See! Even the best of them are imperfect." An unfinished building is not the test of a contractor's work. Wait until it is completed. Satan is a liar and the father of it. (Jno. 8:44).

Satan offers another gospel. There is none other (Gal. 6:8), and the devil is willing for us to have all the religion we want, if we will just leave out that which saves. He comes as a teacher of truth, as an angel of light, and offers any one of many deceptive religions (2 Cor. 11:13, 14). He would have us try to save ourselves by creed, or conduct, or character, and would lead astray by the

oppositions of science falsely so called (1 Tim. 6:20).

Satan offers many excuses. When an army is in its last ditch, it makes its most determined stand, and when other plans fail the devil has already made excuses to offer in order to delay decision. The eager rich young ruler turns away from Jesus for the lack of one thing (Mark 10:21).



HORATIO ALGER UP TO DATE

The "success story" is not exclusively American. But it is traditionally American.

A younger generation may not think of success in Horatio Alger terms. It may not know those firm-jawed, incorruptible heroes who rose from rags to riches and returned to pay off the mortgages on their widowed mothers' farms. But the legend persists in changed form—and finds its embodiment today as yesterday.

Six men and women received "Horatio Alger Awards" the other day from the American Schools and Colleges Association. They ranged from an elder statesman, Bernard Baruch, to a younger executive, Charles Luckman. They are all part of the Alger legend of "Success through industry, sacrifice and ethics."

Mayor O'Dwyer of New York, who left Ireland with \$25 and worked in the New World as a laborer and policeman, was one of the six. His story recalls a medieval Alger hero—Dick Whittington, who roes to be "thrice Lord Mayor of London." And that in turn reminds us that the "success story" is older than Alger, older than America. It embraces a mighty company out of all nations—from the peasant girl who led the armies of France to the Hebrew captive who became Pharaoh's deputy.

At its highest, it even included a group of simple fishermen who left their nets to become "fishers of men" throughout the Roman Empire.—Selected.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SCHOOL

The Reverend Jack McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Concord, was the guest speaker at the Sunday afternoon service.

For the Scripture lesson, Rev McKinnon read from Micah, the six through the eight verses.

In beginning his talk, Rev. McKinnon mentioned a few of the things we expect of God. These things are many. In fact, there is no end to the things we want of God. We don't stop to think of the things He requires of us. Different men of God lists them for us to heed. Hoziah was one of these men. The speaker told of how Hoziahs wife left him, and ran off with another man. Thus, he learned from this experience.

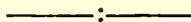
In Scotland, a man by the name of Locklan Cambel knew all about rearing boys, but when it came to training his daughter, he was a failure. She became a wayward child and was an out-cast. They withdrew her name from the Church without even trying to convince her that she was doing wrong and living the wrong

kind of life. Locklan Cambel even striked his daughters name from the family Bible. When he showed what he had done to a friend, she shamed him until he saw his mistake. Alongside his daughters name in the family Bible now appears these remarks: Lost—April, 1763. Found—Sept., 1773.

God will take His people back if we will only let him. God wants us to bow down before Him; walk humbly with Him. The walk of humility is the walk of friendship.

Micah summerizes these things. The 1st two verses has to do with our relationship with others, and the 3rd our relationship with God.

Two disciples left the tomb of God after His resurrection very sad and down-cast. A stranger joined them as they walked along and talked with them. As they came to one of the disciples house, they invited the stranger in. They prepared a meal, and brake bread for him. They were excited and pleased when they learned who the stranger was. They rejoiced that God had risen.



It is more from the carlessness about the truth, than from intention of lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

—Johnson.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

By the street of by and by one arrives at the house of never.

—Cervantes.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.

—Lowell.

Some will never learn anything because they understand everything too soon.—Blount.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live, and by her ways, reform thine own.—Smart.

A healthful hunger for a great idea is the beauty and blessedness of life.

—Jean Ingelow.

He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—Lavater.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.—Shakespeare.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

He is richest who is content with the least, for content is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.

Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools because they would like to say something.—Plato.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming con-

viction that I had no where else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for the day.—Abraham Lincoln.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.—Addison.

Old age seizes upon an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house.—South.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.

—Samuel Smiles.

A politician is like quick-silver: If you try to put your finger on him, you find nothing under it.

—Austin O'Malley.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time.

—Longfellow.

If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.—Old Story.

Good works should gain us honor in the market place. But good deeds should gain us friends among men.—Chinese philosopher

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—South.

Abraham Lincoln was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble—a thing rare among politicians.—John Hay.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

What small boys wash, against their wishes,
Are ears and necks and dinner dishes.

—:—

"Shall I boil the missionary?" asked the cannibal cook.

"Don't be silly," replied the chief-tan, "That's a frier."

—:—

The Doctor is a useful man,
Of this there is no doubt;
He helped us get into this world.
And later helps us out.

—:—

Yes, I eat my peas with honey,
And I've done it all my life;
I know it makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

—:—

Lady (after tramp finished eating):
It's merely a suggestion. The woodpile is in the backyard.

Tramp: You don't say. What a splendid place for a woodpile.

—:—

The English language is a funny thing. Tell a girl that time stands still when you look into her eyes, she'll adore you. But just try to tell her that her face would stop a clock.

—:—

Housewife: We are going to get an electric washer so we won't need you any more.

Laundress: All right, ma'm, but an electric washer don't give you no gossip.

—:—

Trainer: "Well, old man, I'm afraid you are licked now."

Boxer (gazing dizzily): Yes, I guess you're right. I should have got him the first round when he was alone.

—:—

A Chinaman had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment. "Two-thirty all right?" asked the dentist.

"Yes," replied the Chinaman,

"tooth hurtee, all right. What time I come?"

—:—

Judge: Your wife complains that you never work. How about it, Rastus?

Rastus: Dat woman's crazy. Ask her what ah was doing de second Tuesday of August, last year.

—:—

Two kids were talking. "Do you know how to tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?" asked one.

"Oh, sure!" said the other. "You've heard that the worm turns, so if it turns without putting out its hand—it's a lady worm."

—:—

Every day Doyle was outside the cemetery gates. "What's the idea of standing outside the cemetery gates?" asked a friend.

"A few years ago," exclaimed Doyle "I loaned Sullivan fifty dollars. He's got to pass through here some day."

—:—

A farmer was visiting a Mexican settlement after some years' absence.

Talking to a nold friend on a ranch, he said, "So old Buff's gone. Did you miss him?"

"No," replied the other, "that's why he's gone. I never miss."

—:—

We love to watch the rooster crow
He's like so many we know;

Who brag and bluster, rant and shout.

And beat their manly chests without,

The first darn thing to brag about.

—:—

Gennis and Doyle met. "Did you hear about Clancy?" asked Gennis.

"What about him?" inquired Doyle.

"He's going down to Florida for his laryngitis," informed Gennis.

"Oh, he's getting high toned?" sneered Doyle, "getting a new instrument and he hasn't paid for his old piano yet!"

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 27, 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Nathan Ashwell
Billy Clemmons
Alfred Davis
Roy Everheart
Charles Franklin
Lester Ingle
Roy Lipscomb
Bobby Long
Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter
Jimmy Bonds
Donald Branch
Robert Evans
William Anderson
Tommy Collins

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

Avery Brown
Glenn Cunningham
Frank Fulbright
Herman Galyan
Johnny Robinson
William Thornton
Jimmy Volroth
Richard Whitaker
Linnie Whittington
Kenneth Staley
Eugene Wyatt
W. L. Steele
Fairly McGee

COTTAGE No. 5

Donald Austin
Billy Best
Jimmy Cauthern
Lewis Parris
Glenn Rice
J. C. Woodell

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Marvin Guyton
Herman Hutchins
Raymond Harding
Paul Hendren
Thomas Miller
Eugene McLean
Edward McInnis
Charles Stanley
James Tuggle
Kenneth Walters
Robert Williams
Ted Clonch
Marshall Beaver
John Potter

COTTAGE No. 10

Marshall Beaver
Harvey Brisson
Albert Cavin
Kenneth Horne
Jimmy Mobley
John Potter
Glenn Jones
Melvin Ledford
Jerry Minter
Tommy Pressley

COTTAGE No. 11

Willis Caddell
Carl Gilliam
Benny Riggins
Johnny Weaver
Bill Shore

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

Jesse Ashburn
Joseph Blackburn
Zane Brisson
Homer Fisher
Grady Garren

John Gregory
 Horace Moses
 Ray Moses
 Edwin Parker
 Howard Wise

COTTAGE No. 14

Frank Grady
 Ray Lunsford
 Eddie Medlin
 Billy Teer
 Jack Woods

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
 Howard Bass
 Alvin Fox
 Harry Hill
 Melvin Norman
 Theibert Suggs

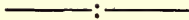
Carroll Teer
 Troy Wall

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
 Robert Canady
 Edens Chavis
 Pernell Deese
 Waitus Edge
 Harvey Jacobs
 Charles McDaniels
 Perry Lee Martin
 Ralph Morgan
 Carroll Painter
 Howard Wilson

INFIRMARY

Albert Cox
 Harvey Honeycutt
 (THE END)



LIFE'S ARITHMETIC

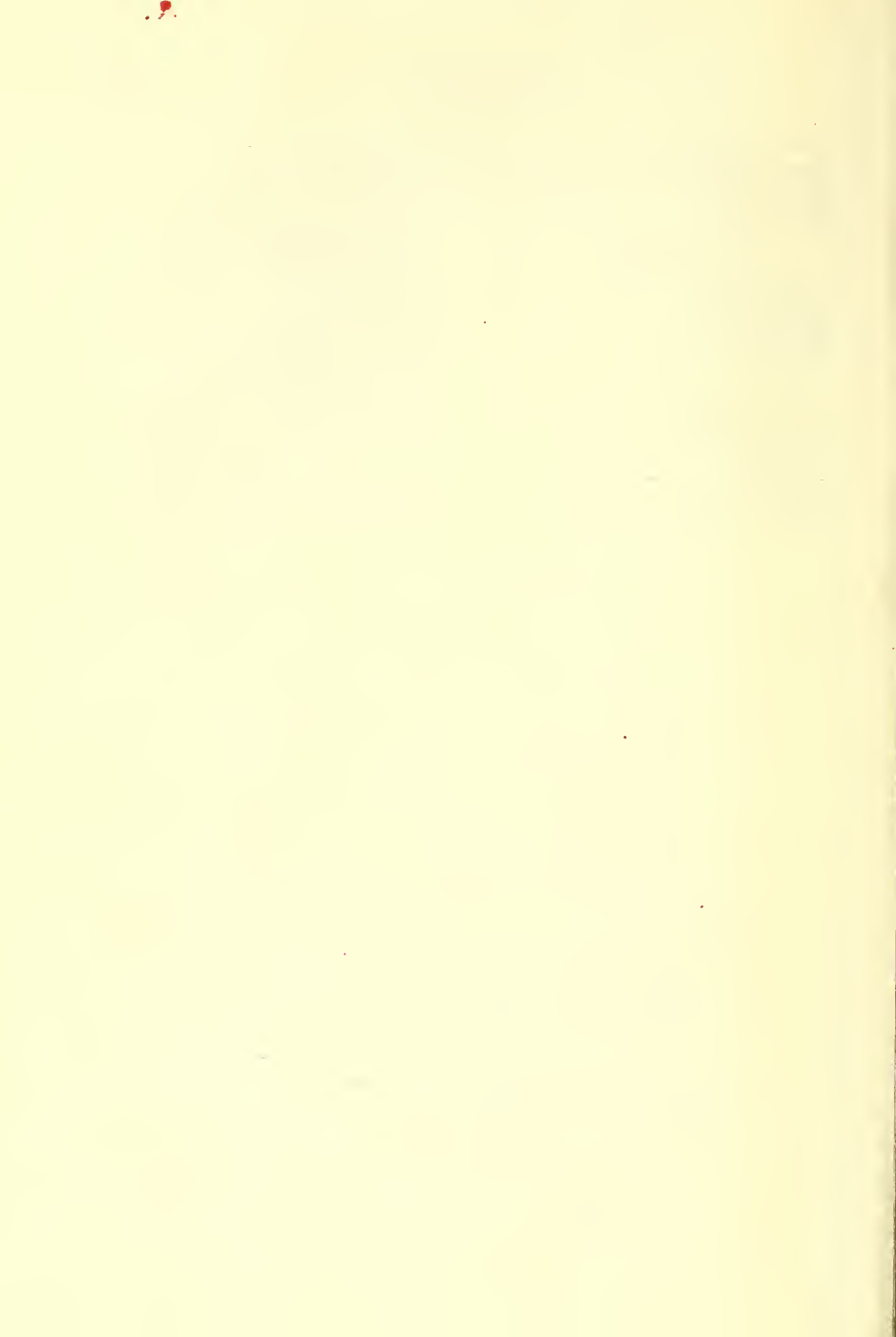
We have the wisest teacher,
 And she has given us this rule
 That helps us in our lessons—
 You can use it in your school.

Always add a smile or two
 When things are going wrong,
 Subtract the frowns that try to come
 When lessons seem too long.

Then multiply your efforts when
 The figures won't come right,
 Divide your pleasures, day by day,
 With everyone in sight.

Now if you always use this rule
 You'll have a happy day,
 For lessons then are easy,
 And the hours fly away.

—Youth's Companion in The Progress.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 1948

No. 28

AUG 9 1948

QUESTION?

(By Nick Kenny)

I heard a voice from the infinite say:
 "What did you do for your soul today?
 Did you help the world sing a happier song?
 Forgive someone who had done you wrong?"

"Did you help a stranger on Life's hard road?
 Did you try to lighten another's load?
 Restore the dreams to an empty heart?
 Give a failure a brand new start?"

"Did you coax a smile to a tearful face?
 Stand by somebody in disgrace?
 Go out of your way for some wandering boy?
 Did you build when 'twas easier to destroy?"

I heard a voice from the infinite say:
 "What did you do for your soul today?"

—N. Y. Sunday Mirror.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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J. Frank Scott, Editor

J. C. Fisher, Printing Instructor

I MET MY MASTER FACE TO FACE

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led.
Until one day in a quiet place
I met my Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body, but none for my soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
When I met the Master face to face.

I had built my castles, and built them high,
Till their domes had pierced the blue of the sky,
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace
When I Met my Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished, and in their place
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.
And cried aloud, "Oh, make me meek,
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet."

My thought is now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it again,
Ere since one day, in a quiet place,
I met my Master face to face.

—Author Unknown.

THE POLIO SITUATION—WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO ABOUT IT.

At this time, when our state is threatened by the worst epidemic

of polio in its history, we at the Jackson Training School are trying to protect our boys by taking the following precautions, suggested by the county health department and our local physician.

Last week, through the courtesy of our printing department, we had postal cards printed, stating that we would discontinue all visiting days until further notice, because our health authorities thought this advisable as a precautionary measure. Cards were sent to all the parents or nearest relatives. During this period when visits are not possible, we suggest that the families write to their boys more often.

We have closed our swimming pool. The boys are, of course, disappointed to hear this, and will be looking forward to the time when the pool can be reopened. They had been swimming two nights a week and every Saturday afternoon.

We have discontinued taking boys to outside gatherings. This involves mostly church services and baseball games.

Before agreeing to admit any new boys, we are requiring a statement from the health authorities of the home county to the effect that the county is free, or practically free, from polio, and that we are not taking any risk in accepting the boy.

We are starting a general clean-up campaign around the cottages, and especially at our trash heaps. We plan to build a small incinerator and have the trash burned regularly each day. One of our officers will have supervision of this particular work, and we hope to improve the situation.

* * * * *

ORGANIZATION AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

Realizing that "Everybody's business is nobody's business," we at the Jackson Training School are beginning to organize as departments, the following departments with a supervisor for each: Tradesmen, Mr. Fisher; Matrons, Mr. White; Farm, Mr. Query; School, Mr. Troutman.

The supervisors of the different departments will meet and discuss their respective problems with the idea of setting up objectives in order to make our services more uniform. Then we feel that everyone will understand our common problems and be able to render better service to the boys.

We hope this plan will enable us to get a boy placed in the proper work or grade more quickly, thereby saving time for both the boy and School. Then the instructors in the different trades will be able to start a small class and teach the fundamentals and uses of tools and materials instead of just allowing the boy to learn by the hit and miss system or observation.

We have organized several committees including the Gift Committee, the Traffic Committee, Boy Scout Committee and several other committees. It is the purpose of the Gift Committee to list the needs of the entire school and when friends ask about helping the school, they will be able to tell exactly what the school needs most. When these gifts are sent to the school, the committee will see that they are used for the good of the greatest number. This committee is composed of Mr. Fisher, Chairman, Mr. White, Mr. Liske, Mr. Query, Mr. Troutman, and Mr. Scott.

The Traffic Committee will regulate all trips made by the school for business and transporting boys. We hope this will be a saving to the school in both money and time. This committee is composed of the following members, Mr. White, Chairman, Mr. Kiser, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Scott.

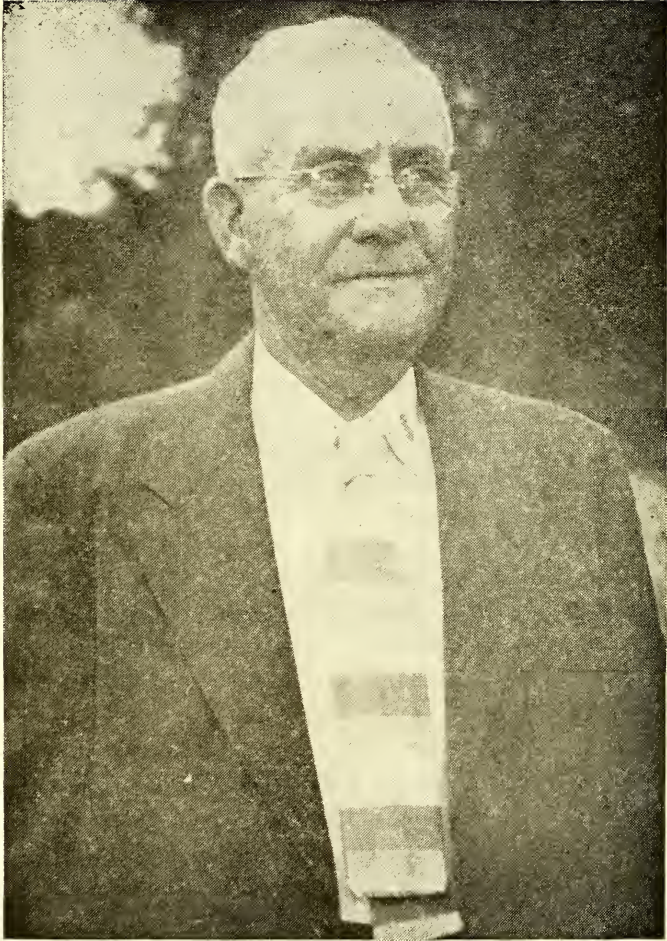
Mr. Liske will be Chairman of the Boy Scout Committee and will serve for both troops, with Mr. Corliss and Mr. Walters serving as Scoutmasters. We hope to have two large troops and give the boys a chance to advance in scouting. With our Scout Cabin well equipped we feel that the boys will have a great opportunity to develop in the scouting program.

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.

July 1948

- July 21—Charles Eugene Everington, Cottage 2, 14th birthday
- July 21—Johnny Weaver, Cottage 11, 14th birthday
- July 22—Bobby East, Cottage 3, 16th birthday
- July 26—Charles Woodrow, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- July 27—Troy Sizemore, Cottage 15, 15th birthday
- July 28—King Watkins, Cottage 11, 17th birthday
- July 30—Bernard Webster, Cottage 3, 13th birthday



Jesse C. Fisher

AN ENVIABLE RECORD OF SERVICE TO HUMANITY

By Leon Godown

In this fast-moving era, with so much dissatisfaction in the world, and so many people drifting aimlessly about, changing from one type of employment to another, it is most pleasing to note instances in which men and women have rendered long and faithful service in one particular line of work.

The purpose of this article is to pay tribute to Jesse C. Fisher, who has made an enviable record of efficient service to the Jackson Training School. Mr. Fisher began his duties at this institution on June 1, 1909, which means that he has completed more than thirty-nine consecutive years of service at the school. Another outstanding feature of this excellent record is that he is the first and only person to serve as assistant superintendent at the school.

Mr. Fisher is a native of Cabarrus County. He was born in the Poplar Tent section of the county, and is the son of the late George Ephraim and Annie Mae Cress Fisher. At an early age he moved with his parents to Concord, where he resided until becoming a member of the staff of workers at Jackson Training School, just a few months after its doors were first opened to wayward boys of North Carolina.

As a boy, Jesse became interested in printing, and for several years he was employed on "The Concord Standard," starting out as a "printers'

devil," then working as compositor, when all the type was set by hand, and later advancing to press work.

Mr. Fisher was married to Miss Jane Powell, of Whiteville, N. C., and they have one son, Jesse C., Jr., who was born June 2, 1931.

Upon beginning his work at Jackson Training School, Mr. Fisher served as printing director and relief cottage officer. Among his duties were those in connection with printing "The Uplift," the school's official publication. At that time the little periodical was issued monthly. It was printed on an old hand-operated press, set up in a small wooden shack that had been moved from out on the farm to the campus. All the type had to be set by hand, and each copy of the magazine, about two thousand in number, had to be addressed by hand. This was a slow and tedious process, requiring much more than the usual amount of patience found in the average person, and many long hours of drudgery. The work in this department was carried on, due only to the fact that Mr. Fisher and those who assisted him were determined to do the best they could with what they had. He has seen many improvements in this shop from the day he first began working under such adverse conditions, until the present time. The work is now carried on in a building of modern design, and with the help of such machines as linotypes, auto-

matic press and other up-to-date equipment.

It may be noted that the subject of this sketch was first listed as assistant superintendent in the superintendent's report to the board of trustees for the biennium ending November 30, 1922. This reveals that he has served in that capacity for a period of approximately twenty-six years.

From January 1921 to July 1948 "The Uplift" was published weekly. While a full-time printing instructor was employed at the school during that time, Mr. Fisher continued to maintain an intimate contact with the printing department, in addition to his many other duties. This bears out the truth of the old theory among printers that once a fellow really get the odor of printing ink into his nostrils, and has had his hands and clothing thoroughly smeared with the sticky stuff, he finds it quite difficult to stay away from where it is being used.

As assistant superintendent, down through the years, Mr. Fisher has assumed numerous duties relating to the general welfare of the boys at the school, and has contributed much toward the success of the work of the institution. He has witnessed the induction and treatment of about six thousand boys. He has seen many of these lads come to the school looking sullen and seemingly out of step with the world, and then, after they had remained here until they were considered ready to go back out into society, he has observed many times the delightful expressions on their faces as they found themselves on their way back to live as decent and re-

spectable citizens.

For many years, much of Mr. Fisher's work has been in connection with the school's health program. He has taken a great deal of interest in this phase of the work and has worked tirelessly toward the maintenance and improvement of the health of the boys. Each morning, and again right after the noon hour, boys who are ailing in any way, report to him for examination. In many cases the "misery" may be negligible or imaginary. In other instances the lad may be suffering from an attack of "hoe handle blues," the term usually applied to that of "playing 'possum" in order to shirk any kind of work. However, being a most humane individual, Mr. Fisher has always been guided in diagnosing the numerous complaints, by the philosophy of giving the boy the benefit of the doubt. He has said many times that he would rather have a boy impose upon him, than for him to be inconsiderate or unfair to any lad who reported to the sick line.

Throughout the years, many of the boys have been indebted to Mr. Fisher for taking care of their teeth, eyes, ears, tonsils and other health needs. In his work along this line he has developed an almost professional skill in diagnosing ailments and treating boys, though he has never claimed to be a medical practitioner. His work has necessitated many trips with boys for special treatments to the local hospital, doctor's offices, and to the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia. It would not be possible to calculate the time he has spent in this activity.

Another important phase of this efficient man's activities at the school

is the fact that he serves as a sort of clearing house for the miscellaneous needs of other members of the staff of workers. In the performance of these duties he has been called upon to make many trips to Concord, Charlotte and other nearby cities. This has involved the purchasing of a multitude of small and seemingly trivial articles, but without which it would have been impossible for the various departments at the institution to have operated.

Along with other accomplishments, Mr. Fisher has a unique mechanical talent. He is almost a genius in repairing and operating delicate machines, such as motors, clocks and other small types of equipment. He has always realized great satisfaction in tinkering—or “fiddlin,” as he calls it—with any equipment that has been in need of repair.

For many years, Mr. Fisher has operated the motion picture equipment in use at the school. Without any special training, he has developed into a very good projectionist. He has assumed this work as a sacred trust, and there is never any doubt in the minds of his fellow workers as to whether or not the regular weekly picture show will go on. As the result of the devoting several hours of overtime work along this line each week, in thus providing amusement for the boys, he would receive the entire vote of this group of youngsters as being a regular “feller.”

Another important part of this busy man's life is his work in the Sunday school program at this institution. From long years of experience in working with boys, his wise counsel

is of great value in trying to teach them the benefits to be realized from clean living. He has always taken a great delight in his class of boys in the Sunday school, and he has been very faithful and regular in his attendance each Sunday morning.

When Mr. Fisher first came to the school, modern conveniences were practically unknown here. There were no electric lights or running water. The boys dormitories were lighted with lanterns burning kerosene, and the water had to be carried from nearby wells and springs. Along with other staff members and the boys committed to their charge, he went through the discouraging experiences of the early history of the institution. He lived here through the years when the school was prosperous and he was also present when there were financial depressions. He stood shoulder to shoulder with others when there were pleasures and joys, as well as when there were many sorrows and heartaches. Through all these years his chief concern has been that the life of some boy might be made happier and better.

Not only has he been keenly interested in the development of the boys, but he has been deeply concerned in the happiness and welfare of the other members of the school's staff of workers. Many times, when an inexperienced worker would become discouraged, and it would seem that he or she would have to give up, a word of friendly counsel from the assistant superintendent would cause them to determine to stick to it and carry on, despite their feeling of failure to measure up to the standard of the work.

In many instances, such employees would see the light, and develop into valuable workers.

Many times Mr. Fisher has been heard to say that his greatest satisfaction in working at the school has been to have the boys who have been discharged from the institution come back on visits, and to realize what a great part the school has had in bringing about their rehabilitation and reclamation. In the early days of the institution, when transportation facilities were limited, not many boys were able to come back for visits, but in later years the number of visits of former boys has greatly increased. It has been the greatest thrill of Mr. Fisher's life to look into the faces of young men who were making good in life because they had received a chance to get a fresh start at the Jackson Training School.

In addressing one of the lads, Mr. Fisher invariably uses the term "son," and it has been one of the chief concerns to pause by the side of a boy who needed the advice and encourage-

ment of an older person, and try to help such a boy to try to get on the right track.

There are many boys in North Carolina, and in many other states, now classed as honest, upright citizens, who have been greatly benefitted by the wise counsel of this understanding individual. His tireless efforts in their behalf have caused hundreds of them to successfully surmount dangerous obstacles along the pathway of life, and, instead of becoming liabilities, they have developed into most valuable assets in their respective communities.

While Mr. Fisher may never amass a great deal of wealth, so far as an accumulation of a vast amount of this world's goods is concerned, he will enjoy that satisfaction which cannot be measured by a financial yardstick—that of having been instrumental in aiding hundreds of our so-called "bad boys" to find themselves, and to become citizens of whom any state might justly be proud.

—————:—————

I Shall Remember

I shall remember, when my day is spent,
How to its gladness little bits were lent
By those who smiled, or nodded as they passed;
And cares shall go—only this joy shall last.

I shall be grateful, too, and humbly pray
That on the morrow, as I go my way,
I may go bravely, I may wear a smile,
And help to make some other life worth while.

—Doris Virginia Coutts in *Sunshine Magazine*

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

A Garden

By Alfred Johnson, 3rd Grade

Jimmy Delvechio and Barney Hopkins have a garden. They have cucumbers, corn, tomatoes, beans and other things in their garden. The boys want to take good care of it.

The 7th Grade

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

The 7th grade boys are having a hard time working with spelling, arithmetic, science and reading. Mr. Caldwell, our teacher, is doing a fine job teaching the boys that he has in the morning school. The boys in his class are beginning to learn fast.

Our New Student

By Charles Franklin, 8th Grade

We have a new student in our room. His name is Noval Smith. His home is at Bryson City up in the mountain region of North Carolina. He came in our room Saturday morning. Noval is in Mr. Peck's Cottage No. 15. We hope he has a good time while he is here at the school.

Polio Epidemic

J. T. Haigler, 8th Grade

Now, there is a great polio epidemic in the state. Visitors cannot come to see the boys while this disease is at its peak. However we hope that it will soon be so they can come back. We also cannot go swimming for a period of 2 weeks, or go to the ball games over

town. We will be glad when the epidemic is over and we can go places and see visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn On Their Vacation

By Waylon Gardner, 9th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn, of Cottage 3, went on their vacation last Friday, the 9th of July. The boys in No. 3 hope they have a good time. However, we will be glad when they return.

Our New Principal

By Bill Jenkins, 9th Grade

We now have a new principal, Mr. Troutman, who took Mr. Braswell's place on July 16th. Mr. Troutman teaches the 10th grade. Mr. Troutman has had experience as a teacher in another school and I am sure all the boys are going to like him.

Our Garden

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

Early in the Spring, Thomas Martin, Billy McVicker and myself made a garden. We had a hard time getting a good place to grow things at the cottage but we pulled grass and weeds and softened the ground and now we are waiting for some of the things we planted to be coming up.

Our Officer Is Sick

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Mr. Tomkinson, Cottage 13 officer, strained his back, when working at the barn. He had to go to the hospital

and was put to bed for about four days. He has started back to work now and we are glad he is well. We hope he will not have any more trouble.

Mr. Fisher's Vacation

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

July 16, Mr. Fisher, our printing instructor took a three day vacation. He and his brother's families went together. The print shop boys were sent out to the work line Friday and Saturday morning. We did not mind that because Mr. Fisher never takes his vacation. We hope they enjoyed their visit at Myrtle Beach, S. C.

Our Library

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Our library at the school contains about 1450 books in it. We have pictures of different people such as St. Francis of Assisi, Galileo, Robin Hood, and Stonewall Jackson. We have books of cowboys, poems, history, and all other kinds. We have library periods twice a week and we all like to read these books.

The Microscope

By Frank Grady, 8th Grade

The eighth grade is studying things under the microscope. Some of the boys went down to the fish pond and got some water in a bucket. After this we put some hay in it and stored it in a dark place for about a week. This enabled the bacteria to grow. Then we put a drop of water under the microscope and we could plainly see the bacteria that carries germs.

Our Work In Health

By Bill Jenkins, 9th Grade

Lately, the boys of the ninth grade have been studying about health. In first part of the book we studied about "The Primitive Man;" Sun Worship;" "Belief of the Greeks," and "Hippocrates," and many other different interesting things

We have been studying about different diseases as "The Black Death," "Leprosy," and many other different diseases.

3rd Grade Goes To Town To See A Picture Show

By Claude Crump, 3rd Grade

We had a good time Tuesday, July 6th. We went to Concord to see the show "Green Grass of Wyoming." It was a good show and we enjoyed it very much. Miss Oehler took us to the drug store and bought us some ice-cream and some bubble-gum. Then we came home. We hope to go again some time. Mrs. Scott went with us.

Mr. Fisher—Our Only Assistant Superintendent

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th grade

Mr. Fisher, Assistant Superintendent of Jackson Training School has spent more of his life here at the school than anywhere else. He has been here for 39 years, the last of June. He is the first and only Assistant Superintendent that the school has ever had.

Since he has been at the school he has been officer of almost every cottage. He is now printing instructor and Assistant Superintendent. All the boys like him and hope he will stay on at the school.

Going To The Cabin

By Harvey Brisson, 9th Grade

On July 18th, Cottage 10 went to the cabin. We all had a good time playing baseball, tag, buck-the-post, and other games. James Allen was looking for fish-bait and caught a snake. We put him in a jar but when we came back from playing, he was gone. Mr. and Mrs. Scott came to the cabin while we were there. Soon it was time for us to go back to the cottage. We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Liske for taking us and giving us a good time.

Our Visitors

By Francis Thomas, 9th Grade

Saturday, July 10th, we saw a short play given by Little Beaver (Bobby Blake) of Hollywood, Cal. There were six people in the program. Mr. Blake told us how he had worked to get Bobby in the movies. The people played some good music that we all enjoyed. The actors were giving a show over in Concord and their time was limited so the show was not very long but it was really a good one. We want to thank Little Beaver and the other actors for bringing the show to us.

Mr. Braswell Resigns

By Biily Anderson, 9th Grade

Friday July 16th, Mr. and Mrs. Baswell resigned and left the school. The boys were sent out to other cottages. Mr. Braswell is to be principal at the Long Grammer School in Concord, N. C. He will go to school for the next 6 weeks to build on to his masters de-

gree. Mrs. Braswell and her children will go back home to Newland. When school starts they will move back to Concord, where they have a home right across from the school.

The carpenter shop boys are starting to repair Cottage 2. They will put plaster, paint, make new wallboxes, repair the front porch, etc. The boys are taking keen interest in their work.

Our Visitors

By Jr. Blackburn, 10thgrade

Thursday, July 15, 1948, we were delighted to have with us a very welcome friend from Concord, N. C. Mrs. Randolph. She is a Bible teacher in the Concord High School.

Mrs. Randolph told us stories of 4 great men. Three of the men lived long, long ago and one about 35 years ago. The first man, she told the boys about, was Joseph. He was his daddy's pet. Joseph had 11 brothers and everyone of them hated him. These boys decided to do away with Joseph. They sold him to the Eygptians as a slave. He worked hard and was a friend to all. He was once put in jail because his matron accused him of stealing. He was finally let out by the effort of his truthful friends. Later on, Saul the King made him second ruler of Eygpt because he interpreted one of his dreams.

The second man she told about was Simon Peter. When he was young, he had one of the highest tempers of any boy around. When he grew up to become a young man, Jesus tried to convince him to believe in God. Once he was with Jesus and when Jesus went into a garden, he stayed at the gate and watched the people crucify

him. While they were crucifying Jesus some men came to the gate and asked Simon if he was one of Jesus's disciples and he no. Different men came three times and asked him the same question each time. Jesus had had Simon as a disciple for three years and he still told lies. Finally he became the man Jesus had prayed for him to be. He went to churches and preached the Gospel of God. He was the finest preachers that there was. In these three years of teaching, Jesus had not given up in hope.

The third man was George Washington Carver, who was adopted when a little baby. He grew up and was a very hard working negro. He started a school for negroes because he told everybody that he wanted to help his race and that was the best thing he could do for them. Although he dis-

covered different uses of the peanut. This was a great help to the black and white.

The fourth man was Glenn Cunningham, who is living today. When he was a little boy he was burned badly on the legs. The doctor told him that he would never be able to walk again. In some couple years he told the doctor that he would walk in the future. He learned to walk, but it caused a lot of bad pains. When he was 15 he was trying to run at school. The athete teacher was very interested in his running, so he helped in every way. Later on in the years, he was a fine and fast runner. When he grew up and became a man he thought a lot of times what the doctor told him when he was a little boy. Later on he became the fastest mile runer in the country.

The Helping Hand

He travels fastest who travels alone,"

Is an adage hoary with years.

But what does the swift one do when the cliff

Of trouble and sorrow appears?

It is better to travel more slowly, and walk

With one's hand in that of a friend.

The meadows are lovelier shared with another;

Hills easier, far, to ascend.

And we all come at last, traveling slowly or fast,

To the Gate of the Unknown Land,

Whose latch lifts more gently for those who've had,

And have given a helping hand.

—Marion Doyle in Sunshine Magazine

SPORTS NEWS

Cottage 4 played No. 3 on July 3. No. 4 beat No. 3, 19 to 7. It was referred by Carl Davis. We hope we can win more of our games as we did this one.—Odean Chapman, 3rd Grade.

On Saturday, July 3rd, No. 1 played No. 4 and we won our second game of the year. It was a very good game and we are glad we have won again. The final score was 8 to 4.

—Bobby Long, 7th Grade.

On July 5th, the officers played the boys of the school in softball. The officers won, 10 to 6. Mr. Corliss had bad luck. He knocked his finger out of place and had to go to a doctor. He is now getting better and we are glad.—Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade.

Last Saturday, Cottage No. 7 was scheduled to play Cottage 1, but we did not play. They did not play us so we won on a forfeit. Instead of playing them, we played our little team and won, 21 to 1. We all enjoyed playing.—Phillip Kirk, 8th Grade.

On July 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Rouse took their vacation. The boys of Cottage 11 were sent out to others cottages. We think Mr. and Mrs. Rouse are doing a fine job as an officers and matron. They have been at the school for about 4 years.

Saturday, July 3rd, Cottages 9, 5, 4, and 3 went to Concord to see a ball game between Concord and Hickory.

Mr. Walters umpired the game. We all had a good time. The men selling peanuts gave the boys some of them.

We want to thank the officers for taking us.—Jimmy Peoples, 3rd Grade.

Saturday July 10th, No. 7 played No. 5 and won by a score of 7 to 3. Steele pitched for No. 7 and Rice pitched for No. 5. We have not lost a game this year and we hope we can go the rest of the season un-defeated.

—Glenn Davis, 9th Grade.

Saturday, July 10th, Cottage No. 2 defeated No. 9, 10 to 9. Dudley and Finch pitched for No. 9 and Holder, Jenkins, and Peterson pitched for No. 2. Peoples caught for No. 9 and Anderson caught for No. 2.

—Billy Anderson, 9th Grade.

Sunday, July 11th, Cottage No. 5 defeated No. 2 by a score of 8 to 7. Mr. Braswell and Billy Jenkins pitched for No. 2 with Holder and Anderson catching. Bill Best pitched for No. 5 with Williams catching. It was a very good game that was enjoyed by all.—Billy Anderson, 9th Grade.

Saturday, July 3, the boys of Cottage 9, 5, 4, and 3 went to the ball game at Concord. Spencer and Concord played eight innings, and the score was 8 to 2 in favor of Concord. We want to thank the officers for taking us to the game and we hope that we will go again soon.

—Paul Hendron, 9th Grade.

Monday evening, after supper, No. 16 and No. 14 played a ball game. The first 2 innings the score was tied 1 and 1 and then they began to get the

runs. At the end the score was 8 and 4 in favor of Cottage No. 16. We had a nice game and hope next time to win.

—Frank Grady, 8th Grade.

Monday afternoon the boys played the officers in a game of softball. The officers got off to a good start with two runs and led the scoring all through the game.

The boys put up a good fight because they wanted to win the game. At the end the score was 10 to 6 in the officers favor. We hope to win the next time.

—Russell Beaver, 8th Grade.

Randolph Ammons, who entered the school in 1942, and was released in 1946, visited the school July 14 for a short visit. He is driving a big transfer truck out of Jacksonville, Fla. and stopped by the school while his truck was being unloaded at one of the Concord mills.

Randolph is married and living in Jacksonville. He has a baby 7 months old. We were very glad to know that Randolph is doing good and we want him to come again when he can.

Saturday, the 17, No. 7 felt what it means to be defeated. It was a good game but No. 10 came out on top. At the beginning of the game No. 7 was leading by 8 to 0. But in the fourth inning, the bases were loaded and Ted Clonch hit a home run. That put the score 4 to 8. Again the bases were loaded and Ted hit another home run. That put the score 8 to 8. It was anybody's other than 4 other runs were made for Cottage 10. Then No. 7 began to argue and we lost the game. Mr. Horne has always told us not to

argue but we did not listen, and we lost. But we all enjoyed the game and hope to play them again. We still think we can whip them.

—Phillip Kirk, 8th Grade

Saturday July 17th, Cottage 17 defeated Cottage 9, for the second time of the season. Dudley started off pitching for No. 9 and Deese for 17. No. 17 changed pitchers again in the second inning with Canady on the mound. No. 9 changed again and put Judson Finch on the mound. The last two innings Beaver pitched for No. 17, and Poston caught. In the first of the game No. 9 was ahead 4 to 2, but No. 17 passed them in the second inning at the end of the game the score was 13 to 4 in favor of No. 17.

—Russell Beaver, 8th Grade

On July 5th, the boys and officers played their annual softball game, with the officers becoming victorious as they have been every year. It was a good game all the way, with the final score being 10 to 6. The boys hated to lose this game for they wanted to beat the officers for the first time. However, the story might be different next year, at least we hope so, and the boys may be the victor. Mr. J. P. Horne did a fine job of coaching the boys and we want to thank him for it. Bill led the boys at the bat with two hits and Liske, Troutman, and J. Scott led the officers with two apiece. The line-ups for each team was as follows: All-Stars: Gerald Johnson, catcher; W. L. Steele, pitcher; Kenneth Staley, 1st base; Major Loftin, 2nd base; Bill Best, 3rd base; Alvin Fox, short stop; Bill Thornton, short field; Hugh Ball, left field; Paul

Hendren, center field; Russell Beaver, right field. Officers team: Walters, catcher; J. Scott, pitcher; Holbrooks, 1st base; Hinson, 2nd base; Troutman, 3rd base; Braswell, short stop; Liske, short field; Peck and Rouse, left field; Querry and F. Scott, center field; Corliss and Hahn, right field.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade.

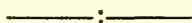
Next Saturday, August 7, the final and championship games will be played. Last Saturday, July 31, the four-team play-off was played with Cottages 10 and 15 going into the championship in baseball and Cottages 3A and 7A in softball. In the first game, Cottage 15 trounced on Cottage 16, 18 to 7. The boys of Cottage 16 could not stop the powerful 15 team and gave up many errors besides. In the last inning, No. 16 started a hitting barrage which resulted in a six-run spree. However, the No. 15 boys stopped them and the game was over. In the second game, between Cottages 10 and 5, it looked as though it was going to be a tough game, with the score 1 and 1 for the first three or four innings. Then Cottage 10 began to click and began scoring. Final score, 16 to 3. Cottage 3A came from behind a tilted score to romp to victory over the Cottage 10 boys, 28 to 16, and 7A dropped No. 5, 16 to 11, in the softball games.

The standings at the close of the season is as follows:

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
15	12	1	.923
10	10	3	.769
16	9	4	.692
5	9	4	.692
14	8	5	.615
17	7	5	.583
2	6	7	.462
4	5	7	.377
13	4	8	.333
11	2	10	.167
9	2	11	.154
1	2	11	.154

Cottage	Won	Lost	Pct.
7A	10	1	.917
3A	10	1	.909
5	9	2	.833
7B	5	3	.750
4	7	2	.714
11	7	3	.700
14	7	4	.636
6A	5	5	.583
15	5	5	.500
17	5	5	.500
3B	2	6	.453
6B	2	6	.250
2	2	9	.181
9	1	10	.167
13	1	9	.100
1	0	10	.091

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade



A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity.
 A strong deep one has two highest tides—when there is no moon.
 —Hare.

OF A LOCAL NATURE

(By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade)

After working hard for weeks on the tennis court, the boys and officers of Cottage 10 are having a good time playing tennis. Some of the boys are pretty good at it and the others are learning fast. The court is now rid of grass and rocks and all are enjoying themselves.

During the first part of the month, the boys and officers of the school were treated with a large amount of bananas, which were given out by Mr. R. H. Cook, of Concord. For a while, about all you could see was bananas; banana ice-cream, banana pudding, bananas and more bananas. All were enjoyed and at the time of writing, no one has been sick. We want to thank Mr. Cook for them.

On July 5th, the boys and officers enjoyed all the lemonade they could drink. Three barrels of it were made and the lemonade was served on July 5th, immediately after the Officer—All-Star game was played. The boys drank all they could and there was still some left over. We want to thank Mr. White for going to Charlotte and getting the lemons for us and we want to thank Mr. Liske and the bakery boys for making the lemonade for us.

The printing shop has lost its best linotype operator now, since Alfred Davis went home July 7th. Alfred was an exceptionally good operator and we know he will be hard to re-

place. The boys of the printing shop and Mr. Fisher are going to miss him. Alfred's home is in Burlington, and he is going to work in one of the newspaper offices there. We surely hope he makes good at his work.

Now that The Uplift is only being printed monthly, instead of weekly, the boys of the printing shop will concentrate on working on more jobs, for other schools. They do some of the other jobs for other schools, such as checks, health blanks, certificates of release and others. The boys don't mind doing this and it will be a lot of help to the different schools.

On July 7th, the boys and officers of the school enjoyed eating the first canteloupes grown at the school. The boys worked hard cultivating and growing these canteloupes and are now having a good time eating them. We are looking forward for our first watermelons, too.

Mr. White, store-room supervisor, and the chicken force boys have made a few trips to Charlotte to secure some supplies for the bakery and other departments at the school.

The beautiful flower garden behind Cottage 10 is still producing many beautiful flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Liske and the boys are taking good care of them. Some of the flowers represented are tulips, lilies, roses, dahlias, and many others. We are glad we have these beautiful flowers and we want

to take good care of them.

Recently, Mr. Horne and the barber shop boys cut all the boys hair again. All were glad to get their hair cut as it is awful hot with a lot of wool on the brain.

Our vines have tender grapes. That was proved Friday, when the first grapes grown, at the school were gathered and distributed to the cottages for the boys. Some were not so ripe, but they will be soon.

On July 19th, Mr. Liske and the bakery boys changed the schedule a little bit and did not make the potato pies as they usually make, but they made apple pies that were really delicious. All the boys and officers enjoyed these pies and hope that we can continue to have apple pies.

On July 19th, we were glad to have as a visitor, Mrs. Sadie Dutton, from Rockingham, N. C. Mrs. Dutton was formerly employed at the school as matron and nurse of the infirmary. She did a fine job while here and all the boys and officers were glad she came back to visit the school and the boys and employees.

Mrs. Fred Bradshaw, President of the Charlotte Outdoor Study Club, recently sent the school the following interesting books: "Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs," by F. Schryler Matthews; "Beginners Guide

to Wild Flowers," by Ethel Hinckley Hausman; and "Audubon Bird Guide," by Richard H. Paugh, illustrated by Dan Eckelberry. These books were presented to the school to be used at Wildwood Cottage. We appreciate the kindness of the members of the Outdoor Study Club and we will surely take good care of the books.

Wednesday July 7, Jackson Training School had some very welcome visitors from Charlotte, N. C. These devoted friends of the school brought to us enough tickets for all the boys and officers to see the annual baseball game between the Charlotte Police Department and the Charlotte Fire Department, which was played in Charlotte July 12. However, due to the polio epidemic, it was not possible for us to make the trip. Mr. Scott, our Superintendent, and Mr. Query took our tickets to the ball game so that we might have a chance to win the new car and other prizes that were given away to the lucky ticket-holders. But, none of the boys or officers were lucky enough to win any of the prizes. Although no prize was won by any person at the school, we would like to think the following people for making it possible for us to have these tickets: Mr. John G. Frazier, of the Charlotte Optimist Club, Chief Donald S. Charles, of the Charlotte Fire Department, Chief Frank N. Littlejohn, of the Charlotte Police Department, Captain B. C. Gibson and Captain Walter Black.

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Experience is not what happens to a man but what he does with what happens to him.

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL?

(By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade)

The total number of acreage of the Jackson Training School is 970.2 acres.

The present enrollment is the smallest it has been in fifteen years. At this time there are only 269 boys represented.

On June 1, 1929, the school had its largest enrollment it has ever had. At that time, there were 530 boys enrolled at the school.

Our school, the Jackson Training School, was and is the first correctional institution built in North Carolina. It is also the largest school of its kind in the state. The doors first opened on January 12th, 1909.

To the date, November 2nd, 1945, there were listed 5,870 boys who have passed through the school of correction. No other school of this type in the state, has had that many boys enrolled.

On July 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Scott spent the day at Samarcand Manor, attending a superintendents meeting. We know they enjoyed their visit there and they profited by attending the meeting.

In 1921, Mr. J. E. Latham, of Greensboro, N. C., contributed \$4,000 for the erection of our granite pavilion, which now bears the name "Latham Pavilion." This pavilion was

erected for the use of our band.

In 1923, the National Lumber Co. of Concord, donated enough lumber to the school to build the baseball grandstand which is situated across the highway.

We now have 57 cows in our milk herd, and also 12 young heifers. We are now producing on an average about 26,876 pounds of milk, or 3,225 gallons monthly.

An average of 4,650 loaves of bread are produced by the bakery for the school each month. 375 pans of corn bread are baked monthly and 450 pies are baked by our bakery.

The original Administration Building was burned on September 28, 1922. Mrs. J. W. Cannon, of Concord, N. C., donated \$58,500 for rebuilding and equipping this building. This building is called the Cannon Memorial Building as a memorial to the late James W. Cannon.

In 1928, the family of the late Caesar Cone, of Greensboro, N. C., donated the sum of \$18,838.06 for the erection of an indoor swimming pool. The PWA supplemented this donation by a grant of \$15,412.94 plus supplement out of the maintenance appropriation for the school of \$4,457.56.

One of the oldest buildings at the school, which has remained unharmed

since the foundation was laid, is the horse barn. It has been in pretty good condition since it was built in October, 1910.

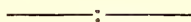
The first editor of our paper, "The Uplift," was the late J. P. Cook, of Concord, N. C., who took this position in 1909.

There are 1200 young chickens and 700 old hens in our chicken yards. 500 eggs are sent out to each cottage monthly.

The tallest boy at the school is Her-

bert Stadler, and the smallest boy is Glenn Jones. Herbert is 6 ft. 5 in., weighs 197 pounds, and is from Burlington, N. C. Glenn is 4 ft. 2 in., weighs 48 pounds and is from East Maroin.

In our cotton mill, Mr. Blume, the instructor, has been sick for a while so the cloth production is not going full force. However, an average of about 800 yards of hickory shirt material, 3,520 yards of sheeting material, and 520 yards of denim are produced bi-monthly.



CHOICE BITS

A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing.

The way to have nothing to give, is to give nothing.—J. Sterling.
On the soft bed of luxury most kingdoms have expired.

Learning is wealth to the poor, and honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged and lonely.

—Lavater.

Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool for his master.—Ben Jonson.

If you wish to please people, you must begin by understanding them.—Charles Reade.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own; to be what no other is, and to do what no other can do.—Channing

—Sunshine Magazine.

THE RAINBOW

By Rachael Peeples Rogers, in *Sunshine Magazine*

The cross-state bus coach was crowded. My seatmate was a person about forty years of age, quite small, modestly dressed, and I made the hasty judgment that she was rather a colorless person. Never was I more mistaken, for she was a human rainbow, spanning each storm of distress with a burst of sunshine.

We had scarcely emerged into the country when a child across the aisle began to cry. My seat-mate delved quickly into an overnight bag, brought forth a picture scrapbook and unobtrusively handed it to the mother. It worked like a charm, and all was calm until—

Another, in the rear of the coach, began to whimper. Immediately my seat-mate extracted a wooden flip-flop from the bag, put a piece of tissue around it, and said to the person behind her, "Please pass this on to the unhappy child." Soon I heard childish laughter instead of whimpers.

It wasn't long before "another county was heard from." My seat-mate again went deep into the magic bag and brought forth a bright red apple wrapped in wax paper and tied with gay red cord. She started it on its happy way.

Our group of youngsters had become perfectly contented, but as the bus took on new passengers, new contenters for peace arrived. But my seat-mate took them as they came. Her stock of appeasement seemed endless.

During a lull I made bold to say, "Tell me, is this just a happen-so,

that you have so many things for unhappy children, or is it some Divine Plan you use?"

Her face lighted up, and she said, "Well, my business compels me to travel a great deal, and always there are children. Even the best of travel is hard on them. Being in the same coach with them, I feel a personal responsibility. At a bus stop one day I had bought for my little niece a cute toy filled with hard candy, but a child in the coach began crying, and I handed over the toy. It was such an easy gesture, I got out my notebook and spent the rest of the trip writing down various items I could carry along for tot passengers. It takes so little to distract a child from its discomfort."

"But doesn't it cost lots to keep stocked up?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "I buy things that cost but little. I buy cheap white or colored paper and brad a few sheets together with a pretty cover, or I get five-cent composition books. Into these I paste pictures for children cut from magazines—and I paste the magazine stories into scrapbooks for veterans' hospitals. I pick up toys and trinkets wherever I find them. And for general emergencies I put in a box of cough drops, some individual soap, cleansing tissue, and a first-aid packet. The whole group fits nicely into this small bag."

"Once I broke over. A few days before Christmas last year I had with pretty little girl was leaning over the me a beautiful doll for my niece. A

top of her seat when a lurch of the bus toppled her over into the aisle, and her head was bruised. Of course she screamed to high heaven. Impulsively, I opened my large bag, snatched out the doll, and said, "Look what I brought you!" The result was Goldbergian, and she was so stunned by the windfall that she forgot the stunning blow of the real fall. As she was examining and admiring the doll, I rubbed a bit of ointment on the bump on her forehead, and as I walked away she was busy laying the doll down to see its eyes close, and raising up to see them open. And I had one awful time replacing that doll, with stores sold out!"

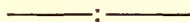
"Tell me," I said, "does your plan ever fail?"

"Yes," she said, "sometimes a child is inconsolable, but not often. There is a psychological effect of surprise that seems to work—this something unexpectedly coming from nowhere

diverts them, and," she added shyly, "It improves the disposition of the grown-ups on the coach."

I wanted to say something important to her, something rather large, and enveloping, and memorable—something in the manner of "famous last words," but we were pulling into my station, and after telling her goodbye, I stopped at the ticket office a moment, then took a taxi for my hotel. As I walked up to register, I heard a familiar voice say, "You have a reservation for me; I am Miss Constantine."

It was the Rainbow. When I heard the word "Miss," I wondered if this service to children were not really a reflection of a deep and secret longing. It led me to speculate, sadly, on what cruel fate had denied her—just then a child in the lobby began to cry, and the Rainbow was off in that direction—to dry those little eyes.



DAD

Always my counsellor, always my friend,
 Always with patience his help would lend;
 Always at hand when life's problems I met,
 Throughout all the world my best friend yet.
 Always consistent, knowing my mold,
 'Midst all my sorrows as true as gold.
 Always the first to wish me luck,
 Always the first to praise my pluck;
 Always at hand to give me a tip,
 Usually saying, "Keep a stiff upper lip."
 The same old sport, this dad of mine.

—The Cactus Blossom.

FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

(By J. Edgar Hoover, in *The Hawkeye*)

Just how much can we blame the actions of a 17-year-old boy whose father gives him a sharp pocket-knife with the admonition to "cut the guts out of anyone who bothers you?" with murdering a man?

Shall we blame the boy entirely when he is picked up and charged

That was the question confronting a judge when a 17-year old and his 15-year-old bride were before him.

The couple had been hitch-hiking from a western city when they fell in with three others. The five began concocting schemes to raise money. The entire group was in a car when the 17-year-old instructed his bride to play up to the driver. The latter fell for the scheme and when he started with the girl into a tract of woods the husband shot him in the back.

The judge sentenced the boy to a correctional institution.

The fact that every six minutes of the day and night brings a crime of mured, manslaughter or assault a reproach to the thousands upon thousands of descent Americans who subject their conduct to the common weal because they are imbued with the necessity of living in peace.

What reason propels some to make crime their occupation? What perverted urge leads them to destroy instead of build? These questions were recently put to me by Guideposts Associates, Inc., a non-profit organization which is seeking to improve the moral and reglious life of America. This article is based on information collected for that worthy organiza-

tion.

In seeking the answers to the question, I sifted and analyzed my own experiences with rime in the past 23 years.

My answers, I believe, lie for the most part in the homes of nation. Many of the cases coming to my attention reveal the disturbing fact that parents are forgetting their God-given obligations to their children.

It may come as a shock to parents to hear that at the end of the recent war, age 17 led all other age groups in arrests for serious crimes.

A general moral decadence in the United States is emphasized by the arrest in 1946 of 108,787 young people under 21 years for crime serious enough to warrant finger-printing. The brutal truth is that youngsters under 21 were responsible for 51percent of all auto thefts in 1946, 41percent of the burglaries, 28 percent of the robberies 27 percent of the thefts, 26 percent of the criminal assaults and 18 percent of the arsons.

This is a callous shameful picture. It signifies corruption and reflects an utter disregard of human rights decency.

Such disregards for other was exhibited by three boys, all sixth and seventh graders, who dragged a heavy log across a rail road track with the deliberate intention of causing a wreck. Providentially, track workmen discovered the timber in time and a wreck was averted.

Why were these youngsters seeking a thrill which probably would involve

the death of many persons? Because there was no training in their homes which would draw their attention to the greatest satisfaction of all—doing good for others.

The home built upon firm Christian principles is a fortress against evil. Those who live within are crusaders for decency—disciples of democracy. A godless home is built upon sand. Buffeted by the tides of envy, avarice, greed and sloth, the structure weakens and finally crumbles. Decay seeps into the physical and moral structure and crime finds an inviting breeding ground.

There is the case of the boy who night after night saw his foster parents frequent cheap dives and beer taverns. This boy was 15. His real father had deserted his mother and he and his sister had been sent out for

adoption. Although his intelligence was above average, he was disinterested in cooperation and unstable emotionally.

On a previous occasion, his foster mother had come in late in an intoxicated condition and berated him for staying out late. Then one morning after he had gotten in late the night before she scolded him as she fixed his breakfast. Then she went back to bed.

The boy looked at her sleeping form, got a .22 caliber rifle, and shot her. He was arrested in a distant state and received a long sentence.

Parents must awaken to the realization that the family is the first great training school in behavior or misbehavior.

Children develop a sense of right and wrong—they are born with it.

—:—

Not one person in a hundred thousand can pronounce all these common words correctly: data, gratis, culinary, cocaine, gondola, version, impious, chic, Caribbean, Viking. Can you? If you think so, look them up in the dictionary.—Sunshine Magazine.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE SCHOOL

The Sunday afternoon services on July 4th, were conducted by the Reverend C. L. Grant, pastor of the Westford Methodist Church of Concord.

Rev. Grant used as his text, the 6th chapter of Ephesians; the 11 through the 20th verse. These verses tell us the complete armour that the Christian must put on. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the light." "Man cannot live by bread alone."

There are two ways to live. The broad way that no one has trouble living, and the narrow way. This narrow way is the road to Jesus. Jesus is the way to eternal life. We find in Him the truth. When you lift up Jesus in your life, you light up the truth in the world.

When Jesus takes away our sins and makes the light shine within us, we see things differently. He will take away our sins if we will only ask Him.

The Sunday afternoon services on July 11, 1948, were conducted by Rev. H. F. Goodman, pastor of Kerr Street Baptist Church, of Concord.

Rev. Goodman read for the Scripture reading, the 146th Psalm.

Mr. Barringer, a deacon in the Kerr Street Baptist Church, led the opening prayer.

The text concerned a topic that every human being is interested in, happiness. Since everyone desires to be happy in this life, we think in terms of success and happiness. Some seek happiness through wealth, health, success in material goods, but the speaker said that many seek in the wrong place for happiness.

Happiness for many is thought to be found in popularity. Others think that if they could attain a high position in social, political or economic life that happiness would be theirs.

As an illustration of popularity and high office, the speaker told about the ring of joy that accompanied the nomination of Mr. Dewey for President of the United States. Yet, should Mr. Dewey attain this high office, he will find great responsibility and many complex and difficult problems that will bring anything except happiness.

Yet, there must be some path that leads to happiness, since God, in his wisdom, meant for people to be happy. So we find the answer in the Bible. "Seek ye the Lord and His guidance. Happy are the people that have God for their Lord."

The thing that is closest to our hearts and lives is our master so we were told to seek Him while he may be found and the following Scripture was quoted and each boy was urged to memorize it: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Since all are dependent upon God for all our blessings; including life and happiness, we should seek him and he will draw nigh unto us. The Lord gives comfort and grace in times of trials and temptations.

If we would like to be happy we must try and make others happy. We can do this by giving out something to others. Its more blessed to give than to receive a pleasant smile and encouragement should be given not only

to our friends, but to all humanity. As an illustration of giving as a source of happiness the condition existing in the Dead Sea was given. The Dead Sea has no outlet, but continually receives water, as a result of having no outlet, it has become stale and barren of life. We too, will become stale and undesirable if we don't have an outlet whereby we can help others.

Each was advised to be content with his condition, not to be satisfied and quit trying, but to struggle to attain the beautiful things in life. Let us look for the beauty that surrounds us, the bloom not the blight. The cynical and sour pessimist will look upon the dark side. They won't see any good in anything or anybody, but we, if we want happiness, must avoid this pessimistic attitude toward life.

God will lead us and guide us in this life if we will seek Him. The Providence of God will bring about things for our good if we will only allow Him to.

Rev. Goodman closed his sermon by reviewing the ways one can become happy and content and advised in all ways acknowledge the Lord.

Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, was the guest speaker at the Sunday services on July 18th.

Rev. Harbison read his text from the works of Joseph in the book of Genesis. His talk was centered around the wearing of a bright colored coat. Also, Rev. Harbison talked on the importance of a dream. Many boys and girls dream of going to college, while others dream of becoming great ball players. To make these

dreams become a reality, you have to trust in God and put forth some effort. You can't just sit back and let nature take its course. Things are going to come to those that work for them. We must remember that everyone makes mistakes. If we make a mistake, there is always a way in which it can be corrected. In other words, never make the same mistake twice.

The guest speaker at the school on Sunday, August 1st, was Rev. W. L. Scott, pastor of the Ann St. Methodist Church of Concord.

Rev. Scott read for the scripture the 23rd Psalms, and used the 2nd and 3rd verses for the theme of his talk. This was written by David when quite young. We find that Christ is the souls master, and the souls restorer. The shepard is the sheeps master, and makes them lie down in green pastures. Christ is our shepard. He will make us lie down in green pastures.

We have a soul to cultivate. We may do a good job of it if we only look to our master, Jesus, for divine guidance. His divine leadership will give us a useful life.

Jesus restoreth our souls. Many souls are not living up to expectation. He will take these dirty souls and rebuild them. Jesus wants to be our master and guide. He wants us to have the finer things of life. He will put his hand on our shoulder and guide us if we will only let Him. If we will only let Him lead us, goodness and mercy will follow us all the days of our life: and we will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

PILOT LIGHTS

(By Walter L. Moore, in The Christian Index)

The other day my attention was called to a gas range. It had four surface cooking units, arranged in the form of a square. In the exact center was a pilot light. It is not for illumination, for it is covered, and its flame is unseen. It is useless for cooking, for it is so tiny that it burns only a few cents worth of gas in a month, and its heat warms the metal cover over it. But when the gas is turned on in the big burners, as it escapes it is ignited by that pilot light. It exists for one sole purpose: To ignite a greater flame than it is capable of ever becoming.

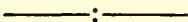
The Bible is rich with examples of people who never became great shining lights, but who were the modest pilot lights that kindled the brilliant flames. Andrew was the pilot light for Peter, the leader among the apostles. Stephen was a deacon who lived but briefly, but he made an imperishable impression on Saul. Barnabas also had a part in the making of Paul, who changed the world. Priscilla and Aquila, Christ's eloquent advocate. Samuel discovered and anointed David, whose throne would stand forever.

I know an humble country preach-

er who has served for years in obscurity whose son is one of the great preachers of his denomination. That boy was made great by the training received in that preacher's home. Another preacher-farmer with but the scantiest education won a country boy to Christ, inspired him to get an education, counseled with and prayed for him. That boy is now the pastor of a great church. The former Royal Ambassador secretary of Arkansas, now a missionary to Brazil, pays tribute to his Royal Ambassador counselor as the man who kindled the missionary flame in his heart.

The pilot light is always obscure. It is effective because of two things. First, it is faithful. Night and day it burns steadily. That is the distinguishing characteristic of the pilot-light Christians we know. The other requirement for a pilot light is this: It comes into contact with combustible materials. Pastors, parents, teachers, training union workers, missionary youth leaders all have unusual opportunities to light fires in young hearts. What greater privilege could any of us desire?

—Charity And Children.



Choose your friends from among those who are faithful to themselves—for they will also be faithful toward others.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Any man can have a wife, but only the ice man can have his pick.

—:—

Two little rabbits got lost in the woods and had a hare-raising experience.

—:—

Men are peculiar. A fellow who had not kissed his wife for five years shot a man who did.

—:—

The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby, he's dancing.

—:—

Nurse: "Willie, why did you kick Tommie in the stomach?"

Willie: "It was his own fault. He turned around."

—:—

Butcher: "Here, Madam, is a nice home-cured ham."

Mrs. Freshwed: "But I want one that has never been ill."

—:—

Jean (reading the cards): "Ah, I see a bright future ahead of you."

Adam: "Skip the future, and tell me what 'joint' I was in last night."

—:—

Nola: Are you wearing your glasses to bed?

Alice: You bet. If I dream about a man, I want to be able to see him.

—:—

Success in business is due to administration; and capacity in administration is due to that faculty, power, or quality called common sense.

—Pope.

—:—

"Die when we may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower would grow.

—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

Why did you leave your girl's house so early?

We were sitting on the sofa as she

turned out the lights. Guess I can take a hint.

—:—

Arlene: "Don't let mother catch us making love."

Jerry: "But we aren't making love."

Arlene: "Just thought I would warn you in case."

—:—

Her eyes were black as jet.

This charming girl I knew;

I kissed her, then her husband came—

Now mine are jet black, too!

—:—

"That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—Abraham Lincoln.

—:—

Cute shopper: "Do you have notions of this floor?"

Floor walker: "Yes, ma'am, but we have to suppress them during working hours."

—:—

"I can't marry him, mother," said the sad girl, "he's an atheist and doesn't believe there's a hell."

"Marry him, dear," said the mother, "and between us we will convince him that he is wrong."

—:—

Jerry was busily spading in the mud beside his Ford when Al hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Jerry cheerfully.

"The engine just died and I'm digging a grave for it.

—:—

When his daughter returned to the little Vermont farm from the girls' college, the farmer regarded her critically, and then demanded:

"Ain't you a mite fatter than you was?"

"Yes, faw-ther," she admitted. I weigh one hundred forty pounds stripped for 'gym.'

"Who in thunder is Jim?"

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

"God heals, and the doctor takes the fee."—Franklin.

—:—

"Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools."—Socrates.

—:—

"I know what pleasure is for I have done good work."—Stevenson.

—:—

"Some act first, think afterwards, and then repent forever."—C. Simmons.

—:—

"In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls."
—Balzac.

—:—

"I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered."
—Jean Ingelow.

—:—

"What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say."
—Emerson.

—:—

"Better be three hours too soon than one minute too late."
—Shakespeare.

—:—

"Master books, but do not let them master you.—Read to live, not live to read."—Bulwer.

—:—

"One is never more on trial than in the moment of excessive good fortune."—Lew Wallace.

—:—

"Sooner or later we will sit down to the banquet of consequences."
—Stevenson.

—:—

"Truth is your truest friend, no matter what may be the circumstances."—Lincoln.

—:—

"The true reformer will not only hate evil, but will earnestly endeavor to fill its place with good."
—C. Simmons.

—:—

"Keep your conduct abreast your

conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illuminated by the radiance of God."—W. M. Taylor.

—:—

"There is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance between late and too late."—Mad. Swetchine.

—:—

"When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence does not reach it."

—Descartes.

—:—

"I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without a Bible."—William L. Phelps.

—:—

"To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living."—Amiel.

—:—

"There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, and all things in succession. That which grows slowly endures."—J. G. Holland.

—:—

"I have often said that all the misfortunes of men spring from their not knowing how to live quietly at home, in their own rooms."—Pascal.

—:—

"True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander."—Colton.

—:—

"Be sincere. Be simple in words, manners and gestures. Amuse as well as instruct. If you can make a man laugh, you can make him think and make him like and believe in you."
—Alfred E. Smith.

—:—

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold. We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart. Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

—M. R. Smith.

MONTHLY HONOR ROLL

For The Month of July 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

John Carter
Charles Duncan
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Onie Kilpatrick
Major Loftin
Bill Luther
Herbert Stadler

COTTAGE No. 1

Lloyd Alley
Roy Lipscomb
Bobby Long

COTTAGE No. 2 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Bill Best

COTTAGE No. 6

Donald Branch
Glenn Jones

COTTAGE No. 7 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Raymond Cloninger
Eugene McLean
Edward McInnis

COTTAGE No. 10 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12 (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Vernon Allen
Alvin Fox
Melvin Norman
Thelbert Suggs
Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Pernell Deese
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Lewis Parris

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.
—Garfield.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 1498

No. 29

The Caller

(By Robert J. Parvin, Hondo, Calif.)

Opportunity came and knocked
At my door, one dismal day,
But, alas, she found it locked,
For that day I had gone away.
Sad for Opportunity's labors,
For this my tough luck will show—
That day I was at my neighbor's,
Pouring out my tale of woe!
No more I'll be a blues recorder,
Parked beside a wailing wall—
I'll work to keep my house in order,
For she may make another call!

—Sunshine Magazine

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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J. Frank Scott, Editor

J. C. Fisher, Printing Instructor

A BILL OF RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN

(The Summary)

1. The right to the affection and intelligent guidance of understanding parents.
2. The right to be raised in a decent home and to be adequately fed, clothed and sheltered.
3. The right to the benefits of a religious guidance and training.
4. The right to a school program which offers sound academic training, plus maximum opportunity for individual development and preparation for living.
5. The right to receive constructive discipline for the proper development of good character, conduct and habits.
6. The right to be secure in his or her community against all influences detrimental to proper and wholesome development.
7. The right to the individual selection of free and wholesome recreation.
8. The right to live in a community whose adults recognize that the welfare of their children is of primary importance.
9. The right to receive good adult example.
10. The right to a job commensurate with his or her ability, training and experience, and protection against physical or moral employment hazards which adversely affect wholesome development.
11. The right to early diagnosis and treatment of physical handicaps and mental and social maladjustments, at public expense whenever necessary.

THE MINIATURE TEXTILE PLANT

Between the school and Administration Building with it's back to the highway is the Jackson Training School Cotton Mill. It is a two story brick building furnished with most of the machinery needed to take a bale of cotton and make it into a roll of cloth. The machines were given to the school by the N. C. Cotton Manufacturers Association in July of 1939. A committee composed of Mr. Hunter Marshall Jr. of Charlotte, Mr. Herman Cone, of

Greensboro, Mr. L. C. Campayner and Mr. Alex Howard of Concord were responsible for getting and installing the equipment that is within this miniature textile plant running every week day here at the Jackson Training School, a plant that can give a boy in a period of six months the basic skills of the textile trade. Not only can he acquire this skill, but he also has the opportunity to earn for himself a certificate that shows the type of work he has done in the plant, the length of his training period and the speed or quality of his work.

Mr. Tom Blume, a man with many years of experience in the complete manufacture of cotton goods is in charge. He has under him eight boys who were selected to take advantage of the training given in this department. He is doing a fine job with these boys.

The Textile Unit consist of one picker, two cards, one drawing, one slubber, one intermediate, one spinning frame, and four looms.

From the point where the raw cotton enters the picker room until it comes out as yarn, it goes through eight different processes, as follows:

1. The raw cotton goes through the picker, where it is cleaned of foreign matter.

2. It then goes through a finisher where it is made into a flat sheet or lap. Then four of these laps are put into one and placed on a pin.

3. It is then taken to the carding machine where it is made into a roll called a card sliver.

4. Next it goes through the drawing frame where six different rolls become one, and the product is a drawn sliver.

5. It then goes to the slubber frame for the slubber rolling process, where it is twisted the first time into a thread and drawn out further.

6. Next it goes to the intermediate where two threads are made into one.

7. It is then sent to the fly frame, or speeder where two threads again become one.

8. Finally it goes to the spinning frame where two threads again become one, and it is placed on the quills, ready for shuttles and the looms.

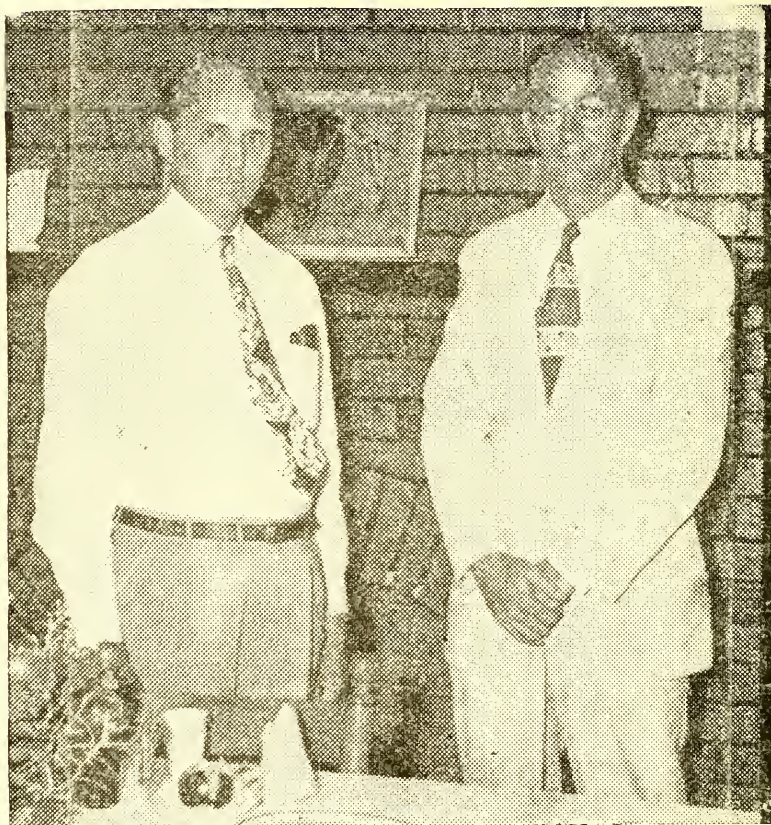
All the sheeting, blue denim and shirt cloth needed here at the

school are made in this plant. The warps for the sheeting and past year \$1954.28 worth of sheeting and shirt goods was sold to shirt cloth are purchased from the Cannon Mill Plant Number Six for the blue denim that is now being made. Mr. Ceasar Cone furnished the denim for making overalls for the boys from the opening of the school until his death in 1917.

The production from this little manufacturing plant with it's eight "school boys" employees averages around 140 yards of sheeting, 140 yards of blue denim, 200 yards of shirt cloth per day. In the in Concord. The Cone Mfg. Co. of Greensboro donated the warps the following state institutions: Morrison Training School for negro boys, Eastern Carolina Training School for boys, State Hospital at at Raleigh, Western North Carolina Sanatorium, State Hospital at Morganton.

Many hours of dreaming, planning and doing have gone into the making of this Textile Unit that has benefited the school in so many ways. Generous gifts of machinery, time and money have helped to make these dreams and plans a reality.

It is the purpose of this institution to set a boy straight as well as prepare him to stay straight after he returns to his home. The Textile Unit is particularly useful in this purpose. The lack of skill through which a boy may come by money honestly is one of the chief reasons for his misbehavior. A boy who is trained in some trade can secure an honest job, thus giving himself the ability and self-respect needed to stay straight and become a worth while citizen of his community.—Agnes Yarbrough.



Supt. J. Frank Scott and Rev. John S. McKinnon, President of the Rotary Club
Courtesy Concord Daily Tribune

THE TRAINING SCHOOL IS HOST TO CONCORD ROTARY CLUB

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Concord Rotarians were guests of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and J. Frank Scott, Superintendent of the institution, yesterday at their weekly luncheon meeting.

The Rotarians were served a lavish luncheon consisting almost entirely of products of the training school farm and were told many interesting facts concerning operation of the state institution. Roy D. Goodman was program chairman for the day and the Rev. John H. McKinnon, president of the club presided over the meeting.

Mr. Scott was assisted by Charles E. Bogar, J. C. Fisher, and J. Lee White in answering a barrage of questions concerning the school.

The service club members were told that inmates of the training school are sent by court order, under supervision of the welfare department, "for correction and not for punishment." A boy may be released after 12 months at the school, if his own attitude is improved and if home conditions and other factors appear conducive to his rehabilitation, or he may be retained on school rolls until he is 18 years of age.

Many of the boys who are released from the school find themselves in trouble again in the outside world and are returned, some of them as

often as three times, it was stated.

A boy arriving at the school is "processed" through the office, where a complete record is made of his family history and of his personal life, is assigned to the receiving cottage for two weeks, and is then assigned to a permanent cottage. Each cottage has facilities for housing 32 boys and is presided over by a cottage officer and a matron.

Mr. Scott commented that of the 270 boys now at the institution, 16 are complete orphans, 43 are half orphans, and 60 are children of parents who are separated or divorced.

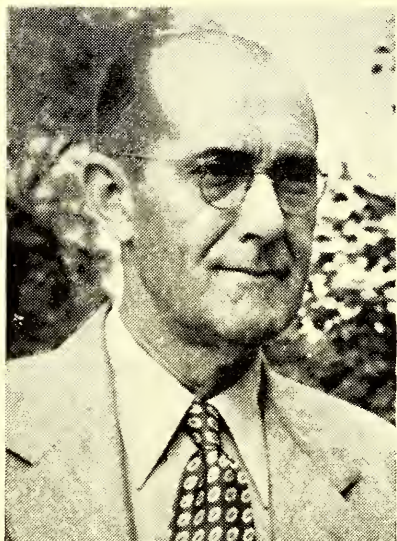
The boys are awakened at 6:45 a. m., have breakfast, and begin school studies or work at 7:45 a. m. They have lunch at 11:30 a. m., return to work or studies at 1 p. m., and come in for supper at 5:30 p. m. They are in bed at 8 p. m.

Mr. Fisher said that very many of the boys who have been released from the training school return for visits, write to officials and boys, and keep in contact with the institution. Mr. Scott added that one of the problems now being worked out is providing accommodations for the boys who return to visit the school.

A number of guests, including several visiting Rotarians, were present for the meeting.

MR. JOHN W. RUSSELL

(Leon Godown)



John W. Russell

Son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Russell. Borned in the Rocky River secion of Cabarrus County on the 6th day of March 1892.

Attended Rocky River School, and later became a student at Rutherford College. During his college days, Mr. Russell was a member of the baseball team. He developed into a top-notch lefthanded pitcher, and throughout his stay at Rutherford he pitched his team to many victories.

Mr. Russell entered the service of his country in World War I, and served overseas for one year as : member of the 81st Division, Inf., B. Co.

Returning to the United States in

1919. Mr. Russell again assumed his duties on the home farm. In August 1919 he accepted a position at the Jackson Training School. Here he acted as cottage officer, and for quite some time he help instruct the boys in various types of farm work.

When Mr. Russell first assumed his duties at the school, baseball was the most popular sport in the recreational program, and being a great lover of the game, he simply could not stay away from it. From 1920 to about 1928, he was the mainstay on the pitcher's mound for the local ball tossers. During those years the Jackson Training School baseball team compared favorably with the best semi-pro outfit in their part of the state with about three staff members on the team to hold the youngsters steady, the school's record on the diamond was excellent.

Mr. Russell was known here about as one of the best left-handed pitchers in the business, deed it was largely due to his fine work on the mound that the school's team was able to compile fine records from year to year.

Shortly after coming to the school, Mr. Russell was made supervisor of the institution's laundry work. At that time the boys engaged in washing the clothes had to do it the hard way. This was an outdoor proposition. Fires were built under huge kettles, and the scrubbing of the clothing was done by hand, on old-time wash boards.

When the weather was fair, the drying of the clothing was not so difficult. Great long lines were stretched about the section of the campus just across the highway, and the various articles of clothing were hung thereon. On rainy days, it was necessary to hang the clothes in the cottages to dry.

This process continued for several years, until the present laundry building was created, and modern machinery installed. With the arrival of the new equipment, Mr. Russell was placed in charge of the laundry, which position he holds at the present time.

In this laundry may now be seen such modern equipment as electric washers, dryers, mangles, presses and other up-to-date machinery.

Under the supervision of Mr. Russell, many of the boys in this department have become quite experts at washing, drying, cleaning and pressing all types of clothing. Quite a number of them, upon leaving the school, have been able to fill remunerative positions in dry cleaning and laundry establishments.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell are in charge of a cottage, housing a group of 25 of the smaller boys, while living a rather modest, unassuming sort of life, Mr. Russell has a way with the youngster under his care, and these lads soon learn that he really means business when dealing with them and in a short time he gains the love and respect of each one of them. He is most conscientious in the matter of handling these little fellows, and they soon learn that he is deeply interested in their welfare.

Mr. Russell is one of the most pop-

ular officers among the boys, because they have learned to know him as a "square shooter," and that he is interested only in those things which will work out for their own benefit.

Not so long ago we met a young man who for some time has been driving one of the large busses running between Charlotte and Raleigh. This young fellow served in the U. S. Navy during World War 2. He is now married and has a lovely family.

This particular chap, upon meeting us, immediately inquired as to how his friend, Mr. Russell was getting along. He stated that for several years after leaving the school, he had a good position in a dry-cleaning establishment in his home town. He further added that during the war he was employed in the tailoring department on one of Uncle Sam's huge battleships.

In commenting upon his activities since leaving the school, this fine young man said that he certainly owed much of what portion of success he had attained to his good friends, Mr. Russell.

Along with his duties as cottage officer and laundry instructor. Mr. Russell still takes much interest in athletics, and in the competitive sports program at the school, his youngsters will be found enthusiastically engaged in various sports and games with their adviser and friend on the sidelines, shouting his encouragement, these kids "dig in" all the harder in an effort to win.

Mr. Russell also takes an active part in the Training School's church and Sunday school program. He has been teaching a class of youngsters

(Please turn to page 27)

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL?

(By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade)

The Laundry-bakery building was erected in 1921. In 1938, there was an addition made to the laundry.

In 1937, the General Assembly appropriated \$27,500.00 for the erection of a gymnasium at the school. This building was erected during the year 1938.

In 39 years that the School has been in operation, there have been only 12 or 13 deaths that have occurred among the boys. The last accidental, death happened in 1943.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of this school was held in the Senate Chamber in Raleigh on September 3, 1907, with the late J. P. Cook, of Concord, N. C., as chairman.

The first school teachers at this school was the late Wright G. Campbell. He began his service in 1909 and taught school in the boy's sitting room of Cottage 1, of the King's Daughters Cottage.

The original school building was erected in 1920 and was remodeled and enlarged in 1923 and 1924. Until the year 1944, there were only seven grades. At the present time our school goes to the 10th grade.

In 1926, Mrs. John A. Barnhardt of Concord, N. C., made a donation for the erection of gates at the two

entrances to the campus. These gates were erected in memory of her husband, the late John A. Barnhardt.

In 1937, the General Assembly appropriated \$25,000.00 under the Permanent Improvement Fund, for the purpose of erecting and equipping an infirmary. It was built in 1938 and it has modern facilities and equipment.

The first gift to the Jackson Training School was a gift of \$10,000 by the citizens of Concord, N. C., for the purchase of a 291-acre tract of land. On this piece of land the school was located. The donation came in 1907.

Contributions to the School Christmas Cheer Fund for a period of 24 years from 1920 to 1944 total \$10,997.01. The largest amount given in one year was \$853 in 1927 and the smallest contribution was \$217.50 in 1933.

In 1919, the King's Daughters organization of Concord, donated the sum of \$1,200 to purchase a set of instruments for the organization of a band. Sixteen Conn instruments were bought and our first Training School band was organized.

The Swink-Benson Trades Building, a building which houses the printing shop, carpenter shop, machine shop, sewing room, shoe shop, barber shop and band room, was built in 1932, by

a donation of \$20,000 by the late Mr. W. J. Swink of China Grove, N. C.

The Burgwyn Chapel, which is situated across the highway, was erected in 1915 by contributions of the King's Daughters. It is a memorial to Mrs. Margaret Burgwyn and it cost \$6,000. However it is now out of use because the school has out grown it.

On October 7, 1943, the General Assembly abolished the Board of Trustees and established a state-wide uniform Board of Correction and Training, with Mr. Samuel E. Leonard as chairman.

In 1924, Mr. J. G. Parks of Concord, N. C., (now in Tennessee,) gave to the school its first projection machine, at a cost of \$800. It was a silent motion picture machine and served the school until in the early thirties when no silent pictures were available.

In 1925, Mr. Thomas Honeycutt of Concord instituted a project in which he gave all the Coca-Colas for the boys at their annual Halloween parties. Later, the Coca-Cola Bottling Co. purchased Mr. Honeycutt's interest in this firm and has continued this generous contribution to the present time.

In 1921, the Memorial Bridge, which crosses the highway between the Chapel and school campus was erected by funds of the King's Daughters. Mr. T. H. Webb of Concord, N. C., contributed the funds for an electric sign over the bridge, which reads: "Stonewall Jackson Training School for Boys."

In 1939, the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association established a Textile Unit at the School, which consisted of one picker, two cards, one drawing, one slubber, one intermediate, one spinning, four looms, heating unit, etc. On July 6, 1939, the Association presented all this equipment to the Board.

In 1907, in the General Assembly at the time the bill for this school was being considered, there were several confederate soldiers. It was suggested that if the name Stonewall Jackson could be linked with the name of the school these confederate soldiers would vote in favor of the bill. Thus the name became Stonewall Jackson Training School for Boys, and all the confederate soldiers voted in favor of the bill.

One of the earliest donations to the school was donated by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth of Elkin, N. C., who donated \$3,500 for the erection of a trades building, which was named the Roth Industrial Building. In the beginning this building housed the print shop, shoe shop, carpenter shop, and also as a school building. It served for these purposes until 1937, when the Swink Benson Trades Building was completed.

Eight of the cottages of this school were donated by different counties in North Carolina. Cottage 5, or Mecklenburg County Cottage, was erected in 1920, Cottage 6 was also erected in 1920 out of funds furnished by Guilford County, Cottage 7 was erected by funds furnished by Durham County in 1921, Cottage 8 was erected in

1921 by Rockingham County, Cottage 9, erected in 1921, by funds from Gaston County, Cottage 10 was erected in 1922 by Rowan and Iredell Counties Cottage 13 was erected by Forsyth County in 1923, Cottage 14 was erect-

ed in 1924 by Robeson County, and Cottage 15 was erected in 1925 by funds provided by Ruthford County. All others, with the exception of Cottage 1, were built by the state.

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BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly announcements.

August 1948

August 2—Jerry Minter, Cottage 6, 12th birthday
 August 4—Willis Caddell, Cottage 11, 15th birthday
 August 4—Lester Jenkins, Cottage 5, 13th birthday
 August 5—Troy Lee Wall, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
 August 6—Jimmy Sehen, Cottage 3, 12th birthday
 August 7—John Chapman, Cottage 5, 13th birthday
 August 11—Pernell Deese, Cottage 17, 17th birthday
 August 14—Joe Swink, Cottage 13, 16th birthday
 August 15—Joe Harvey Ennis, Cottage 14, 14th birthday
 August 16—Horace Alexander Moses, Cottage 13, 13th birthday
 August 18—Wayne Miilsaps, Cottage 3, 14th birthday
 August 18—Perry Leon Martin, Cottage 17, 15th birthday
 August 21—Homer Fisher, Cottage 13, 13th birthday
 August 21—William Anderson, Cottage 6, 11th birthday
 August 25—Thelbert Suggs, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
 August 26—Barney Hopkins, Cottage 11, 14th birthday
 August 27—James Ray Billings, Cottage 11, 14th birthday

September 1948

September 6—Franklin Phillips, Cottage 17, 14th birthday
 September 7—John A. Gainey, Cottage 6, 13th birthday
 September 7—Ray Lunsford, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
 September 9—Robert Brown Kennedy, Cottage 7, 12th birthday
 September 9—James Tuggle, Cottage 9, 14th birthday
 September 12—Evan Myers, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
 September 16—Eugene Newton, Cottage 9, 13th birthday
 September 17—Leon Poston, Cottage 17, 16th birthday
 September 21—Wm. Donald Alberty, Cottage 3, 14th birthday
 September 26—Harold Mitchell, Cottage 7, 13th birthday
 September 28—Jimmy Armstrong, Cottage 7, 13th birthday

IN OUR SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

(By Mr. B. M. Troutman, Principal)

Our school is some what different from the schools of the state. The state schools have 9 months term and goes through the 12th grade. We have school twelve months in the year, because our boys only go to school half a day, and work the other half. This way we can help a boy to get an education and learn a vocational trade, so he will be able to hold down a job when he gets out and start to make a living for himself. Our school operates all day long for about half of the boys go to school in the morning and the other half work in one of the trades that we have or on the farm, and then we reverse the order and let the ones that worked in the morning go to school in the afternoon, and the ones that went to school in the morning work in the afternoon.

In our curriculum we offer just as much if not more than any of our state schools. From first grade through the high school we have all the equipment and supplies that are needed to make our school a standard school. One that we can be proud of.

We are going in a great deal for Visual education. We have the facilities for it. With our type of boys we can get them to understand lots of things, if they can see it on the screen. By seeing them they seem to remember it longer.

Our library is one that we all can be proud of. It is one of the best that can be found anywhere in the

state for our boys. We have certain period for each boy to go and use the library. For each room gets at least two hours each week in the library. The homeroom teacher goes with their boys to the library and assist them in selecting books which are best suited for them. We have several thousands of books of all discriptions and several newspapers and magazines which the boys can read while they are in the library.

In our Physical Education Program, the boys have three 45 minutes periods each week. They are taught different kinds of games that boys like to play. We are very fortunate to have a full time Physical Education instructor.

We are glad to have such a fine that is here. They consist of B. M. Troutman principal, 10th grade and temporary the first grade. J. H. Holbrook the 8th and 9th grade. J. F. Caldwell the 7th grade. J. D. Corlis the 6th grade. Mrs. Rachel Liske the 5th grade. Mrs. J. D. Morrison the 4th grade. Miss Sarah Oehler the 3rd grade. Mrs. R. V. Caldwell the 2nd grade. When we think that we are set to do some real work with our group, several will be ready to go home and several more will come in to take their places, and will have to go back and review for them to catch up the rest of the class.

When a new boy comes into our school he is given a group of tests by Miss Nloan before he is placed in a

grade. We try to place him in the grade in which he is able to do the work.

We have a promotion period every 6 months, because our change is so great in our boys. We base our promotions on the same amount of work as any school would.

There are certain boys who keep our school building and ground clean, that is part of their work, and they have been doing a very good job in keeping things clean.

A day work for the teacher begins at 7:45 A. M. when school starts. We have a 15 minute devotional period and then regular class work until 9:45. From 9:45 to 10:00 is a supervised

recess. From 10:00 to 11:00 is regular class work. From 11:30 to 1:00 lunch. 1:00 to 2:45 regular classes. 2:45 to 3:00 recess. 3:00 to 4:15 regular classes. From 4:15 to 5:30 school is out, at 4:15 the house boys go in and start supper so they will have it ready by 5:30. Then we keep the rest of the boys on the play ground until 5:30.

I want to express my appreciation and thanks to the teachers for doing such a wonderful job in teaching and handling these boys. We are also very glad to have Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Stalling with us this summer.

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IT WILL SHOW IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day;
 You don't have to say if you work or play;
 For a tried and true barometer, right in its place;
 However you live, my friend, it will show in your face.
 The false, the deceit, that you bear in your heart;
 Won't stay down inside, where it first got its start;
 For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace,
 What you carry in your heart, will show in your face.
 If you've gambled and won in the great game of dice;
 If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife;
 If you've play the game square, and you stand on first base,
 You won't have to tell it, it will show in your face .
 Then if you dissipate nights till the day is most nigh,
 There's only one teller, and one that won't lie;
 Since your facial barometer is right in its place,
 However you live, my friend, it will show in your face.
 Well, if your life is unselfish and for others you live,
 For not what you get, but for what you can give;
 And if you live close to God, in His infinite grace,
 You won't have to tell it, it will show in your face.

Spokeman in The New Leaf

OF A LOCAL NATURE

(By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade)

August 14, the boys and officers ate the first watermelons grown at the school this year. Everybody had a good time eating the watermelons.

Thursday night, August 5, the boys saw a good show entitled "Wild Bill Hickok." The boys enjoyed this "cow-boy" picture very much.

Due to the polio epidemic, things have been pretty quiet and lonesome on Wednesdays. That's the day when "Moms" and "Pops" come to visit their "Chillun." Really though, we will be glad when the quarantine is lifted and our people can come to visit.

August 12, we were glad to have Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Commission- of the State Board of Correction, come back to visit with us. Mr. Leonard was here on official business. He is very anxious for each cottage to have better heating facilities before winter comes.

During the first part of the month the barn boys and the dairy boys have been storing silage in the silos. The barn boys haul the corn from the field and the dairy boys run the machine that cuts the corn and blows it into the silo. It's a hot job and they will be glad when they are through.

Friday, August 13, Mr. and Mrs. Troutman went on there vacation. They journeyed to Washington D. C., and while there, they saw a few of the Magor League baseball games. We

know they had a good time and the Receiving Cottage boys and all others are glad they are back.

On Monday night August 16, we were glad to have Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord come to the school and make a talk on Scouting. Mr. Barnhardt based his talk on the Scouts 12 laws. We want Mr. Barnhardt to come again soon and we want to think Mr. Liske our Scout Board Chairman, for making it possible to hear Mr. Barnhardt's talk.

Sunday, August 8th, the boys and officers began getting ice-cream again. The ice-cream freezing unit has been out of order and the dairy boys could not make the ice-cream. We are all glad it is fixed. Besides the lemon ice-cream we got Sunday, we had good ol' fried chicken.

"The Kiss of Death" was the name of the picture show on August 19. What a picture! It was all about an Asst. D. A. (Brain Denlevy) who tries to protect Nick Bianco (Victor Mature) who has turned "squeeler" on Tommy Udo, a big-time gangster. In the end, Nick is shot by Udo and Udo is shot by the police.

August 25, the members of the Concord Rotary Club made a visit to the school to attend a large dinner prepared for them. Mrs. Liske, matron of Cottage 10, was in charge of preparing the dinner and she and her co-

workers did a fine job. The dinner was held in Cottage 2. We hope the men enjoyed the dinner and will come again soon.

On August 19, we were glad to have one of our former boys back to visit with us. He is J. W. McRorie, of Charlotte, N. C. J. W. is now working as a linotype operator for the Charlotte Observer and has recently joined the Union. He seems to be making good progress in Charlotte and we hope he can come to see us more often. He has been married for about a year.

August 10, we were glad to have William Peeden of Raleigh, N. C., to come back to visit the school again. He has come back many times to visit since he was released in 1941. He now works as a fireman on the Southern Railroad from Raleigh to Richmond. He spent most of his time at Cottage 10 where he once lived. We are glad he is making good at home and we want him to come again soon.

The weekly show on Thursday, August 12, was, "It Happened in Brooklyn," starring Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford and Jimmy Durante. This picture was a mixture of a little vaudeville by Duranite, opera by Grayson, and modern "crooning" by The Sinatra. Peter Lawford supplied the love punch and they "all lived happily ever after," at the end of the show. It was a pretty good picture and all enjoyed seeing it.

During the middle part of the month, the school received the boilers and radiators for the heating

plants which are going to be placed in all of the cottages. Some of the parts have come. Sam E. Beck Plumbing and Heating Contractors Inc., of Winston, have charge of installing the heating plants. Mr. Beck thinks he will have all the work done and in operation not later than the first of the year.

August 10, we were glad to have the members of the Concordians Club come to the school for a visit. Approximately 85 members were present. Lunch was served to them in Cottage No. 4. Much credit should go to Mrs. Kiser, matron of Cottage 4, for preparing the excellent dinner, her assistants were Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Russell, and Mr. Liske. Credit should also go to the boys who served as waiters: Odean Chapman, Earl Bowden, Carroll Teer, Avery Brown, Jimmy Rogers, Herman Hutchins, Kenneth Staley, Harvey Brisson, J. C. Mikeal, Major Loftin, and Bobby Kerr.

We are glad these people came and we wish to extend an invitation for them to return when they can.

August 25, the members of the Concord Rotary Club made a visit to the school to attend a luncheon prepared for them by the cottage matrons.

The following matrons and officers prepared the dinner for them; Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Rouse, Mrs. Spears, Mrs. Beaver, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Horne, Mrs. Cruse, and daughter, Miss Evelyn Cruse, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Holbrook, Mrs. Hinson, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Tomkinson, Mrs. Troutman, Mrs. Hahn. Miss Nolan had charge of the flowers.

Ice Cream was made at the diary

by Mr. Peck and his diary boys.

Rolls, ham, and pies were prepared at the bakery by Mr. Liske and the bakery boys. The following boys served as waiters, Major Loften, Jimmy Rogers, Melvin Ledford, Bobby Keer, Avery Brown, Earl Bowden, Tommy Scroggs, and Carol Teer.

We want to thank all the matrons and officers for making it possible for the Rotary Club members to have such a nice dinner.

Advisory Budget Committee Makes Visit to Training School

The Advisory Budget Committee visited the Training School on Friday, August 27. In the committee were the following: Mr. T. Clarence Stone, of Stoneville, Mr. LeRoy Martin, of Raleigh, Mr. Wade Barber, of Pittsboro, Mr. Kerr Clay Ramsey, of Salisbury, and Mr. Frank Taylor, of Goldsboro.

The committee made a tour of the school, inspecting buildings and grounds, discussing needed repairs and improvements. Mr. Leonard, State Commissioner of Correction, and Mr. Scott the Superintendent, presented some of the problems facing the school. The committee seemed to understand thoroughly and offered many

helpful suggestions.

The Scotts Have Open House

On Thursday evening, August 26, the Scotts were hosts to the staff of the Jackson Training School at their apartment in the Administration Building. Lovely mixed summer flowers were used throughout the house. About sixty guests called between the hours of eight and ten.

Guests were directed to the side porch entrance by Joe Spears and were greeted in the sun room by Miss Mary Ellen Niblock. Receiving in the living room were Mrs. Scott, Mr. Scott, Sally Edna and John Scott, Mr. Samuel E. Leonard, Mrs. Jesse Fisher and Mr. Fisher.

Miss Juanita Noland directed the guests to the hall, and Mrs. Curtis Yarbrough greeted them at the dining room door. Mrs. W. B. Ward, Jr., sister of Mrs. Scott, served orange ice punch, and Mrs. Martha Cranford and Miss Mary Katherine Trexler assisted with serving delicious chicken sandwiches, cake nuts. The dining room table was centered with lovely pink and white asters and fern.

Goodbyes were said to Miss Mildred Shoe at the hall entrance. Everyone enjoyed the delightful occasion.

SCRAP BOOK

Earth's crammed with Heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God;
 And only he who sees takes off his shoes—
 The rest sit around and pluck blackberries.

—Elizabeth Barret Browning

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

State Sociologist

By Bill Jenkins 9th Grade

A few week ago Miss Noland came to the school to give the boys tests. These tests will determine what grade they will start in. They all look forward to taking their test and hope they will make good.

Lightning Strikes Gym

Thomes Linville, 9th Grade

Saturday night, Aug. 21. during a thunder storm, lighting struck the chimney of the Gymnasium and blew fuses in certain fuseboxes. This was all the damage done and we are looking forward to seeing it repaired.

The Dairy Boys Work

By Norval Smith, 8th Grade

The dairy boys get up early in the morning and go to the barn. The first thing they do is milk the cows and then clean up the barn. In the afternoon, they take up milk bottles and wash them. Then they put down ensilage and start milking again.

The Seventh Grade Class Room

By Horold Sellars, 7th Grade

The seventh grade boys have been working hard to make their class room look better. We have washed the walls and have varnished the desks. Mr. Caldwell, our teacher, said he would try and get some paint and

paint the class room. And I think that we are doing a fine job of it.

Mr. Hooker's Vacation

By Frank Grady, 8th Grade

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker left to go on their vacation to New York last week. I got a card from them saying they were getting along just fine and were enjoying their vacation.

I will be glad when they get back because I want to go back to No. 14. We all hope they enjoy their vacation.

Hay Season

By Bill Jenkins, 9th Grade

Recently the work-line and the barn-force have been putting the hay in the barns so we will have plenty for the animals when winter comes. We have been hauling the hay to the barns on wagons, trucks and tractor wagons. We all hope we can get all the hay in before winter comes.

Our Trip

By Billy Anderson, 9th Grade

Saturday Aug. 21, Mr. and Mrs. Walters and Mr. and Mrs. Troutman took the boys of cottages 5 and 16 to Rocky River. We seined, fished, and swam.

We got two catfish a butterfish, and a frog.

We carried watermelons to eat along which were very tasty. We enjoyed our stay very much and wish to express our thanks to these officers for taking us.

A Walk

By Ollie Daw, 4th Grade

Saturday afternoon Mr. Russell took Cottage No. 6 for a walk over to the ball field. We cut watermelons. After the boys ate them, we played games and then we went back to the cottage and played awhile.

We want to thank Mr. Russell for taking us and we hope he takes us again soon.

No. 6 Gose To Cabin

By Cecil Kallam, 3rd Grade

Saturday afternoon, No. 6 went to the cabin. We had a good time over there. We played hiding. We drank, ate cake, and sandwiches. After that we played some more. Some of the boys went swimming and some of them fished. They caught some fish, and then we came back to the cottage and got ready for bed.

3rd And 4th Grades Play Ball

By Dickie Leonard, 3rd Grade

Monday the third and fourth grade went to the gym to play ball. The work line was in there. We went inside and played a game of ball. The third and fourth grades played the work lines. They played a good game but we won. The game was tied 3 to 3. It was a good game and we hope we can play them again.

Our Hike Sunday

By Onie Kilpatrick, 4th Grade

The boys of Cottage 16 went on a hike Sunday. We went over to the grape vineyard, then Mr. Troutman

found some grapes. The boys ate some. We went to the gravel pit and played there for a while, then we came back to the cottage.

All the boys had a good time and we all want to thank Mr. Troutman for taking us.

New Furnaces

By W. L. Steel, 7th Grade

We have some new furnaces for each cottage. Two cottages already had furnaces before we got the new ones. The men have already put the furnaces in the cottages for us. We have the pipe and the radiators ready to be placed. We all like the furnaces that we have. The men will start installing them very soon. We will be glad when they are installed.

Cottage 2 Being Repaired

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Lately the Carpenter shop boys have been working on Cottage 2. They have fixed the front and now are working in the basement on the wall boxes. They have painted nearly all of them so far.

They have almost finished the Candy barn which lighting struck Aug. 1947. They will have it finished in a few more months we hope.

Mr. Leonard Visits The School

Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Thursday August 26, we were glad to have with us Mr. Sameul E. Leonard Commissioner of Correction, of Raleigh, N. C. Mr. Leonard pays the school a visit every once in a while to see how we are getting along. We

were glad to have him with us, although it was a very short visit. We hope he can come back to see us soon and have a longer stay at the school.

Watermelons

By Ray Lunsford, 8th Grade

Lately the boys of the Jackson Training School have been getting a lot of watermelons that were raised on the farm. The boys get melons just about every day. We want to thank Mr. Walker for planting the seed and thinning them out. We also want to thank these officers Mr. Hooker, Mr. Rouse and Mr. Tomkinson for gathering them and hauling them around to the different cottages.

Our Room

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

The 3rd grade has a pretty room. We have lots of flowers, and some pretty pictures that the boys drew.

Every day we help our score when we play the 4th Grade. We beat them most of the time, on our score card we have three rules we try to remember,

1. Be a good sport.
2. Play and be fair.
3. Be a good loser.

We have some new books. We are working hard on our writing, too.

New Heating System

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

Recently, the school received new boilers for the cottages. This winter the boys will be comfortable in the bedrooms, with the new radiators. The school got the boilers from a heating supply company in Winston Salem.

All of the cottages will not be able to get them all in before cold weather, but they will soon. The officers and matrons will enjoy the new heating system too.

Cottages 3 And 13 Go On Weiner Roast

By Harold Sellars, 7th Grade

Saturday, August 14, Cottage 13 and 3 went to Mr. Tomkin's Farm. We all had hotdogs, sandwiches, and cakes to eat. We had Pepsi-Colas and ice tea to drink. We all had a very good time.

Some of the boys caught some fish and brought them back. We want to thank Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Hahn for making it possible for us to go. We all hope to go again.

The Cotton Mill

By J. T. Haigler, 8th Grade

The boys of the cotton mill have been very busy for the last few weeks. Since we got the warps back from town. We have had more than enough work. I like my job in the mill. Another boy and I work in the loom room. In the loom room we weave. We take three sets of strings and weave them together, and make cloth. We also have a spinning frame. We take the cotton and spin it into strings, into which we make cloth. We like the work just fine.

A Trip

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Saturday, August 14, Cottage 13 and 3 went on a trip to Mr. Tompkin-

son's farm 12 miles northeast of Concord. We had a picnic and Mr. Tomkinson took us around to see the old gold mines which has been closed for approximately 20 years. He has a pond that is about 20 feet deep that covers the area of three acres. We want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hahn and Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson officers and matrons of Cottage 3 and 13 for taking us, we all hope that we can go back again very soon.

My Stay At The School

By Glenn Evans, 10th Grade

I am leaving the Training School soon, I came here June 15, 1945. When I came here I weighed 40 pounds and now I weigh 104 pounds, I was 4 ft. 10 in. tall. Now I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall. I have also made, a lot of progress in school. When I came here I was in the fourth grade and now I am ready to go to the eleventh. I have spent my stay here in three cottages: Receiving, Two, and Three. My stay here at the school has meant a lot. I want to say goodbye to all my friends here at the school before I go.

Mr. J. J. Barnhardt Visits The School

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

On Wednesday, August 11, Mr. J. J. Barnhart, of Concord made a visit to the school and made a short speech on Scouting. He explained, in order, to be a good Scout you must be honest, obedient, and brave.

The boys at J. T. S. have a chance to become a Scout, that is, if they make a good record.

A Boy Scout Committee has been appointed which is as follows: Mr. Liske, Chairman; Mr. Query, Mr. Peck, Mr. Rouse, Mr. Scott and others.

The boys will get to go camping, hiking, swimming and other places. A boy should want to make a good record and get in the Scouts.

The Printing Shop

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

The Printing Shop now has only 4 boys in the morning and 3 boys in the evening. We print the Uplift once a month now and don't need very many boys, although we have a good many jobs to print for other schools. The Printing Department has 9 electric machines and 3 other machines that is run by hand. There is only one boy who started working all day last week, his name is Hugh Ball. The other boys who work in the printing shop are as follows: Lee Bradshaw, Thomas Linville, Silas Orr, Harold Sellers, Johnny Weaver, and Jr. Blackburn.

Our Physical Education Program

By Philip Kirk, 8th Grade

Recently Mr. Walters, Mr. Troutman, and some more of the school teachers made a change in our physical education program. Instead of playing just 20 minutes a day, we now play 45 minutes every other day. We get to go to the basement and play at least 10 minutes every day. Mr. Walters has taught us some new games, and we like them. Best of all we like Swat Ball, everybody plays it because it is a very good

game. We thank Mr. Walters for teaching us these new games, and too, we thank all the ones who made this plan possible. We have lots more fun and time now. We thank all who made this new plan for our Physical Education Program possible.

Mr. Bert Barnhardt Visits The School

By Thomas Linville, 9th Grade

On August 21, Mr. Bert Barnhart came back to the School for a short visit. He came to the Print Shop to talk with Mr. Fisher.

His home is in Concord, and he is married and has one son one year of age.

He is employed by the "Greensboro Daily News," as a Linotype operator.

During his stay at the Training School, he worked in the Print Shop and operated one of the Linotype Machines. Bert spent several years at the Training School, he left in 1944.

Not long afterwards Bert went to the Navy and worked on the "Navy News" as a Linotype Operator. Bert spent 16 months in the Navy, and after returning home, he was employed by the "Greensboro News."

New Boys

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Lately we have had a good many new boys. We did not get very many new boys for awhile on account of the polio epidemic. We received 14 new boys from August 1th to the 13th. The name of the boys, their home towns, and the grade in which they were placed are as follows: Robert Sigman, 5th Grade; Richard Sigman, 5th Grade Hickory; Aubry Mauney, 2nd Grade,

Neveland; David Bungardner, 6th Grade, Charlotte; Dean Yates, 3rd Grade Granite Falls; Tommy Carter, 3rd Grade Greensboro; Evan Myers, 3rd Grade Winston-Salem; George Washington Pate, 7th Grade, Readesville; James Smith, 3rd Grade, Mt. Gilead; Bobby Hutchins, 3rd Grade Guilford College. We hope all of these boys will do their best while they are with us.

Former Boys Return For Visit

By Thomas Linville, 9th Grade

On Thursday, August 19, Mr. W. L. Young returned to the school for a short visit. He talked to Mr. Fisher about incidents that happened when he was at the Training School. He visited Mr. C. E. Bøger, former superintendent, and the other officers that he knew when he was a student at the Training School.

He came to the Training School in 1915 and left in the latter part of 1919. He stayed at the Training School about four years. During his stay here he was a house boy at Cottage 1.

He is employed by the American Food Stores Co. and has been working at this occupation for the past 20 years. He has worked his way up to be meat manager.

His place of employment is in Camden, New Jersey, which is the headquarters of the American Food Stores.

He is married and has one son 19 years of age. They have a nice home in New Jersey.

Mr. Young usually visits the school once a year and we are looking forward to seeing him again.

SPORTS NEWS

(By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade)

Saturday afternoon Cottage 10 and Cottage 3 played a softball game. It was a good game. The score was 28 to 12 in Cottage 3's favor. Mr. Hahn gave all of the boys a Pepsi-Cola that knocked a home run. Bobby East knocked 2 home runs and he got 2 Pepis-Colas. We are going to play Cottage 7 next Saturday. We hope we win over them.

—Harold Mitchell, 3rd Grade

Last week Cottage 7 played Cottage 5. We won by 16 to 11 in favor of Cottage 7. It was a good game by both Cottages. The pitchers were; Glenn Rice for No. 5 and Jerry Peavy for No. 7. Both pitched a very good game. This coming week Cottage 7 plays No. 3. I guess it will be a tight game because both Cottages have good players. I don't know which cottage will win. We will just wait and see

—Jerry Peavy, 3rd Grade

ward to playing football. All the cot-

Most of the boys are looking for-
tages will be trying to win the football
hrophy which No. 10 has had the last
two years in succession. Before long
Mr. Liske will be working with his
boys in order to keep the trophy
another year.

All the boys in No. 10 hope that we
will get to keep it another year, so
we will work and practice hard.

—Charles Woodrow, 9th Grade

Cottage No. 10 and Cottage No.
15 played a game for the champion-

ship. Every one played hard for it.
One boy was on first base and Troy
Wall hit the ball and scored two runs.
Cottage 15 won the game and every
one was glad that we won it. We hope
to win the football championship this
fall. Mr. Peck helped us to practice.

This was a very good game and
everyone enjoyed it.

The line up for both team is as fol-
lows:

Cottage 10's line up is as follows:
James Allen, left field; Jerry Peek,
catcher; Kenneth Staley, pitcher;
Gerald Johnson, third base; Kenneth
Horn, second base; John Potter, cen-
ter field; Marshall Beaver, first base;
Joyce Hobbs, right field.

Cottage 15's line up is as follows:
Alvin Fox, pitcher; Troy Wall, first
base; Vernon Allen, short stop;
Eugene Womble, second base; Ray
Bridgeman, catcher; Melvin Norman,
left field; Kenneth Rogers, right
field; Carrol Teer, center field.

—Melvin Norman, 3rd Grade

Cottage 3 Defeated Cottage 7 in the
Championship Softball Game

By Glenn Evans, 10th Grade

Saturday Aug. 7, cottage 3 defeated
cottage 7 in the Championship game
in Softball. The score was 16-3 in
favor of cottage 3. This was a good
game from the begining but cottage
3 proved to be the better team. Mr.
Hahn was the coach for cottage 3 and
Mr. Horne for cottage 7.

We hope that we can do as good in
football.

VISITORS DURING AUGUST

- August 2—Mrs. J. T. Walton, Jr. and Miss Margaret Stanton, Case Workers with the Catawba County Welfare Department spent a few hours with us. They brought three new boys.
- August 3—Mr. C. L. Ruch, Child Welfare Worker, and Mr. E. Deal, Case Worker, of Charlotte were here for a short time. They brought a new boy.
- August 3—Mr. B. H. Freeman, Sheriff of Transylvania County visited the school recently.
- August 5—Mr. W. T. Wells, Probation Officer, of Asheville. Mr. Wells had lunch with us at the Administration Building.
- August 6—Mr. J. O. Griffin, Boys' Commissioner, of Greenboro was here on a visit.
- August 9—Mr. John Kimball, Probation Counselor, of Winston-Salem, visited us.
- August 10—Miss Lois George, Case Worker, of Caldwell County. Miss George brought a new boy and took one of her boys back, as he had earned his release. She had lunch at the Administration Building.
- August 13—Mr. W. Bruce Thorburn, Juvenile Probation Officer, of Greenboro. Mr. Thorburn brought a new boy and visited some of his boys. He had lunch with us.
- August 13—Dr. Ernest A. Branch, Director, Division of Oral Hygiene, State Board of Health, of Raleigh, was here in the interest of the dental clinic that is being conducted at the school.
- August 17—Miss Sarah Sandifer, Child Welfare Worker, and Mr. Keeling, Policeman, of Hendersonville. They brought a new boy, and then had conferences with all seven of their boys here.
- August 17—Miss Clara Ogilvei, Case Work Asst. from Wilkesboro, came to the school, to bring a new boy.
- August 17—The members of the Lions Club of Concord were guests of the school at 7 p. m. They were served dinner at Cottage 4.
- August 20—Mr. John R. Kimball, of Forsyth County was here. He is a Probation Counselor.
- August 20—Mr. Bausie Marion and Mr. J. H. Shaw from Dobson N. C. were at the school. Mr. Shaw is Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court.
- August 26—The members of the Rotary Club of Concord were guests here for their meeting at 12:30. Lunch was served at Cottage 2.

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“Gratitude is not only the greatness of virtues, but the parent of all the others.”—Cicero

LIONS CLUB IS GUEST AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The regular meeting of Concord Lions club was held Tuesday evening when the members of the club were guests of J. Frank Scott, superintendent of Jackson Training School.

The program was opened with group singing by John Puckett, after which the invocation was said by Captain Vincel Larsen of the Salvation Army. The group was served by a corps of officers and the boys of the school.

President Dewitt Perry presided at the regular business session. A brief review of progress on the Lions horse show being made by L. B. McEachern, was given and a letter from secretary of Lions International, Melvin Jones, was read by John Puckett. The letter dealt with praise of New York newspapers of the national convention of the Lions Club which was held recently at Madison Square Garden at New York.

Varying from the regular proceedings of accepting transfers of Lion J. Frank Scott and Captain Vincel Larsen. Both were accepted into the club by unanimous consent. Lion Scott was a member of the Walkertown club and Lion Larsen was a member of the Lubbock, Texas club.

After a brief humorous talk by Cap-

tain Larsen, Superintendent Scott explained to the group the operation procedure of the school. He pointed out that every major item of food on the tables was grown on the farm operated by boys at the school. Even the cover on the tables were made from cotton grown on the farm and were woven by the boys, he asserted. Included in the vegetables grown on the farm were lima beans, corn and potatoes. Fried chicken was also a product of the farm.

A collection of \$85. was taken from members of the club for boys who are without spending money. It was brought out through questions that many boys at the school did not have spending money as some of the others did, who received regular allotments from their parents.

President Perry on behalf of the club invited members of the school to be guests of the Lions at their horse show to be held October 8th and 9th at Webb Field.

Jimmy Woodart drew the convention prize while Bill Moose annexed the attendance prize. The attendance prize was donated by Lion Lee Harris and Dewitt Perry and was an ash tray with the Lion international emblem.

—————:—————

A long face is often indicative of a short temper.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE SCHOOL

On Sunday August 15th, the Sunday Service was conducted by Reverend John H. Carper, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church of Concord.

Rev. Carper read for his scripture, Paul's letters to the Philippeans as found in the 3rd chapter fo Philippeans, 1st through the 16 verses. The topic for his talk was, "Get Hold of Yourself." Be able to master all situations. St. Paul was able to make great suggestions and statements during his life because he had gotten hold of himself. He made Christ the center of his life. One thing we should do is to forget those things that have hindered us in the past, and reach for those in the future that lead toward a higher gold.

There are three goals to help us in being able to accomplish this. One is to begin where we are. Strain and reach and not give up. Second, use what we have. We should use our talents. We are endowed with time, which is a God giving comidity. Time will tick by and is not used—it will be lost. We are endowed with money. We may not have a lot, but we can use what we have justly. We are endowed with talent. Whether it is music, machines, business, or what not, we should use it to God's advantage. We are endowed with our mind. We should keep it clean and sound when others around us are losing theirs. The third goal is to give of your best. No one has done his best yet. We should never quit at anything until we have done our best. We may only do our best through the help of God.

The Reverend W. V. Tarleton, pastor

of the McGill Street Baptist Church of Concord, was the guest speaker at the afternoon service.

Rev. Tarleton read for his scripture, the 3rd chapter of Proverbs, the 1st through the 12th verse. For his text he used four nails. The first nail he showed and talked about had no point on it. You couldn't drive this nail. It would slip and not stick in the wood. A lot of people are like this nail, they slip around and just won't stick to a given task. The second nail was crooked. Some people are crooked. They cheat and steal. Rev. Tarleton told of tieing a young hickory sapling in a knot and finding it again years later after it had developed into a young tree. The knot was still there and could not be untied. It could have been untied a few weeks later but not after it had grown crooked for a period of time. Don't stay crooked; untie yourself before it is too late. The 3rd nail he showed had no head. This nail won't hold anything and will slip through the plank or what ever it is suspose to hold. People also loose their heads and go bershak. They will do the most foolish things. Things they are sorry for later. We should use our heads and keep them clear. We should use our heads for what they were put there for; and not just use them for a hat rack. The 4th nail was perfect. It had a head, a point, and was straight. This nail will hold anything. Let us hold on to our heads, and keep our body and soul straight.

The Sunday afternoon service was

conducted by the Reverend John McKinnon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Concor.

Rev. McKinnon read the scripture from Paul's second letter to his friend Timothy. Using this as his back ground, Rev. McKinnon told how Paul and Timothy became friends and also about the letters that Paul wrote persuading Timothy to carry on in God's name.

Back in Timothy's days there were no Christian schools to go to if you wanted to study the works of God. Instead, Timothy followed Paul around from place to place learning from him as he taught Christianity. Paul would not stay in one city, just long enough to build a church. Two years was the longest he ever stayed in one city. Paul had some very trying times. In some places he was scanned, rebuked, and even stoned. Even at one time he was ship wrecked. All this happened before Timothy began traveling with

him. Paul was telling Timothy this story about 30 years later, shortly before he was brought to trial and condemned to death. He knew all this was coming—thus he was persuading Timothy to carry on in his place. Jesus tells us to use our money for something good, and not to lay up where thieves may break through and steal.

Before Paul became a Christian he went under the name of Saul. He fought Christianity and helped persecute anyone that followed God's way of living. He was struck blind for three days on the road to Damascus. This is where he met Christ personally. There is a difference between knowing somebody and knowing about somebody. Saul knew about Christ but Paul knew Christ. Thus, he said I know whom I am believed.

Saul trusted Christ on the road to Damascus. He said, "here I am Lord." Every boy or man belongs to God, so we must trust ourselves to him.

John W. Russell

(Concluded from page 9)

in Sunday school ever since joining the institution staff of workers.

On May 3, 1923, Mr. Russell was married to Miss Mary M. Wilson, of Fort White, Fla. They have two children, Mrs. Lucile Jenkins, of Wilkesboro, and John McKamie Russell, who is a student at Harrisburg High School.

Although his time is pretty well occupied with his duties at the school, Mr. Russell is also an active layman in church work. He is a member of

the Rocky River Presbyterian Church of which he has been member since boyhood.

He is also a member of the Fred Y. McConwell Post, of the American Legion, of Concord.

—:—

Bridget, the maid, had just been discharged. Extracting a \$5.00 bill from her roll, threw it to Fido.

Then the startled mistress heard her say:

"Sur'n I niver fergit a friend. That's for helpin' me wash the dishes."

CONSTITUTION GREW OUT OF PRAYER

(From Harding College Monthly Letter in Sunshine Magazine)

The great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, once spoke of the Constitution of the United States as "The greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." But perhaps Mr. Gladstone did not know the real source of this great "piece of work." The following facts throw significant light on the subject:

By the middle of June, 1787, the Constitution Convention had almost bogged down in its own deliberations. Representatives of the thirteen original states had haggled for a month, and made small progress, suspicion had been sown among them. Personal dislike and sectional jealousies had grown threadbare. And on the morning of June 16, Benjamin Franklin addressed George Washington in these words:

"Mr. President: The small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attention and continual reasoning with each other is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfections of human undertaking.

"In this situation of this assembly, as it were in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding?

"I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, it is probable that

an empire can rise without his aid. We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

"I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword, down to future ages.

"And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, conquest. I therefore beg leave to move: That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

Mr. Franklin's motion carried. The Constitutional Convention prayed, and made progress beyond one of the darkest hours in the career of human liberty.

There remains on earth only one big country with individual freedom in its scheme of government; that's the United States. Whole nations plunging toward ruin are looking to us for rescue. It is time for prayer, by assembled worshipers and by contrite souls in their closets, that America may be allowed to keep her God-given freedom and granted power to bear the responsibilities that already are bearing down.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Safety Poem: "At railroad crossings, here's how to figger; In case of a tie, the engine's bigger."

—:—

Mother: Charlie, sit down and tell your sister a story.

Charlie: I can't sit down mother, I just told father a story.

—:—

Teacher: What is a synonym, Bobbie?

Bobbie: That's the word you use when you can't spell the other one.

—:—

"His thoughts were slow, his words were few and never formed to glisten, but he was joy to all his friends—you should have heard him listen."

—:—

Professor: "This is the third time you've been late. Don't you know you can't stay the flight of time?"

Freshie: "Oh, I don't know. I just stopped a couple of minutes down the street."

—:—

Instructor: "Remember, every man should know himself."

Pupil: "Maybe so, but in doing so, he wastes a lot of valuable time that might be spent making more desirable acquaintances."

—:—

Newlywed: What's wrong with this pie-crust? It doesn't half cover the pie?

Mrs. Newlywed: Why, dearest, I asked your mother all about how to make them to suit you, and she said to make them short.

—:—

A boy and girl were riding horseback out in the country. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks and noses affectionately.

"Oh, me," said the guy, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Go ahead," said the gal, "it's your horse."

—:—

Sergeant: "Hey, there—you Mose,

come on back here."

Mose: "Sarge, I an't ready to die just yet."

Sergeant: "Well suppose you do get killed. Heaven is your home."

Mose: "Yes, suh, Sarge, ah knows dat. But right now, ah ain't home-sick."

—:—

A Chinese diplomat once told about a Chinese committing suicide by eating gold leaf.

"But," exclaimed one of his listeners, "I can't understand how that could have killed him."

"Probably," the diplomat answered, "he died from the consciousness of inward guilt."

—:—

Delighted at the gift she had received, Mrs. Jones spoke warmly to the farm boy: "At church tomorrow I'll thank your mother for this lovely pie."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," the boy suggested nervously. "Would you thank her for two pies?"

—:—

Little Stanley was taken by his parents to his first concert and a soprano was the soloist during the first number.

Answered Stanley, pointing at the conductor: "Mother, why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?"

"He's not shaking his stick at her," the mother whispered.

"Then why is she screaming like that?"

—:—

A motorist parked his car too close to a fire hydrant, and a policeman hurried over from a corner and asked "Say, buddy, do you mind coming out here and giving me a hand?"

"Sure thing," agreed the obliging motorist. "Whaddaya want me to do?"

"I just want you," said the cop, "to help me pick up this fire hydrant and move it down the street a ways so you'll have enough room to park here."

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

The angry man is the weak man.

—:—

It's hard to save face if you lose you head.

—:—

There is not one wise man in twenty that will praise himself.

—:—

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all evil of which one be guilty.

—:—

When you try to make an impression, that's the impression you make!

—:—

All too often a clear conscience is merely the result of a bad memory.

—:—

The best way to get rid of a hot-head is to give him the cold shoulder.

—:—

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

—:—

Here's to my friend—who knows I'm not much good and can forget it.

—:—

Those who succeed best discover a work which for them is largely play.

—:—

Life, which we find too short, is made of many days which we find too long.

—:—

The personal pronoun "I," might well be on the coat of arms of some individuals.

—:—

Education will broaden a narrow mind, but there's no known cure for the big-head.

—:—

The coward deals a hurt and boasts of it; the brave man heals the hurt and is silent.

—:—

One day while eating dinner, the man sitting next to me looked at his plate of beans and said very low (I could barely hear it) "Well, Lord,

there isn't much for me to give thanks for today, please forgive me. Amen."

—:—

A man never shows his own character so plainly as by his manner of portraying another's.

—:—

Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.

—:—

It's not what we tell people, about ourselves that interest them; it's what we could tell and don't.

—:—

Disappointment should always be taken as a stimulant, and never viewed as a discouragement.

—:—

If more people would say thanks for little favors, more people would find big favors to be thankful for.

—:—

A gentleman is one who takes less than he is entitled to take, and gives more than he is obliged to give.

—:—

It's a ten to one bet that when someone slaps you on the back he's trying to make you cough up something.

—:—

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

—:—

"The quarrels of lovers are like summer storms. Everything is more beautiful when they have passed.

—Mad. Necker.

—:—

"The acorn does not become an oak in a day; the ripened scholar is not made by a single lesson; the well trained soldier was not the raw recruit of yesterday; there are always months between the seed-time and harvest. So the path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

—R. B. Nichol.

MONTHLY HONOR ROLL

For The Month of August 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Buchanan
John Carter
Charles Fields
Arthur Lawson
Bill Luther

COTTAGE No. 1

Bobby Pope
Bobby Porter

COTTAGE No. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Arrowood
Glenn Evans
Waylon Gardner
Herbert Griffen
Jack Jarvis
Wayne Millsap
Claude Sexton
Bernard Webster

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

Elijah Spivey

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Marvin Guyton
Van Robinson
Fulton Phillips
Eugene Newton
James Tuggle
Kenneth Walters

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden
Frank Grady
Thurman Hornaday
Ray Lunsford
Jerry Oakes

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Eden Chavis
Francis Thomas

INFIRMARY

Lewis Paris

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXXVI

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 1948

No. 30

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS

While the inequalities of men and their gifts are obvious to all who behold, there are observable to the eyes of faith certain operations which can be only attributed to a divine justice which deals equally with all. If a man has a brilliant mind, it does not necessarily follow that he will out-distance his less gifted fellows in the achievement of happiness. If one is favored with positions of trust and responsibility beyond most of his fellows, he may not necessarily surpass them in service that counts. There are compensations which come even in the wake of disappointment and loss, and many a man whose faith in God holds fast has found in adversities of fortune the means of developing character and strength for final victory.

—N. C. Christian Advocate

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE UPLIFT STAFF

GENERAL PRINTING ADVISER—J. C. Fisher

FACULTY ADVISER—B. M. Troutman

OFFICE REPORTER—Miss Ellen Niblock

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Johnny Weaver.

SPORTS EDITOR—Jr. Blackburn.

BOY SCOUT REPORTER—Jr. Blackburn.

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Jr. Blackburn, Silas Orr.

PRINTING CLASS—Hugh Ball, Jr. Blackburn, Lee Bradshaw, Thomas Linville,
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The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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J. Frank Scott, Editor

J. C. Fisher, Printing Instructor

STUDY THE RULES

Oh, whether it's business or whether it's sport. Study the rules.
Know every one of them, long and the short. Study the rules.
Know what you may do, and what you may not.
In the critical times when the battle is hot. Know the rules.
Life's not a scramble, and sport's not a mess. Study the rules.
Nothing is left to haphazard or guess. Study the rules.
Know what's a foul blow, and what is a fair;
Know all the penalties recognized there
Know what to go for, and what to beware. Study the rules.
Nature has fixed for us definite laws. Study the rules!
Every effect is the child of a cause. Study the rules.
Nature has penalties she will inflict,
When it comes to enforcing them nature is strict.
Her eyes are wide open. She never is tricked. Study the rules.
Play to your best in the game as it's played. Study the rules.
Know how a fair reputation is made. Study the rules.
Sport has a standard, and life has a plan—
Don't go at them blindly; learn all that you can—
Know all that is asked and required of a man. Study the rules.

—Edgar A. Guest

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

Religious training at the Jackson Training School is of utmost importance to every worker. One of the aims of this institution is to give the boy the same advantages he would have in a Christian home.

When a boy is brought here he is given a pocket size New Testament for his own personal devotions. These little books were given to the school for this purpose by Mr. John Barnhart.

Before a boy is assigned to a cottage the Superintendent has a conference with him. In this conference we try to win the confi-

dence of the individual and impress upon him that he is not sent here for punishment but correction. He is also acquainted with the schedule of different activities and encouraged to enter into the religious life of the school.

After a boy is settled in his cottage he is taught a little prayer of thanks that he repeats when it is his turn to say the blessing at the table.

Evening devotions in the cottages are of lasting importance to the boys. It is here that many of them hear for the first time the Bible read and some boy leads in prayer. These boys who have never known religious training at home soon are taking an active part in the evening devotions.

The infirmary has it's period of devotions for the benefit of the patients who are away from their regular cottages because of sickness. Mr. Fisher, with the assistance of the boys who help to care for the sick, conduct this little service.

The administration recommends that time be set aside at each cottage once a week for the boy to study his Sunday School lesson with the officer.

Our officers soon notice if a boy is worried, home-sick, or downcast and give him personal counseling whereby he might regain his confidence in our staff.

The religious activities at the Jackson Training School are non-denominational. Church papers from various faiths are delivered regularly and distributed to the cottages for the boys to read.

The organizing of the Boy Scouts with it's 58 members and 12 Cubs, have played a large part in the Religious life of the school. It is in these troops that they are taught the high ideals of Christian manhood and the lasting values in thrift and honesty.

The educational department here plays its part in the religious training program. Each class room has it's own devotional periods every day. Here, reading and memorizing the scripture is encouraged and the boys are given a better understanding and deeper appreciation of the Bible.

On Sunday every boy attends Sunday School and preaching services, with the Sunday School services for one hour in the morning and preaching services in the afternoon. The staff members of the Training School are the teachers for the Sunday School and

visiting minsters conduct the preaching hour. For Sunday School the boys are divided into classes then these classes are put into three groups—Primary, Junior, and Problem Studies. The International Uniform Lesson material for these classes are purchased from the David C. Cook Publishing Co. of Elgin Ill.

Considerable effort is given to the importance of keeping all these activities on a high plane and preventing them from becoming superficial and too formal so that they would not touch the heart of the boys. The major concern of the entire staff is to have the boys participate in these activities and through them it is hoped that the boys may develop good church habits, appreciation for wholesome literature and the desire for clean Christian living.—Agnes Yarbrough

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly

October 1948

- October 1—Garland Brinn, Cottage 13, 16th birthday
- October 3—Aubry Mauney, Cottage 3, 11th birthday
- October 4—George Brincefield, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
- October 5—John Gregory, Cottage 13, 14th birthday
- October 5—Fulton Phillips, Cottage 9, 12th birthday
- October 12—Frank Marsh, Cottage 3, 12th birthday
- October 14—Richard Leonard, Cottage 7, 12th birthday
- October 15—Ralph Greene, Cottage 15, 16th birthday
- October 16—John Charles Callihan, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- October 16—Gary Lee Dudley, Cottage 9, 15th birthday
- October 16—Joyce Hobbs, Cottage 10, 16th birthday
- October 17—Dean Yates, Cottage 7, 14th birthday
- October 17—Eugene Peeler, Cottage 1, 16th birthday
- October 19—Ray Buchannan, Cottage 16, 15th birthday
- October 21—James Christy, Cottage 3, 16th birthday
- October 21—DuWayne Ingle, Cottage 6, 11th birthday
- October 23—J. C. Taylor, Cottage 17, 17th birthday
- October 23—Glenn Jones, Cottage 6, 11th birthday
- October 24—Kenneth Horner, Cottage 7, 12th birthday
- October 24—Jackie Baysinger, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
- October 25—Lester Ingle, Cottage 1, 14th birthday
- October 26—Marvin Guyton, Cottage 9, 13th birthday
- October 29—Jackie Jarvis, Cottage 3, 15th birthday
- October 29—Melvin Ledford, Cottage 6, 14th birthday
- October 30—Earl Woods, Cottage 14, 16th birthday

WILLIAM M. WHITE

(By Leon Godown)

It is the purpose of the officials of Jackson Training School to present to the readers of "The Uplift," short biographical sketches of the members of the institution's staff of workers. In this month's issue the subject of this sketch is William M. White.

Mr. White, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. W. White, was born in the Rocky River section of Cabarrus County. His early boyhood was spent on the old home farm.

He received his education in the elementary and high school grades in the Rocky River School, and in a private school in Concord, and later attended the Southwestern Presbyterian University, located at Clarksville, Tennessee.

Before completing his studies at Clarksville, the United States entered World War I, and Mr. White returned to his home. He entered his country's armed forces in September, 1917. For the first eight months of basic training, Mr. White was stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., and was later transferred to Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. where he remained for two months.

In July, 1918, Mr. White sailed from New York City for overseas service, as a member of the 81st Division of the United States Army, better known as the Wildcat Division. He participated in the Meuse-Argonne drive in France. Following the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, he remained in France until February, 1919, when he was transferred to Kassel, Germany, as a member of what was



William M. White

then called the American Military Mission.

In September, 1919, Mr. White returned to New York, and shortly thereafter came back home, where he worked on the old home farm for more than a year.

Mr. White became an employee of the Jackson Training School on September 17, 1921, assuming the duties of cottage officer and farm helper. In January, 1922, he was placed in charge of the school's store room and poultry yard. Under his supervision, these departments have grown and have shown much improvement. He

now holds the position of purchasing agent for the school, and in addition to the regular duties of the store room, he also does regular cottage duty.

On February 16, 1936, Mr. White and Miss Catherine Ridenhour were married. They lived in Concord for several years. About six years ago they moved into their new home on the old Charlotte highway, just a short distance south of the school. Mr. and Mrs. White have one daughter, a fine little lady, named Mary McKamie, aged six years.

Since early boyhood, Mr. White has been a member of historic Rocky River Presbyterian Church, and despite his many duties at the school, he finds time to take an active part in the work of that church. For sev-

eral years he has been a member of the Fred Y. McConnell Post of the American Legion in Concord.

Being a person of a rather retiring nature, the subject of this sketch has never been one of those fellows who like to push themselves into the limelight. However, it may be truthfully stated that Bill White possesses those qualities of a Christian gentleman, which have caused him to be recognized as one of the outstanding workers at the Jackson Training School over a period of more than twenty-five years. Stern, when the occasion demands, yet his kindly disposition towards the boys entrusted to his care has helped many a wayward youngster to realize the error of his way, and determine to make an effort to become a worthwhile citizen.

MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes, two or three hours,
 What do they mean in this life of ours?
 Not very much if but counted as time,
 If only we'll use them once in a while
 But minutes of gold and hours sublime,
 To make someone happy, make someone smile.
 A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
 An hour sweep aside trouble of years.
 Minutes of my time may bring to an end
 Hoplessness somewhere, and bring me a friend.

Author Unknown.

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL?

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

In his will, Mr. Caesar Cone, who died in 1917, bequeathed to the school the amount of \$1,000.

Since 1927 the Ritz Store of Concord has furnished the popcorn for the annual Halloween party for the boys.

In the spring of 1926 Mr. William Fetzer, formerly of Concord gave the school a registered Holstein bull weighing 2300 lbs.

For many years, the Dr. Pepper Bottling Company, of Charlotte, has furnished Dr. Peppers for the annual Halloween parties.

During the year 1920 Mr. Joseph E. Cannon of Concord contributed \$2,500 for the furniture and equipment for the school auditorium.

For four months during the summer of 1926 Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, donated ice cream twice a week for the 400 boys.

On November 14, 1922, Mrs. A. L. Coble, of Statesville, N. C., donated a valuable team of Percheron horses, which was used at the school for many years.

In 1928 a number of gentlemen from Charlotte, headed by V. J. Guthery and B. L. Baker, gave \$250 for the purchase of a push ball to be used on the athletic field.

About 1912 Mr. J. B. Sherrill of

Concord gave an extremely liberal price and easy terms for a used Babcock Press, which was used here until early in 1923.

At Christmas time in 1925 the school was given a \$2,750 theater pipe organ. It was a gift of Mrs. J. W. Cannon. Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cannon.

In 1933 Mrs. Sallie P. Williamson of Chicago gave \$50 with which to purchase shrubbery. Mrs. Williamson was formerly Miss Sallie Phifer of Concord, a sister of Robert F. Phifer.

In 1927 Mr. Benjamin N. Duke of Durham made a gift of \$5,000 to the school, and then in 1929 left a bequest of \$10,000 to the school. The total of \$15,000 was applied on the cost of the Robert F. Phifer land, 208.7 acres.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, the widow of General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, made a bequest of \$100 to the Jackson Training School. Her will was probated on April 8, 1915. These funds were used for the electrical installations in Cottage No. 2.

On June 1, 1909, when Mr. Fisher became a member of the staff, there were seventeen boys at the school. By the end of the year the enrollment had increased to approximately thirty boys, all of whom were housed in the King's Daughter's Cottage, now known as Cottage No. 1.

In 1925 Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who for 25 years was Boy's Secretary at the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., became responsible for the afternoon religious services on the 4th Sunday afternoon of each month. Since that time he has performed this service with great regularity and punctuality. This is an outstanding gift of service.

Mr. William H. Barnhardt of Charlotte has always been a generous contributor to the school. In 1926 he gave 10 Bibles to each of the cottages at the school; in March, 1944 he gave 10 lovely Bible story books to each cottage. Since 1928, with the exception of one or two years in the worst part of the depression, Mr. Barnhardt has given each boy a nice Bible at the time of his release from the school.

Since 1929 he has continuously sent a copy of the "North Carolina Christian Advocate" to each cottage at the school.

Cottage No. 5 at the school was the gift of a group of interested citizens residing in the city of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. This cottage was erected in 1921 at a cost of over \$24,000, and was opened June 30, 1921. Dr. A. A. McGeahey, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Major James O. Walker, chairman of the committee which raised the donation, Mr. David Ovens, Mr. V. J. Guthrie and a number of other outstanding citizens led the campaign for raising these funds. These men worked in connection with the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charlotte and in a quiet campaign among the citizens of Charlotte, of all denominations they raised \$22,500. Just prior to the opening of the cottage, the Mecklenburg County Commissioners made an appropriation of \$2,093.86, the amount necessary to equipte the cottage.

A FATHER'S BOY

Iv'e a wonderful boy, and I say to him, "Son,"
 Be fair and be square in the race you must run.
 Be brave if you lose, and be meek if you win;
 Be better and nobler than I've ever been.
 Be honest and noble in all that you do,
 And honor the name I have given you."

—Hugh M. Pierce

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

I Like To Read Books

By Bobby Sargent, 6th Grade

I like to read books. Have you ever read "Buckskin"? It is a very good book. The mother of Buckskin is Black Roan. You will like the book, "Buckskin." It was written by Thomas C. Hinkle.

My Friend

By Jerry Odom, 3th Grade

I have a friend.
His eyes are brown.
His foot is hurt.
He is in Cottage No. 6
His nose is long.
He is in my room.
Guess his name.

Promotion Time

By Cecil Pressley, 3rd Grade

We have had Promotion Time. Some of the second grade came to our room. Some of the third grade went to the fourth grade. We hated for some of the boys to leave us. We got some good boys from the second grade.

Mr. Hinson's Vacation

By Richard Wilcox, 6th Grade

Mr. Hinson went on his vacation last Friday. All of the boys were moved to other cottages. We had a good time while we were living in the other cottages.

We hope Mr. Hinson enjoyed his vacation.

The Work Around The Dairy Barn

By Norman Smith, 8th Grade

The dairy boys have been working hard this week. The afternoon boys have been slinging grass. The morning boys have been scrubbing the barn. The workline has been filling the silos at the barn. It took them about a week to fill two of them.

New Things

By Herbert Griffin, 6th Grade

The last month workers have been digging and drilling holes in our basement. Pretty soon we will have a new furnace in our basement. We will have at least fourteen or fifteen new radiators. I know that we will be warm this winter with the new furnace and radiators.

My Friend

By William Hinson, 3th Grade

I have a friend.
His hair is black.
His eyes are blue.
He is about my size.
He is very kind.
He is good.
He is in my cottage.
Guess who he is?

The Canady Barn

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

The boys in the carpenter shop have been very busy working on the barn under the construction of Mr. Carriker and Mr. Cruse. They have the floor,

frame, and top already on and they are trying to get finished with it before cold weather. From the looks of things I believe they will get it finished.

Mr. Caldwell's Vacation

By Jr. Blackburn 10th Grade

Wednesday, September 1, Mr. Caldwell, the seventh grade teacher, went on his vacation. The boys in the seventh grade had to go to the work line, but they didn't mind it because his vacation didn't last but a week. Due to the polio epidemic he took only one week at a time. The boys of his class were glad to see him come back September 8.

The Bean Picking and Shelling

By James Christy, 6th Grade

The sixth grade has been picking butter beans with a few other grades. We picked them and shelled them and sent them down to the cannery to be canned. We have a new electric bean sheller to help us shell the beans. We are now through picking them.

The whole school went to the cannery Saturday morning to shell the rest of the beans. We got through with them yesterday.

Shocking Corn

By Arthur Lawson, 8th Grade

For the last few weeks the work lines have been shocking corn. The officers who have been in charge of the shocking are Mr. Horne, Mr Hastings and Mr. Rouse. Shocking corn is not an easy job. In shocking corn one boy has to hold the buck up, and

while another boy has to hold the rod up, and another has to pull the rope to tighten the shock. Then a boy has a string to tie up the shock so it will not fall.

Going To The Cabin

By J. T. Heigler, 8th Grade

Saturday, September 18, Mr. and Mrs. Cruse took Cottage No. 9 to the cabin. We had a very nice time. We fished about all the evening. Gary Dudly was swinging on a grapevine and it broke and he fell in the creek. We also had four hot dogs and two drinks. We all had a very nice time. We enjoyed it very much and we want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Cruse for making the trip possible.

The Bakery

By Jerry Peek, 7th Grade

The boys in the bakery have a good time. We enjoy learning how to make and bake things such as pies, cakes, loaf bread, and cornbread. We make pies on Mondays and cakes on Thursdays. We make loaf bread and cornbread every day. Mr. Liske has showed the morning bakery boys how to make the bread until they can make it by themselves. They make the bread and bake it in the morning and the evening bakery boys wrap it.

The Cotton Mill

By J. T. Haigler, 8th Grade

The boys in the cotton mill have been very busy. We have eight boys in the cotton mill. Thursday, September 9th, we had a loom to catch on fire. The motor got hot and set

the lint on fire. This set a warp on fire. We had to take it to Brown's Mill to have it rewound. We have to take four more warps to town next week. We all like our job in the cotton mill.

Our Visitor

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Sunday August 29 we were glad to have with us Mr. Earl Grant. He is a former boy of Jackson Training School and is from High point. He left this institution November 13, 1947 and was married about three months later. We are glad to hear that he is getting along fine and has a good job. He and his brother work together as contractors in High Point. He was in Cottage No. 13 and worked on the barn force.

Dean's Birthday

Miss Oehler's class had a party for Dean Yates. It was his birthday. We had Cocoa Colas. We all enjoyed it. We went in together and bought the Cocoa-Colas for the birthday party. We put him under the table. I think he enjoyed it to. It was a very good party. Dean is a very kind boy. He can read and he can write. He does his work well. He is in Cottage 7, it is a very good Cottage.

Our Visitor

By Jr. Blackburn, 10 Grade

Thursday, Sept. 2, we were glad to have with us at the school Dr. Bernard P. Lentz of the Oral Hygiene De-

partment, N. C. State Board of Health. He is now taking training under supervision of Dr. D. W. Dudley. He has six years of Dental Experience from work and study at Catawba and Pennsylvania College in the University of Pennsylvania. His home is in Salisbury. He was 23 years old September 4. He helped Dr. Dudley finish up the Dental Work of the boys here at the Training School Thursday and Friday. He has gone to Rocky Mount to help Dr. Dudley.

Seventh Grade News

By Johnie Robinson, 7th Grade

For about the past two weeks the seventh grade boys have been working on the workline because Mr. Caldwell has been away on his vacation. All of the boys were glad to see Mr. Caldwell back at the school, but when he came back we all had a surprise. We didn't like it very much because we had to go to the bean patch and pick beans. We certainly have picked a lot of beans which we are canning at the cannery.

Most of the boys are glad that we have a bean huller that we borrowed from a cannery at Concord. It saves us the work of shelling a lot of beans. We are glad that we have most of the beans picked as we can soon go back to school and catch up on all of our school work.

Whistling Boy. (A Picture Study.)

By Leonard Dehart, 5th Grade

Frank Duveneck was born in Covington, Ky. 1848. He spent most of his life in Munich, Germany. He decorated churches and was one of the

world's most famous artists. He came back to the United States and settled in Cincinnati, Ohio. Frank Duveneck painted the "Whistling Boy" between the years 1870 and 1875. The boy's clothes are very ragged and his shirt is torn. He looks like he is a boy who works in a shoe shop or a blacksmith's shop. The boy looks like he doesn't know that he is being painted. The painting was done in Munich, Germany.

Duveneck spent most of his life there. He died in Cincinnati in 1919. You can see the picture of the "Whistling Boy" in the Cincinnati Museum.

A Map Study

By Bobby Blake, 5th Grade

The boys of the fifth grade have been studying the history of the United States. We have just completed the maps showing the original thirteen colonies, which were: Virginia, North Carolina, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. We like to study history very much. We colored the map of the 13 colonies and the eight best maps were put on the bulletin board.

We also made the flag of 1777 with the thirteen stars and stripes in it. We learned that in the flag of today there are thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars. Red stands for bravery and loyalty, blue stands for truth, and white stands for purity.

The Electric Bean Huller

By Phillip Kirk, 8th Grade

Recently the school has been cann- ing beans. We have had too many

beans for the boys to pick, shell, and do the other work too. So Mr. Scott, our Superintendent, borrowed a Junior Bean Huller for us. The way this huller works is that on the inside there is a round composition made of rubber with holes in it to allow the beans to drop into a container. There are paddles and bars that go around at the same time, but the paddles go a little faster. The paddler and bars crush the beans out of the hull. We are glad Mr. Scott borrowed the huller for our benefit. Mr. Kennet has taken care of the bean huller most of the time. He is cleaning it this morning and we want to thank him for taking such good care of it for us.

How To Look Up A Word In The Dictionary

By Boyd Morris, 5th Grade

Dictionaries are used to help with our spelling and language lessons. When we have to find the meaning of a word we should think of the dictionary as being divided into 4 quarters. The letters A, B, C, D, are in the first quarter, E through L in the second quarter, M through R in the third quarter, and S through Z in the fourth quarter.

The dictionary has two guide words at the top of each page. The guide word on the left will be the first word on that page to be discussed. The guide word on the right will be the last one on that page. All the words between these two guide words will be found on this page.

After finding our word in the dictionary the correct way of spelling it, the right pronunciation, the part of speech and meaning. The fifth grade

pupils are lucky to have enough dictionaries for every boy in the room to have one.

Letter from Jimmy Scott

Mrs. Yarborough, faculty member, received a nice letter from Jimmy Scott.

Jimmy, who was allowed to go home recently, is remembered by the boys in Cottage No. 2 and by many other boys at the school.

His letter reads: "I got the money and I am glad that you gave the candy to the boys. It makes me feel better than if you had sent it to me. You asked me how I liked my new home. I think it is the best home I have ever had and I won't to thank you and the others for what you did for me when I was there. The Training School helped me more than anything in my life.

I have to get dressed for Sunday School so I will close for now."

Your friend,

Jimmy Scott

We are glad to hear from Jimmy and hope that he will write again soon.

Ladies of Training School Give Party Honoring Mrs. Holbrooks

On Tuesday evening the ladies of Jackson Training School entertained at a lovely party. Honoring Mrs. Julian Holbrooks a recent bride. Mrs. Holbrooks was the former Miss Wanda Chaney, of Monroe.

Beautiful mixed flowers were used throughout the house, and the bridal colors of green and white were carried out in the mantle decorations where

white roses, ivy, clametis and white candles were effectively arranged.

Miss Juanita Noland greeted the guests upon arrival and goodbyes were said to Miss Ellen Niblock.

The honoree was presented a lovely corsage of pink roses.

During the evening several games of bingo were enjoyed with mesdames Julian Holbrooks, Frank Scott, H. L. Rouse, B. M. Troutman, and Miss Juanita Noland winning prizes. Mrs. Holbrooks was presented a place setting of silver, in her chosen pattern.

Delicious refreshments of ice cream, ginger ale and nuts were served. The guests including Mesdames Holbrooks, Frank Scott, B. M. Troutman, H. L. Rouse, J. H. Spears, J. W. Beaver, Jesse Fisher, Alpha Carriker, Whit Pharr, John Russell, Frank Tomkinson, J. D. Morrison, Curtis Yarborough, James Peck, Ernest Stallings, Misses Sarah Oehler, Ellen Niblock, Mildred Shoe, Sallie Scott and Juanita Noland.—By Mrs. Ernest Stallings.

A Trip

By Ray Buchaman, 6th Grade

On Saturday, September 9th, Mr. Troutman told some of the boys that he would take them on a fishing and camping trip and if he could trust us he would let us stay all night. We promised him that we could be trusted. We got ready about three o'clock and started to the river, when we got there we got some fishing poles from a man who lived close to the water and we went fishing. Later the man came down to show us where the fish were, so Mr. Troutman and the man got a boat and went to set

some frog lines. When they returned we had a nice supper. Mr. Troutman and part of the boys went down to the water and got a boat and went to look at the frog lines and to try their luck. When they came back they had some fish. Later we layed down and we talked a while and part of the boys went to sleep. Up in the night we got a boat and went back to look at the frog lines. There was one on the lines and Mr. Troutman started to pull it in and it got under the boat and broke loose. We went on to the end of the line and turned and came back to the camp ground and went to bed. We slept the rest of the night and got up and went out to look at the lines the next morning. I took a fishing pole along and fished a little while until I got a bite and it wasn't long until I got a fish on the hook, I took it back, we kept our fish. Then I went out where the frog lines were and got two frogs off them. Not long after that we had breakfast. The sun came out by then and we got two boats and started for a boat ride. We went a long ways and some motor boats passed us and the waves would rock us. We stayed a little while and got a sun tan while we were out on the water. We started back for the camp ground and it was a long way back. It was getting close to dinner when we got back so we cleaned the fish and took them to the cooks and they fried them and got dinner ready. They called us to eat and we got ready and ate. After dinner we cleaned the dishes and put them away and about three o'clock we got the things put on the truck and started back for the cottage. We had a nice time.

Scout Activities

There has been two Scout Troops and one Cub Pack here at the school for a number of years. Up until two weeks ago, these have consisted of a few selected boys. Now under the new program, any boy wanting to become a Scout may file an application with Mr. Troutman, the school Principal.

At the first call for application there were around 50 boys wanting to become Scouts. At a special meeting by the troop committemen, each application was discussed. There were 49 boys that qualified to become Scouts. The others were put upon a two months probation, and may be passed if their record is satisfactory. This committe is composed of: Mr. Frank Liske, Chairman, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Harry Rouse, Mr. Sam Hinson, and Mr. Lardner Query.

The troops will meet each Monday night at the Scout rooms over the cotton mill. The troop roster is as follows:

Troop No. 60

Scout Master—Mr. John D. Corliss
Asst. Scoutmaster—Mr. Ben Troutman.

Billy Anderson, Edward Covington, Jr. Blackburn, Jackie Bassinger, J. T. Haigler, Jimmy Billings, Roy Lipscomb, Claude Crump, Billy Shore, Charles Fields, Charles Stanley, Harry Hill, Bill Luther, David Fogleman, Marvin Guyton, Gary Dudley, Jimmie Rhodes, Jackie Jarvis, John Gregory, Charles Duncan, Dossie Richardson, Herbert Griffin, Bobby Sargent, Thurman Hornaday, Ray Smith, and Thelbert Suggs.

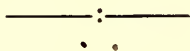
Troop No. 61

Scoutmaster—Earl H. Walters
 Asst. Scoutmaster—Juilan Hol-
 brooks, Jr.

Jimmy Armstrong, Donald Alberty,
 Bobby Blake, Earl Bowden, Harvey
 Brisson, Waitus Edge, Joe Hannah,
 Jackie Hargett, Richard Haryer, Bunn-
 yon King, Philip Kirk, Otis Maness,
 Jerry Minter, Harold Mitchell, Roy
 Moses, Lewis Paris, Bobby Pope, Cecil
 Pressly, Jimmy Rogers, Claude Sexton,

Troy L. Wall, Billy Teer, Jimmy Vol-
 roth, Charles Walker, Richard Wilcox,
 John Gainey, and Bobby East.

Cub Paek No. 60
 Den Mother—Mrs. Frank Liske
 Cub Master—Earl H. Walters
 Billy Brown, •Elijah Spivey, Glenn
 Jones, Jerry Odum, Jimmy Bonds,
 Tommy Pressley, and Kenneth Wal-
 ters.—By Earl Walters



INSIDE O'ME

There is a feller that I know,
 Born just about as long ago
 As I, and with me bound to grow—
 The boy inside O'me.
 Sometimes I wish he were not there,
 For when in games I'm not quite fair
 He says to me, "Stop, is that square?"
 That boy inside O'me.
 And so I'm glad I'm on his side—
 That boy inside O' me.
 It really does no good to hide
 A thing from him, b'cause I've tried.
 I'm but a cog of life's vast wheel,

—Author Unknown

OF A LOCAL NATURE

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Tuesday August 31, all of the cottages received about 6 delicious cherry pies baked at the bakery by Mr. Liske and his bakery boys.

Mr. Leon Godown, former printing instructor, spent Sunday afternoon visiting the school. He is one of our best friends and we look forward to him visiting again.

The school has a lawn mower which has been in use at the school for two years. It is powered by gasoline and is very simple to operate. All cottages use it when it is needed. It saves a lot of hard work.

Mr. Peck and the Diary boys make two gallons of ice-cream for each cottage every Sunday. The ice-cream freezer had been out of order for sometime and had not been repaired until the middle of August.

Friday September 3, Mr. and Mrs. Hinson, cottage officer and matron of Cottage No. 1, left to go on their vacation. They will be gone for two weeks. We hope they enjoy their vacation with no serious accidents or sickness.

"Persued," was the name of our weekly show on Thursday night Sept. 23rd. The main character was Robert Mitchum. He was co-starred with Teresa Wright. The show was a western and there was action all through the picture. All the boys that saw the picture enjoyed it.

Friday, September 3rd Mr. White, store room supervisor and Mr. Liske, bakery instructor along with the chicken force and the bakery boys gave the chicken pox vaccine to over 550 young pullets.

Mr. Horne, officer of Cottage No. 7 is now busy cutting the hair of all of the boys. He does this each month in addition to his other duties. We are glad to have Mr. Horne do this because he does such a fine job of it.

Some of the school grades have been going to the work line recently. Mr. Holbrook's grade has been going to the work line regularly. Friday morning, September 9th, all grades were working away from the school.

August 26th our weekly show was, "Living in a Big Way." It was a fine show about Ex G. I.'s. and their family housing shortage. The main character was Gene Kelly. He was a fine player and we are sure all of the boys enjoyed the show.

Sunday afternoon we were glad to have with us, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Braswell. He was principal of our school before leaving. He is now working as principal at Long High School. We hope Mr. Braswell will come back to see us soon.

Wednesday, September 22, we were glad to have with us, Superintendent R. P. Brown of Morrison Training

School, Hoffman, N. C. Mr. Brown was here on official business. We hope Mr. Brown will pay the school another visit before long.

The school has planned to take out the old furnace in the school building and replace it with a new one. We hope to have this done by the first of winter. The old furnace was given to the school by the Appalachian Training School in Boone, N. C.

On Sunday, September 12, we were glad to have with us, Bobby Billings of Winslon Salem. Bobby is a former boy of the school and was in Cottage No. 11. We are glad to hear that he is getting along fine. He brought his friend with him. We hope he can visit us again soon.

The first Grade has a new teacher. Her name is Mrs. Earnest Stallings. She teaches the 1st and 2nd grades. She teaches the 1st in the morning and the 2nd in the evening. Mrs. Stallings is a very fine teacher and all of the boys likes her. Mrs. Stallings has been teaching here about one and a half months.

Thursday, September 9, Mr. Scott, Superintendent of the Jackson School, went to Wincoff High School and borrowed their electric Bean Sheller. This new bean sheller saves a lot of time and we can get a lot more done in less time. We want to thank the principal of Wincoff High School for lending it to us.

Mrs. Mary Isenhour, matron of the infirmary, took her vacation beginning September 6. We know that she

had a nice trip and we are glad that she is back with us. Mrs. Spears, sewing room instructor, was in charge of the infirmary while Mrs. Isenhour was on her vacation. We want to thank her for doing such a nice job at the infirmary.

Thursday night, September 9, we had a good picture. The name of it was, "Carnival in Costa Rica." The main actor was Caesar Romero. The film was produced in technicolor and depicted the life and cusotms as seen on the island, Costa Rica. The South American music and dances really thrilled the boys. All of the boys enjoyed the picture.

Harold Coffey, from Charlotte, a former boy in Cottage No. 15, spent a few hours with us Friday, 15th. Harold while here was on the dairy force. He left the school in 1944 and soon thereafter joined the Army and saw services in Europe, he was in the Infantry. Harold says he is going back to the Army as he likes it very much.

Thursday September, 9th, Mr. Walters and a few boys mowed the football field and laid it off. We will start playing Saturday September, 11th. Each cottage will have a team. All cottages that didn't have a football got a new one Wednesday. We want to think Mr. Walters for looking into the situation about the need of a ball.

On Friday, September 3, Dr. D. W. Dudley, the dental officer completed his work here at the school. While at the school Dr. Dudley examined

and cleaned the teeth of every boy. He filled over 300 teeth, extracted about 65, and fitted several boys for dentures. He was assisted by Dr. B. P. Lentz of Salisbury. Dr. Dudley is now at Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount.

In the August issue we started a series of articles on the outstanding officers of the school. We first featured Mr. J. C. Fisher who has devoted forty years of his life at the Training School. We then presented Mr. John W. Russell, laundry instructor and cottage officer. Mr. Russell has been with the school over twenty-nine years. Both men contributed much to the success of the school.

Friday, September 10, Mr. Query, our farm manager, had four hogs killed. The total amount of meat from the four hogs were 1237 lbs. This included 300 lbs. of hams, 250 lbs. of sausage, 285 lbs. of shoulder, and 200 lbs. of ribs and heads. They made 192 lbs. of lard. We enjoyed eating the delicious sausage, heads and ribs.

We will enjoy the good ham and shoulders with grits and gravy this winter. Each cottage received 14lbs. of the fresh meat. It was mighty good and we want to thank Mr. Tomkinson, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Query.

This past June Mr. Braswell started the tenth grade with seven pupils. They were as follows: Hugh Ball, Marshal Beaver, Glenn Evans, Major Loftin, Richard Sandlin, Bill Thornton, and Jr. Blackburn. Mr. Braswell left about a month later and Mr. Troutman took over as principal and tenth grade teacher. Since then Sandlin, Loftin and Evans have been discharged from the school. Ball, Thornton and Blackburn are working all day. Beaver is a house boy of Cottage 10 and goes to the 9th Grade in the evening.

"The Sea Wolf," was the name of show presented September 2nd. Edward G. Robinson was co-stared with Ida Lupino, along with Barry Fitzgerald and John Garfield. It was about a captain (Edward Robinson) of a ship named, "The Ghost." His crew consisted of tramps, convicts, and beggars. His crew turned against him because of the treatment they received from him. His brother, on another ship, caught up with him and shot a hole in the side of the Ghost and it started sinking. The crew left the ship with the exception of the capitain who had gone blind and went down with the ship. All the boys enjoyed the picture very much.

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"The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however making the speed great in the decline."—George F. Train

SPORTS NEWS

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Saturday afternoon, September 18 Cottage 15 defeated No. 17, 14 to 0. No. 15 led in the first half with a touchdown and extra point. In the last half they made another touchdown and an extra point while Bridgeman led No. 15 in points while nobody scored for No. 17.—By Russell Beaver.

Saturday No. 11 played No. 5 in a game of football. It was a very close game. No 5 played hard but Jimmy Rogers made a run around right end making the first touchdown, which won the game. Then later in the game we got a safety making the score 8 to 0. No. 11's team was very happy, because they won their first game of the year—By King Watkins, 8th Grade.

We played No. 9 Saturday afternoon. It was a good game. We were not so sure that we would win until Davis intersepted a pass and ran a touchdown. Then Leonard ran it around left end for the extra point. In the second half we had to kick. After we got the ball Leonard ran it around right end for a touchdown from the 20 yard line. The players of both teams enjoyed the game and hope to win their next game—By W. L. Steele, 8th Grade

Recently the boys of the school have been practicing football with the footballs Mr. Walters gave them. From the way things look there are

going to be some pretty good teams at the school. Today we are going to start playing.

Mr. Walters has been very busy fixing the schedules and lining off the fields. A football meeting will be held today and at that time Mr. Walters will tell and demonstrate some of the rules — By Russell Beaver, 8th Grade

Football is here. All over the campus during play periods, boys may be seen throwing footballs about. The school will not field a team in tackle football this year, but each cottage will have a team to play tag in our intramarals program.

There will be two leagues, but as yet, it is undecided what cottages will play in which leagues. A couple Saturdays have been set aside to play practice games before the regular schedule begins. This will enable the weaker teams to get in the "B" league and the strong teams in the "A".

To begin the season, Mr. Walters took all boys in the school over to the grand-stand at the ball field for a football clinic. The different rules of tag football were discussed and explained to all the boys. Also a discussion was held on how to organized a team. Several different plays were shown.

Six practice games were played last Saturday. With two ending in scoreless ties. Cottage No. 4 and No. 13 played to a scoreless tie, as did No. 10 and No. 14. Cottage No. 11 defeated

No. 5 by a score of 8 to 0, and Cottage No. 1 did the same to No. 3, by the score of 6 to 0. Cottage No. 7 were lacking in size, but made up for it in speed when they out ran No. 9 13 to 0. Cottage No. 17 put up a hard

battle before going down to be defeated by Cottage No. 15, to the tune of 14 to 0. Main practice games are scheduled for this coming Saturday, but after that, watch the fun fly.

—By Coach, Earl Walters

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Was there ever a man who was praised by a fan,
 For calling a close decision?
 No! The guys in the stand shout and wave threatening hands,
 And send down a flood of derision.

When the batter is out and the fans start to shout,
 It isn't the batter who gets it;

It's always the man with the mask in his hand,
 Who smiles and proceeds to forget it.

When the runner is out, but the rooters all doubt,
 That the umpire's judgment is fair;
 It's time to recall, there are faults in us all,
 And even the umpire can err!

"Throw the bum out....kill the umpire," they shout
 When their hero lets one go by.
 When the guy gets the thumb, "that's a ball, ya bum,"
 The fans rise as one man and cry.

Is there a pat on the back for the man in Black?
 Does anyone say, "Well done."

At the end of the day, when the game's tucked away,
 It's the pitcher who lost or won.

The American Game is more than a name,
 It's a symbol of sportsmanship.
 So let's give the man with the law in his hand,
 A "shake" with a sportsman's grip!

—New Day in O. P. News.

THE SCHOOL'S LIBRARY

(By Miss Sarah E. Oehler)

The boys at Jackson Training School have a beautiful and well lighted library. Aside from the usual furnishings, there are historical and geographical pictures. The bulletin boards always contain work of the boys, which help to offer stimulating environment.

The library at the school is indeed the center and the inspiration for happiness and good school work.

It is kept clean by a part time librarian with the help of two boys, who assist readers in finding books, renewing and changing books at the desk, placing books on the shelves etc. They are also trained to help the librarian in such manual tasks as cleaning and mending books. The boys learn to file and keep circulation records.

Then, there is the problem of developing desirable attitudes of courtesy and quietness while groups are in the library. There is the need of developing attitudes towards reading wholesome and inspiring books. The boys like to do good reading when it is available for them. Such books as "Shep", "Sea Wolf" and "Boys Life of Will Rogers" are books that are worn out by constant use. Such books will continue to be used when the boys are properly guided.

The program has been so arranged that the various classes have an opportunity to spend some time in the library reading and finding, other books which they would like to read at the cottages and else where.

All pupils are encouraged to make

such use of each period in the library that every boy upon leaving, will have acquired some knowledge and pleasure that was not his before entering.

When any group of boys go to the library they are accompanied by their teacher, who helps in the selection of books and supervises the reading period.

The boys are taught by their teacher to find the books suited to their abilities.

The 3,000 books have been carefully classified and among the classifications are the following: The teacher's reading shelf, reference corner, special reference books which do not circulate, books regarding history, biography, geography, poetry, religion, plays and literature.

It is hoped that the library of the Jackson Training School will, like the school itself, with the passing years, grow into finer execution of purpose, for which it was founded. To help realize this worthy goal, every effort is made to develop the interests of the boys in good books, that they understand and appreciate good books which may be found on the shelves.

"Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! A message to us from the dead— from human souls we never saw, who live perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, Arouse us, terrify us, teach us as brothers." —Charles Kingsley

TRIUMPH OVER REVENGE

(By Henry J. Nitzche in The London Prison Farmer)

A sure sign of moral weakness is the desire for revenge because of real or imagined wrongs. The desire for revenge is a noxious worm that can destroy him in whom the desire is permitted to flourish. It is like poison which kills. To seek revenge is the height of folly, and a waste of time. The weakling seeks revenge: the strong man forgoes.

Through malice many are led to "even the score" and are thereby inflicting on themselves a more grievous injury. Isn't it true that most of our troubles are made by ourselves and against ourselves? In our erratic mode of thinking we become irrational, unstable and neurotic. We set the stage for misfortune and plunge over the precipice. No serious thinking enters into such procedure, at least not until the consequences catch up; and they will in due time.

When will men come to a realization that their thoughts made them what they are. Not one wrong deed but had as its progenitor some erroneous thought and questionable desire. We think wrong: we act accordingly as we think: yet we have a mind to reason with. We can choose to refuse to think along certain lines and we can avoid actions which are contrary to sound ethics. We are responsible moral agents, and such are accountable for what we do. There is no escape from this fact. Deceit has a way of boomeranging and inflicting a greater hurt on us if we harbor malicious thoughts and unworthy desires.

Many will snort at what is writ-

ten here: but time will prove to them without failure the truth; and time will bring the sure vindication which may be something not to our liking. But whose fault is it, if men refuse to think properly? Ruin ought to be properly? Ruin ought to be something far from the desire of men, yet many act as if they expect to beat it.

Revenge is a peculiar kind of malice, like cunning "which the more it raises its ugly head the more vehemently ought it to be subjugated" since it is a false wisdom. But revenge has this lethal propensity: it can lead its victim to complete destruction. It serves no good purpose. It betrays the ones who trust in it.

Only because one permits a weakness to enter into his characteristic make-up does he stoop to revenge. It is "the get even spirit" which never has brought its votaries much luck. The weakling wants to even the score: the strong man always rises superior to the revenge idea because he knows that such a procedure will not make his cause just or improve his status.

It takes a lot to be able to forgive. It is a sure sign of true manhood when one can rise above insult or injury and repay with good. In such actions is revealed the true man, his very innermost nature comes to the true surface.

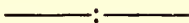
When this tiny speck we call the earth shall have run its destined course, and men be called for a final reckoning, then we shall see clearly the worth of the words: "Be slow to

anger. Seek not to avenge yourself. Love others as much as yourself." There is more to it than is commonly admitted by even the best of men

Did the Roman conquerors really triumph as they paraded the Sacred Way after a successful campaign? Is the individual who, having received an indignity, avenges it by brutal methods, truly satisfied? Conscience is a powerful monitor. It always tells us when we are right—and equally as certain informs us when

we are wrong. We can throttle that voice. We can even stifle it altogether; but, the ultimate sufferer will be the individual who murders his conscience. The injury is to himself alone.

The real "Triumphator" is the man who can control himself, who can and does subdue the temptation to revenge by remembering that there is one who sees and will judge and pass final sentence. A triumph over revenge is a great moral victory!



THE MEASURE OF A MAN

The man's no bigger than the way
 He treats his fellow man.
 This standard has his measure been
 Since time itself began.
 He's measured not by social rank,
 When character's the test,
 Nor by his earthly pomp or show,
 Displaying wealth possessed.
 He's measured by his justice, right;
 His fairness at his play,
 His squareness in all dealings made,
 His honest, upright way.
 These are his measures, ever near
 To serve him when they can,
 For man's no bigger than the way
 He treats his fellow man.

—Anon.

OVER HIS ARM TO SAFETY

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

A friend of mine saw an unusual incident in Boston a few days ago.

A small kitten had crawled up a light pole, out over the rod that carried the electric light and was perched on top of the cover of the light itself and couldn't get down.

The cat had been there for several hours and was mewling in fright. A crowd had gathered to see what it could do for that stranded kitten, and like all city crowds where a trapped animal is concerned, they were very sympathetic.

It was several hours before a young man climbed up that pole, hung to the pole with his left arm and reached out his right arm to the limit toward that stranded kitten. He touched the kitten gently with the tips of his fingers to give it reassurance, and then timidly the little white kitten reached out its paws, clutched at the coat sleeve of its rescuer with his little claws, and slowly climbed to safety over the man's arm, up to his shoulders and began to purr contentedly into his ear.

There was a shout of delight from below as the man climbed back down the light pole and brought the kitten safely to the ground.

How many million people have climbed to safety, security, and contentment over the arms and shoulders of other people. How many children have climbed to security, comfort and safety over the weary arms and shoulders of their parents!

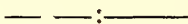
I know a case recently when an en-

tire family was taken down with flu and pneumonia. There were two tiny children in the family. There were no nurses available in that town. The grandmother went to their rescue and stayed with that family until they were all well. They literally, all four of them, climbed to health, safety, security over the living, weary arms, shoulders and body of that grandmother.

This parable is not only true in personal and home life a hundred times a year, but it is true in school life. Thousands of students literally climb to safety, security, and fame over the arms, shoulders, and minds of teachers. I recently had a young preacher write to me from Kansas, saying, "I want you to come to preach for me so that my church may get first hand what they have been getting so long second hand. I have been, "as he was fair enough to admit, "using your stuff" for years. Most students, but not all of them are fair enough to give the teacher credit for that fact. They preach sermons, write editorials and books by which they literally climb up the arms and over the shoulders of their teachers.

War is full of incidents illustrating this eternal truth. The Army has often climbed over the arms, shoulders and bodies of the Marines to success and victory. The pilots climbed to safety over the arms and bodies and shoulders of the mechanics who tended their planes. The infantry climbed to safety over the arms, bodies,

and the work of engineers who went out ahead of them and cleared the roads, fields, and highways of mines. Life is generally like that, and that is what gives it a certain richness and fullness.



THE BIBLE

Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God.

Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word for the time of peril a word of comfort for the time of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. Its oracles are repeated in the assembly of the people, and its counsels whispered in the ear of the lonely. The wicked and the proud tremble at its warnings, but to the wounded and penitent it has a mother's voice. The wilderness and the solitary places have been made glad by it, and the fire on the hearth has lit reading of its well-worn pages.

It has proved itself into the dearest dreams, so that love, friendship, sympathy, and devotion, memory and hope, put on the beautiful garments of its treasured speech, breathing of frankincense and myrrh. No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own. When the landscape darkens and the trembling pilgrim comes to the valley named of the shadow, he is not afraid to enter; he takes the rod and staff of Scripture in his hand, he says to his friend and comrade; "Goodbye, we shall meet again," and comforted by that support, he goes toward the lonely pass as one who walks through darkness into light.—Henry Van Dyke, in Baptist Bulletin Service.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE SCHOOL

The Sunday afternoon service on September 5, were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Duncan, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, of Concord.

Mr. Duncan used as his theme "Life As An Open Door." He stated the fact that the doors of life are open to us, it is our opportunity and to our goodness to seize and find the things that God has planted there.

Every life is a plan of God. Find the right door, enter and do God's work. If we get into the wrong alley, back out and go into the right one. Get with God and then go ahead. With a charming and winning personality we are able to do great things for God, if we allow Him to guide us.

Don't, please don't sell our qualities short. Make them sound and full for God.

We must start to live now, not tomorrow, not next week, not next year, but right now, today. Be good while we are growing up, and we shall know how to be good when we have grown up. Be courageous, be brave, be true, and we shall grow strong and will become courageous by doing the things that come to us now.

We loose our birth-rights when we do wrong deeds and have bad thoughts. We must respect the rights of others, if we expect others to respect our rights and feelings. When we have a chance to boost, to help one, do it because it helps us on to that goal. Recognize good and always keep that door open to the Invisible God—who is at all times looking through the "Blue" at the lives that we are living.

We were proud to have Mr. Duncan for our Sunday Service. His message was inspiring to all the boys and we are looking forward to having him again.

Dr. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Concord, was the guest speaker at the Sunday afternoon services on the 12th of September.

Rev. Summers read for his scripture the first six verses of the 2nd chapter of proverbs. He spoke to the boys on several ways in which they could acknowledge God. He mentioned the fact that lots of people walk down the aisle of a church or tent and shake hands with the preacher. That is one way; that we may acknowledge God as our savior, but too many people do this just to be seen. We may acknowledge Him not only in church but in our school room, on the playground, in our work, or anywhere we may be.

God is our creator, even though some don't believe it. There would be fewer believers if they would stop to realize just where we get our clothes, food, heat and all the conveniences that we have. When we sit down to a table to eat of the food that God made possible for us to have, we should all bow our heads and give thanks to God for what He has provided for us.

We should recognize the rights of others. We have seen boys that try to bully their way through life. This is something we should avoid. We should set up a goal, and strive to

reach it. We must not be a show off, but work hard and give all we have.

We should remember what Jesus told us. In all our ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct our paths.

Dr. Summers is one of our friends and he always brings us a good message. We hope he will come again real soon.

Captain Vincient Larson from the Salvation Army in Concord was in charge of the Sunday service on September 19th. Captain Larson has not been in Concord but a short while, having recently moved from Lubbock, Texas.

Captain Larson lead a short song service and rendered a couple numbers on the trombone, accompanied by Mrs. Larson at the piano. He also taught the boys a song entitled "I Love Him Better Everyday."

After the song service, Captian Larson made a short and frank talk to the boys, encouraging them to be better builders by being better Christians. He explained to the boys that Jesus knew what kind of death he was to receive. That was when Peter, the deciple began to rebuke Him. We should be like the "Three Peas in a Pod."

1. Purpose—Know what our purpose is. Some want to be cowboys, farmers, doctors, lawyers, or merchants. We should have a definet purpose and work toward it.

2. Preparation—Be sure and make preparation. Take advantage of all our opportunities. What ever we are going to be, we should prepare ourselves to be the best.

3. Perseverance—If we are going to make something of ourselves, we must have perseverance. Don't be a quitter. Regardless of what may confront us if we begin a task we should stick to it until we have complete it.

On Sunday, September 26, Rev. Oren Moore, of the McKinnon Presbyterian church, of Concord, was in charge of the church service at the 2 o'clock hour. The subject of Rev. Moore's message was "Boasting and Deceit." Rev. Moore said it was wrong to boast and a deceitful person is a sinful person.

He told us a story about the Greeks who built the Parthenon, a Greek edifice, in order to boast of the greatness of their gods. He told of the magnificence of this temple and the lasting beauty which is recognized today as one of the outstanding works of architecture.

Mr. Moore told us another story which was about Paul, the apostle. He told about Paul being flogged, beaten, stoned and ridiculed, and of the miracle that he lived through it. Paul had opportunity to boast of surviving these ordeals, but he would not boast of his physical resistance. He was a man of faith and not a man of deceit.

Mr. Moore said that man must not boast of his own works but of the works and goodness of God.

Mr. Moore, who is a great favorite with the boys because of his wonderful stories, is always appreciated by the entire school. We hope that he will return soon.

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Telegram to a friend: Washout on line, cannot come.

Reply: Come anyway; borrow a shirt.

—:—

Butcher: "Here, Madam, is a nice home-cured ham."

Mrs. Freshwed: "But I want one that has never been ill."

—:—

If having a good time is all there is to life, a monkey has a man outdistanced completely, both in amusing others and being amused.

—:—

Nola: Are you wearing your glasses to bed?

Alice: You bet. If I dream about man, I want to be able to see him.

—:—

Why did you leave your girl's house so early?

We were sitting on the sofa and she turned out the lights. Guess I can take a hint.

—:—

It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered, he said: "This way, madam, and I'll sew you into a sheet."

—:—

Waiter: "All right, sir, all right. You'll get served in time."

Diner: "I daresay I shall; but I'm anxious to get through this meal before the prices rise again!"

—:—

A little boy asked his father: "Pa-pa, will you please explain the difference between Capital and Labor?"

His father replied: "If you lend

money—it's capital, and when you try and get it back it's labor!"

—:—

Closer to the truth than he meant to be was the schoolboy who wrote on an examination paper: "The Armistice was signed on the 11th of November in 1918, and since then every year there has been two minutes of peace."

—:—

In Wilmington, Del., recently, the local Power Squadron class was taking an oral quiz and the instructor asked a female student, "What signal would you give if you were coming out of your slip slowly stern first?"

The class recessed without delay.

—:—

A fiery tempered Southern business man wrote the following letter: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

—:—

A farmer was visiting a Mexican settlement after some year's absence.

Talking to an old friend on a ranch, he said, "So old Buff's gone Did you miss him?"

"No" replied the other, "that why he's gone. I never miss."

—:—

Two kids were talking. "Do you know how to tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?" asked one.

"Oh, sure said the other. "You have heard that the worm turns, so if it turns without putting out its hand—it's a lady worm."

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

"There is no right way to do a wrong thing."—Seneca

—:—

"The smallest good deed is better than the grandest good intention."—Dugust

—:—

"There is always some sunshine, and we can move ourselves into it."—E. H. Chapin

—:—

"Many a man has risen because he would not let his tears blind him."—Roy L. Smith

—:—

"No one ever succeeded in accomplishing anything he failed to start."—Ruth Smeltzer

—:—

"If you wish to please people, you must begin by understanding them."—Charles Reade

—:—

"Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in your own sunshine."—Emerson

—:—

"Long life is denied us, therefore let us do something to show that we have lived."—Cicero

—:—

"Few things come to him who wishes; all things come to him who works."—E. H. Chapin

—:—

"Of the spoken word thou art master; the spoken word is master of thee."—Arabian Proverb

—:—

"There is far more hunger for and appreciation in this world than there is hunger for bread."—Ralph Waldo Emerson

—:—

"Errors are of two kinds—those which we make because we don't know any better, and those which are the result of carelessness. For neither has the world any excuses."—L. E. Frailey

"A penny will hide the biggest star in the universe, if you hold it close to your eye."—E. H. Chapin

—:—

"Education is only a ladder to gather fruit from the tree of knowledge, not the fruit itself."—Earl Riney

—:—

"Wisdom is knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, virtue is doing it."—David Star Jordan

—:—

"Those who do the most for the world's advancements are the ones who demand the least."—Henry L. Doherty

—:—

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul; he'll be sure to aggravate the adversity and lessen your prosperity.

—:—

It's unwise to assume that your own gray spots will escape attention merely by painting the other fellow with black ones.

—:—

"Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gate—but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden."—Today's Women

—:—

"A man is poor not because he has nothing, but because he does nothing. The way to have nothing is to give nothing."—J. Sterling

—:—

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame."—Long-fellow

—:—

"Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure. When she has work to do, she qualifies men for that and sends them equipped."—Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE UPLIFT

MONTHLY HONOR ROLL

For The Month of September 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ray Buchanan
Charles Fields
David Fogleman
Arthur Lawson
Billy Luther

COTTAGE No. 1

Roy Everheart
Roy Lipscomb
Bobby Pope
Rufus Tuggle
Richard Wilcox
Jackie Baysinger

COTTAGE No. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
James Christy
Bobby East
Doyle Parish
Claude Sexton

COTTAGE No. 4
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5
Cecil Pressley

COTTAGE No. 6
Billy Anderson
Glenn Jones
Melvin Ledford
Billy Shores

COTTAGE No. 7
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Jesse Ashburn
Jadie Alkins
Joseph Blackburn
Pless Chapman
John Gregory
Billy Holder
Robert McKinney
Horace Moses
Ray Moses
Jimmy Rhodes

COTTAGE No. 14
Thurman Hornaday

COTTAGE No. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY
Lewis Paris

—————:—————

“If you cannot win, make the one ahead break the previous record.”—Keene Thrusts



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THE UPLIFT

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No. 31

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NOV 8 1948

ARE YOU RICHER?

You are richer today than you were yesterday—if you have laughter often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend today, or made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks, if you have thought more in terms of “thyself” than “myself,” of if you have managed to be cheerful even if you were weary. You are richer tonight than you were this morning—if you have taken time to trace the handiwork of God in the commonplace things of life, or if you have learned to count out things which really do not count, or if you have been a little blinder to the faults of friends or foe. You are far richer if a little child has smiled at you and a stray dog has licked your hand, or if you have looked for the best in others and given others the best in you.

—David Grayson in Mutual Moments

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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J. Frank Scott, Editor

Leon Godown, Printing Instructor

WISE COUNSEL

I cannot tell you what the years may hold,
Nor what of gain or loss may come to you,
I but repeat what has been often told,
A few brief maxims, old, but ever true.

'Tis not the prize but how the game was played,
'Twixt right and wrong all men at times must choose.
Keep this in mind before the choice is made:
It isn't triumph if your fame you lose.

Work hard, fight hard, and do the best you can;
Deserve the victory or refuse the prize.
'Tis better far to be the beaten man
Than take the glory and yourself despise.

This frenzied world, so clamorous for gain,
This troubled world, where man his years must spend,
Still honors all who steadfastly remain
Gracious and just and faithful to the end.

—Selected.

ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Following a custom of many years' standing, the boys of Jackson Training School enjoyed a Hallowe'en party on the afternoon of October 30th.

The regular intramural schedule of football games were played between the hours of 1:00 and 3:30 in the afternoon. These were spirited contests and some very good football was played by the youngsters on the various teams.

Following the football games the boys and members of the staff assembled near the bakery. Here a booth had been erected and decorated appropriately for the occasion.

As the boys filed past, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Liske and their assistants handed out hot dogs with all the trimmin's, together with some fine oatmeal cookies, products of our bakery. Then the lines moved on to the other booths where the boys were served peanuts, pop-corn and soft drinks.

As has been the custom for many years, the Ritz Variety Store, of Concord, furnished the pop-corn for the occasion. Coca-Colas were donated by the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, of Concord, and the Doctor Pepper Bottling Company, of Charlotte, furnished generous portions of its products.

To these good friends, and to all others who had any part in making the Hallowe'en party a success we wish to express sincere appreciation of both the boys and officials of the school. It was a happy occasion, and we can truthfully say a good time was had by all.

* * * * *

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE BOYS SCORES AGAIN

On many occasions during the past several years, J. W. Propst, Jr., of the Propst Construction Company, of Concord, has very definitely proved to be a good friend of the boys at Jackson Training School.

Bill, as our good friend likes to be called, is always on the alert for an opportunity to do something for the youngsters at this institution that will add to their happiness. His chief interest is sports, and on quite frequent occasions he has brought out baseball and football equipment for the use of the lads entrusted to our care. At other times he has delighted the hearts of the little fellows by handing out marbles and kites in most generous quantities.

On Saturday, October 30th, Bill came out to the school and got the boys of Cottage No. 14 and those on the bakery force and took them over to Concord. These lads were his guests at an entertainment place there, and they thoroughly enjoyed rides on the ferris wheel, merry-go-round, swings and other similar fun producers.

As this is being written, people of this great country of ours are going to the polls for the purpose of electing a President of the United States and other national, state and county officials. While we are not going to get out on a limb and attempt to predict who

will be the winners, we feel sure that if left to the boys of Jackson Training School, their pal, Bill Propst, would be unanimously elected to any or all of the offices listed on the ballots. Yes, sir, in any contest, if decided by the local youngsters, Bill would be an easy winner.

By reason of his many acts of kindness, Bill Propst has endeared himself to the hearts of all the boys at the school. Just let his name be mentioned in an announcement or see him drive upon the campus, and one sees and hears nothing but smiles and cheers from these lads.

The officials of the institution are most grateful to Bill for his kindly interest in the welfare of the boys, and they wish to take this opportunity to tender their sincere thanks and appreciation for all that he has done for them.

BIRTHDAYS

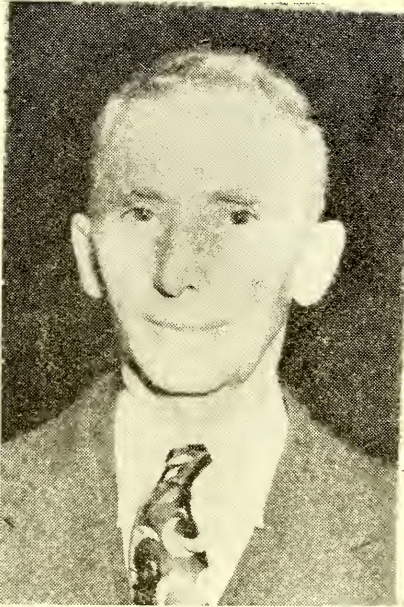
In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. We believe that the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly

(Month of November, 1848)

- Nov. 2—Donald Spencer, Cottage 6, 12th Birthday
- Nov. 3—Bobby Sargent, Cottage 11, 15th Birthday
- Nov. 6—Carl Lovman, Cottage 11, 13th Birthday
- Nov. 7—Lindsay Elder, Cottage 4, 15th Birthday
- Nov. 7—Richard Harper, Cottage 14, 13th Birthday
- Nov. 9—Earl Alphin, Cottage 6, 11th Birthday
- Nov. 9—Roger Leon Martin, Cottage 4, 15th Birthday
- Nov. 9—Wilbur Bowden, Cottage 14, 14th Birthday
- Nov. 11—Raymond Miser, Cottage 14, 17th Birthday
- Nov. 14—Jimmy Peoples, Cottage 9, 16th Birthday
- Nov. 15—James Allen Jr., Cottage 10, 17th Birthday
- Nov. 21—Billy Ray Keene, Cottage 5, 15th birthday
- Nov. 22—Thomas Linville, Cottage 11, 16th birthday
- Nov. 23—Jerry Feek, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- Nov. 24—Thomas Collins, Cottage 3, 11th birthday
- Nov. 24—Marshall Beaver, Cottage 10, 15th birthday
- Nov. 25—Carrol Teer, Cottage 15, 13th birthday
- Nov. 27—Raymond Harding, Cottage 9, 15th birthday
- Nov. 28—Joseph Blackburn, Cottage 13, 17th birthday
- Nov. 28—Leonard Dehart, Cottage 14, 15th birthday
- Nov. 28—Raymond Cloninger, Cottage 9, 17th birthday
- Nov. 29—Jessie Ashburn, Cottage 13, 16th birthday

ALPHA L. CARRIKER

(By Leon Godown)



Alpha L. Carriker

In keeping with the program outlined a few months ago, "The Uplift" wishes to pay tribute to another faithful member of the staff of workers at the Stonewall Jackson Training School—Alpha L. Carriker, who has been employed at the institution for more than twenty years.

Mr. Carriker began working at the institution on January 21, 1924, at which time he served as supervisor of the tractor force on the farm and as cottage officer.

On April 17, 1924, he was married to Miss Annie Taylor, of Harrisburg, and shortly afterward, she, too, became a member of the school's group

of workers, serving as cottage matron.

Mr. and Mrs. Carriker have one daughter, Mrs. Wayne Hall, of Oklahoma City, Okla.

After working with the tractor force for a year or two, Mr. Carriker assumed charge of the carpenter shop at the school, which position he holds at the present time.

When speaking of a carpenter shop in any kind of school, one thinks only of brief manual training courses, such as operating little jigsaws, etc, in making book-ends, small tables and other gadgets.

In what is known as the carpenter shop here at Jackson Training School, we find work of far greater importance being carried on. Such little tricks of trade as are taught in the average carpenter shop in one of our public schools would, in the local shop, be definitely classed as "small-time stuff." Mr. Carriker is known here for his versatility, and he has been quite successful in instilling that same spirit into the boys of his department. He is not only one of the most faithful workers at the school, but he seems to be able to complete practically every task assigned to him.

The carpenter shop force at the school is called on to do many things.

One day, the instructor and his boys may be seen making window screens; at another time one might find them laying a floor in one of the cottages; a few days later, a passer-by might catch them in the act of repairing a slate roof or a chimney; or again

they might be seen painting a barn or some other building on the campus; and when a concrete floor is needed, one might be sure to find Mr. Carriker and his youthful assistants right on the job.

Since the sheet metal shop and plumbing department at the school has been closed because competent instructors were not available. Mr. Carriker and his lads have had plenty of such work as repairing stoves and attending to various minor plumbing needs at the school.

Within the past few years, Mr. Carriker and his crew of youngsters have even been called on to erect buildings in their entirety, and they have responded in a manner which would do credit to a regular contractor and his force of workmen.

In the rear of the trades building there stands a building erected for the purpose of providing storage space. On the ground floor there is space for storing a number of machines used on the farm. On the floor above there are rooms for storing tools, lumber, paint and other supplies. This is a frame building erected on a concrete and brick foundation, with a composition roof. This work was done by the school's carpenter shop force.

On another occasion they built a good sized barn which was used to house beef cattle, and for storing some of the farm products. This building was later struck by lightning and destroyed by fire. They have since rebuilt this building.

It was during the depression years in the late 20's and early 30's that Mr. Carriker proved his real value to the training school. During these

lean years it was practically impossible to purchase various materials needed at the school. The fact that the source of funds to provide these things was almost exhausted did not mean that those in use would not break or wear out.

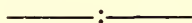
When repairs or replacements were needed, Mr. Carriker was called on by those in authority to see that something was done about it. It was definitely up to him to solve the problems, doing the best with what material he had at hand. Just at the time when everyone else would be just about ready to throw in the sponge, the old reliable carpenter shop "boss" would come up with the right answer. On more than one occasion the chief topic of conversation among the school officials would be "Alf" Carriker's uncanny ability to "make something out of nothing." We might add right here that during one of the very leanest of the lean years, it was found that the smoke stack at the laundry boiler room had become both useless and dangerous. Erosion had caused it to be nothing but a thin shell. There were no funds available with which to purchase a new one, and since boys get just as dirty in hard times as well as under prosperous circumstances, the work of the laundry had to go on. The problem was placed before Mr. Carriker, and he said that he "reckoned something might be done about it." He and his boys collected a number of empty oil drums, sawed out the heads and bottoms, bolted and soldered them together, and in a short time they had made a strong steel smokestack, which gave good service for many years.

It has been said that many of our country's most valuable workers have

come from the farm, and this would certainly be true in Mr. Carriker's case. He is a native of Cabarrus County, having been reared on a farm in one of the most productive sections of the county. Prior to becoming an employee at the school, he was engaged in all kinds of farm work, at which he was quite successful.

Mr. Carriker is one of the most dependable workers ever to have been

employed at the Jackson Training School. By his clean everyday living, and the conscientious manner in which he has performed the tasks allotted to him from day to day, he has been a fine example to the boys who have had the opportunity of working with him. His motto—"the best way to learn how to do a thing is to do it" has been a source of inspiration to the youngsters in this department for many years.



GREAT LITTLE MEN

Roger Babson has a large number of acquaintances who may be accounted as big men, but there is none who can exceed in stature the little, deformed man who was one of the greatest geniuses of our time. Let us see what Mr. Babson says:

"Charles P. Steinmetz, who was unanimously recognized by the General Electric Company and other great similar organizations as the world's foremost electrical engineer, was once visiting my home.

"While talking over with him prospective future inventions in connection with radio, aeronautics, power transmission, etc., I asked him: "What line of research will see the greatest development during the next fifty years?" After careful thought he replied:

"Mr. Babson, I think the greatest discovery will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history.

"Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been guessed at. When that day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has seen in the past four."

—Adapted from Forbes Magazine in Sunshine Magazine.

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL?

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

In the fall of 1942, under the direction of Mr. William H. Barnhardt of Charlotte, there was a campaign to raise funds with which to purchase new books for the school library. In this campaign the sum of \$765.65 was raised from numerous contributors.

In the latter part of 1944 a group of citizens of Concord donated in cash the sum of \$1,525 for the establishment of a commissary for the boys at the school. This project was under the sponsorship of Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr. There were twenty six persons and firms who made the contributions.

Mrs. Margaret Burgwyn, one of the original promoters and founders of the Jackson Training School, died on January 23, 1941. In her will she made a bequest of stocks and cash to the school to be used in the discretion of the Board. By October 18, 1944, at which time the stocks were sold, this bequest had amounted to \$4,214.99.

The late Joseph F. Cannon of Concord stipulated in his will that 10 per cent of the proceeds of his stock in the Citizen Bank and Trust Company of Concord, N. C., (now the Citizens National Bank) should be dispersed annually for ninety-nine years for the purpose of giving the boys of this institution "happiness and cheer at Christmas Time." Since the death of Mr. Cannon in the summer of 1939 this income has amounted to around \$218 annually.

At the time the school was getting started, substantial cash gifts were made by the following friends of the institution: Gen. R. F. Hoke, Mr. Van Wych Hoke, Col. F. B. McDowell, Mr. Caesar Cone, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds (\$1,000 for the erection of a barn July 21, 1910) Hon. J. A. Long, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Col. A. H. Boyden, Mr. D. A. Tomkins, Asheville Lumber Company, Mrs. R. R. Cotton.

In April 1942 Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr. donated \$25 for the purpose of buying athletic goods for the boys. Then in April 1943 he gave a donation of \$125 for the purpose of buying additional athletic goods for the cottage recreational programs. During the Christmas season of 1943 Mr. Propst gave an additional \$100 which was used for purchasing ping pong sets for each cottage.

In February, 1943, a number of citizens of Concord either bought a radio for one of the cottages or made a contribution for that purpose. The following made contributions to this project: D. Ray McEachern, E. S. Towery, Hugh Grey, Wensil Plumbing and Heating Company, J. W. Propst, Jr., O. A. Swaringen, Ray W. Cline, R. E. Ridenhour, Jr., and Saul F. Dribben of New York.

The most recent contribution made to the school was a gift of \$500 from the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C., to be

used towards purchasing band uniforms for the members of the Jackson Training School band. This gift was made April 25, 1945. The idea of making such a contribution was originated by Dr. Oren Moore, of Charlotte, and he was given valuable assistance in this project by Mr. David Owens.

Mr. Clay A. Blackwelder of Concord, who died on September 4, 1943, bequeathed to the school the sum of \$1,000 to be paid at the death of his wife. Some question arose about the validity of the will, and under negotiations approved by the Attorney General of North Carolina a settlement of the bequest was made through legal procedures for the amount of \$585. This amount was paid to the school on September 9, 1944.

Beginning with March 1, 1937, Mr. Saul F. Dribben, of New York, has contributed funds to the school. By 1940 his contributions toward a stage curtain amounted to \$155. On June 13, 1940, Mr. Dribben made an additional gift of \$170 for this stage cur-

tain. Annually since 1941 Mr. Dribben has donated \$25 to the school in memory of Mr. Caesar Cone. This gift represents an expression of Mr. Dribben's high esteem for Mr. Cone during their fifty years association.

Since March 1, 1943, the school has had a Boy Scout troop, which offers splendid opportunities for some of the more worthy and dependable boys. In this activity the boys enjoy the usual privileges of Scouting on the outside. At times they have gone on hikes, to Courts of Review meetings, and to Boy Scout banquets. Most of all they have enjoyed the privileges of Scout camping. These are some of the highlights in the superlative experiences of character development.

In the spring of 1945 a Cub Scout pack was organized at the school, with an enrollment of fifteen boys, ten and eleven years of age. It is believed that the experiences in Cub Scouting will offer an introduction for these boys in later years to the Scout program.

— —:—

GOSSIP

I am more deadly than the screaming shell from a howitzer; I ruin without killing. I tear down homes; I break hearts and wreck lives. I have no respect for truth and justice, no mercy for the defenseless. You will find me in the pews of the pious and the haunts of the unholy.

I am wily, cunning, malicious and I gather strength with age. I make my way with greed, mistrust and dishonesty are unknown. I feed on good and bad alike. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea and often as innocent. I never forgive and seldom forget. My name is Gossip.—The Presidio.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Company

By Horace Jordan 3rd Grade

Tuesday, 12th, Rev. Goodman, who is Mrs. Horne's preacher came to visit our cottage.

He ate dinner with us and we hope he will come back to see us. We enjoyed having him visit us.

Carpenter Shop

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

The boys of the Carpenter Shop are still very busy working on the Kennedy barn. Mr. Cruse and Mr. Carriker with the aid of the carpenter shop boys have been working on the barn for about six months. They are trying to finish it before winter.

Our Party

By Claude Crump, 3rd Grade

Tuesday, October 13 the boys in the third grade had a party. Claude Crump bought some Coca-Colas. We had a good time. The boys who have money take turns in buying them. We give some to our friends in other rooms. Sometimes Miss Oeler buys them. We have a good time in the third grade.

Books

By Harold Sellars, 7th Grade

The boys of the seventh grade have over three hundred books in which to study. This includes Arithmetic,

Spelling, History, Reading, Language, and Science.

We have about three subjects a day. The boys of the seventh grade are most interesting in their History.

Halloween

By Bunyan King, 4th Grade

Halloween is drawing near, so Mrs. Morrison and the fourth grade boys are decorating the room with black cats, witches, bats and other Halloween pictures.

We hope to have our rooms looking good by Halloween.

Scouts at the J. T. S.

By Bunyan King, 4th Grade

I joined the scouts about two weeks ago and I like it fine.

Mr. Walters is our Scout Master and he helps us too. He is planning to take his troop on camping trips real soon.

I know I will learn lots and enjoy being a Scout.

Our Farm Work

By Lester Jenkins, 3rd Grade

It is the fall of the year and we are taking up sweet potatoes. We have picked peanuts and are through with them now. Some of the boys are picking cotton, and some are pulling corn. We want to get through with everything before the weather gets cold.

The Bull's Foot.

By Ray Bridgeman 7th Grade

The dairy boys are in the bull pen trying to get a nail out of the bull's foot, but it seems to be a hopeless job. The only thing he is scared of is a pitch fork, and most of the boys don't want to get in there with him. Today, October 13, the dairy boys tied him down and the Doctor pulled it out.

The Shoe Shop

By Willis Caddell, 3rd Grade

Mr. Hooker has gone back to work in the shoe shop.

Willis Caddell and Billy Teer are helping him. Mr. Hooker knows a lots about fixing shoes. He teaches us how to fix them right.

They are fixing all the old ones. The new shoes haven't come in yet. We hope they will come soon.

Building to the Cottages

By Jimmy Rhodes, 4th Grade

The workmen are building porches to the cottages and have also put furnaces in the cottages. They are piping the cottages too and are going to put radiators in before long.

They are tearing down the old boiler at the school building and are going to put in a new one.

The boys and teachers will be glad to look forward to a warmer school room this winter

Our Classroom

By Johnny Robinson, 7th Grade

For about the last two or three weeks we have been studying about the

Spanish American people and how they lived. It is very interesting ni knowing how they live. We have one new boy in our classroom now and his name is Wayne Cockerham. He is from Mount Airy. We are glad we have received some new books because we are certainly having a good time studying them.

The Third Grade Room

By Billy Shore, 3rd Grade

In our room we are studying about Indians. We are getting Indian books from the library and learning lots from them. We have already drawn pictures of Indian bowls and colored them. They are put up in our room. We have Indian necklaces. We drew trees. We colored them with pretty bright colors. Miss Oehler brought us some pictures. We are learning some Indian songs. We are having a good time doing this.

Scout Meeting

By Bobbie East, 7th Grade

Troop 61 had their meeting last night at 6:15. We open the meeting by saying the Scout Oath. And discussed going to camp soon. We are going in the morning and eat dinner and come back in the evening some time.. Mr. Walters put us in patrols last night. We have ten boys in each patrol and we have three patrols in the troop. Each patrol has a leader and we practice on our notes some. We had a game and then Mr. Walter gave us all the new scouts a badge with a scout on it. And all the old scouts a slide for their neckchief. And then we were dismissed.

Eight Grade News

By J. T. Heigler and Arthur Lawson,
8th Grade

Since last June the 8th Grade has been studying the following subjects which are: Arithmetic Review, Spelling, North Carolina History, and Science. We have enjoyed very much studying these subjects. We have now changed these subjects to English Vocabulary Drill, Math, and Health. We are looking forward to the studying of the class.

Cottage No. 10 Being Repaired

By Marshall Beaver, 10th Grade

Recently the boys of Cottage No. 10 have been sent out to other Cottages. The painters are painting the Cottage windows and repairing the screens. While this work is going on the boys will stay in other Cottages. They are also building new porches on the back of the Cottages. The house boys and matrons will like them. I hope they will finish with the work before long.

The Scout Meeting

By Bobby East, 7th Grade

Troop 61 had a meeting Monday night at 6:15. We opened the meeting by saying the Scout's Oath and Laws and then we discussed the Tenderfoot requirements. Mr. Walters asked us some questions on it and we did very good and Mr. Walters is going to have lots of Tenderfoot Scouts next Monday night. Mr. Walters is teaching us how to drill. We hope that we all make good Scouts for Mr. Walters Troop No. 61.

Visiting Days Begin

By Johnnie Weaver, 9th Grade

On September 29th, 1948 the boys were glad to have their visitors back again. Due to the polio situation we have not had any visitors in the past three and a half months. The swimming pool was closed while the Polio ban was on.

There were so many cases of polio in North Carolina that they were afraid to let any visitors come at all.

We hope that the polio epidemic will not break out in the State again, because it is a very bad disease.

The Library

By Cecil Kellam, 4th Grade

One of the best books in the library is "Buckskin." It is a good book and we have many other good books in our library. We have "Daniel Boone," "Tom Sawyer," "Kit Carson," "Silver Chief," and many others.

Mrs. Morrison is reading "Silver Chief" to us now. We all enjoy it. It is a dog story and all boys like dog stories.

Jimmy Volrath and Otis Maness are our library boys. They take care of the books and help the boys select good books.

Red Cross

By Noval Smith, 8th Grade

All of the boys at the Training School have joined the Junior Red Cross. Since a lot of people do not know what the Red Cross stands for I have decided to write a report on it for the Uplift.

The Junior Red Cross was organized during World War 1 to allow children to help in the Red Cross War Service.

Its purpose is to enlist school children in service of suffering children both at home and in foreign countries.

Each school in the United States has a chance to donate to the Red Cross.

The Receiving Cottage

By Silas Orr, 7th Grade

When a boy arrives at Jackson Training School he is placed in the Receiving Cottage. This is his temporary home. He will have a medical examination, then he will be given a test by a psychiatrist, to see what grade he will be placed in. He is introduced to the daily routine of Jackson Training School. He will have an opportunity to choose the work that he is most interested in.

It is while he is in the Receiving Cottage that he begins to make the transition from a normal society to a closely supervised and somewhat restricted environment.

History

By Frank Grady and Phillip Kirk, 8th Grade

In the 8th grade we are studying most of all about North Carolina History. We have just finished our study of the French and Indian war. And we are now studying about the American Revolution. On our North Carolina Flag today there are two dates, May 20, 1775 and April 12, 1776. On May 20, 1775 Mecklenburg County was the first County to declare its independence from England.

On April 12, 1776 at Halifax, North Carolina a convention was held which declared North Carolina independence from England.

The first battle that was fought in the Revolutionary war was at Lexington, Mass. and the first fought in North Carolina was the Battle of Moores Creek Bridge near Wilmington, North Carolina.

The most important fact of this battle was that the Loyalists, the friends of the King, were defeated and the English were driven out of North Carolina for three years.

We are now getting ready to study some more battles of the Revolutionary War.

Water Tank Being Removed

By Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

For many years, at the school, there has been a familiar sight to both officers and boys. That "sight" is the old water tank across the highway with the initials J. T. S. in big letters. However, soon they won't see it anymore. It is being dismantled and will be moved to Dobbs Farm, in Kinston, N. C. Brown Steel Contractors, of Newnan, Ga., have charge of moving the tank. Mr. T. G. Keel is superintendent in charge. The workers are steadily taking the tank apart, section by section. The rivets will be cut out and others will be put in when the tank is re-assembled at Kinston.

The tank was secured from the Mobile Iron Works Co. of Mobile, Alabama, and supplied the school with water for about 25 years at which time the school began receiving its water supply from Concord. The tank stands 120 feet high, weighs 38

tons, and has a capacity of 75,000 to 100,000 gallons of water.

We are glad we are now getting our water from Concord but we will miss the old tank. It served its purpose well here and we are sure it will do likewise at its new location. To the old tank we say "farewell and well done."

Biographical Sketch of Stonewall Jackson Training School

By Frank Grady, 8th Grade

One of the most interesting figures in the Civil War, was Thomas J. Jackson. Since a lot of people confuse him with Andrew Jackson, I have decided to write a sketch of his life. Thomas J. Jackson was born in Clarksburg, Virginia in 1824. As a boy he was an orphan, and he learned at an early age to depend upon himself, securing an education by his own efforts and determination. After attending a small school in Virginia, he decided to go to West Point. He set out for Washington, D. C. traveling on foot most of the way. When he got there he persuaded the Secretary of War to send him to West Point. After graduating from West Point he served in the Mexican War of 1846, and won such a distinction he was promoted from a lieutenant to a Major. After the close of the War he became a teacher in the Virginia Military Institute. Then the War between the North and South began, and Jackson became a General in the Confederate Army. He fought with Lee at the Battle of the Bull Run. When some of the Confederates were thrown into confusion, one of the generals called to the men,

"There stands Jackson like a Stone-wall." The cry was taken up by his soldiers, his name from then was Stonewall Jackson. Though he stood "like a stone wall" in battle his fame as a general rested chiefly on the rapidity with which he could march his men from one point to another, and strike the enemy while they were least expecting it. So rapid were his movements that his men became known as "Jackson's foot Cavalry." In 1869 he conducted a famous campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in which he completely mystified the Federal Commanders. At the battle of Fredricksburg and Antium, by his sudden and unexpected appearance, he rendered valuable aid to General Lee. In May 1863, after winning the battle of Chancellorsville, he and his escort were mistaken in the dust by his own outpost for a detachment of Federal cavalry. They were fired upon and Jackson fell mortally wounded. The loss of this brilliant general more than off set the Confederate gain in their victory.

History Studies

By Russell Beaver, 8th Grade

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh and his half brother, Sir Humphry Gilbert, sent two ships to the new world, they landed on Pamlico Sound on a small island which was claimed for Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Humphry Gilbert took back to England two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese. He also took two plants, tobacco and potatoes.

In April, 1585 seven ships sailed to the new world, they landed on Roanoke

Island. The two Indians returned and Manteo remained friendly. On August 18, 1587 a child was born, the first white child of English parents born in the new world. Her name was Virginia Dare. Governor White returned to England for supplies. When he returned the people were gone and on a tree was the word "Croatan." The people had vanished and couldn't be found. Some think they were killed by savage Indians and others think they went to live with the Croatan Indians. This became known as "The Lost Colony."

In 1607 there became a permanent settlement in Jamestown, Virginia. The people of Virginia began to drift south. This was the beginning of North Carolina.

In 1629 King Charles 1st gave N. C. to Robert Heath, but he never attempted to settle the land so he gave it to his eight friends, The Lords Proprietors. Seven of the men sold the

land back to the king. Later the Scotch-Irish and Germans began to settle in N. C.

The people wanted independence so they called a Continental Congress in Pennsylvania.

William Hooper, Joseph Hews, and John Penn signed the Declaration of Independence for North Carolina.

A government was set up for N. C. in November 12th, 1776 in Halifax. Richard Caswell was the first governor.

There are two dates on the North Carolina State Flag; May 20, 1775 and April 12, 1776. The people of Mecklenburg County declared themselves free and Independent from England May 20, 1775. On April 12, 1776. The Halifax Convention sent delegates with instructions to concur with other delegates for Independence. They also elected the first Governor of North Carolina.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME

One morn I felt I'd like to fuss,
 I quarreled with Sue, and whined at Gus.
 I spanked the pup, and teased the cat,
 I slammed the door, and threw my hat.
 I pinched the baby and made her cry
 And wouldn't tell the reason why;
 Then when I chanced to look around,
 The folk all wore a cranky frown.

This morn I simply sang a song
 As from my room I came along.
 The puppy barked and ran to me,
 The pussy jumped upon my knee;
 And Sue gave me a lovely toy,
 As if she liked a naughty boy.
 The happiness, oh, don't you see,
 Of every one depends on me.

—Carrie E. McCulloch in Western Recorder.

OF A LOCAL NATURE

By Jr. Blackburn, 10th Grade

Beginning at the first of the month, Mr. Hooker began working in the shoe shop, repairing shoes and getting the shoes ready for distribution to the boys for winter use. He will distribute the shoes soon.

Monday, October 4, Mr. Scott and Mr. White with Mr. Roy Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Demonstrator, went over to Charlotte, N. C., to observe some Holstein cattle that they might want to buy for the school.

Thursday night, September 30, we saw a show entitled "Cynthia." It was a comical picture starring Elizabeth Taylor. It was a pretty good picture and the boys liked it very much.

On September 29, the boys of the school were very happy. The polio ban was lifted from the school and the boys people could now come back to visit with them. We are glad we did not have a single case of polio in our school.

Lately the school has been planting small grain for next year. We have about 150 acres planted, so far. Last year we did not get so much done on account of bad weather. This year we are trying to get through be- bad weather comes.

October 17, Mr. J. W. Propst of Concord, N. C. gave to the boys of the school a great deal of candy and gum. Mr. Propst has always been a friend to boys, both here and elsewhere. The

candy and gum was enjoyed by all and we want to express our thanks to Mr. Propst for being so kind.

October 1, Mr. John D. Corliss, one of our school teachers, went on his vacation. During his vacation, Mr. Corliss attended the Carolina-Georgia football game and then journeyed up towards New York. We are sure he enjoyed his vacation and had a good time.

During the first part of the month, Cottage 10 was closed so that some repairs might be made. New windows were put in, the windows were painted, and new screens were put on the windows. The building looks much nicer now and the boys want to take care of it.

On Friday, October 1st, Mr. Richard Walker left on his vacation. Mr. Walker is a relief officer at Cottages No. 6 and No. 7. Mr. Walker had one week off for his vacation. We hope he had a nice time, such as fishing, one of his most beloved hobbies. Mr. Walker returned to the school Monday, October 11th. The boys were glad to see him back.

Wednesday, October 6, looked like a Christmas holiday at the school. It was the first pretty visiting day since the polio epidemic ban had been lifted and the visitors really came. The boys were very glad to see their people after so long a period. We are glad the danger of the polio epidemic

is over and hope to see many visitors during the coming weeks.

On Monday night, September 27, the boys and officers of the school were delighted to see a picture show of the 1947 World's Series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and The New York Yankees. It was a very interesting show and the boys and officers saw many of the big things that happened in the World's Series. We want to thank the ones who made it possible for us to see this show.

In the print shop, the boys and Mr. Fisher, printing instructor, print about 850 Uplifts each month. These Uplifts are sent to subscribers in almost every state in the Union and to Hawaii. About 800 of the papers are sent out and the rest are given to the boys and officers to read. The boys in the print shop are glad they are getting experience in learning how to print these papers.

In the printing shop, we now have a full-time instructor who helps us in our work. He is Mr. Leonard Greene, of Charlotte, N. C. This gives Mr. Fisher, Printing Instructor and Asst. Superintendent, more time to tend to other important things. Mr. Greene is doing a good job and the boys like him. However, beginning at the first of the month of November, he will begin teaching a class in school and we will have another printing instructor for the print shop. We know Mr. Greene will do a good job in the school department as he has done in the shop.

At the Jackson Training School there are many different kinds of work in which a young boy might be interested.

After a boy leaves the Receiving Cottage, he is given a chance to work at the kind of a job he prefers. If he has always been just a "country boy" and knows nothing about mechanics, carpentering, etc., but wants to learn, he is given the chance. He is taught the rudiments of some skill and soon becomes acquainted with the tools and equipment and how to use them. It is in this training that a boy begins preparing himself for a position in some particular phase of work after he departs from the institution.

There is a wide variety of work from which to choose. They are: the print shop, shoe shop and leather work, machine shop, carpenter shop, barber shop, bakery, laundry, ice plant, dairy, cotton mill, cannery, and farming.

Many boys have entered wholeheartedly into this phase of training and are now making a success doing the kind of work that was taught them here.

Wednesday, October 6th, we were glad to have one of our former students return to the school to visit us. He is Douglas J. Mayberry of Winston Salem, N. C.

While a student here Douglas was in Cottage No. 13 and worked on the tractor force. After leaving the school, he joined the Army and served for period of 6 years. He is now stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. He reports he likes the Army very much, but will be glad when he returns to civilian life.

Douglas is now 25 years of age and is single. He was honorable discharged from this school 7 years ago. He says the school was a great help to him.

We were glad to see him in good health and we hope he will visit us again real soon.

Tuesday, October 5th we were glad to have Mr. S. E. Leonard, Commissioner of the State Board of Corrections visit us. He was here to look over the repairs of the Cottages. Mr. Leonard pays the school a visit pretty regular. He stayed with us Tuesday and Wednesday. We hope that he will come again soon.

Thursday, October 14th, our regular weekly movie was entitled "Stanley and Livingston." This picture told the true story of Stanley's search for the famous doctor and missionary, Dr. Livingston. Stanley (Spencer Tracy) worked for the New York Herald and his boss, Gordon Benett, assigned him the task of finding and bringing back Dr. Livingston, after this doctor had already been reported dead. Stanley took the job and began a journey that was filled with desert

hikes, trips through thickest jungles, and was twice attacked by savages and "head-hunters." However, he never complained nor would he say defeat. Finally, after about a years journey, he came upon a small village and there found the person he had searched for so long. Dr. Livingston had practically civilized the natives and had taught them many hymns. When asked by Stanley to return to America, he replied that his place was in Africa, to help spread the gospel of Christ and he told Stanley that he needed help. Stanley departed and went back to England, where his story was dis-believed until a letter was received that Dr. Livingston had died. In the end, Stanley is boarding a boat, going back to the heart of Africa to continue the work of the great Dr. Livingston.

This picture was very educational and we hope to see many more like it.

LIFE

So long as faith with freedom reigns,
 And loyal hope survives,
 And gracious charity remains
 To leaven lowly lives;
 While there is one untrodden tract
 For intellect or will,
 And men are free to think and act,
 Life is worth living still.

—Sunshine Magazine.

SPORTS NEWS

On Saturday, October 7th, Cottage No. 11 was scheduled to play Cottage No. 1, but they failed to appear so Cottage 11 won by a forfeit.

Instead of playing Cottage No. 1, Cottage No. 11 played No. 14 and was defeated by a score of 7-6 in favor of Cottage No. 14.

—Thomas Linville 9th Grade

Saturday Cottage No. 10 played Cottage No. 4. The score was 10 to 0 in favor of Cottage No. 10. It was a good game. We got 2 safeties and a touchdown. Bill Luther caught a pass and made the touchdown. No. 4 and No. 10 played a very good game. We enjoyed playing them.

—Jerry Peek, 8th Grade

With a month of football games already played, we still find three undefeated teams, Cottage 10, 11, and 15. These teams will soon meet and then we'll see who the best team is. The scores for October 30, were: 11 over 9, 8 to 0; 7 tied 3, 0 to 0; 15 over 13, 28 to 0; 1 over 6, 6 to 0; 4 over 5, 16 to 0; 10 over 17, 7 to 0. Cottage 1 finally scored and won their first game of the year.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Saturday, October 2, the official football season opened here at the school. The boys were glad that the season was beginning. The teams are divided into A and B Leagues, so the teams that don't have such a good team will have a better chance. All of the defeated teams went scoreless.

Scores for the day were: 13 over 14, 6 to 0; 11 over 6, 33 to 0; 15 over 4,

19 to 0; 17 over 5, 13 to 0; 9 and 7 went scoreless for a tie and Cottage 3 defeated No. 1, 7 to 0. All the boys are really having a good time.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Saturday, October 9th, Cottage No. 17 and No. 13 played a game of football at field No. 1. Nobody scored in the first half. But on the kick off in the last half Myers kicked it over the goal and made a safety twice on the kick off. When No. 17 got the ball again Beaver threw Poston a pass and made a touchdown. Then 17 kicked the ball and held them back for 4 downs. Next Beaver threw the ball to Martin and made another touchdown. No. 17 had the ball at the end of the game and the final score was 16 to 0 in favor of Cottage No. 17.

—Howard Wilson, 8th Grade

After two weeks and two scheduled football games, there are 3 undefeated teams in the "A" League and two in the "B" League. In the "A" League, Cottages 10, 15 and 17 have not suffered a loss and Cottages 11 and 3 are the same in the "B" League.

Cottage 11 won a forfeit from No. 1; 17 defeated 13, 16 to 0; 15 set back No. 14, 19 to 0; 3 upset 9, 25 to 7; 7 over 6, 40 to 0; and Cottage 10 defeated No. 4, 10 to 0.

Cottage 9 is the only one of the defeated teams in the two games who have crossed "pay dirt."

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Saturday, October 9, 1948 was the big day for Cottage No. 3. Cottage No. 3 had put a defeat over Cottage

No. 9 with a score of 25 to 7. In the first half No. 3 scored 3 touchdowns and one extra point. Then the whistle was blown and there was the half. In the second half No. 3 scored another touchdown. Then about the middle of the second half Gary Dudley caught a pass and ran about 40 yards to make the points for No. 9. Then they tried for the extra point, and it was good. The boys in No. 3 that made a touchdown were as follows: Jack Jarvis, Doyle Parrish, Bobby East, and James Christy. Claude Sexton threw the touchdown passes. We enjoyed playing them, and we would like to play them again.

—Doyle Parish, 8th Grade

Cottage No. 17 felt their first defeat Saturday, October 16, under the hands of Cottage No. 15. The score was 12 to 7. Cottages 10 and 15 are the only teams in the "A" League who have not, as yet, felt defeat, and Cottages No. 11 and 3 have a perfect record in the "B" League. The teams are pretty well organized now and competition is getting easier to find. The boys are taking more interest in "winning" the games and they want that Championship Trophy. Scores for the day were as follows: 11 over 7, 13 to 0; 13 over 5, 12 to 6; 3 over 6,

25 to 0; and forfeits were given by Cottage 1 to No. 9 and No. 14 to Cottage 4.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

During the past month, there has really been some good football games played here at the school. The teams are more fully organized now and we hope to see many more exciting games like we have seen before.

Looking over the records for the past month, we find that Cottage 15 is leading in offense in the "A" League with a total of 87 points scored, and Cottage 10 is leading in defense, as they have not been scored on. In the "B" League, Cottage 11 is leading in points scored, with 64, and they also have the best defensive record with no points scored against them. In the "A" League, Cottages 10 and 15 are still undefeated and Cottage 11 is undefeated in the "B" League. Cottages 14, 1, and 6 are the only teams who have failed to score thus far.

Scores for Saturday, October 23, were: 15 over 5, 37 to 0; 11 over 3, 18 to 0; 17 over 4, 7 to 0; 9 over 6, 7 to 0; 7 over 1, 6 to 0; and 10 over 14, 19 to 0.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade.

—:—

"Be generous with kindly words, especially about those who are absent." Every day look at a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem, listen to beautiful music, and, if possible, say some reasonable thing.—Goethe

LETTERS FROM FORMER STUDENTS

Dear Sir:

I will try to write you, telling you how well I appreciate my stay at your school.

I arrived there June 15, 1938, underweight, suffering from malnutrition, and lack of a father and mother to bring me up right. When I arrived there my brother came along with me, all because he wanted to be with me. At that time I was fourteen years of age.

Before arriving there, in my home town I was considered no good, everyone seemed to hate me and laugh at me, until I went to JTS. At JTS I learned to read and write, to keep clean, to be a barber, a plumber, a farmer, and to be a good athlete, and many other things to benefit me in my later days of manhood. I must write, also, at times I thought those things weren't for me, and my officers were too strict. Now I can see they did their job well, and I owe them plenty. I give my thanks to the following officers and to the President, Mr. Boger, Mr. Fisher, Mr. White, Mr. Johnson, my school teacher, Mr. Limer, my cottage officer, Mr. James Query, and many others I can't recall. I owe to them what I am today.

I was a member of the Indian cottage. My brother and I were the fourth and fifth Indians to be sent there from Robeson County, and it was a shame that there were only five. If there had been more, my county would be better off, but there are some that instructing doesn't do any good.

To all the boys there give them my best wishes, and I am sure when they are as old as I they will appreciate JTS and won't be ashamed of being there. My brother feels the same way as I. Now he is married and the father of a cute little girl. He has a beautiful wife, and she knows all his past, and she is proud of him because he has come from shame to be respectable. His name is Thomas N. Oxendine.

I myself am a sailor in the U. S. Navy, gunner mate second class. Have been in five years. Spent most of my time fighting the Japs. I have just come back from Australia. I sailed aboard the D. D. O'Brien, and had a wonderful time in the land down under. In a few months I hope to be home, and I hope to visit JTS. I close, I am thankful for my stay at JTS.

One of JTS boys,

E. J. Oxendine

—————:—————

"This is a land of plenty, to be sure—but we can't slow down on the job and have that plenty. All of us have got to produce in a world that is crying out for relief from conditions largely of its own making."—R. G. Mowbray

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY—GEORGIA

(The Summary)

Georgia, of the South Atlantic group, was one of the Thirteen Original States. It is bounded on the north by Tennessee, and North Carolina and South Carolina, on the east by South Carolina, and the Atlantic, and on the west by Alabama. It is the largest state east of the Mississippi River and contains the largest area of woodland—23,500,000 acres.

The topography of Georgia is varied with a mountainous region in the north and northwest which is interspersed with wide fertile valleys. Some of the Blue Ridge Mountains exceed 3,000 feet. The most important river is the Savannah, but there are several lesser streams suited for navigation.

Agriculture is important. The chief crops are cotton, peanuts, tobacco, corn, peaches, rice, sweet potatoes, truck produce and sugar cane syrup. Georgia is the largest producer of sea-island cotton and is rapidly approaching Louisiana as chief producer of sugar cane syrup.

The State grazes a million cattle, and raises as many swine.

The lumber cut is mostly pine, from which comes resin and turpentine. Georgia supplies more than one-half of the United States production of naval stores and Savannah is the world's largest market for such goods.

The mineral produced in Georgia in order of value are as follows: Kaolin, clay products, granite, marble, Portland cement, Fullers earth, limestone, barites, sand and gravel, manganese, coal, and talc. During the Colonial

Government it was bauxite, gold, silver and mica.

Georgia is the largest producer of kaolin for use as a paper and china clay in the United States. In addition, Georgia ranks first among the States in the production of Fullers earth, second in the production of barite and manganese and manganiferous iron ore and third in the production of bauxite and micaceous minerals, asbestos and iron.

Transportation is highly developed, with abundant rail lines and large ocean shipped in and out from Savannah, chief port. Vessels up to 32 feet draft are accommodated at high tide across the bar, and up to 26 feet at all times.

The Georgia school of Technology, Atlanta, the University of Georgia (chartered in 1785, opened 1801) in Athens, Emory University, Atlanta, and Atlanta University (for negroes) in Atlanta, are institutions for higher education.

At Warm Springs is a sanatorium for the treatment of sufferers from infantile paralysis. It was here that the late Franklin D. Roosevelt was restored to health following his attack of poliomyelitis.

Georgia has many places of recreation summer and winter, in the mountains of North Georgia and along the seashore. The National Park Service maintains seven parks and there are 21 State Parks with an area of 16,940 acres.

Fort Pulaski, on the Cockspur Is-

land, at the mouth of the Savannah River, is a national monument. It was constructed for coast defense by the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century. Near the fort is a wooded park in which are many varieties of birds and subtropical plants.

In the past 200 years three forts have been built on this Island. Fort George, a small structure, was erected (1761) by the Colonial Government. It was damaged by storms, and completely dismantled (1776) by American patriots when the British fleet approached. New defenses were needed and the United States (1794) erected Fort Green. The life of this fort was short, for the great hurricane (1804) swept away its batteries and barracks. The present structure (begun in 1829) and was named Fort Pulaski in honor of the Polish hero, Count Casimir Pulaski, who fought in the American Revolution and was mortally wounded at the battle of Savannah (1779).

Gen. Simon Bernard who at one time had been Napoleon's chief engineer, made a preliminary survey of the island (1827) and work was begun on Fort Pulaski two years later. Robert

E. Lee's first appointment after his graduation from West Point was to this post. Approximately \$1,000,000 was spent on the construction of the fort. The completed fort is a five-sided brick work, 1580 feet in circumference, enclosing a parade ground two and half acres in extent, and designed to mount 140 guns in two tiers, one in the casemates of bomb proof chambers, the other on the open platform on top of the fort. Its solid brick walls from 7 to 11 feet thick and 32 feet high, are surrounded by a wide moat crossed by drawbridges.

Georgia was visited by De Soto (1540). It was a part of the tract of land granted (1663 and 1665); received a provincial charter (1719), and became an independant colony (1732) under James Oglethorpe, who founded it as refuge for poor debtors from England. Georgia ratified the Confederate constitution March, 1861, and was the scene of much bloodshed during the Civil War. It was at Irwinville that Jefferson Davis was captured (May 10, 1865). The State was readmitted to the Union July 1870.

LIFE

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in.
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter and the cares come after
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life."

OLYMPICS WINNER A YOUTH WITH IDEALS

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

The youngest member of the United States Olympic team and winner of the gruelling ten-event decathlon at Wembley Stadium was 17-year-old Bob Mathias of Tulare, California. This remarkable young athlete is an active member of the First Methodist Church in his home town, and his pastor, Rev. Edwin M. Sweet, describes him as "modest and clean in every way and one who never smokes or drinks." Before leaving for London to represent his country in the Olympic games, he was glad to join his pastor in prayer that he would not only do his best in the games, but that he would also be a good witness for Jesus Christ.

This youth, whose Christian character and clean sportsmanship have helped to make him a truly great ath-

lete, was said to be the best high school football player in California, and in basketball averaged scoring 20 point a game. Last year, according to Mr. Sweet, Bob's mother entertained each member of the football squad at dinner in their home in order to win their loyalty to high ideals, sportsmanship and clean living. Bob's father is a leading physician in the community. Bob is now going out for football at Kiskiminetas Springs Preparatory School in Saltsbury, Pennsylvania, where he is enrolled as a student.

It takes more than a good Christian home and the influence of the church and Sunday school to make a successful life, of course but these things help, even in athletic competition.—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

THE COG

I'm but a cog of life's vast wheel,
 That daily makes the same old trip;
 Yet what a joy it is to feel
 That but for me, the world might slip.
 Tis something after all to jog
 Along and be a first-class cog.

—Elizabeth Barret Browning

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE SCHOOL

The Sunday afternoon message at the school, Oct. 10, was delivered by Rev. Erbert S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord. Mr. Summers' message was very interesting and full of practical suggestions to the boys. All of us were delighted as usual to have Mr. Summers with us.

For a Scripture lesson Mr. Summers read the first eight verses of the twelfth chapter of Genesis. From these verses he took his topic for his message: "The First Pioneers." Here in America we usually associate pioneers with teams and covered wagons, but Abram and his family made their trip to a new country with a camel caravan. We see from this that pioneering dates back many, many years ago.

Abram, whose name was changed to Abraham, was generous and peace loving. On the whole, he was very brave, and he didn't hesitate to put himself in danger to help the ones he loved. Without Abram's faith there would have been no Hebrew people to go on searching for God and discovering his laws of right living. There would have been no Bible to keep the record of God's laws for us. The way would not have been made ready for Christ. We would never have learned of God's kingdom of love that has already put so much kindness into the world and that we pray will some day bring peace and brotherhood to all.

Abram lived in a cruel time in which false gods were thought to demand sometimes the sacrifice of one's

son. Abram loved and trusted God so much that he was sure God would not let him do what was wrong. He met the test of loyalty. He tried hard to follow and obey God, and God rewarded him for obeying the laws.

God will always lead those who are teachable and loyal, and who open their hearts to him.

The Sunday afternoon message at the school was delivered by Rev. David Blue, pastor of the Bayless Memorial Presbyterian Church in Concord.

For a Scripture lesson, Mr. Blue read from 1 Peter, beginning with the first verse. The topic for his message was, Jesus Christ is the Key of Life. In connection with this topic he told a story of three men that were visiting a large city. This was their first visit to this city, and after going to four hotels, finally found a room on the 36th floor. After washing and cleaning up they decided to look the city over. When they got back from their excursion, they found the hotel lobby filled with people, due to the fact that the elevator was broken and could not be fixed until the next day. After much debating on whether to walk all the way to the 36th floor or not, they struck upon a plan to make the climb more pleasant. For the first twelve floors one of the men told funny jokes and stories. For the next twelve, one told current events and stories of travels. The third man told sad everyday stories during the last twelve, but as they got to their 36th floor, he said he would tell them the saddest tale of all. What he meant

was that he had come off and left the key at the desk down stairs.

We must keep our key with us at all times. That key is Jesus Christ. He will unlock any problem that may come before us.

Another story Mr. Blue told about a school for boys in the northern woods. There boys had the reputation of being rough and would run off all the women teachers that came to the school to teach. Finally, they got a big man to come to teach. He had a meeting of all the students and reached the decision that any one caught stealing, lying, or cheating, would be given 40 licks across the back with a leather strap by the teacher. It wasn't many days until a couple of the boys began to miss some of their lunch. One of the boys hid in the clock room and caught Little Louie stealing some of one boys lunch. Of course the teacher called them together and was about to punish Little Louie. As he was about to begin the 40 licks on Little Louie back, a booming voice came from the back of the room saying "don't hit that little boy." As the teacher waited, the largest boy in school came to the front and said, "this boy doesn't get enough to eat, that is why he was stealing. Give me the punishment in his place."

This big boy was like Jesus who died on the cross to save us from our punishment. He continues to share our punishment with us.

Rev. C. O. Kennerly, pastor of Mount Olive Methodist Church, was the guest speaker at the Sunday afternoon service at the Jackson Training School on October 31st.

For the Scripture lesson, Rev. Mr.

Kennerly read Matthew 7:21-29. The theme for his message to the boys was "The Two Different Kinds of Living in Our World."

The speaker first called attention to the people who believe in the things that are pure and good, and then mentioned those who do not believe in those things.

Scientists, said Rev. Mr. Kennerly, have discovered many of these principles. The law of the earth is that if anything falls it shall strike the earth. An apple falling from a tree will surely strike the ground, due to what we call the law of gravity. Another law tells us that if we plant a certain kind of seed, that is the thing which will grow. In other words, what we sow, that shall we also reap.

Rev. Mr. Kennerly then pointed out that there lived a man long ago who is still near and dear to us—Jesus Christ. As a boy he was interested in the things in which we of today are interested. He loved to run and play. As he grew older, he went into his father's shop and learned the carpenter's trade.

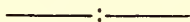
One day, Jesus had to decide what he was to do in life. The young men of this day and time are faced with the same decision. As Jesus came to this turning point in life, he began to think of his relationship with God, both as to his own satisfaction, and pleasure in the sight of the Heavenly Father. We, too, should consider these things in reaching our decisions.

One kind of living, continued the speaker, is the life of sorrow and misery, brought about by impurity and sin. Then there is the life of joy and happiness, known only to those who live an upright life. Some people, in

living in sin, think they are enjoying life, but they always find out they have been wrong. No one may have real happiness and leave God out of his life.

The speaker concluded by urging

the boys to ask God's help in making their decisions in life, and assured them that by having Him as their guide, their lives would surely be worthwhile.



SAINTS AND SINNERS

When a man yields to temptation
 And breaks the conventional law,
 They look for no good in his makeup
 But God, how they look for a flaw.
 No one will ask, "how tempted?"
 Nor allow for battles he's fought,
 His name becomes food for jackals
 For those who have never been caught.

"He has sinned!", They shout from housetops,
 They forget the good he has done.
 They center on one lost battle,
 And forget the ones he has won.
 "Come and gaze on the sinner!", They thunder,
 "And by his examples be taught
 That his footsteps lead to destruction",
 Cry they who have never been caught.

I'm sinner, Oh Lord, and I know it,
 I'm weak, I blunder, I fail,
 I'm tossed on life's stormy ocean,
 Like a ship embroiled in a gale.
 I'm willing to trust in Thy mercy,
 To keep the commandments Thou'st taught,
 But deliver me Lord, from the judgment
 Of Saints who have never been caught.

—E. Curly Leonard in The Periscope

A COLUMN OF HUMOR

Judge: "Your wife complains that you never work. How about it, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Dat woman's crazy. Ask her what ah was doing de second Tuesday of August, last year."

The new track-walker was instructed to keep his telegraphed reports on the conditions of the railroad bed brief and to the point. His first report was just that.

"River is where tracks were," it read.

The waitress countered the patron's query as to what kind of pie he was eating by asking him what it tasted like.

When in disgust, he snorted, "Fish-on she told him that was the pineapple pie, the blueberry pie tasted like onions."

A lad watching a house painter at work said, "how many coats do you give it?" "Two," the painter said. "Then" said the lad, "if you gave it three coats, would the third one be an overcoat?" "No, sonny," said the painter, "that would be a waste coat."

Father: "Wasn't that young Jones I saw downstairs last night?"

Daughter: "Yes father."

Father: "I thought I issued an injunction against his seeing you anymore."

Daughter: "Yes, Dad, but he appealed to a higher court and mother said, 'yes'."

A cold and shivering man was waiting for the 8:15 local when a through-express made an unexpected stop at his station. He started to board the express but the conductor hurried over to him and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but this is an express train. It doesn't stop at this station."

"I know that," replied the man,

"that's why I'm not getting aboard it," He then continued up the steps and found a seat in the smoker.

The lady tourist was admiring the Indian's necklace. "What are those things?" she asked.

"Alligator's teeth," he replied.

After recovering her composure she said, "Well, I suppose that they hold the same meaning for you as pearls do for us."

Not quite," he answered. "Anybody yean open an oyster."

The teacher, telling her class about various types of leather, ended her discussion with the question: "Now who can tell me the chief use for cowhide."

A small boy who had been gazing off into space most of the period surprised the teacher by raising his hand.

"Yes Jimmy?"

"To hold the cow together."

A Scotchman went into a barber shop.

"How much do you charge for a hair-cut?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," answered the barber. "How much do you charge for a shave?"

"Ten cents."

"All right," said the Scotchman, "shave my head."

A minister, preaching on the danger of compromise was condemning the attitude of so many Christians who believe certain things concerning their faith, but in actual practice will say, "Yes, but . . ." At the climax of the sermon, he said, "Yes, there are millions of Christians who are sliding straight to Hell on their butts."

The congregation went into gales of laughter, and the minister promptly closed the service with a benediction.

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

"The best a man ever did should not be his standard for the rest of his life."—Gustavus F. Swift

"The diamond cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials."—Colton

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Wedster

"No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor is the reward of what he gave."—Coolidge

"The best portion of a man's life is his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness."—William Wadsworth

"Never trust anybody not of sound religion, for he that is false to God can never be true to man."

—Lord Burleigh.

So grasping is dishonesty, that it is no respecter of person: It will cheat friends as well as foes; and were it possible, would cheat God himself.

He goes always heavy loaded; and you must bear half. He's never in good humor and may easily get into a bad one and fall out with you.

It is hard for the face to conceal the thoughts of the heart—the true character of the soul. The look without is an index of what is within.

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, and no character are required to set up the grumbling business.

"The sweetest path of life leads through the avenues of learning, and whoever can open up the way for another, ought, so far, to be es-

teemed a benefactor to mankind."—Hume

In all things throughout the world, the man who looks for the crooked will see the crooked; the man who looks for the straight will see the straight.—Ruskin.

Make a rule and pray God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one human being at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter.—Charles Kingsley.

Work is the true elixir of life. The busiest man is the happiest man. Excellence in any art or profession is attained only by hard and persistent work. Never believe that you are perfect. When a man imagines, even after years of striving, that he has attained perfection, his decline begins

—Sir Theodore Martin.

When nothing seems to help, I go and look at a stone-cutter hammering away at his rock, perhaps a hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet, at the hundred and first blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before.

—Jacob A. Riis.

From the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest heights. The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this in all things that distinguishes the strong soul from the weak. The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Thomas Carlyle.

MONTHLY HONOR ROLL

For The Month of October 1948

RECEIVING COTTAGE

David Fogleman

COTTAGE No. 1

Roy Everheart
Bobby Pope
Rufus Tuggle
Jackie Baysinger

COTTAGE No. 2

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

Donald Alberty
Wayne Cockerham
Bobby East
Jack Jarvis

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Charles Allen
Jackie Hargett
Cecil Pressly

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9

Dwight Moore

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13

John Gregory
Billy Holder
Robert McKinney
Jimmy Rhodes

COTTAGE No. 14

Earl Bowden

COTTAGE No. 15

Noval Smith
Carrol Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Walter Hammond

INFIRMARY

Charles Duncan
Lewis Parris



THE UPLIFT

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No. 32

CHRISTMAS GIVING

His gifts are small who offers wealth
Without the will to smile,
And seeks for others' happiness.
That shortens every mile.

He gives the most who gives himself
To friendliness and cheer,
And works to help his brother find
A smoother journey here.

—Selected.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published Monthly By

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.

Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

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J. Frank Scott, Editor

Leon Godown, Printing Instructor

THE MUSE OF A TRAVELING MAN AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Sometimes I think that wars might cease
If everybody, everywhere,
Could have the gift the Prince of Peace
Intended everyone to share;
So, as I go my humble way,
I love to gain a friend each day,
And help build friendships, here and there,
Among my friends, and yours and theirs,
And maybe, some day we can fill
This grand old world with God's "Good Will."

Good Will is something folks can waste,
Yet every day gain more and more,
For all we give is soon replaced
With more than all we had before;
So you and I,—our friends and theirs,
Can give so freely of our shares
At Christmas time,—and all the year,—
We might make folks so friendly here
They'll banish war some day and fill
This whole wide world with real "Good Will."

Of course, we'll never banish wars
Till we subdue the tyrant's might,
But every soul beneath the stars
Can help to carry on the fight
To make this world a better place,
And end forever war's disgrace;
For friendly folks, like you and me,
Or even those across the sea,
Will never feel like fighting when
We really have "Good Will Toward Men."

So let us pray that, some sweet day,
The world will learn the better way,
And we can all rejoice again
In "Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

--Charles A. Snodgrass.

A GROUP OF BOYS VISIT CHARLOTTE

On Wednesday, November 17th, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, representatives of the public welfare department of Charlotte, provided a most enjoyable treat for four of the boys at the Jackson School.

In making previous arrangements, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell asked Superintendent Scott to select four boys whom they might take to Charlotte to see the annual Christmas Parade. Because of the outstanding records they are making here, the following lads were chosen: Billy Anderson, Bobby Blake, Charles Duncan and Roy Lipscomb.

About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, our good friends drove up to the school for the boys, and took them over to Charlotte. Prior to parade time, these lads and their friends from the welfare department made a brief shopping tour through various stores in the business district. The boys, having been provided with funds by their host and hostess, with some having been added by friends at the school, were permitted to make such purchases as they desired.

Following the parade, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell took the boys to their home, where delicious refreshments were enjoyed. About eight o'clock, they returned them to the school.

This was a very fine gesture on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and should be an incentive for our boys to do their very best while at the school. While our good friends could have insisted upon having some Charlotte boys as their guests, they just left it up to the superintendent to select four of those whose records have been outstanding during their stay with us. They were chosen regardless of the section of the state from which they had come.

To simply state that these four lads enjoyed the trip to Charlotte would be expressing it far too mildly. For several days following the occasion, they took great delight in telling their comrades, without the least provocation, of the great time they had in Charlotte.

Both the boys and the officials of the school are deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell for their kindly interest in our lads. We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks for thus providing such a good time for the boys who were fortunate enough to have been selected to make the enjoyable trip to Charlotte.

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

We are once more reminded that Christmas is "just around the corner." Of all the old festivals which we celebrate annually, this particular season of the year awakens the strongest and most heart-felt associations. There is in our hearts a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that elevates the spirit to a high state of enjoyment.

Coming down to us from days of yore, this festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love to the peoples of all nations, has become the season for drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and sorrows of the world are constantly operating to cast loose. It is indeed the season of rejuvenated feelings—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality on the hearth, but arouses the genial flame of charity in the heart.

Here at the Jackson Training School, it is the purpose of the officials to see that each one of our several hundred boys may have as happy a Christmas season as is humanly possible to provide.

The boys at this institution are in no wise different from normal youngsters anywhere. They thoroughly enjoy all those things that make a strong appeal to boyhood, especially at the Christmas season.

There are many boys here who have neither homes nor relatives to provide Christmas cheer for them. To have these lads stand on the sidelines and watch others more fortunate than they as they gleefully unwrap packages from relatives and friends, would indeed be a sad picture.

The boys of Jackson Training School have many friends throughout the state who have never failed to remember them by making liberal donations. For many years past, these fine friends have seen to it that not a single one of our youngsters failed to enjoy Christmas to the fullest extent.

All that has been necessary in former years was to point to the fact, through the medium of this little magazine, that the real value of this institution can only be estimated by the hundreds of fine citizens, found in all walks of life, who once received training here.

It is with a feeling of pride that we call attention to the records of former students who are now valuable citizens. They once rejoiced in the kindness of their unknown friends in all parts of the state. They have shown their appreciation by going out from here, and taking their places among the upright citizens of the state.

While we proudly think of the old boys, we must not forget to do as much for those who are now under our supervision. We feel sure that our good friends will not forget to help make this a joyous Christmas for the boys now at the school.

Contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund to date are listed below.

"7-8-8," Concord,.....	\$ 25.00
Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Cheer Fund,.....	254.20
Cabarrus County Welfare Department, E. Farrell White, Supt.,...	14.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,.....	10.00
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,.....	30.00
J. W. Beckham, Charlotte,.....	50.00

* * * * *

THEATRE PARTY FOR HONOR ROLL STUDENTS

Through the courtesy of Mr. Neal McGill, manager of the Cabarrus Theatre, Concord, twenty-one of our boys enjoyed seeing "Belle Starr's Daughter" on Friday afternoon, November 26th. They were accompanied by Superintendent and Mrs. J. Frank Scott and Mr. J. H. Holbrooks, school principal. The following boys made the trip: David Fogleman, Receiving Cottage; Roy Everheart, Bobby Pope, Rufus Tuggle and Jack Baysinger, Cottage No. 1; Donald Alberty, Wayne Cockerham, Bobby East and Jack Jarvis, Cottage No. 3; Dwight Moore, Cottage No. 9; John Gregory, Billy Holder, Robert McKinney and Jimmy Rhodes, Cottage No. 13; Earl Bowden, Cottage No. 14; Norval Smith and Carroll Teer, Cottage No. 15; Russell Beaver and Walter Hammond, Indian Cottage; Charles Duncan and Lewis Parris, Infirmary.

These boys earned the theatre trip by having made outstanding records during the month of October. This means that during the entire month not a single bad mark was recorded against them in their schoolroom studies, at the various places of employment or in their respective cottages.

As part of the new policy inaugurated at the school by Superintendent Scott, it was decided that the boys making the honor roll over a thirty-day period should receive special recognition. This is being done, not only to reward certain boys for good conduct, but with the hope that it might prove an incentive for the other lads to try to improve themselves.

While there will probably be occasional theatre parties in the future, it is the purpose of the school officials to make some variations in these awards from month to month. Their decision along this line will be announced later.

Superintendent Scott has stated on several occasions that he wants the monthly honor roll to really mean something to the boys. For a youngster to have his name appear on the list published in this little magazine is well and good. But with something of a little material value or that which adds to his amusement in sight, he may try just a little harder to reach the goal. We can safely assure the boys that whatever the nature of the reward may be each month, it will be something worthwhile, and we would like to see them "dig in" and really make an effort to have their names placed on the monthly honor roll.

To Mr. McGill, the theatre manager, we would like to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of both the boys and the school officials for his kindly cooperation in making it possible for them to have a most enjoyable afternoon. We are also most grateful to Superintendent and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Holbrooks and Mr. W. M. White for providing transportation to and from Concord.—L. G.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Reported by Boys of the School Department

Our Coca-Cola Party

By Darrell Jones, 2nd Grade

Last week, two of our boys, Kenneth Horner and Dwight Moore bought Coca-Colas for the boys in the room.

We had a good time then.

Our Room

By Dwight Moore, 2nd Grade

Our teacher told us about a picture show that she had seen, about the west and Indians. We liked it very much. We have been studying about Indians. Our room has been drawing pictures of Pilgrims and turkeys for Thanksgiving. We have a good time doing this.

Tarring the Gym

By Billy Anderson, 9th Grade

Recently Mr. Green's school room and the Carpenter shop boys tarred the top of the gym. First we scraped the roof the best we could, then Mr. Carriker, Mr. Cruise and the shop boys put the tar paint on.

We are going to put the second coat on in a few weeks.

Mr. Propst Visited the School

By W. L. Steele, 8th Grade

Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., of Concord, recently visited the school. When he comes to see the boys, he brings them something. He has given away many

lead pencils and candy. He has taken some boys to the carnival. He took the bakery boys and Cottage 14 boys. They all enjoyed going.

Two New Boys Enter The 7th Grade

By Harold Sellars, 7th Grade

We are glad to have two new boys in the seventh grade. They are Bobby Long and Richard Whitaker. We hope while they are in the seventh grade they will do the best of work. Mr. Caldwell, our seventh grade teacher, is now reviewing the books so that all the boys will get a chance to go all the way through the book.

Picking Cotton

By Harold Sellars, 7th Grade

The boys of the school have been going to the work line for the past few days. The grades that have been going are the fourth, sixth, seventh, and the ninth. They will be glad when cotton picking time is over, so they can go back to school. They are hoping they will have a lot of cotton for the the first.

Mr. Troutman's Vacation

By Bill Luther, 9th Grade

On Sunday, November 7th, Mr. Troutman left on a five-day vacation. He is going to go fishing on the coast near Southport, N. C. While he is gone, Mr. Green will be the officer in charge of the Reveiving Cottage.

The cottage boys all hope Mr. Troutman has a lot of fun and brings back a lot of fish.

Our Scout Troop

By Jimmy Armstrong, 2nd Grade

The Boy Scout troop went to Camp Cabarrus on Saturday, November 6th. We went to the lake, and had boxing matches in the mess hall. Later we had a weiner roast. It started raining but, we had a good time just the same. We had a football game. The boys were glad to come back to the school. We had a good time at camp.

Building the Barn

By King Watkins, 8th Grade

For the last few months, the boys in the carpenter shop have been building a large barn. They have just about finished. We are trying to finish before cold weather. When we finish, we will have to work around the cottages, doing odds and ends. We hope to have a heating system in before long.

New Cows at the Training School

By Ray Bridgeman, 7th Grade

Last week the school bought five cows for our dairy. Two of them are about due to have calves. Some of the old cows are to be sold soon. They don't give much milk, so they will be sold and butchered.

Howard Bass got six gallons of milk from a cow that just came fresh. Mr. Scott gave him \$1.20 for doing this, and Bass treated the Cottage No. 15 boys to Coca-Cola.

The Carpenter Shop

By Jack Burchell, 6th Grade

The carpenter shop boys who work with Mr. Carriker and Mr. Cruse are about through working on the new barn. We should finish this job in about two weeks. We have been working around the cottages for the past week, repairing window screens. We are hoping to get through with Cottage No. 6 by the end of the week, so that the boys may be sent back in.

The Sixth Grade History

Thanksgiving

By Wayne Cockerham, 3rd Grade

There are lots of things we should be thankful for.

We should be thankful that we live in a free country, and can worship God as we want.

The Pilgrims could not worship God as they wished. The king wanted them to worship as he ordered.

We should be thankful that we have plenty to eat. Many people do not have enough to eat, and not enough to wear.

By Harry Hill, 6th Grade

The sixth grade boys are studying in the new history book, on how the earthly people live.

I like this history because it tells us how people lived many years ago. Most of them lived in trees and in caves.

Those who lived in caves were called cave-dwellers and the ones that lived in trees were called tree-dwellers.

I think everybody likes to read about them.

Men Working at the School

By Willie Newcomb, 6th Grade

For about two months, men have been working at the school. They are painting the cottages and putting radiators in. They have got the pipes up in some cottages. These men have finished painting the following cottages: Nos. 10, 8, 7, and have started on No. 3. We all hope they, will get the radiators in by Christmas, so we can have heat during the winter months.

The Hallowe'en Party

By Arthur Lawson, 8th Grade

On Saturday, October 30th, the boys had a Hallowe'en party. A hot dog stand was fixed up in front of the bakery where the hot dogs were to be served. Mr. Kiser called out the cottages and they came around to get four hot dogs, two drinks, an oatmeal cookie, a bag of peanuts and a bag of popcorn. The amount of hot dogs that were prepared were 1800. All the boys enjoyed the party.

Preparing Greens

By Bobby Sargent, 6th Grade

The sixth grade boys have been going to the cannery for the past three days, and looking over the greens before they were canned for winter use. The fifth grade boys went, too, and they really like to sort the greens. Mr. Corliss, Mr. Green, and Mr. Kennett watched the boys look over

the greens. The boys will be glad that they looked, before the winter is over.

House Boy Work

By Thurman Hornaday, 6th Grade

The house boys work is easy if you know how to do it. I have been in the house about nine months, and I do not yet know all about the work. It is pretty hard to learn, but after you learn, it is easy. I work in the house in Cottage 14. It is a good cottage and a clean one. The boys in the house with me are Earl Bowden and Jerry Oakes. They are very nice house boys.

Our New Cows

By Melvin Norman, 4th Grade

About two weeks ago, Mr. Peck and the dairy boys unloaded six cows. One was smaller than the rest. They are giving lots of milk. One is giving over fifty pounds. Her calf is a pretty one. It is a heifer and it is growing very fast.

We have many more calves. I hope all of our cows will give lots of milk.

We are selling some cows and are going to get some more.

I like to work in the dairy.

Cottage No. 3 Boys Go on a Trip

By Harold Sellers, 7th Grade

On Saturday, November 20th, Mr. Propst took the boys of Cottage No. 3 to his farm. Mr. Hahn took some of the boys and Mr. Propst took the rest.

On the way to the farm, we stopped at a store and Mr. Propst bought us bananas and oranges.

When we reached the farm, some of the workers brought out the ponies and let the boys ride them.

We returned to the school about 7 o'clock.

The boys of Cottage No. 3 want to thank Mr. Propst, Mr. Hahn and all others who made this trip possible.

What the House Boys and Dairy Boys Do

By Ralph Greene, 6th Grade

The house boys in Cottage 15 get up about 5:15 in the morning, and by 5:45 they have breakfast ready. We call the other boys at 6 o'clock. A few minutes later, we signal the boys to come to the dining room for breakfast. After breakfast, the boys sweep the basement, and then get ready to go to the dairy barn.

At the dairy barn, some of the boys get the feed ready while the others are getting the milkers ready. The cows are put into stanchions, where they are washed, and then we are ready to start milking.

When the milking is finished, the cows are turned out, and the boys wash out the barn, and clean out the lot.

Our Hike

By Jimmy Peoples, 3rd, Grade

On Wednesday morning, November 10th, Miss Oehler went with us on a hike. We went back of the school house, across the farm to the pecan trees, and picked up a few pecans

and ate them as we walked along.

Finally we came to the gravel pit. We watched some big steam shovels filling trucks with gravel.

We gathered pretty colored leaves as we went along and brought them back to school. Then we had a drawing lesson and drew some pretty ones.

We stopped at the store and Miss Oehler bought us drinks and candy.

We were tired when we got back to school. It was dinner time then. We were happy boys.

Sometime we hope that we can go again.

Armistice Day

By Frank Grady, 8th Grade

At the stroke of eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918 the World War came to an end. It is on this day each year, in the allied countries, some commemoration is made. The ceremonies usually include a period of silence at eleven o'clock in the morning, and services in memory of those who were killed.

On September 29, 1918, they had signed an armistice with Bulgaria; on October 30, 1918, with Turkey; and on November 3, 1918, with Austria. It was the signing of the armistice with Germany, however, that brought final peace. The signature took place at 5 A. M. in the forest of Campiagne, in Marshal Foch's private railway car. It provided for the end of the fighting, six hours later. November 11th is now known to the world as Armistice Day. It is observed as a national holiday in many European countries, and in many of the states in this country. Generally,

at the stroke of eleven o'clock on November 11th all business stops, traffic ceases, and pedestriains stand still. For two minutes an impressive silence reigns. With bowed heads, men, women, and children pay their respect to those who lost their lives in World War One.

Our Lady Birds

By Boyd Morris, 5th Grade

In our classroom several weeks ago Mrs. Liske read to us from a magazine about a Mr. Essig who lives in Pasadena, California, and raises lady birds (or lady bugs as we call them.) He has become quite rich. These bugs are sold in great numbers to orange and lemon growers, because they destroy the mealy bugs which get on the trees.

In our school room we have a gardenia plant which has the mealy bugs on it. So we decided to write for some lady birds to put on the plant. John Gainey wrote a letter to Mr. Essig, and we sent him a quarter because he charges three-fourths of a cent for each lady bird.

The next week our lady birds came. They had been placed in capsules, eleven in one and six in another. The capsules had a tiny hole in each end. They had been put in a tin box which also had tiny holes in it. We put them on the plants which had the mealy bugs on them, and the bugs really went to work. We know that they were hungry by the way they worked, eating those bugs.

We are going to write Mr. Essig and thank him very much because after all he was very kind to send us such

a small order of lady birds—He really is out for big business, you know.

Boy Scouts and Cubs Go to Camp Cabarrus

By Phillip Kirk, 8th Grade

On Saturday, November 5th, our scout masters, Mr. Walters and Mr. Holbrook, took the Boy Scouts and the Cubs to Camp Cabarrus. A lot of other scout troops were there, too. We had a lot of events. We had a baseball throw and a football throw. We also had the broad jump, a 50 yard dash, a game of throwing three softballs at bottles, and a big game of "tick-tack-toe."

Because of high winds, we did not have the string burning contest and the water boiling contest. Due to the high price of eggs, we did not have the egg throwing contest. Then we went to eat dinner. We roasted our weiners, and ate all we could hold. We had two cups of milk and afterwards, we had a piece of cake.

Then we went into the mess hall with scouts who had gathered there. We had some boxing, and every boy from the school who boxed, won their bouts, with the exception of Billy Brown and Elijah Spivey. They fought each other. It was a close fight and not anyone can say who won. While we were boxing, Mr. and Mrs. Liske and Mr. Scott came and brought us some oatmeal cookies, bananas and a drink. About an hour later, we came back and two boys were down at the lake and we had to wait on them. We thank everyone who made this trip possible and we hope to go again.

Creatures That Walk on Their Ribs

By Charles Callahan, 7th Grade

Contrary to popular belief, snakes walk on their ribs and don't have feet. The rhythmic motion of scale-covered ribs enable the snakes to travel.

There are many types of non-poisonous snakes in the world. We may illustrate this type by the king and black snake, commonly found in our own state.

The poisonous snakes are: rattler, copperhead, coral and moccasin.

A snake is sometimes useful for the farmer in catching rats and mice.

Here are some of the snakes which we don't have in America: boa, cobra, anacand and viper. A cobra is the most deadly snake of all. When he bites, there is a burning pain in the wound.

Something to do when a snake bites you. First twist a rope above the wound and then cut it, and let it bleed. It must not be left on the arm more than a half hour, or gangrene will set in.

Some snakes make lovely pets. The ball snake, which is nine feet long, is the largest snake. It is the favorite of the circus. If you feed it enough eggs and poultry, it permits itself to be handled.

The garter snakes feed on small frogs and worms.

Thanksgiving

By Leon Poston, 7th Grade

As we all know, Thanksgiving Day is almost upon us.

We should be thankful for all the good things God has given us.

Most people think of Thanksgiving Day as just a holiday. They should sit down with pencil and paper, and try to write what they have to be thankful for. They would use more than a hundred sheets of paper.

Here are some of the things we should be thankful for: That we live in a free country and are free to talk; that we have a warm house and bed; that we have plenty of clothes to wear and good food to eat.

The Boy Scouts' Trip

By John Gainey, 5th Grade

Some Boy Scouts of Jackson Training School went to Camp Cabarrus on Saturday, November 6th. We got there about nine o'clock and we played some games before starting our work. One of the games was "tick tack toe." Another game was to take three balls and see how many times you could hit the bottles hanging on a string. One game was called "ringing the bottle." A nice game was to take a plate and five pennies, and see how many times you could ring the plate. There was a contest for the Cub Scouts to see who would be the first one to burst their balloon. The first thing the Boy Scouts did was rope tying, and Troop No. 9 won. We had the fifty yard dash and troop No. 83 won that. There was also the four-man relay race, and the baseball throw. Troop No. 9 won first place; troop No. 7 came in second place and troop No. 27 finished in third. Troop No. 9 won the football throw. Next was the square jump, which was won by troop No. 83. At dinner some men went in

to the mess hall and counted the score. Troop No. 7 and Troop No. 9 tied. After dinner the boys in these troops went out in the yard and had a running jump contest, to settle the winner of the tie. Troop No. 9 won by about one inch. The ribbons were then handed out. Troop No. 83 won the blue ribbon; troop No. 9 the silver ribbon; and troop No. 27 the red ribbon. We then had some boxing. Blake won both of his fights. Jimmy Bonds won his fight against a Concord boy. Billy Brown won his fight against Elijah Spivey in No. 7 Cottage. After the games we went out and had a treat of drinks, cookies, and bananas which Mrs. Liske brought us. We went back to the mess hall for a short assembly period. Soon it was time to come back to the school. We had a real nice timee.

Enjoying Library Books

By Howard Bass, 6th Grade

I like to read books that are interesting, especially those about horses and other animals. I am now in the sixth grade and like it very much. Since coming to the school I have read quite a few book, and enjoyed them. Some of the best ones were about cowboys and cowgirls. There are many books in the Jackson Training School library, and the boys certainly enjoy them.

First and Second Grades

By Mrs. Ernest Stallings

As there are not enough boys in the first and second grades for two teachers, we have one teacher for these two grades. The first grade is taught in

the morning and the second in the afternoon.

The most of the boys are studying hard and seem to be trying to apply themselves and make the most of the opportunities offered them here at the school.

The two hours spent in the library each week by each grade could be very helpful to the boys and we are trying to make them so.

We have some very attractive new books in our room, and we are enjoying them very much.

The boys are making satisfactory progress in reading.

For the Hallowe'en season we decorated the rooms with pumpkins, black cats, etc., which the boys made. They take a great interest in fixing up the room, and in the first and second grades we are striving to develop any special interest that the boys might have.

The Thanksgiving season is being emphasized by the study of the Pilgrims and Indians. The boys have enjoyed coloring pictures of them, and have listened attentively to the reading of stories about them.

In our room we are trying to stress the ideas of sharing and working together for the good of all.

Our Trip to Mr. Propst's Farm

By Johnny Weaver, 9th Grade

After the championship football games were played, Mr. J. W. Propst Jr., of Concord, took the Cottage No. 11 boys to his farm.

On the way over, Mr. Propst treated us to Coca-Colas.

After the boys arrived there, all

were in a hurry to ride the horses and there was a lot of commotion among the boys.

They all had a nice time over there and are looking forward to the time when Mr. Propst will take them again.

We want to thank Mr. Fisher, Mr. Rouse and all the other persons who allowed us to go.

On Tuesday, November 30th, Mr. J. W. Propst Jr., of Concord came to Cottage 11 and gave the boys a party.

First he and Mrs. Rouse held a contest to see who could pop the most

corn. Mrs. Rouse started out in the lead, but Mr. Propst caught up with her. It was hard to say who won because it looked more like a tie. After the contest was over the boys ate all the pop-corn they could. Mr. Propst then brought in a bushel of apples, a bushel of oranges, a large box of candy and almost a bushel of mixed nuts, and last, but not least, two boxes of bubble gum. The boys ate until they could hold no more. All the boys appreciated this and the other things Mr. Propst has done for us.

—Thomas Linville, 9th Grade

BIRTHDAYS

In the Uplift we are announcing each month the birthday anniversaries of the boys. It is our purpose to follow this custom indefinitely. **We believe that** the relatives and friends of the boys will be greatly interested in these monthly

(Month of December, 1948)

- Dec. 1—Harold Sellars, Cottage No. 13, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 3—Doyle Parrish, Cottage No. 3, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 4—Roy Lipscomb, Cottage No. 1, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 5—Kenneth Rogers, Cottage No. 11, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 6—Jerry Carpenter, Cottage No. 10, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 12—Jack Burchell, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 13—Billy Teer, Cottage No. 14, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 18—Vernon Garrett, Cottage No. 6, 14th birthday.
- Dec. 18—Tommy Pruitt, Cottage No. 14, 13th birthday.
- Dec. 19—Clarence Groves, Cottage No. 9, 17th birthday.
- Dec. 19—Glenn Rice, Cottage No. 9, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 22—Harold Lambeth, Receiving Cottage, 13th birthday.
- Dec. 23—Lewis Parris, Infirmary, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 24—Paul Turner, Cottage No. 7, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 27—Jack Wood, Cottage No 14, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 28—J. C Mikeal, Cottage No 10, 16th birthday.
- Dec. 28—Walter Hammonds, Indian Cottage, 15th birthday.
- Dec. 29—Willie Newcombe, Cottage No. 14, 12th birthday.
- Dec. 29—Waitus Edge, Indian Cottage, 17th birthday.
- Dec. 30—Frank Grady, Cottage No. 14, 16th birthday.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

By Joseph Blackburn, 10th Grade

On Wednesday, November 10th Mr. Query had 8 hogs killed for the school. These hogs averaged about 400 lbs. on the hoof. It is pretty weather now for hog killing and we hope to have some more killed and stored away for next summer and winter. We hope the sausage is as good as the last we had. We would like to thank the officers who were responsible for this.

We now have a regular instructor at the print shop. Mr. Leon Godown, of Concord, took this position on November 1st. Mr. Godown had spent 25 years at the school before leaving in November, 1947. He will be relief officer at Cottage 13 and 16. We hope he will like it at the print shop, because all of the boys like him.

Monday, November 15th, Cottage No. 6 boys returned to their cottages. They have been staying in other cottages while repairs were being made in their regular cottages. The painters have finished with five of the cottages which are 10, 9, 8, 7, and 6 and are working on No. 4 and 5 now. They hope to be finished before long.

Samuel E. Leonard, of Raleigh, State Commissioner of Correction and Training, spent November 16th and 17th at the school. This was one of Mr. Leonard's routine visits. He discussed with Superintendent Scott and other officials, some of the school's needs for the next biennial period, beginning July 1, 1949.

Monday, November 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Earl H. Walters left the school. Mr. Walters was officer of Cottage No. 5. He was the school's athletic director.

The boys of Cottage No. 5 were sent out to other cottages Friday night, November 12th.

Mr. Walters stated: "I'm just moving to Concord and I'll be coming back to see you boys."

W. E. Stanley, of Durham, superintendent of public welfare in Durham County, was a visitor at the school on November 18th. Mr. Stanley was en route to his home, after having attended the sessions of the Baptist State Convention, held in Charlotte.

Mr. Stanley has for many years been one of this institution's most enthusiastic supporters. He has been visiting here regularly for more than 35 years. His many friends among the boys and the school's staff of workers were glad to see him.

Thursday, November 11th, we saw our weekly movie, entitled "Night Song." The leading characters were Merle Oberon, Dana Andrews, and Hoagy (O' Buttermilk Sky) Carmichael. Andrews was blind, but a lover of music. He had been blind one and one-half years. Merle pretended to be blind, and held a contest to see who wrote the best music. She loved music and wanted to help the old man. He won, and then went to

a hospital to regain his eyesight using the prize money. He left California and went to New York to a hospital to have his operation. The operation was successful and he regained his eyesight. He went back to California to the blind girl. He found that, she was not blind, but had pretended to be blind just to help him in his music.

On Saturday, November 13, Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr. of Concord, took the boys of Cottage No. 11 to his farm.

Mr. Propst took twelve boys in his car and Mr. Rouse took the others in his.

The first refreshments that we received were a Coca-Cola and a bar of candy which we got at a store on the way over there.

After we arrived, the horses and some of the ponies were brought out of the barn. The workmen put bridles on them for us.

Mr. Propst held a contest for the best rider who was judged and chosen by the boys. Elwood Wilson won 50 cents for first prize and Carl Lowman won 25 cents for second prize.

Although there was much fun, none

of the boys were seriously hurt. All the boys enjoyed this.

We left to come back about 6:30, but decided to eat supper at Pine Tavern. The boys were served, hot dogs, hamburgers, Coca-Cola, potato chips, candy and ice-cream.

Some one brought up the idea of going to a movie. After a little consideration, Mr. Rouse agreed to let us go to the "Drive In Theater."

Mr. Propst talked to Mr. Willis about getting a special price to let us in because of the number of boys and the fact that we were from the Training School.

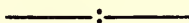
Mr. Willis would not accept any money from Mr. Propst or Mr. Rouse. Instead he let all the boys in free, and to top that he let some of the boys use his car to sit in.

Mr. Propst set the boys up again giving each a box of pop-corn.

We, the boys of Cottage 11, want to thank Mr. Propst for doing this for us, and also Mr. Scott, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Rouse and all the other persons who allowed us to do these things.

Again we say that Mr. Propst is one of our best liked friends.

—Thomas Linville, 9th Grade



What was the name of the Bethlehem inn, where Jesus was born? Some one has named it, not inappropriately, "The Sign of the Closed Door." And the inn-keeper? Who was he, and what were his thoughts as he looked back upon that night of nights? "If I had known," he said. But he did not know. And now the inn-keeper is forgotten, his name unknown, while Joseph and Mary, against whom he shut his door, are remembered forever.—Lynn Booth.

SPORTS NEWS

Due to the weather conditions and to the fact that one of our Boy Scout Troops went to Camp Cabarrus, the scheduled football games between the cottages were not played on November, 6th.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

On Sunday, November 7th, Cottage No. 17 defeated Cottage No. 10, in a twenty minute practice game by the score of 6 to 0. The touchdown was made by a pass from Cannady to Martin. Beaver tried for the extra point but missed. We enjoyed the game very much, and hope to play another very soon.

—Russell Beaver, 8th Grade.

For the last two weeks, the boys of cottage fifteen have been practicing football plays. We have a good team.

So far, we have had good luck winning.

We will have to play the boys of Cottage No. 10 to see who will play for the championship. We will have a hard time beating them. But somebody has to lose. Everybody can't win.

—Alvin Fox, 4th Grade.

The History of Football

Football is the king sport of autumn in the United States. No other game demands more team work, strength, courage and alertness. Football is the chief sport in most colleges and universities, as well as secondary schools. There are millions of dollars spent each year on football games. They have built large sta-

diums. The University of California, Stanford University, the University of Michigan, and Yale can each seat 70,000 people or more. Soldiers' Field in Chicago, the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium and the Los Angeles Coliseum, each hold more than 100,000 people.

The Rose Bowl at Pasadena, California, can eat about 80,000.

The name football has several different names, as soccer and rugby. The first college games were played by Princeton and Rutgers. At first, the games were played with 25 men on a team. The master mind of football was Glenn S. (Pop) Warner. He trained the "four horsemen," of Notre Dame. They were Harry Stulldreher, James H. (Jim) Crowley, Elmer Layden, and Donald (Don) Miller. They became coaches after graduating from Notre Dame.

A modern football field is 300 feet from goal to goal, and the goal posts are ten yards high and eight yards wide.

—Leon Poston, 7th Grade

With only one more **scheduled football** game to be played at the school, it looks as though Cottage 10 or 15 will be the "champs" in the "A" League and Cottage 11 will be victorious in the "B" League. Cottage 15 took a bye Saturday and Cottage 10 defeated No. 13, 18 to 0. No. 10 is still the only unscored upon team in the "A" League and No. 11 is unscored upon in the "B" League. **Other scores for November 13 were: Cot-**

tage 14 over 5, 7 to 0; No. 11 over 1, 18 to 0; No. 7 over 6, 6 to 0; and Cottage 3 over 9, 24 to 0.

Although the scheduled football games are not yet over, let us look back over the season and see some of the highlights that have happened.

In the "A" League: Cottage 15 is leading in offense with 115 points scored. No. 15 is now 61 points ahead of second place, Cottage 10, who has scored only 54 points. However, Cottage 10 is leading in defense, as no team has yet reached their goal.

Some of the outstanding backfield men in the League are: Bill Thornton, Lindsay Elders, Cottage 4; Billy Anderson and Leroy Williams, Cottage 5; Jodie Atkins, Cottage 13; Hugh Ball, Frank Grady and Jerry Oakes, Cottage 14; Russel Beaver, Leon Poston, Robert Cannady, Cottage 17; Alvin Fox, Ray Bridgeman, Eugene Wamble, and Howard Bass, Cottage 15; Keneth King, Silas Orr, James Allen and Gerald Johnson, Cottage 10.

Outstanding linemen are: Odean Chapman, Cottage 4; Ray Buchanan, Cottage 5; Billy Holder and Grady Garren, Cottage 13; Caryle Brown, Cottage 14; Louis Parris and Ralph Green, Cottage 15; Waitus Edge and Ralph Morgan, Cottage 17; Joyce Hobbs, Jerry Carpenter and Bill Luther, Cottage 10. Of all the pass receivers at the school, Ray Bridgeman seems to be the best, with such players as Lewis Parish, Leon Poston, Jerry Carpenter, Lindsay Elders, Bill Luther, Hugh Ball, Grady Garren, and Alvin Fox.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Saturday, November 20th, marked the end of the football season at the

school. It had been a hard fought season all the way and most of the games were won by decisive scores. The sportmanship of the players as a whole was very good and they all played hard, whether they won or lost. I think this was one of the best seasons of football at the school and we all hope next year's season will be as successful.

In the "A" League, the first place position ended in a dead-lock with Cottages 10 and 15. Neither team was defeated during the season and they will meet and play for the championship on Thanksgiving Day. Both teams are well organized and this contest should be a tough battle. This is the second time, this year, that Cottages 10 and 15 have played for a championship. They met during the summer and Cottage 15 won the baseball championship.

In the "B" League, Cottage 11 finished the season in 1st place, with Cottages 3 and 7 in a tie for 2nd place. These cottages, 3 and 7, will play off for 2nd place and the winner will take on Cottage 11 for the "B" League championship. Cottages 3 and 7 also played for the softball championship the past season with Cottage 3 the "champs."

Scores for November 20th, were as follows: 11 over 6, 41 to 0; 7 over 9, 18 to 0; 4 over 13, 6 to 0; 10 over 5, 33 to 0; 3 tied 1, 6 to 6; and 14 and 17 went for a scoreless tie. The tie score between Cottage 1 and Cottage 3 was the biggest upset of the year. Cottage 14 boys played one of their best games of the season in holding No. 17 to a scoreless tie.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

November 25th, Thanksgiving Day, an outclassed Cottage No. 3 team was defeated by the Cottage No. 11 boys by a score of 12 to 0. Earlier in the day, Cottage No. 3 played a hard fought game with Cottage No. 7 for second place and won 6 to 0. Jack Jarvis sparked the No. 3 team by catching two long passes, the last one being good for a touchdown. The extra point try was blocked and the game went on to end, 6 to 0. In the afternoon classic between Cottages No. 3 and No. 11, Benny Riggins set up the first touchdown by recovering a fumble behind the goal line. Thomas Linville caught a long pass and ran 40 yards for the second touchdown. Both tries for extra point were wide of the goal and the game ended with the Cottage No. 11 boys winning the championship in the "B" League.

No. 3		No. 11
Griffin	LE	Riggins
Millsaps	LT	Watkins
Mitchell	LG	Billings
Gardner	C	Powell
Prim	RG	Scott
Alberty	RT	Tolar
Jarvis	RE	Rogers
East	QB	Hopkins
Chockrin	HB	Sargent
Parrish	HB	Linville
Sexton	FB	Caddell

Substitutions—No. 11; Weaver

In the "A" League championship between Cottages No. 10 and 15, the former was victorious for the seventh straight year with a slim score of 6 to

0. In the first few minutes of play, No. 10 got their first break for a touchdown, when Jerry Peek covered a fumble on the No. 15 boys 20 yard line. However, the strong line and good defensive backs held tight for four downs and then Fox, fullback for No. 15, kicked out of their territory. The ball kept changing from one team to the other and no score was made in the first quarter. In the second quarter, deep in his own territory, Fox punted a long one, which Orr, fullback for Cottage No. 10, took and raced 55 yards along the left sideline for the touchdown. Peek's extra point try was blocked and the score stood, and finished, 6 to 0 in No. 10's favor. In the last quarter, No. 15 started a passing attack with most of the passes coming from Bridgeman to Fox. However, the No. 10 defensive team held tight. Fox missed a few very good passes which helped the No. 10 boys. Final Score, 6 to 0.

No. 10		No. 15
Carpenter	LE	Womble
Horne	LT	N. Smith
Hobbs	LG	Teer
Woodrow	C	Allen
Brisson	RG	Green
Peek	RT	R. Smith
Luther	RE	Parris
Johnson	QB	Bass
Allen	HB	Hill
King	HB	Bridgeman
Orr	FB	Fox

Substitutions—No. 10; Mikeal.
No. 15; Scroggs.

—Gerald Johnson, 12th Grade

Just for a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down, and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammled common sense, the unconquerable efficiency of good will.—Christopher Morley.

THANKSGIVING AT THE SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

The annual celebration of Thanksgiving Day was a most enjoyable time for the boys at Jackson Training School. For several days prior to the holiday, the boys and teachers were hard at work in the schoolrooms, rehearsing for the program; house boys and matrons were busy in the cottage kitchens, making preparations for the Thanksgiving dinner, always a red letter event for youngsters—and we might add that the “old timers” are not the least bit bashful when it comes to making delicious viands disappear, as if by magic; the boys and their supervisor at the bakery rocked along at top speed, getting out cakes and other delicacies for the dining room tables on the big day. In fact, everybody cooperated in doing their best to make this a memorable event in the lives of the boys here at the institution.

On Tuesday night, November 23rd, we assembled in the auditorium to witness a splendid Thanksgiving program. The boys who took part did exceptionally well, and the program was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

To start off the activities of the evening, Superintendent Scott made a few brief remarks appropriate to the occasion. He stated that the program for Thanksgiving Day had been carefully planned by the school officials, and expressed the hope that it would be a pleasant day for everybody at the school.

The program which followed was directed by Miss Sarah Oehler, third grade teacher, and Mrs. Frank Liske,

fifth grade teacher, played the piano accompaniment for the musical numbers.

First on the program was the singing of the familiar old Thanksgiving hymn, “Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.”

Led by the third grade boys, the entire assemblage repeated the 100th Psalm, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Salute to the Flag.

The following proclamations were read: President Washington’s official proclamation of the first Thanksgiving Day, 1789, by Gerald Johnson, of Cottage No. 10; President Lincoln’s proclamation in 1860, by Russell Beaver, of the Indian Cottage; the 1948 Thanksgiving Day proclamation issued by President Truman, by Gerald Johnson.

The songs, “Indian Harvest,” “Song at Harvest Time” and “Autumn Dreams,” were rendered by the following group of boys: Kenneth King, Claude Crump, Eugene Womble, Lester Jenkins, Billy Shore, Willis Caddell, J. C. Cox, Nathan Ashwell, Theibert Suggs, Fulton Phillips, Thomas Carter, Bobby Hutchins, Horace Jordan, Billy Anderson, Carrol Teer, Billy Holder and Wayne Millsaps.

Next on the program were recitations by three boys, as follows: “November Days,” Thomas Carter; “We Thank Thee,” Dean Yates; “Thanksgiving Time,” Horace Jordan.

Ollie Daw rendered a solo entitled “Jolly Jack Frost.” A group of boys then sang “Harvest Dance,” “Nov-

ember Night" and "Thanksgiving Day."

Poems appropriate to the season were recited as follows: "Industrious Pilgrim," Bobby Blake; "Old-Time Thanksgiving," Lester Ingle; "A Good Thanksgiving," Bill Brown; "Come, Little Leaves," Claude Crump and Thelbert Suggs.

A group of third grade boys sang two numbers, "When the Red Leaves Dance" and "Autumn Leaves."

Ollie Daw rendered a solo, "Indian Call." This was followed by duets by Ollie Daw and Dickie Leonard, "Indian Lullaby," "Hushaby, Rockaby, Little Papoose" and "Harvest Festival."

The poem, "Nutting Time," was recited by Marvin Guyton.

A group of third, fourth and fifth grade boys sang a number entitled "Kehare Katzaru," after which Dickie Leonard and Ollie Daw cavorted about the stage in a dance number.

John Gainey recited a humorous poem, "Turkey's Lament."

This part of the program was concluded as the entire audience sang "Now Thank We All Our God."

A short play, "The Day Before Thanksgiving," was very well rendered by a group of fifth grade boys. The time was Thanksgiving Eve and the scene was in a Pilgrim's home. The cast of characters was as follows: "Mother," Leonard Allen; "Father," Leonard Dehart; Children—"Abigail," Richard Harper; "James," Roy Eldreth; "John," David Bumgardner; Indians—"Squanto," Elmore Dowless; "Samoset," Jack Jarvis.

Each boy participating in this little play portrayed his part in excellent manner, and brought to a close one of

the best Thanksgiving Day programs staged at the training school in many years.

Following several days of rain and cloudy weather, Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear. In the morning, Cottages Nos. 3 and 7 staged a football game. These two teams were tied for second place in the "B" League, and it was necessary to see which outfit would meet the Cottage No. 11 team for the league championship. The Cottage No. 3 boys were the winners.

Promptly at 11 o'clock, the boys and staff members assembled in the auditorium for the annual Thanksgiving Day service. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. E. J. Harbison, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, read the Scripture Lesson and delivered a beautiful thanksgiving prayer.

Another hymn was sung by the boys, and then, Rev. Mr. Harbison brought them a brief, but very timely Thanksgiving Day message. He stressed the importance of having thankfulness in our hearts. The words, "thank you," he said, are short words, but have a lot of meaning.

The speaker told his youthful listeners that as they go about their daily tasks, at work or at play, they should always remember to say "thank you" for favors and kindnesses received from their associates. But most important, he added is for all of us to never lose sight of the fact that we could not exist for even twenty-four hours were it not for God's goodness to mankind. We should be careful about remembering this great source of goodness and never a night should pass that we do

not thank our Heavenly Father for all the good things He has made possible for the use of men.

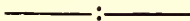
One of the most important events of the day was a most delicious dinner. In each of the cottages dining rooms the boys were served generous portions of baked chicken and dressing, along with all the usual "trimmin's" and a number of other good things to eat. According to reports coming from the various cottages, the boys all voted this dinner 100 per cent perfect.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the football squads of Cottages Nos. 10 and 15, met on the gridiron to

settle the argument as to who would be the champions of the "A" League. It was a nip-and-tuck contest, with the former winning by the score of 6 to 0.

The teams from Cottage No. 11 and Cottage No. 3 then hooked up in a battle to decide the championship in the "B" League. The Cottage No. 11 lads won this contest by the score of 12 to 0.

Shortly after supper, the boys enjoyed a motion picture show in the auditorium, thus ending the festivities for a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.



THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

I'll not pass this way again,
 But should I brighten someone's day
 And have him trust me to the end,
 That when I'm gone for him to say,
 "I miss that man, he was my friend,"
 I have not lived in vain.

I'll never pass this way again,
 But should I gladden someone's heart
 And help a comrade bear his load,
 To feel that I have done my part
 To smoothe the rugged lonesome road,
 I have not lived in vian.

I'll never nass this way again,
 But should I give the Lord my best,
 In spite of conflicts lost or won,
 I shall be satisfied and blest
 To hear my Master say "Well done,"
 I have not lived in vain.

—W. J. Griffith

AT THE TURNING

(Selected)

The shepherds were clustered around their campfire on one of the hills near Bethlehem. It was the night after the angel had appeared to them, and the heavens had been filled with other angels, singing. Suddenly, Philander, one of the shepherds, said, "I can hardly believe it all happened!"

"It does seem like a dream," said Jonathan. "Those Wise Men from the East; they came on camels, and brought gifts to the babe."

"I have a strange feeling," said Philander; "That melody from the skies—it haunts me—but I cannot remember the tune—only the words. It was the greatest song I ever heard—bright like a Spring morning, sweet like the laughter of a child at play, pretty as a girl's face when she looks at her lover and tells the story of her heart."

"You should have been a poet," Jonathan said. And all the shepherds laughed. But none of them could remember the tune.

Presently a faint bleat came from far up the hillside. All the shepherds listened! A lamb must have strayed from the flock, and none had missed it! Philander sprang to his feet. "I must go and get the lamb!" he cried.

"You cannot go, Philander," said Simeon, the elder, "for there is a sore field of briars on yonder hillside, and the stones are loose and slippery; you may fall to your death!"

"Nay," said Philander; "wolves may devour the lamb. I cannot stay; I

shall be back soon." And he sprang into the darkness before the other shepherds could prevent him.

While they waited, they recounted the wounds they had received from briars and rocks and wolves in other days. Yet they again talked of the melody from the skies, but none could remember it. After they pondered a long time, they heard footsteps approaching, and through the drifting mist came the sound of Philander's melodious voice in song. He stumbled into their midst, bearing the lamb.

"I have found it! I have found it!" Philander cried in joy

"The lamb! The lamb!" shouted the shepherds.

"The tune, the tune!" exclaimed Philander; "it came to me just as I was picking up the lamb—and I could sing it!" And as he stood there, torn and bleeding, he sang the song the angels sang.

"That's it! That's it!" all the shepherds cried; and they tried to sing it with Philander but could not, for they knew not the melody.

The babe at Bethlehem grew to manhood, and became a great Prophet. One day a man came to him and said, "Master, there is a blind beggar at the gate, who sings the most beautiful song! Will you come and hear him?"

The man touched the blind beggar, and said, "The Teacher of Galilee would hear your song."

The blind beggar sang loudly, and the Prophet listened to the sweetness

of his song, and put his finger upon the beggar's eyes. Instantly the beggar leaped to his feet, and cried aloud, "I see! I see! God has touched me!" Then, looking upon the Prophet said, "Who are you, Teacher of Galilee?"

The Prophet looked at the beggar. "We have met before. . . long ago. Tell me where you heard that song."

"Oh, Prophet," said the beggar, "I heard the angels sing it over the fields

of Bethlehem long ago. I lost the melody, but it came back to me one night just as I was picking up a lost lamb."

And the Prophet said, "It is a song of my Father's choir. The angels sang it the day I came upon the earth. You are Philander, and because you have kept the song upon the earth with kind deeds, I made anew your eyes."

"Ten men banded together in love can do what ten thousand separately would fail in."—Thomas Carlyle.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

By Sidney D. Eva

Christmas is running loose in the world!

Once it was an event in a remote land. Always it has been a memory of reverent interest. Today it is more than an event; more than a memory—it is a universal festival of goodwill, brotherhood and loving affection

Every heart is touched by its warmth; every hand is moved to effect its mission of generous good will, and every home dons the garb of gaiety and good cheer for Christmas. No department of our national life escapes its appeal, or fails to sense its significance. Shops, offices, factories, schools and every other institution join in making Christmas an event of song and splendor.

Santa Claus finds unconfined joy in his journeyings, while the star-crest-

ed Christmas tree casts its gleam upon square and cross-roads. Christmas is everywhere.

The modern Christmas is expensive and all-embracing. However, it is well that the manger and the music of the first Christmas shall cast their glow and glory upon the Christmas of today, lest it become a jollification without genuine generosity, a celebration without security, and a social time without grace and beauty.

Everybody loves Christmas. Everybody, who can, celebrates it. Its spirit is universal. The bells of Bethlehem are heard throughout the world. The star is still somewhere in the sky.

The Twentieth Century Christmas, to have the lustre of genuine joy and the loftiness of exalted meaning, needs turn its face toward the East, that the glow of the first Christmas may fall

upon it to enrich its happiness, intensify its meaning and beautify its hours, lest Christmas be just a noise instead of a song, and a commercial enterprise instead of a spirit.

To have a Christmas as big as the world and void of its true significance is to have an empty Christmas. What we need is not so much bigger Christmasses as better Christmasses.

A certain man once felt the modern Christmas to be an absurd event; it was overdone and abused. To him it had lost its meaning—buried beneath the debris of commercial activity, secularized by extravagance and made clamorous with the clatter of the market. So he decided to strike Christmas off his calendar. Next year, feeling the loss, he put it back. The absence of Christmas had robbed him of something he did not think he would miss.

He put Christmas back on his cal-

endar with the announcement—"This Christmas I will be found among my fellow men to put into effect, into living reality, the greatest message I have ever heard, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

The essential loveliness of Christmas can be recovered and maintained only as we go back to Bethlehem and hear again the angelic message—the highest note in human progress and the most challenging word in the thought of the world—"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

This day needs this Christmas message more than anything else.

"Oh, it isn't the holly; it isn't the snow.

It isn't the tree or the fireside glow;

It's the flame that goes from the hearts of men

When Christmas love is abroad again."

SO LITTLE

It takes so little to make us sad,
 Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,
 Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear;
 And our footsteps lag, though the goal seemed near,
 And we lose the courage and hope we had—
 So little it takes to make us sad.

It takes so little to make us glad;
 Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
 Just a word from one who can understand;
 And we finish the task we long had planned
 And we lose the doubt and the fear we had,
 So little it takes to make us glad.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE SCHOOL

The afternoon service on Sunday, November 14th, was conducted by Rev. W. V. Tarlton, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord. For the Scripture lesson he read Isaiah 5:18-24. The subject of his message to the boys was "Temperance," and the text was Isaiah 5:20-23—"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight."

Rev. Mr. Tarlton began by stating that the liquor problem is the **greatest** that faces the people of the world today. All through the ages, men have been destroyed by alcoholic drinks.

The speaker pointed out that Isaiah, who wrote the words of the lesson just read, was not a loud-mouthed prohibitionist. He was a great prophet, a man of great power and influence. He was just talking about what he had seen in Palestine. It was a wine-drinking country. **Most everybody** there drink wine. This was partially due to the fact that the water was contaminated. However, Isaiah had seen many people ruined by over-indulgence in wine, and he told the people they would have to face this drink problem.

The problem is the same today as it was in the great prophet's time, said Rev. Mr. Tarlton. We hear much about both sides of the question—that of legal sale of liquor and that of the illegal sale. There are so many

arguments that people hardly know what to do. But aside from this point of view, there is no argument which will take away the fact that he who drinks too much liquor, causes himself, his family and his friends to suffer.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to make up their minds at the moment not to fool with alcoholic drinks in any form. He told them that upon leaving the school there would be many times when they would be tempted to drink by people with whom they might become associated. The best thing to do, he added, is never to get started in this habit, and then it will never be necessary to try to overcome the bad results which are sure to follow, once the habit gets a secure hold upon them.

On Sunday, November 21st, Rev. J. L. Griffin, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, was the guest speaker at the regular afternoon service at the school. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 118th Psalm. The subject of his message to the boys was "Youth Looks Upward," and as a text he selected Psalm 118: 9—"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Rev. Mr. Griffin began by stating that we are living in an age of restlessness, and that people in all parts of the world are looking for something in which to put their trust. They are looking for security. They are looking for something that can

trusted in when it is most needed.

The speaker then called attention to these facts about people of the world:

People in Europe and Asia are starving and homeless. There is not much cause for happiness among them.

We all know that Russia, with its Communism stands out today as a menace to the peace of the world.

Here in our own country we find poverty, crime, juvenile delinquency and divorce. All of these things are most harmful, and should be wiped out.

We cannot sit back and imagine ourselves secure, said Rev. Mr. Griffin. Many things in which people believe, have failed. Where, then, are we to

go for certainty? We know not what the future has in store for us. We can only put our trust in Jesus Christ.

Rev. Mr. Griffin stated that life is like feeling one's way along a narrow cliff. One false step is disastrous. We are looking for something in which we can put our trust. It must be something, not only dependable in this life, but all through eternity.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that in times of trouble, God is ever present to help us. He is still true to His promises today. The youth of today, he added, must have the faith of a Christian. In all the world today, there is no other chance of hope to be had, then to put our trust in God.

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JUST FRIENDS

'Twould never do for God to live across the street,
Or in the house next door where we should daily meet,
For in His wisdom and His love He sometimes sends
His angels kind to walk with us. We call them friends.

Just "friends," one word, but these few letters can express
A wealth of sympathy and pure unselfishness.
One syllable, a single breath can form it—"friends,"
But, oh, how much our happiness on them depends!

When trouble comes, or loss, when grief is ours to bear,
They come, our friends, with words of cheer our load to share.
How could we face defeat without a friend's caress?
Had we no friends to praise, how bare would be success!

'Tis not God's plan that we shall see Him face to face.
Yet He would hedge us in with His abounding grace.
And so His messengers of love to earth He sends—
They're angels, but we call them friends!

—The Compass.

PHOLOSOPHY

Selected by Rube Arb

(Bits of humor clipped from exchanges and gathered from other publications, with an occasional original funny-bone tickler added.)

"The doctor is a useful man,
Of this there is no doubt;
He helped us get into the world,
And will later help us out."

—:—

Many an argument is sound—just
sound.

—:—

If your knees are knocking, kneel
on them.

—:—

To the man who waits—comes
whiskers.

—:—

Early to bed and early to rise—and
your gal goes out with other guys.

—:—

Dinner in an insane asylum is just
a matter of serving soup to nuts.

—:—

The fellow who brags about having
an open mind, merely has a vacant
one.

—:—

Tipping has been described as pay-
ing wages to other people's hired
help.

—:—

We never heard of a mob rushing
madly across town to do a needed
kindness.

—:—

Don't cross the bridge until you
come to it—and then be sure there is
a bridge.

—:—

Men who mind their own business
are bound to succeed, because they
have so little competition.

—:—

Want ad spotted in an exchange:
"Secretary wants position. No bad
habits. Willing to learn."

There are two periods in a man's
life when he doesn't understand a
woman—before marriage and after
marriage.

—:—

A young girl, seeing names like
"Surrender" and "My Sin" on the per-
fume counter asked, "Don't you have
anything for a beginner?"

—:—

The difference between the church
bell and the politician — one peals
from the steeple and the other steals
from the people.

—:—

In looking through a contemporary
periodical recently, we ran across this
definition: "A dime is a dollar with
the taxes taken out."

—:—

Mark Twain once said: "If you pick
up a starving dog and make him pros-
perous he will not bite you. This is
the principal difference between a dog
and a man."

—:—

A really fat man is no good at the
game of golf. If he tees the ball
where he can hit it, he can't see it;
and if he puts the ball where he can
see it, he can't hit it.

—:—

Teacher: "Do you know why the
little chickens come out of the eggs,
Tommy?"

Tommy: "They know they'd get
cooked if they stayed inside."

—:—

Man (at police station): "Could I
see the burglar who broke into my
house last night?"

Sergeant: "Why do you want to see
him?"

Man: "I'd like to ask him how he
got in without waking my wife."

FOR WISDOM'S SAKE

(Selected from Exchanges and Other Sources.)

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—Ruskin.

—:—

Carelessness does more harm than a want of knowledge.—Franklin.

—:—

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—George Eliot.

—:—

Tell me thy company and I will tell thee what thou art.—Cervantes.

—:—

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

—Spurgeon.

—:—

God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them.—Aughey.

—:—

He who runs from God in the morning will scarcely find Him the rest of the day.—Bunyan.

—:—

The illustration which solves one difficulty by raising another, settles nothing.—Horace.

—:—

One friend is worth a hundred relatives. Fate gives us relatives; we choose our own friends.

—Ruth S. Jacobs.

—:—

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.

—St. Augustine.

—:—

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—Greville.

—:—

Every man has three characters— that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

—Alphonse Karr.

Covetousness is both the beginning and the end of the devil's alphabet—the first vice in corrupt nature that moves, and the last which dies.

—South.

—:—

Tomorrow's work is hard for many persons because they procrastinate today. Today is the best day in the year for today's work.

—Thomas Dreier.

—:—

Faith marches at the army of progress. It is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity.

—T. T. Munger.

—:—

This is a land of plenty, to be sure—but we can't slow down on the job and have that plenty. All of us have got to produce in a world that is crying out for relief from conditions largely of its own making.

—R. G. Mowbray.

—:—

All the strength and force of man come from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong, he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.

—James F. Clarke.

—:—

As we face the new era that lies ahead, let us realize our responsibilities to those who have fought and died that democracy might live, by dedicating every fibre of our being to the preservation of the America we love. Let us forever pledge that we shall keep here in America a way of life that is wholesomely democratic, where citizens walk consciously and fearlessly as free men.

—J. Edgar Hoover.

MONTHLY HONOR ROLL

NOVEMBER

RECEIVING COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 1

Nathan Ashwell
Roy Everheart
Lester Ingle
Roy Lipscomb
Bobby Pope
Rufus Tuggle
Jack Baysinger

COTTAGE No. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 3

Wayne Cockerham
Bobby East
Jack Jarvis
Claude Sexton

COTTAGE No. 4

Herman Galyan

COTTAGE No. 5

James Howell
Bobby Kerr
Leroy Williams

COTTAGE No. 6
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10
Jerry Carpenter

COTTAGE No. 11
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE No. 13
Joseph Blackburn
Homer Fisher
John Gregory
Jimmy Rhodes
Joe Swink

COTTAGE No. 14

Hugh Ball
Earl Bowden
Claude Crump
Frank Grady
Thurman Hornaday
Jerry Oakes
Billy Teer

COTTAGE No. 15

Carl Ballew
Norval Smith
Carroll Teer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Russell Beaver
Walter Hammond
Franklin Phillips
Thurman Walkinstick

INFIRMARY

Charles Duncan
Lewis Parris

“Of the unspoken word thou art master; the spoken word is master of thee.”—Arabian Proverb.

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